

# Pro Patria

## *Song of the British Empire*

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**S**OUND the trumpets loud and clear  
Over land and over sea,  
Coronation Day is here,  
Crowns are made for majesty.  
Crown King Edward !  
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Britons crown your gracious King !

Come ! string the harp, attune the lyre,  
Let Music have her perfect sway ;  
Awake fair daughters of the choir,  
And hail his Coronation Day.  
He comes with banners floating gay,  
With flashing steel and burnish'd gold,  
He comes to wear, with proud array,  
The crown his fathers wore of old.