

*iii*

And ere May goes she strews our olden Queen  
 With prairie crocus sheathed in velvet gray,  
 The mystic-sweet arbutus' fairy spray,  
 Spring beauties starring o'er the gladey scene,  
 Mild violet throngs, which charm the dells away  
 From dusk, with tints adorably serene,  
 Bold bloodroot multitudes of waxen sheen  
 Crowding on headlands open to the day  
 When woodland daffodils of pensive head  
 Have shrunk before the bannered trillium host:  
 Then hazes, dreaming over field and coast,  
 Seem to enshroud our well beloved dead,  
 Whose long engloried annals cannot boast  
 A fairer ray than her own goodness shed.

*iv*

This storied festival of all our year  
 Was unforgot in Edward's honoured reign,  
 And ever shall be, though we see again  
 A crowned manliness we well revere:  
 The more our Royal Sailor's name is dear,  
 And Mary's, for her queenliness so fain  
 Of Pity's help to Poverty and Pain,  
 The more we deem our olden Queen is here,  
 Regnant in children bearing sceptred trust  
 As in profound humility of soul;  
 And more our grateful hearts the King extol,  
 Since to our sway he spares the Prince august  
 In mien, in fame, most worthy on the scroll  
 Of royal kin, frank, simple-hearted, just.