

Whose power our rights can vindicate,
 Or soon avenge our wrongs.
 And hail ! the Prince of Wales ! her son,
 Pride of the parent stem :
 The Heir to England's lofty throne,
 To Britain's diadem !
 And let us first, &c.

Then let us sing, till echoes ring,—
 This Prince of high degree,
 When Heaven sees fit to order it,
 Our future King may be !
 And may the power above confer
 Selectest gifts Divine
 Upon the House of Hanover,
 And Brunswick's Royal line.
 And let us first our homage pay,
 As rightfully we claim,—
 We hail the brightest Star to-day,
 In Britain's arch of fame !

Visit of General Sir William Fenwick Williams.

“Hail to the Chief who in triumph advances !” — SCOTT.

HAIL to the hero immortal in story !
 Honor'd of Britain and favor'd of Mars,
 On to Prince Edward he comes in his glory,
 Hail to the gallant defender of Kars !