

Than whom none fairer ever wore a crown,  
They twain, in mutual complement of joy,  
And love, receive the homage of the world,  
And forth unto great London's loving care  
They lead a glittering galaxy of Kings  
And Emperors in crimson robes arrayed,  
Presaging Dreadnaughts and the majesty  
That on the morrow shall outvie the North  
Sea's welcome to the world's great battleships.

#### VIII.

From ages past each monarch's name has marked  
A mile-stone in the chronicles of time.  
'Tis true that on the highways of the world  
Too many mile-stones are o'ergrown with moss,  
Too few reflect the world's high noonday lights.  
In our own land each patriot has his choice  
And kneels full oft before the moss-grown mound,  
If only that mound mark but one good deed.  
We hail King George this day with many a loud  
Acclaim, but that this Monarch of the sea  
Shall find a place high on the scroll of time,  
'Tis ours to do his well directed will.

#### IX.

List ye the murmuring melody of song  
That floats aloft along the mountain-tops!  
Lo, now the hills of heaven reverberate  
The wayward music of the snowy clouds  
That softly pierce the violet noon-day arch!  
But hark, the rumbling of the gathering storm,