

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,