

Hail! ENGLAND'S QUEEN! in matron state,
Fit subject of our songs;
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!

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE
TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

America! fair shall thy history be,
Long shall thy proud Eagle spread over the free!