

Yet our humble hearts will love thee,
 Rude, unpolished though they be,
 And the streams that will flow from them,
 Will not be despised by thee.

If some genius could ere raise us,
 It would be thine own so pure,
 Gentle as the holy sunbeam,
 Thou wilt our rude hearts allure.

It was thine own soul of lustre,
 Eagle-eyed, undimmed by art,
 That the royal glories always
 Doth on lower minds impart.
 It was thine to choose a consort
 For his native worth and light,
 As his moral nature brightened
 With a true sense of the right.

Blessed be thou for the honor
 Thou didst pay to royal man,
 Just because truth's holy image
 Through his noble nature ran.
 Therefore it is meet we welcome
 One so beautiful and true,
 Who loved nature's high-wrought bearing
 As true manhood dazzled through.

We'll half yield thee our affections,
 As thy mother ruled our heart,
 Take her sovereign love and rule us,
 Never from us more to part.
 Thou hast placed the soul of empire
 In the human heart and soul,
 Not in ivory nor in topaz,
 Shall the sceptre o'er us roll.

But nobility of genius,
 Robed in beauty of the truth.
 That shone through a manly nature
 In the bloom of glowing youth.
 And humanity shall prize thee
 As thou didst this honor place
 On our rank by loving freely
 One for his own many grace.

Thou hast made it royal ever,
 That our love shall royal be,
 Flowing in our bosoms freely
 In its richest forms to thee;
 Touch our nature, gifted angel,
 Who true art dost represent,
 Shed upon our souls the beauty
 That thy God to thee hath lent.