

## SALVE

i

THE bond, O Prince, which holds our hearts to thee  
 Was never wrought by politic design;  
 'Tis natural as the fragrancy of pine,  
 And dear as is the sense of giving free  
 To loyal Kings a reverent loyalty;  
 Its elements do graciously entwine  
 With love for vanished friends, for natal shrine,  
 For airs of spring, for all her flowers which be  
 Lovely beneath what majesty of blue:  
 A filial mist may cloud your warrior eyes,  
 And you see Home beneath Canadian skies,  
 When the pure strands, O Prince, are shown to you,  
 A Home with folk who, when a loved one dies,  
 Love unforgetting on their whole lives through.

ii

When maple sap and buds have scarce begun  
 The greening tint our early April shows,  
 The singing-sparrow, braving lingering snows,  
 Renews his gentle elegy for one  
 Whose cherished memory Time hath not undone;  
 For still her praise in fondest story flows  
 To Youth from aged lips, whose childhood rose  
 When all the Realms hailed you her newborn son.  
 And when the little singer plaintive ends  
 His delicate refrain, our heart-strings wait  
 What else his native heart may meditate;  
 Yet ever seems he chanting: Now May wends  
 This way to bring Queen's Birthday blooms elate—  
 Our dearest flowers were all her loyal friends.