

Pride and shield of a nation free,
Father! grant then that he may be
Worthy his lofty and his noble state,
And the honours high that on him wait.

RÉCITATIF.

Up even to Heaven's starry domes,
Its messengers doth bear
Upon their wings to the King of Kings
Our incense and our prayer,

CHORUS OF SOLDIERS :—

War drums and trumpets,
Raise your martial voice,
Your loud and stirring notes
Make our hearts rejoice.
Bind with bright garlands
Every bridle rein,
Fling wide our banners,
Free from dishonour's stain.
Well foes may tremble,
Our standard floats above,
We march to do them battle
For Queen and Princee we love.

PART SECOND.

THE AWAKENING AND RETURN :—

RÉCITATIF :— Like a mourner weeping nigh a mausoleum lone.
Car-*da* in darkness lay, obscure unknown,
En-*ging* from that torpor deep, at length,
She wakes, and the world admires her young strength.

CHORUS OF YOUNG GIRLS :—Come let us gather,

Roses and flowers,
Glit'ring with dew drops,
From gardens and bowers ;
Let childhood's small hands,
Fair blossoms cull,
Branches of eglantine,
And sweet myrtle pull ;
Weave them in garlands,
Thus well evinee,
On this day of joy,
Our love for our princee,

DIALOGUE.—

FIRST VOICE :—

Rude huts on a bleak wild strand,
Such was once *our* native land,

SECOND VOICE :—

Now harvests of golden grain
Enrich vale, hill side and plain.