

**CIHM  
Microfiche  
Series  
(Monographs)**

**ICMH  
Collection de  
microfiches  
(monographies)**



**Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques**

**© 1997**

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming are checked below.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing / Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps / Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along  
interior margin / La reliure serrée peut causer de  
l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge  
intérieure.
- Blank leaves added during restorations may appear  
within the text. Whenever possible, these have been  
omitted from filming / Il se peut que certaines pages  
blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration  
apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était  
possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed /  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary material /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips,  
tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best  
possible image / Les pages totalement ou  
partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une  
pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à  
obtenir la meilleure image possible.
- Opposing pages with varying colouration or  
discolourations are filmed twice to ensure the best  
possible image / Les pages s'opposant ayant des  
colorations variables ou des décolorations sont  
filmées deux fois afin d'obtenir la meilleure image  
possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /  
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

<b>10x</b>		<b>14x</b>		<b>18x</b>		<b>22x</b>		<b>26x</b>		<b>30x</b>
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
<b>12x</b>		<b>16x</b>		<b>20x</b>		<b>24x</b>		<b>28x</b>		<b>32x</b>

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

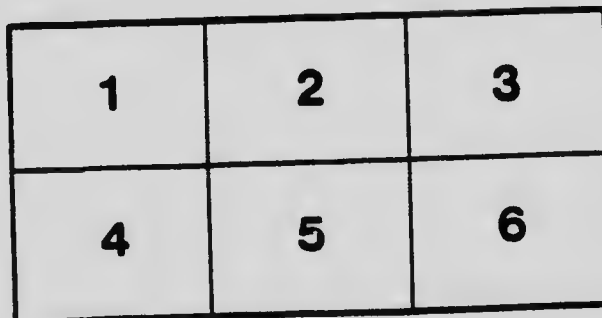
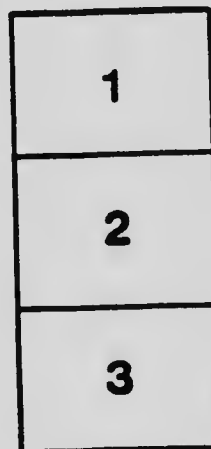
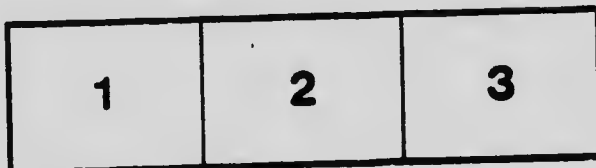
National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol  $\rightarrow$  (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol  $\nabla$  (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

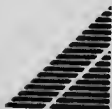
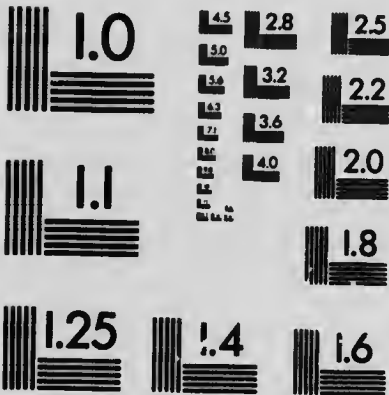
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par le première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole  $\rightarrow$  signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole  $\nabla$  signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



**APPLIED IMAGE Inc**

1653 East Main Street  
Rochester, New York 14609 USA  
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone  
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

*Edw. - The - Coronation*

# ODE

ON THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD VII.

—  
BY GEORGE W. GROTE.  
—

I.

The summer night is past, th' inviolate vault,  
Gem-flashing, waits Britannia's waking world  
Wherein the sweet solemnity of prayer,  
Ere yet the glamour of the dewdrop gleams,  
Upsprings on the ethereal wings of morn.  
The circling Phœbus binds about his brow  
A pale corona in the orient arch,  
Presentient of another glorious reign,  
Unfolds the veil of England's wakeful night  
And flames aloft a new historic day.  
The burnished hills and lamp-lit mountain tops  
Reflect the gladness of his ruddy face,  
And, shafting wide from out his laughing eyes,  
His morning messengers of living light  
Sparkle along the glittering, dancing sea ;  
They merrily wake the waving forests of June,  
Unshadow the lake, the meadow and the moor,  
Regale, with solar fire, the thirsty flowers,  
Lend lambent lustre to the purpling bloom  
And, in the voices where the wild thyme grows,  
Blend all the music of the heavenly spheres ;  
While joy leaps forth from each cathedral bell.

II.

And not with Phœbus, or the dancing sea  
Alone, shall gladness be, and not alone  
To all the lucent orbs of waning night,  
The glowing hill-tops or the waking flowers,  
Or to the matins in the leafy lute,  
Or the soft sighing in the forest glade,  
Shall all the music of this day be known ;

DA570

G7

1401

E'en to the sighs and dancing, shall be joined  
The music of the happy memories  
Awakened by the linnet and the thrush,  
The wren, the robin and th' entrancing lark,  
As once again each throbbing voice of theirs  
Thrills in the thicket or the greenwood copse,  
Or hovers over England's free, fair homes.  
And now, the morning flashes broad and clear ;  
From beetling cliff to cliff the sea-mew calls,  
Where the sea-diver, fearless, cleaves the foam ;  
And, soul to soul, and voice to voice, the choirs  
Of nature whistle to the murmuring caves  
Where the waves break upon the sounding shore.

III.

And so, the voices blend, whereto we build  
The life and music of this crowning day ;  
And, as the music of the memories  
Lives in the voluntary bond of love,  
In retrospection of some duty done,  
Or of the winning of some soul's reward,  
So, at each dawn of day, or sunset hour,  
Or when the song-bird sings or pine tree sighs,  
Or the wild curlew challenges the storm,  
Love lives anew, life leaps to high resolve,  
And courage knows less peril in the deep.  
Yet music is not all in memories ;  
The voices of each day new songs awake,  
To higher hopes inspire, and higher aims ;  
The pattering, pelting rain upon the roof—  
One moment free from fondest memory—  
Laughs with the rippling rattle of the hail ;  
The softly falling snowflake tempers the blast ;  
Loud though his voice, the lion's imperious roar  
Mars not the gentle voice of the nightingale ;  
The shining pathway of our cannon-voiced  
Leviathan widens toward the rising sun  
And, resting where our "ship of pearl" unfurls,  
"On the sweet summer wind, its purpled wings,"  
Inhales the peaceful spirit of repose ;  
The zephyr, into flowing billows, bends  
The ripening field of molten golden grain,  
And, whispering low to the prevailing gale,

Finds a safe haven for the stately craft.  
 So shall th' hesperian breezes of this day,  
 Swaying the mighty current of events,  
 And blending all our voices as we sing,  
 Breathe toward the zenith of the golden age  
 Of Truth and Knowledge of Divine intent,  
 When faith and science shall, convergent, build,  
 And hold the helm of England's ship of state.

#### IV.

And thus the murmur, flowing sweet and low,  
 Inspires a patriot flame within the fires  
 Aglow and flashing on the outer walls ;  
 Ben Ledè sings an Himalayan hymn ;  
 The ripple of the black tarn lightly rules  
 The matchless waves of broad Superior ;  
 The meeting waters of Killarney charm  
 The dreamers of the slumbering Windermere ;  
 The Continental Island Commonwealth  
 Wafts gentle breezes to the Isle of Wight ;  
 And Britons of undying name and fame,  
 Victorious in death, as were the great  
 Epaminondas and Pelopidas,  
 Or marching to the songs of victory,  
 Reclaim the Rand and veldt beyond the Vaal.  
 What power shall know, or stay the steady flow  
 When Cam and Isis, and the Liffey join  
 The Fraser and the whelming avalanche,  
 Tumbling and roaring down the Columbian peaks,  
 And surging forward for one common goal,  
 One government, one fatherland, one flag !  
 The noisy torrents to the corries leap,  
 Join forces, dauntless, where the Corra falls,  
 And measure voices with Niagara  
 Whose deafening pillars, plunging, rise, and set,  
 Precipitous, above the brink, the Bow  
 Of Promise—emblem of Divine good will,  
 And arch of universal amity—  
 Here shall Britannia, peace-compelling, rest,  
 With a rhythmic voices from the summer clouds,  
 And prismic hostages shall peace restore,  
 Or ever England's squadrons of the air,  
 Swift-sailing, speak, and shake the solid ground.

## V.

Nor are the summer mountains of the sky  
 Mere arbiters or witnesses for peace ;  
 Who shall explore their vaulted palaces  
 Or tell their towers or battlements, or spell  
 The story of their ivory monuments !  
 Look where he may on this exultant day,  
 A Briton shall but read of kingly power ;  
 Then, for a day, these towering clouds are ours :  
 They lend themselves to forms majestic ;  
 To lore of legends and mythologies ;  
 Temples and triremes and Olympian games,  
 Deities, oracles and Iliads,  
 Kings and agoras of the Heroic age,  
 And Britons of Britannia's calendar :  
 And thereby, widely, on their Alpine heights,  
 They join the deeds of Theocratic days  
 To Richard Cœur de Lion's brave crusades,  
 The glorious enterprises of our arms,  
 Our battleships and ever-expanding realm.  
 Thus, where the clouds take form and character,  
 There, to the joy of Britain's Argonauts,  
 Jason, adored by fair Medea, flaunts  
 The Golden Fleece, victorious, at the prow ;  
 In honour of Spartan valour, Leonidas,  
 With famed Lycurgus, in Laconia, stands,  
 And Pyrrha, with Deucalion, dexterous, climbs  
 To high Parnassus, from the o'erflowing flood.  
 These giant clouds along the fore-front range ;  
 As might the mighty men of Ashtaroth,  
 Along the shadowy valleys of Lebanon  
 Or where the Arnon flows, or Tabor stands,  
 Down from the wooded heights of Hermon wind :  
 O rightful home of Zeus, where the clouds,  
 Pelion on Ossa-like, piled hugely up,  
 Enthroned great Alfred in an imperial place  
 High as the heavens, in vastness infinite !  
 Lo, where he calls his princes and his court  
 And an array of horsemen, helmed and plumed,  
 And bids Antiquity rejoice with us !  
 What god-like forms from out the clouds appear !  
 Mark where the lithesome Ganymede attends,  
 From silvery crest, vaulting to silvery crest,



Lightly o'erleaping every unfathomed cave,  
 Flashing a heliac ray around each cup.  
 But, now, King Alfred's court dissolves and forms  
 Anew! The panoramic summer page  
 Of history, slowly slipping from crag to crag,  
 Blends Alfred's throne into a triple throne,  
 Whereto, behold what king, in armour, comes!  
 Now heaven's artillery wreathes welcomes, while  
 The first great Edward greet his royal peer!  
 Up to this triple throne these our own kings,  
 Standing thereat, on either hand, invite  
 The founder of Hellenic liberty,  
 And, at their call, resplendent, Theseus comes.  
 And clustering courtiers mingle in the clouds:  
 Homer meets Milton on a celestial plain,  
 And Pericles, in Cromwell, finds a friend;  
 The soul of Juliet lives within the soul  
 Of Sophocles, where immortality  
 Enthrones and crowns the melancholy Dane,  
 And Shakespeare crowns, in turn, Antigone.  
 And, now, the men of old and older days  
 Exchange, from their commutual realm of thought,  
 Euphonic phrases and fair compliments:  
 But lo, where, on yon broad Acropolis,  
 Dazzling Pentelic marble columns rise!  
 Whose daring chisel incites to majesty  
 This temple of Athena, Parthenos!  
 Whence comes this invincible Goddess of War!  
 Let the clouds answer, 'Phidias on yon shore waves,  
 As if o'er Attica, his magic wand!'

The power of Pericles was to propose,  
 But, to dispose, lived only with the gods,  
 With Phidias, and th' supreme Olympian Jove.  
 Panathenæic festivals we see,  
 We sing of Theseus, and of liberty,  
 Bays, to the brow of Aristotle, bind,  
 Build temples to Minerva, in the clouds,  
 Loitering, linger on legendary lore  
 And the divinity and power of Jove —  
 That we may lift our eyes to higher Light,  
 And, so await the coming of the King.

## VI.

Now praise be given to God, the King of kings,  
 And anthems to the Lord of lords be sung  
 In loud hosannas! Let the bells proclaim  
 The day a joyous holiday for all!  
 A day for thankfulness and prayer to Him  
 In whom the king and queen and people trust;  
 A day for happiness! For, on this day,  
 A seventh Edward comes to England's throne,  
 Anc' with him, Alexandra, Consort Queen—  
 A regal complement of kingly rule—  
 A rule wherein the king and parliament,  
 Within the laws unwritten, enact the laws  
 And guard the realm; a lasting rule, wherein  
 Security and right for all—is all!  
 And this is Britain's highest heritage—  
 Her birthright—and the purchase of her blood;  
 For, what availed great Alfred's reign, or what,  
 The great Confessor's? Or the heroic field  
 Where Harold fought, and William, conquering, came,  
 If mighty deeds and glorious death were all?  
 Who shall deny Britannia's ardent youth  
 The joy, the pride, the patriot fire he feels,  
 As, over flood and field, he fights once more—  
 And wins—the battles, by his fathers won!  
 But, is not victory, but a bubble, burst—  
 A shifting sand-bar on the shore of time—  
 If valour be all? What's in a vast array  
 Of fields well fought against a foreign foe,  
 If, to the victor, government be nought?  
 To govern well! As well as well to fight!  
 Shall yet be England's praise, as in the past!  
 Prestige of arms—to foreign policy—conjoined,  
 Regard for justice, international,  
 And for our well-tried form of government,  
 Withal, a holding fast to "what we have"—  
 Shall form a tangible prop, rock-like, secure!  
 And "Peace with honour" shall with power abound!  
 So shall the nations learn rather to love  
 England than fear the foes of liberty!  
 And all that's best in either hemisphere,  
 In every continent, in every land,  
 Shall wield a power invincible for peace.

And mongrel peoples and untutored tongues,  
Daring to hurl hatred and insolence  
Broadcast against a treaty-keeping power,  
Wisdom shall find in dire adversity.

#### VII.

Now rest we at the topmost arch of day,  
And while, aloft along the sculptured clouds,  
Alfred's high throne centres Antiquity  
And all the valour of England's feudal reigns,  
The flashing fires along the grim sea-walls  
And bulwarks of Britannia's broadening zone  
Send up a sacred flame around the towers  
Of old Westminster. Here King Edward comes !  
And Alexandra, queenly as when first  
The magic of her charms captured the heart  
Of England and turned every Saxon, Celt,  
And even the Normans of us, into Danes.  
Now they that may, shall to the Abbey go,  
That they may say they saw King Edward crowned.

#### VIII.

Not always, worthily, has the crown been worn  
In England ; and not always has its light  
Shone as a lode-star to the people's will ;  
But, from the sacred fane of Winchester  
And Wessex, and the time of Ethelred,  
And of Canute the Dane, to where the good  
Saint Edward, the Confessor King—the great  
Restorer of the Saxon line—laid well  
The deep foundations of the Abbey walls,  
The golden shaft of light from Alfred's crown  
Held steady course ; and Westminster became  
The pledge of him who wrought rather for Church  
Than State, yet builded better than he thought ;  
And here his canonized bones found fitting rest.  
Here, Harold and the Norman kings were crowned ;  
Here, Edward brought the Coronation Stone ;  
And, whether from Scone or Egypt, came the light  
Thereof, the sun-light of King Alfred's crown,  
And of the crown of the Victorian Age,  
Shall great magnificence and glory bring

To England on this Coronation Day.  
Here shall the time-worn vaulted roof resound  
With anthems wafted from the choirs above ;  
And here the Seventh Edward shall be crowned,  
And, at King Edward's chair, the emblems take  
Of pre-existent knight-conferring power.  
And on his head the man of God shall pour,  
From the ampulla and the golden bowl,  
A reverent blessing in the holy oil.  
The king shall cause the consecrated sword  
Of state to be unscabbarded and drawn  
For him as the Defender of the Faith,  
Bound by his conscience and bound by his oath.  
Here heralded, a world of beauty waits ;  
And honour on honour waits, and rank on rank ;  
And Mediæval rites and colour-schemes  
And all the glory and pomp of Chivalry  
Challenge the graces of heraldic art,  
And blend the Roman and the Grecian arch  
Where dim-lit banners lend historic light.  
And now behold the king his crown puts on,  
And binds a glittering crown about the brow  
Of Alexandra, sharer of his care,  
Soul of his soul—Incomparable Queen.  
And, from the vaults of England's deathless dead,  
Voices of heroes, kings and ministers,  
Voices from our imperishable past,  
Rustling on wings of approbation, float  
Up and along the transept and the nave,  
Up to the chancel and the very dome  
Over the altar and King Edward's chair.  
Now solemnly, the benediction falls ;  
And loud, without the Abbey walls, a shout,  
Rending the air, proclaims the king is crowned.  
Cannons add roar to roar, boom upon boom ;  
All round the realm, sound blends in sound,  
Music in the air, music in the soul.  
And, flaming to his purple shadowy couch,  
The fiery Phœbus, finishing his task,  
Proclaims the king is crowned ! Long live the king !

---

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year  
one thousand nine hundred and one by GEORGE W. GROE, at the  
Department of Agriculture.

