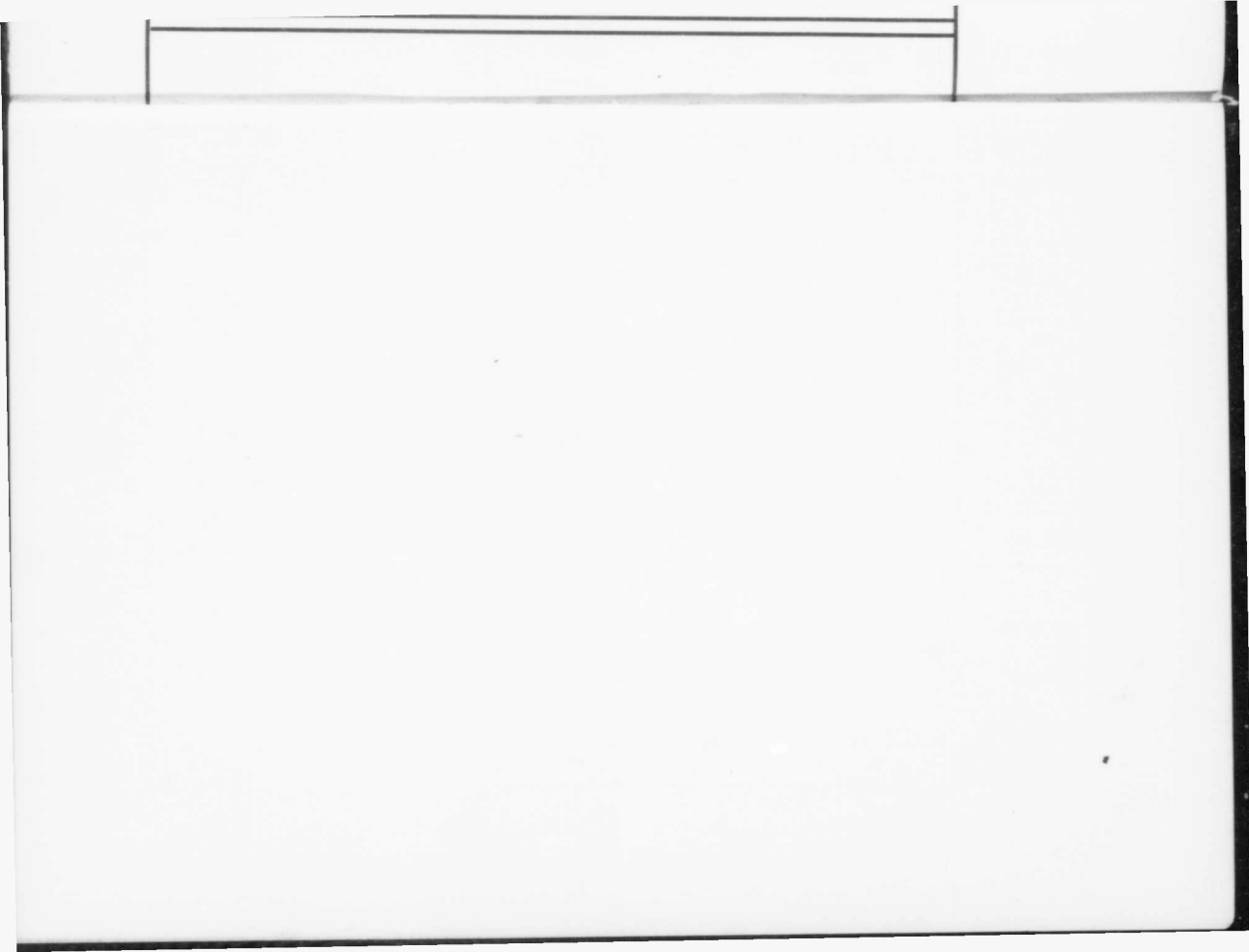


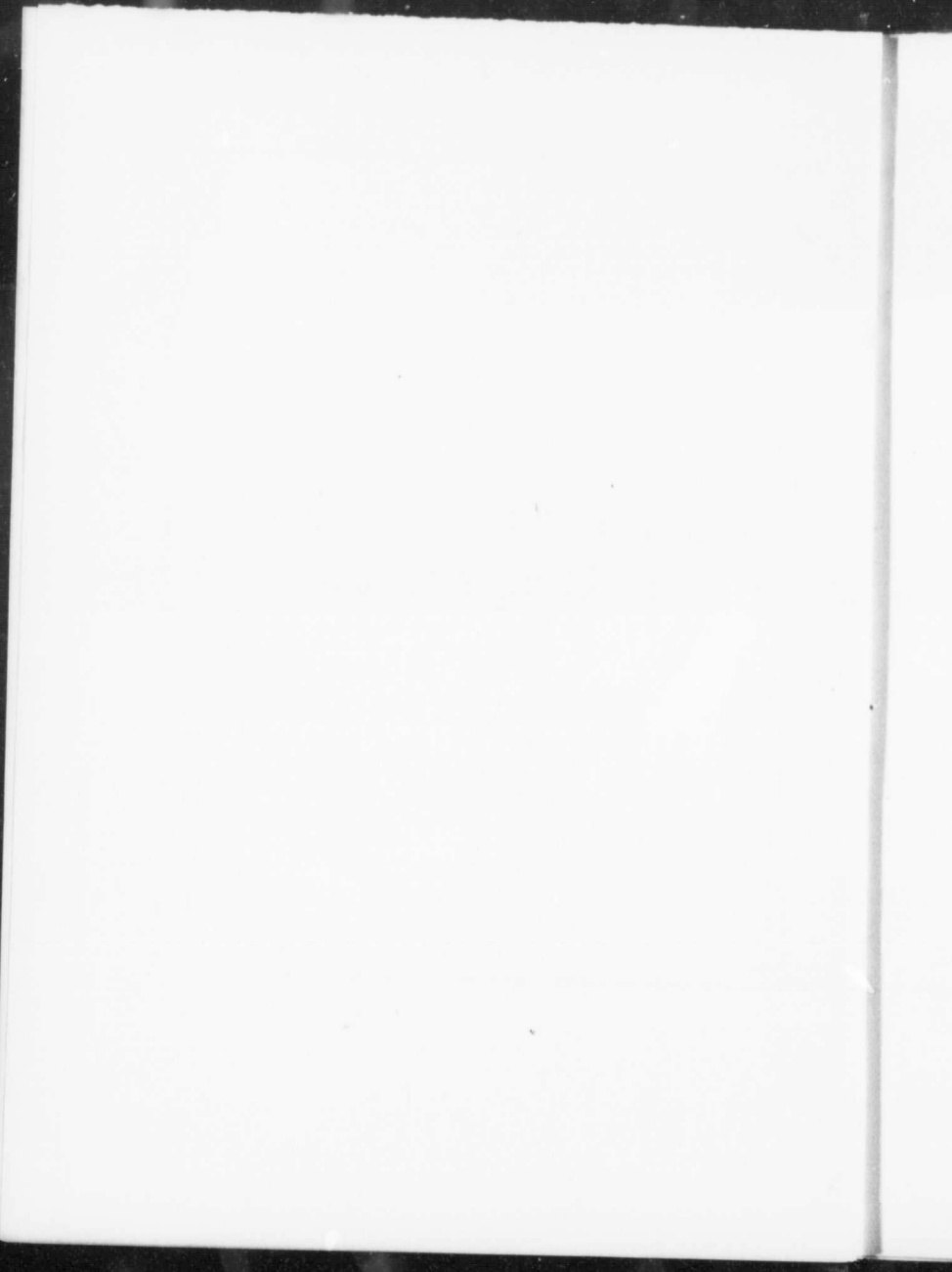


Can. Linn. Soc. 1850






Ode on the Coronation
of King Edward







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19

Ode

on the Coronation of
King Edward



By Bliss Carman

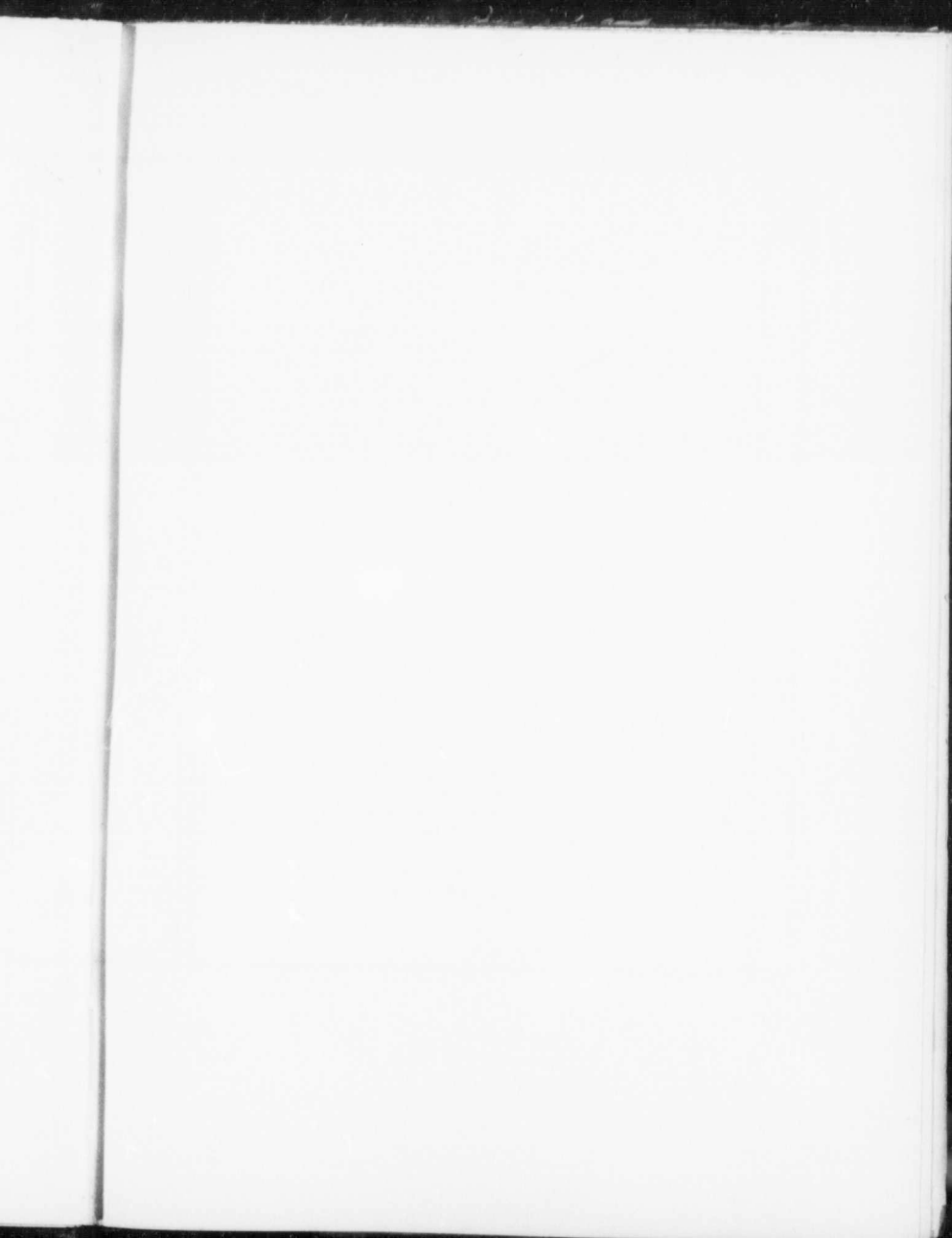
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1902

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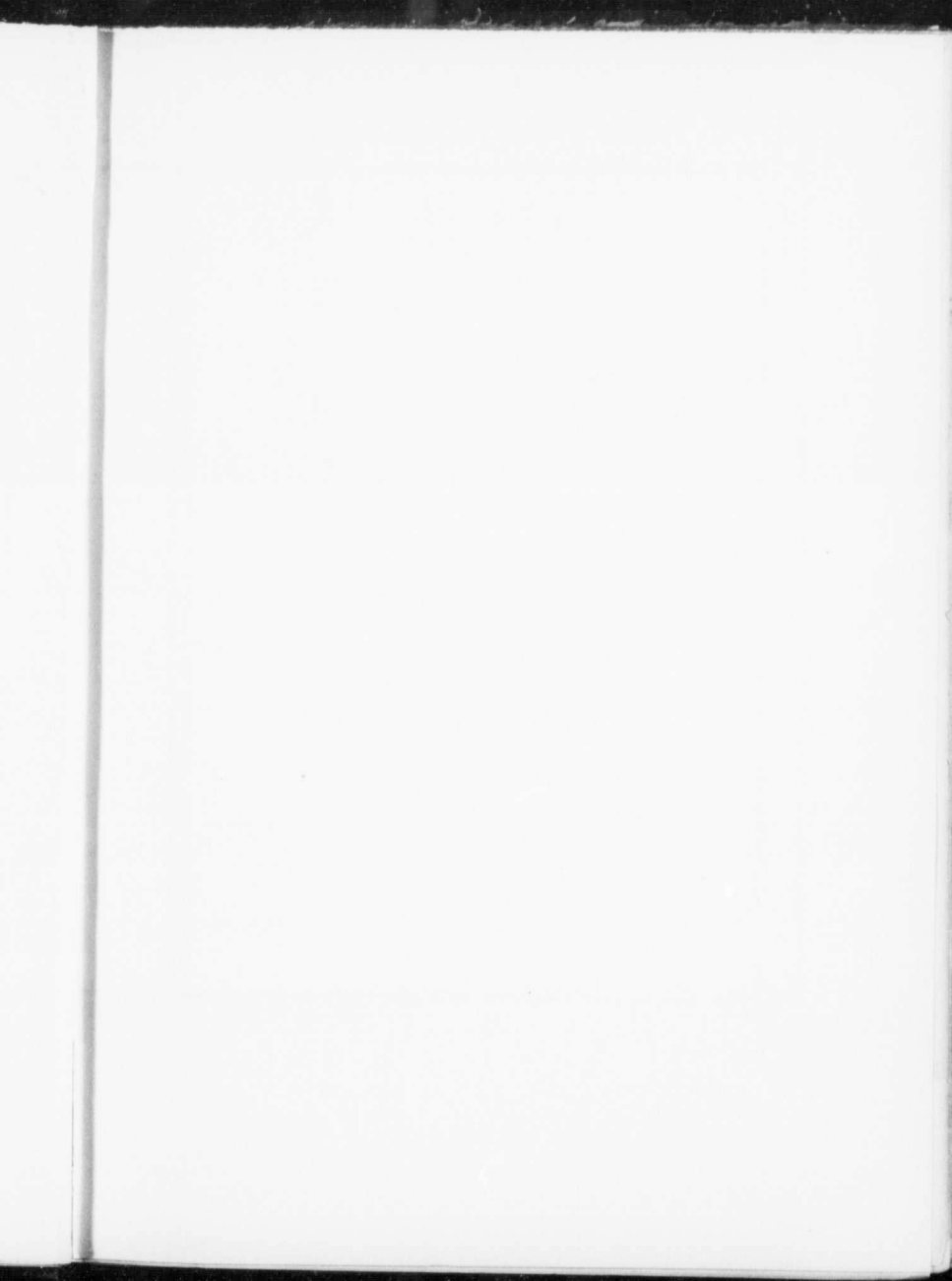


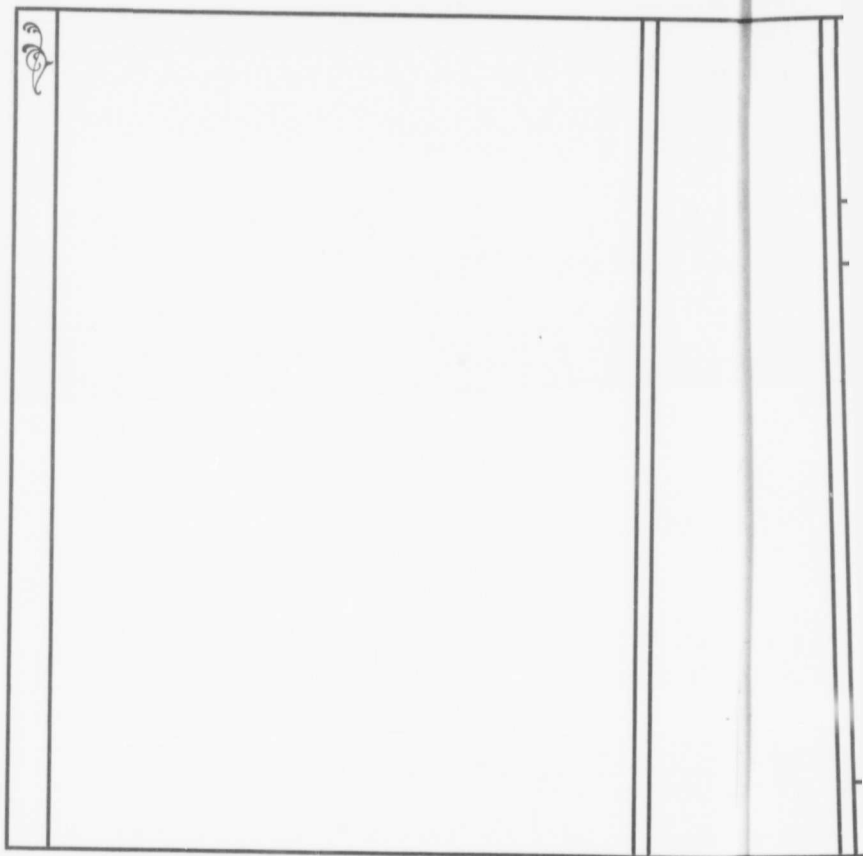
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ON · THE · CORONATION · OF · HIS · MAJESTY
EDWARD · VII · BY · THE · GRACE · OF · GOD
OF · THE · UNITED · KINGDOM · OF · GREAT
BRITAIN · AND · IRELAND · AND · OF · THE
BRITISH · DOMINIONS · BEYOND · THE · SEAS
KING · DEFENDER · OF · THE · FAITH · EM-
PEROR · OF · INDIA · AT · WESTMINSTER · IN
JUNE · IN · THE · YEAR · OF · OUR · LORD · ONE
THOUSAND · NINE · HUNDRED · AND · TWO







Ode on the Coronation of King Edward

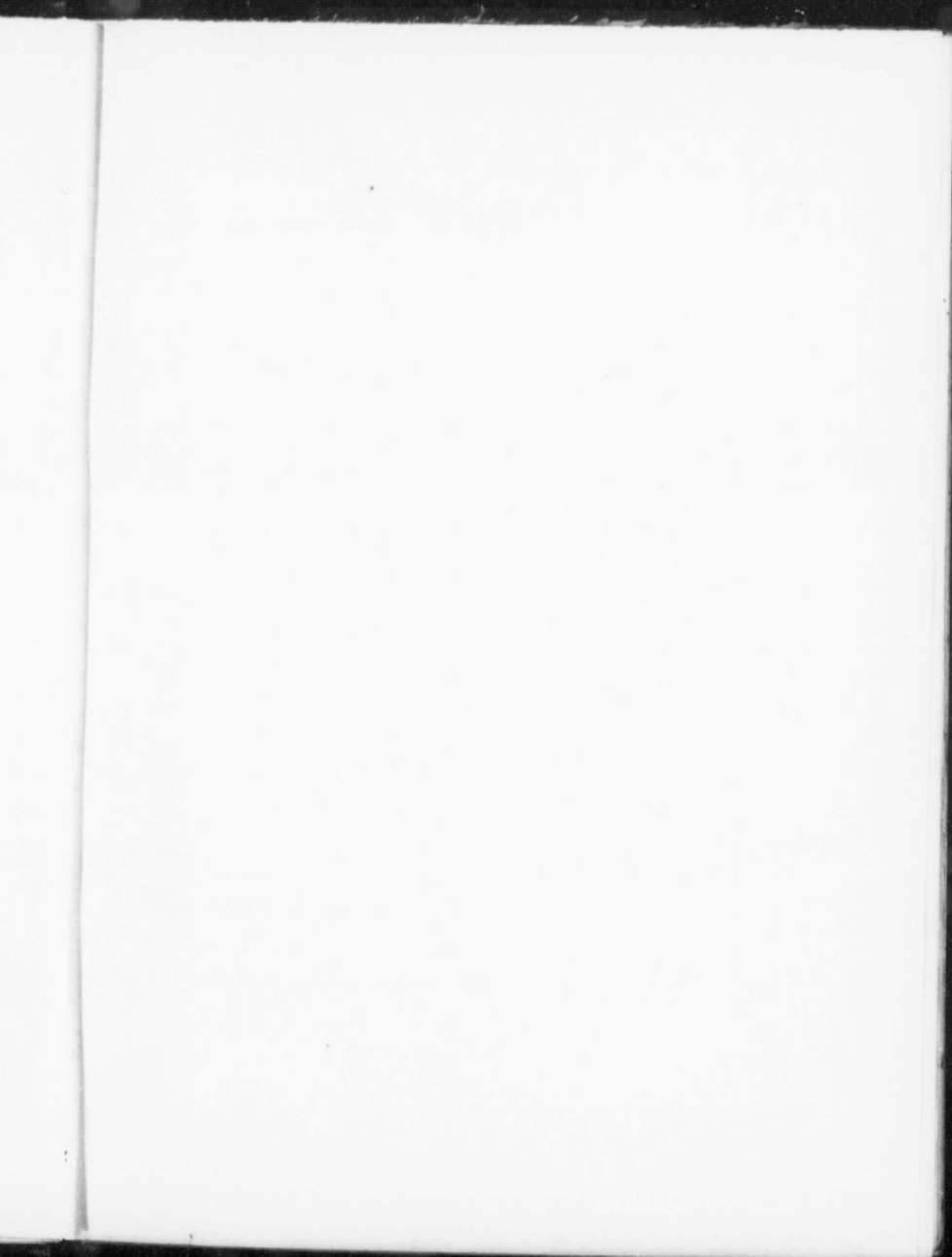


1902



HERE are joy-bells over England,
there are flags on London town ;
There is bunting on the channel,
where the fleets go up and down ;
There are bonfires alight
In the pageant of the night ;
There are bands that blare for splendour, and guns
that speak for might ;
For another king in England is coming to the
crown.







Coronation Ode

II.

As it was in Saxon Britain, and through the Nor-
man's sway,
And with the mighty Tudors, so it must be to-day.
For the English kings must hold
From Alfred, great of old,
From Sea-king and Crusader and Elizabeth the
Bold,
And every free-born Commoner whose strength is
England's stay.

Coronation Ode



III.

They will take him up to Westminster, and set
him in his place;
And Church and Lords and Commons will stand
before his face,
And hear him make reply,
In the name of God most high,
To be their Faith's Defender, as it was in days
gone by,
With the thousand years behind him and the glory
of his race.







Coronation Ode

IV.

They will give him orb and sceptre, the chalice,
spurs and sword,

And vest him with the purple to kneel before his
Lord ;

Then he will rise from prayer,

In the ancient Minster there,

And hear the world's four corners proclaim the
troth they bear,

And cry, "God save King Edward!" and pledge
the liegeman's word.

Coronation Ode



V.

They will keep the old tradition that fills the world
with fame ;

They will hold by use and custom, and repeat the
sounding name ;

And men a million strong

Will give him shout and song,

Where the trappings and the banners and the
blazons move along,

When the bells make din by day, and by night the
rockets flame.







Coronation Ode

VI.

There'll be men of little learning and men of
proven worth,

Of every caste and creed, come up from all the
earth,

To watch him brave and fine,

To speak of right divine,—

Plantagenet and Lancaster and Stuart in his line,—

And bless the blameless memory of Her who gave
him birth.

Coronation Ode



VII.

But who will stand before him, with simple words
and few

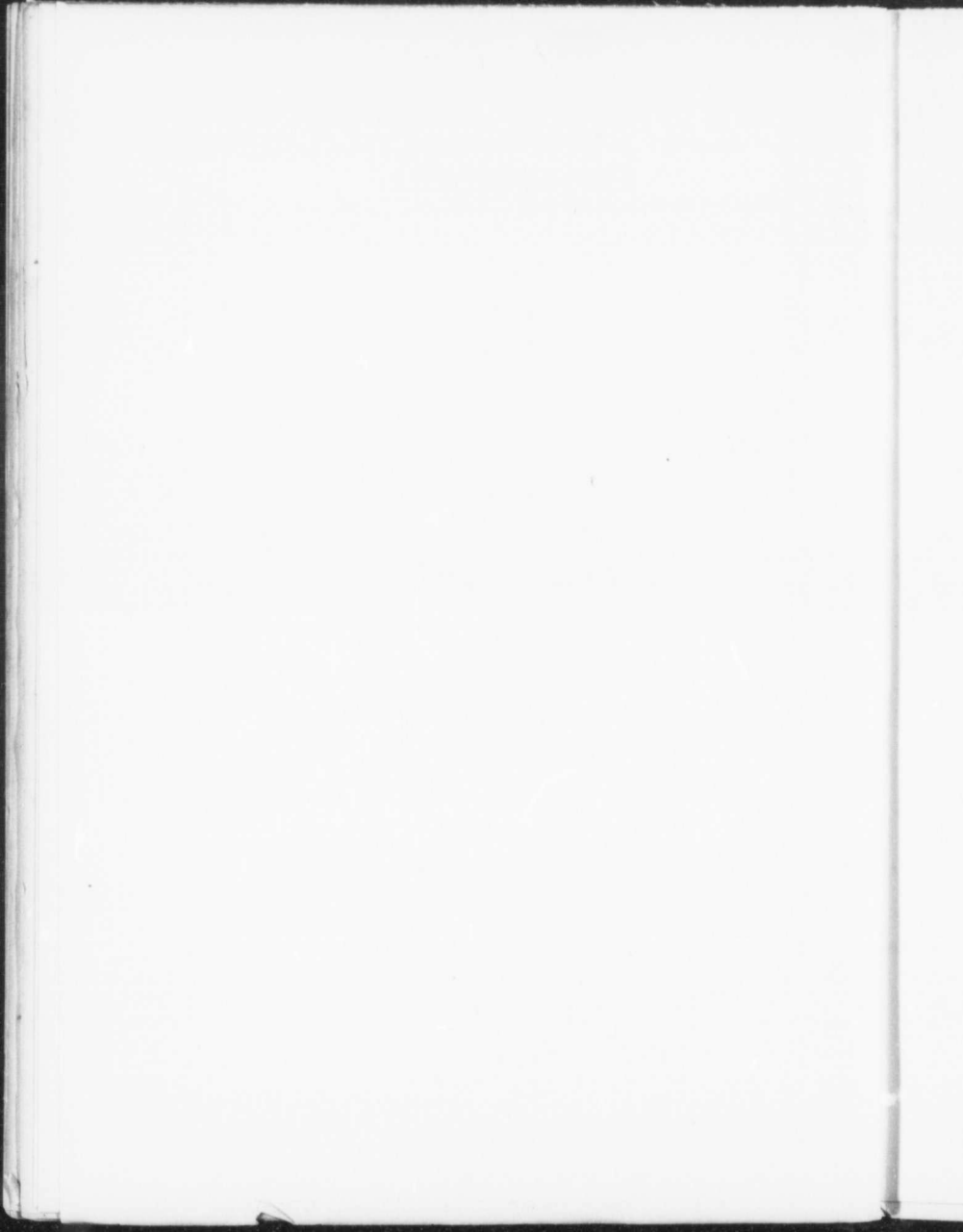
And a knowledge of the morrow, and tell him
straight and true,

Not only by God's grace

He comes unto his place,

The sovereignty of office, the reverend pride of
race,

But by their will who choose him as their fathers
used to do ?







Coronation Ode

VIII.

By the touch of love that kindles the blood
 beneath the tan ;
By the loyalty they bear him because he is a man,
 Who has learned the modest way
 To serve and to obey,
Who never flinched from duty, nor faltered in fair
 play ;
For the world is held together by the link of code
 and clan.

Coronation Ode



IX.

Stand up, Sir, in your honour! They come from
near and far,

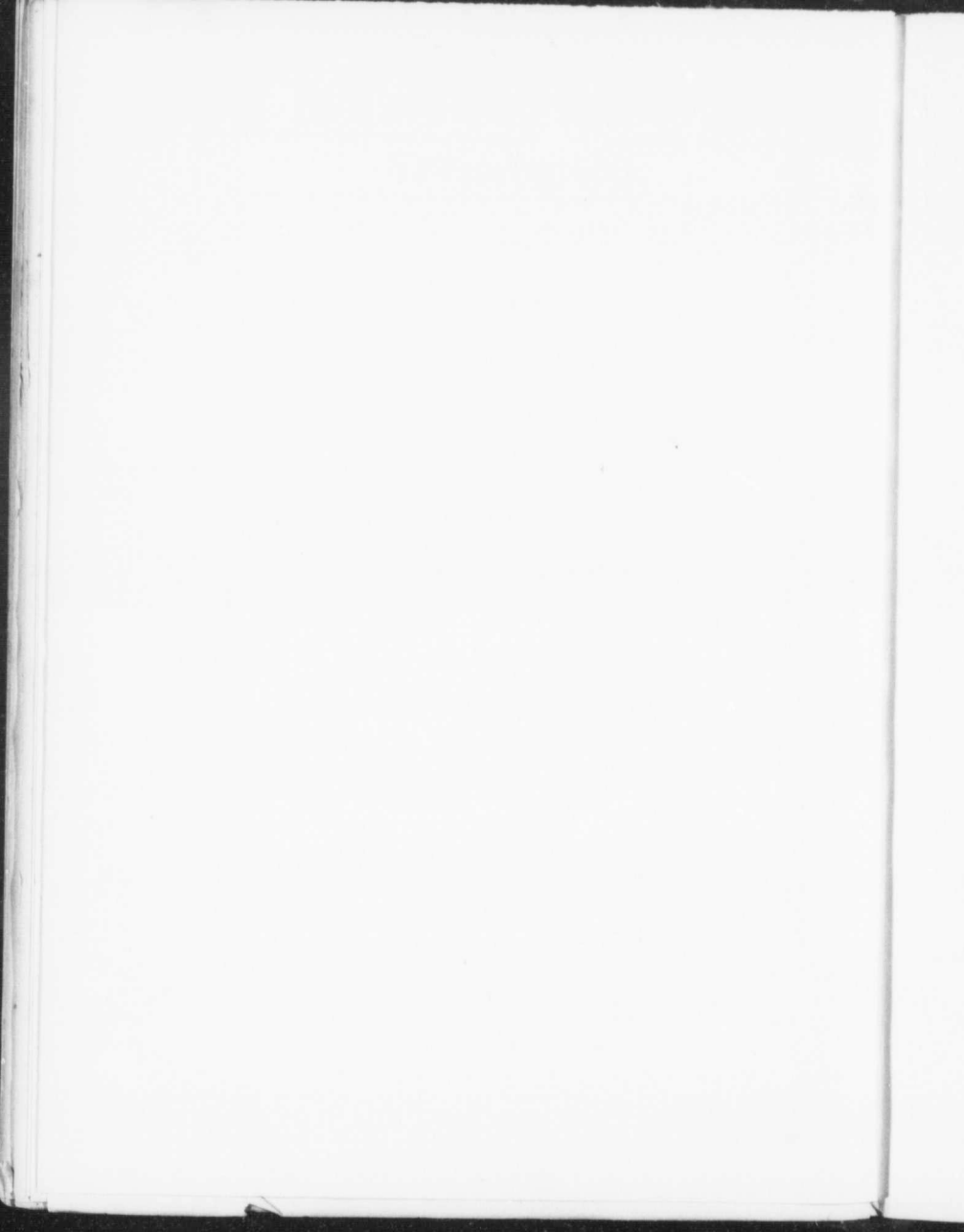
Rajah and Chief and Councillor and Prince
and Rasseldar,

From Canada and Ind

And the lands behind the wind,

Whose purpose none may question nor their
decree rescind,

To name you King of England for the gentleman
you are.







Coronation Ode

X.

Premier and Peer and Senator, they come from far
and near,
In kilted worn war-harness, in fez and jewelled
gear,
In their proud fealty,
The new-world chivalry
From Melbourne and Toronto and the islands of
the sea,
To render trust and tribute of all men hold most
dear.

Coronation Ode



XI.

What people are these passing to the sound of pipe
and drum,

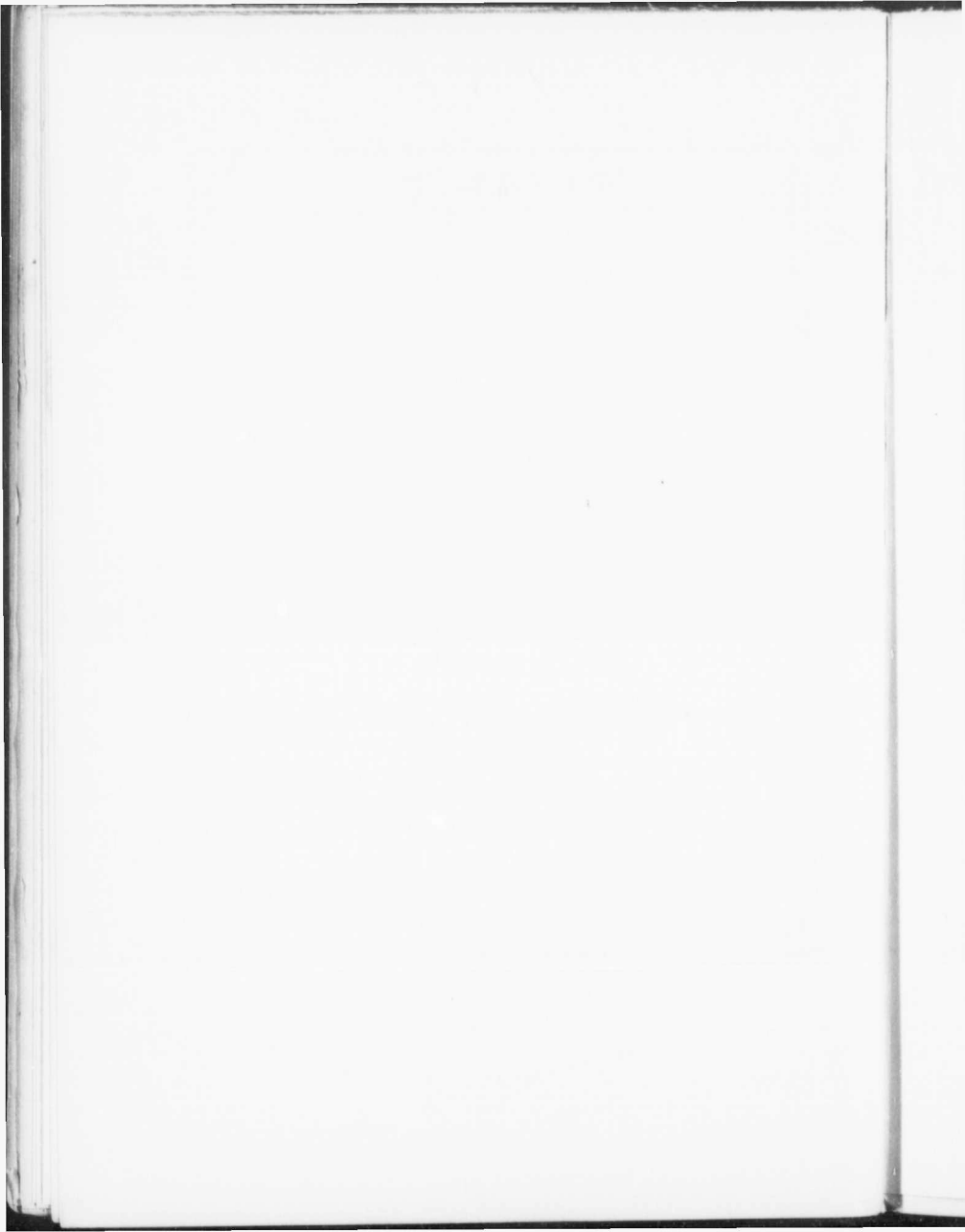
In the garments of all nations, and singing as
they come?

By the colour on the cheek,

By the accent when they speak,

They are foreign-born and alien, and their homes
are far to seek;

But they all come up to England, when England
calls them home.







Coronation Ode

XII.

And these who speak the English tongue not in
the English way,
With the careless mien and temper self-assured,
whose sons are they?
By the larger, looser stride,
By the ampler ease and pride,
By the quicker catch at laughter and the outlook
keener-eyed,
They were bred beneath the tent-cloth of a wider,
whiter day.

Coronation Ode



XIII.

From the rough red tides of Fundy where the
ships go far inland,

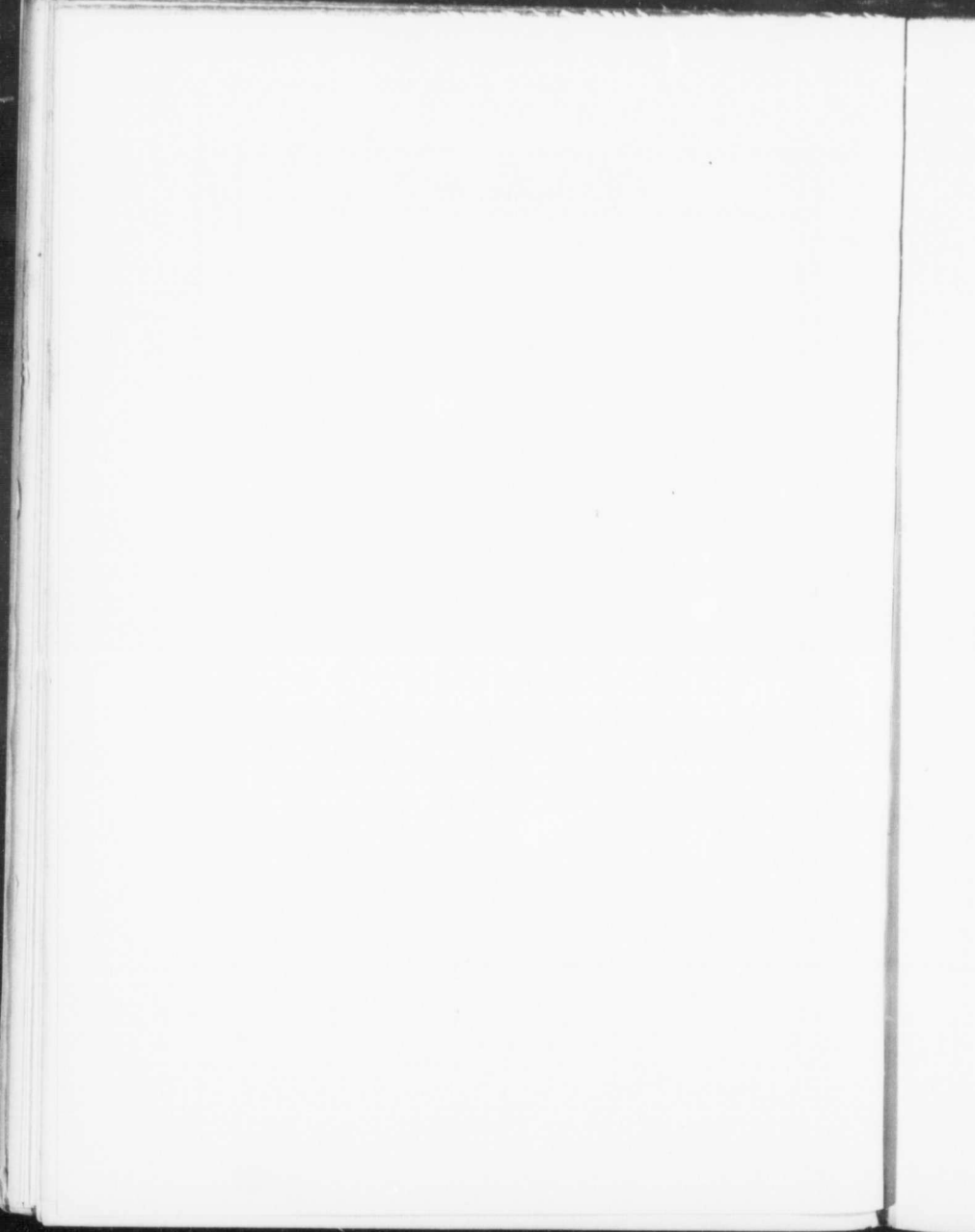
To Kamloops where the hills are set as at a
council grand ;

From the waving Northern light

At the edge of polar night,

Where underneath the burnished stars the bitter
trail is bright,

To the inland seas that sparkle where goodly
orchards stand ;







Coronation Ode

XIV.

By prairie, swale, and barren, by jungle and lagoon,
Where endless palm-trees rustle and the creamy
breakers croon,

By canyon, ford, and pass,

By desert and morass,

In snows like stinging lashes, on seas like burning
glass,

By every land and water beneath the great lone
moon;

Coronation Ode



XV.

Our fathers died for England at the outposts of
the world ;

Our mothers toiled for England where the settlers'
smoke upcurled ;

By packet, steam, and rail,

By portage, trek, and trail,

They bore a thing called honour in hearts that did
not quail,

Till the twelve great winds of heaven saw their
scarlet sign unfurled.







Coronation Ode

XVI.

And little did they leave us of fame or land
or gold;

Yet they gave us great possessions in a heritage
untold;

For they said, "Ye shall be clean,

Nor ever false nor mean,

For God and for your country and the honour of
your Queen,

Till ye meet the death that waits you with your
plighted faith unsold.

Coronation Ode



XVII.

“We have fought the long great battle of the
liberty of man,
And only asked a goodly death uncraven in the
van;
We have journeyed travel-worn
Through envy and through scorn,
But the faith that was within us we have stub-
bornly upborne,
For we saw the perfect structure behind the rough-
hewn plan.







Coronation Ode

XVIII.

“We have toiled by land and river, we have
laboured on the sea ;

If our blindness made us blunder, our courage
made us free.

We suffered or we throve,

We delved and fought and strove ;

But born to the ideals of order, law, and love,

To our birthright we were loyal, and loyal shall
ye be !”

Coronation Ode



XIX.

Oh, East they go and West they go, and never can
they bide,

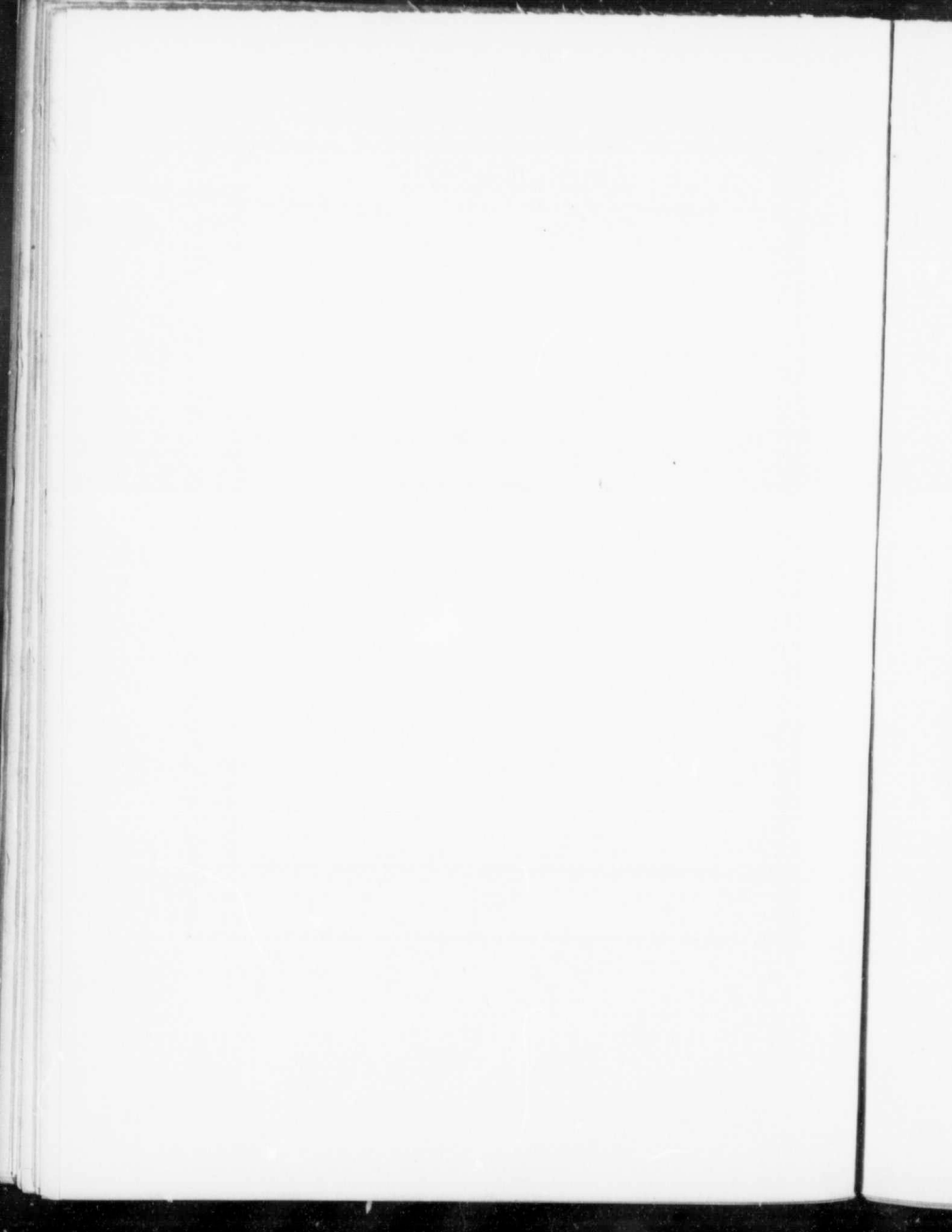
For the longing that is in them, and the whisper
at their side ;

They may stablish hearth and home,

But the sons will forth and roam,

As their fathers did before them, across the
hollow foam,

Till strange lands lift to greet them at the edges of
the tide.







Coronation Ode

XX.

They have visions of a country that sorrow never
knew ;

They have rumours of a region where the heart
has naught to rue ;

And never will they rest

Till they reach the fabled West,

That is charted, dim but certain, in the Volume of
the Breast.

And forever they are dreamers who make the
dream come true.

Coronation Ode



XXI.

In the North they are far forward, in the South
they have begun,
The English of three continents who take their
rule from none,
But follow on the gleam
Of an ancient, splendid dream,
That has manhood for its fabric, perfection for
its theme,—
With freedom for its morning star, and knowledge
for its sun.







Coronation Ode

XXII.

And slowly, very slowly, the gorgeous dream grows
bright,

Where rise the four Democracies of Anglo-Saxon
might:

The Republic, fair, alone ;

The Commonwealth, new-grown ;

The proud, reserved Dominion, with a story of
her own ;

And One that shall emerge at length from travail,
war, and blight.

Coronation Ode



XXIII.

Oh, doubt not, wrong, oppression, and violence
and tears,

The ignorance and anguish and folly of the years,

Must pass and leave a mind

More sane, a soul more kind,

As the slow ages shall evolve a loftier mankind,

When over lust and carnage the great white
peace appears.







Coronation Ode

XXIV.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of

Peace

To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims

cease,

Not as invaders come

With gun-wheel and with drum,

But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home

Through the scented summer twilight, when the

spirit has release.

Coronation Ode



XXV.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the
larger creed,—

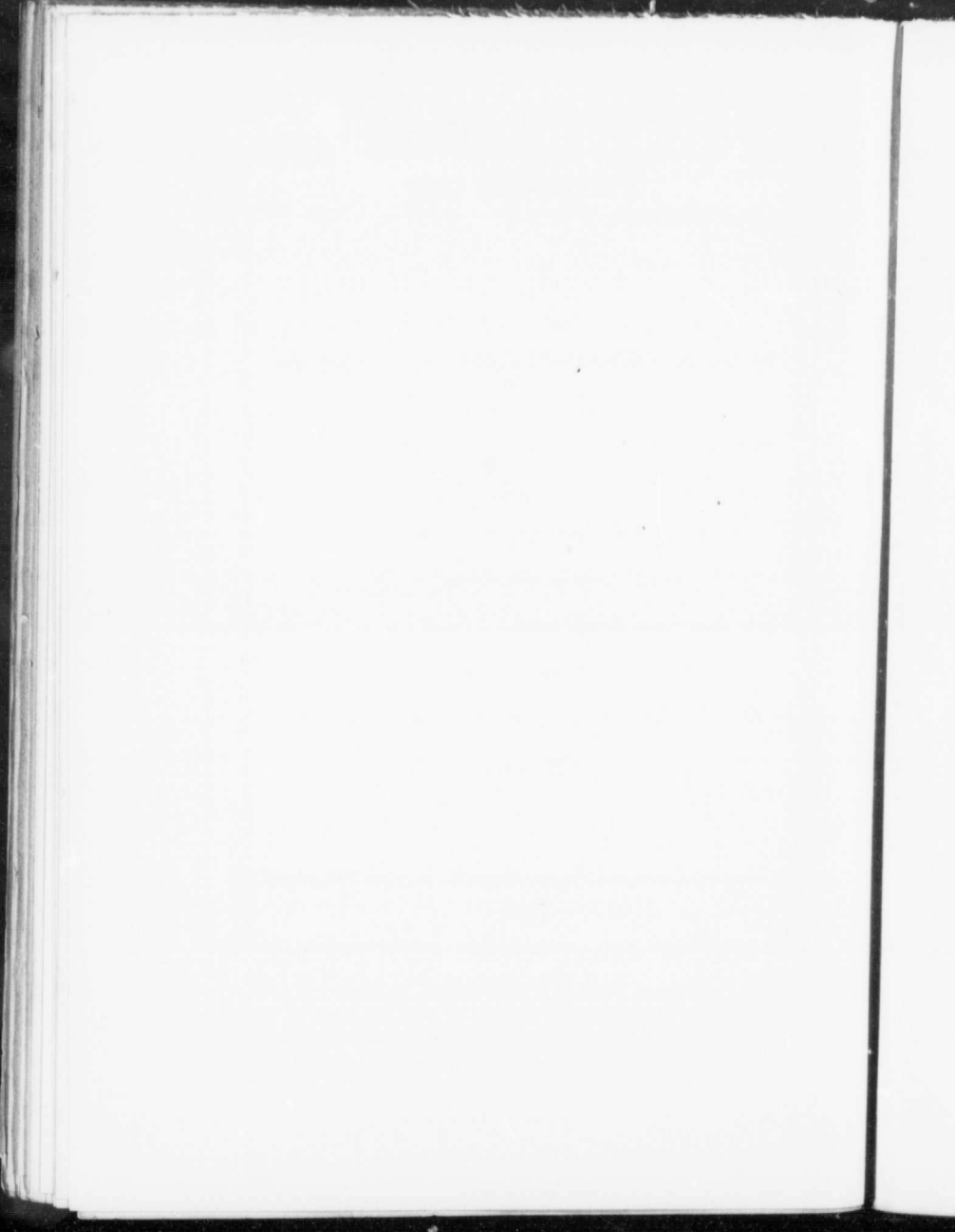
The love that knows no border, the bond that
knows no breed;

For the little word of right

Must grow with truth and might,

Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants
take flight,

And vex the world no longer with rapine and
with greed.







Coronation Ode

XXVI.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern
tide,

Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust,
and pride,

Very tenderly we turn

With welling hearts that yearn

Still to love you and defend you,—let the sons of
men discern

Wherein your right and title, might and majesty,
reside.

Coronation Ode



XXVII.

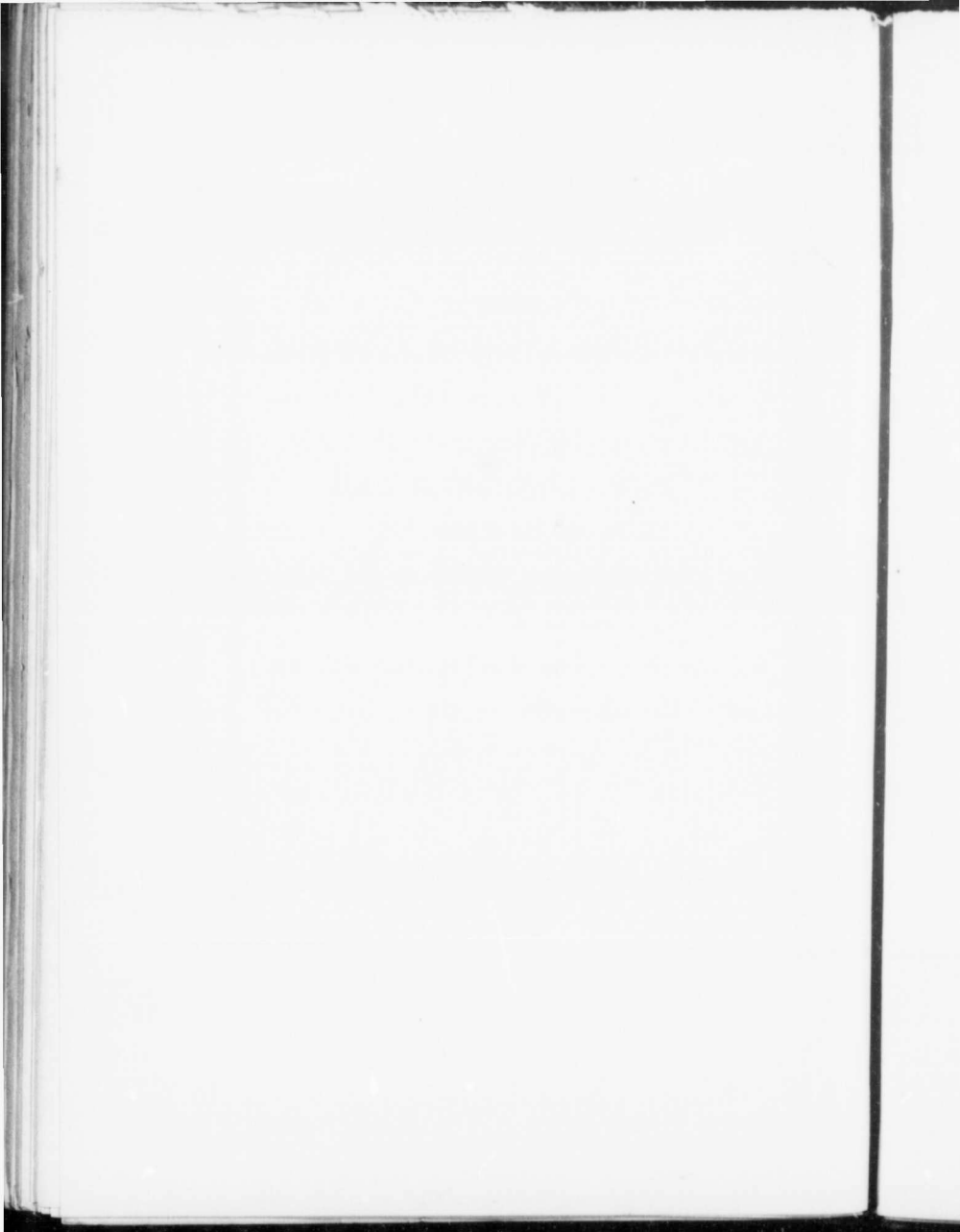
O Sir, no empty rumour comes up the earth to-day
From the kindred and the peoples and the tribes
a world away ;

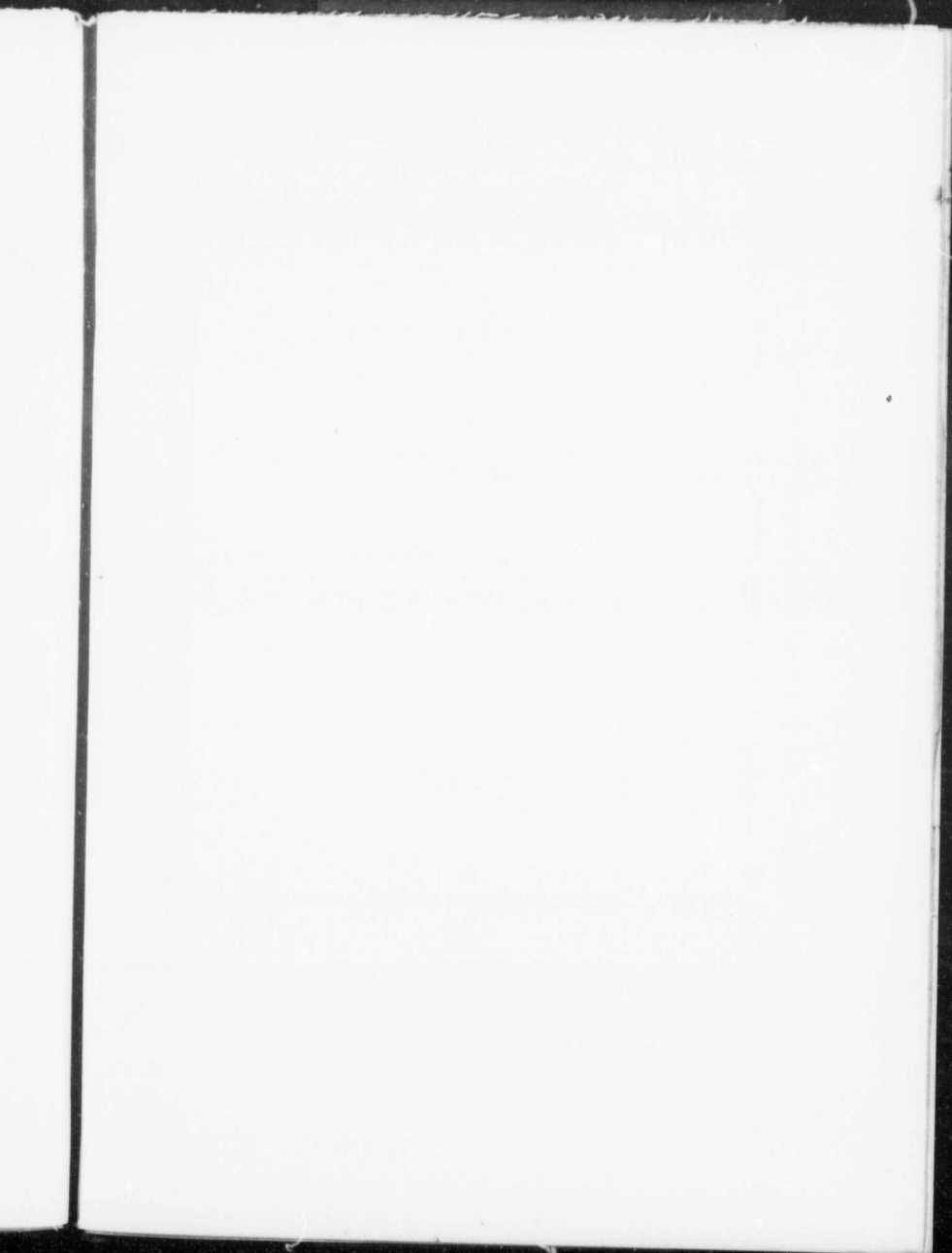
For they know the Law will hold

And be equal as of old,

With conscience never questioned and justice
never sold,

And beneath the form and letter the spirit will
have play.







Coronation Ode

XXVIII.

When you hear the princely concourse take up the
word and sing,
And the Abbey of our fathers with acclamations
ring,
Know well that, true and free,
By the changeless heart's decree,
On all the winds of heaven and the currents
of the sea
From the verges of the Empire will come, "God
save the King!"

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