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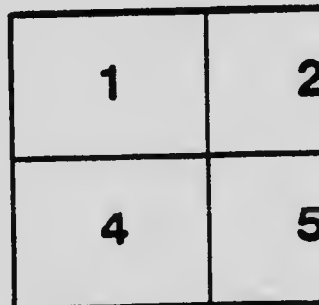
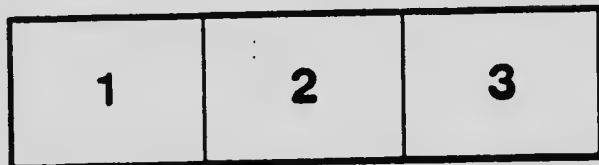
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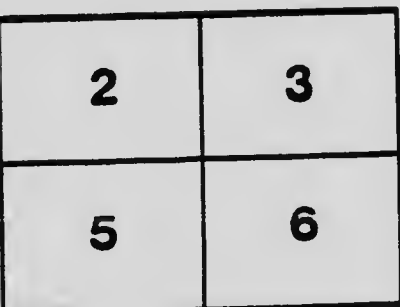
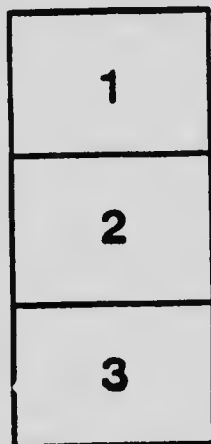
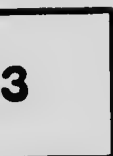
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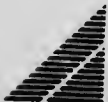
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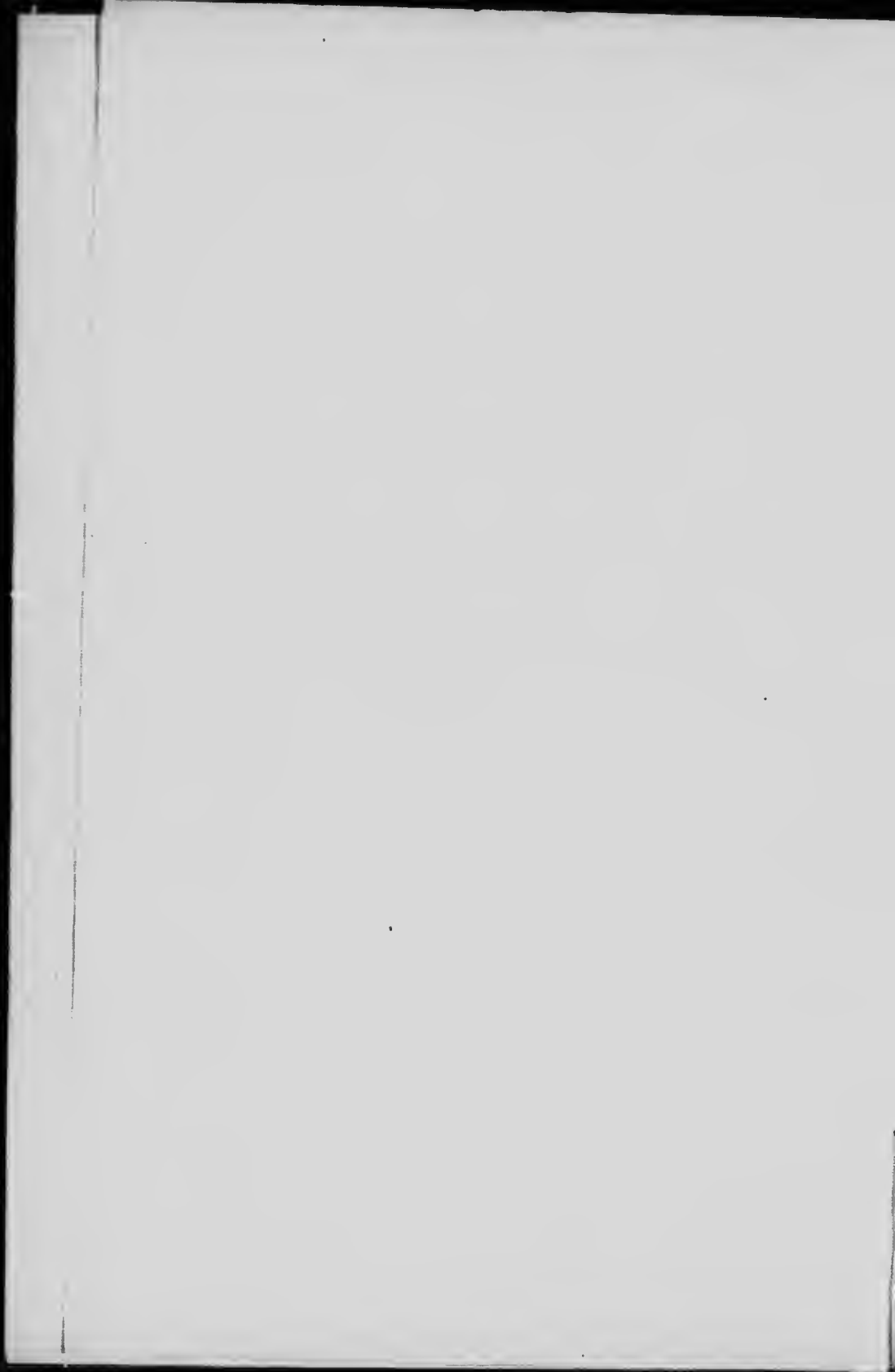
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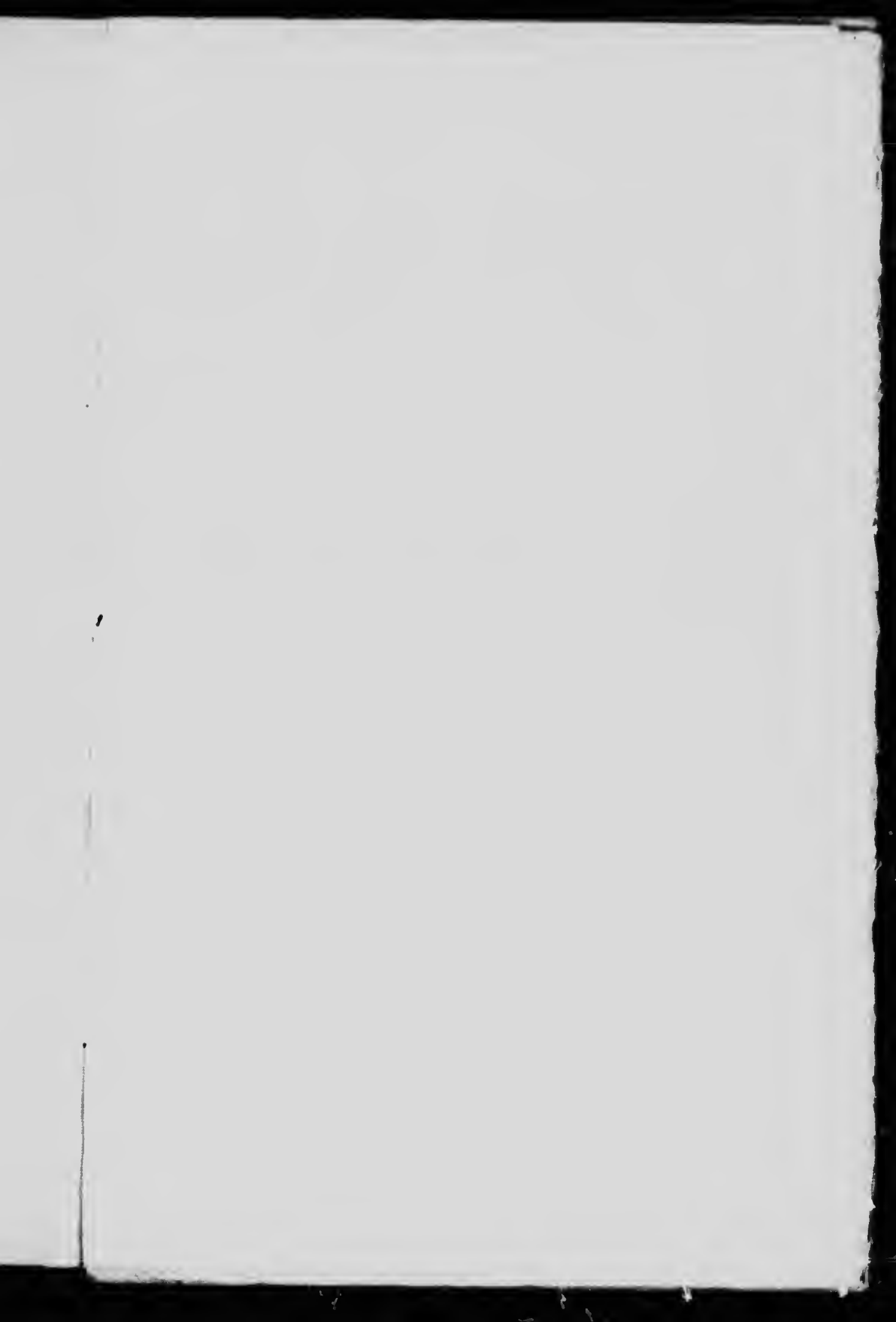


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# ODE

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.  
Now Phœbus lightly binds about his brow  
A pale corona in the orient arch ;  
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 valley and unmask the lake,  
Regale, with solar fire, the thirsty flowers,  
And lambent lustre to the heather lend ;  
While, to the music of the heavenly spheres,  
A silvery voice leaps forth from every 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.  
The darkling pebbly glen ; the sunlight-shaft ;  
The spruce and tamarind ; the stately pine ;  
The bank whereon "the nodding violet grows"—  
All these—breathe votive incense to the day,  
And join their music to the memories  
Awakened by the linnet and the thrush,  
The wren, the robin and th' entrancing lark.  
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 lasting 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, 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.  
Thus, from Britannia, Greater Britain grows ;  
For courage, love and duty build the state.  
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—  
Naught caring for the realm of 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, from the continent where two great seas,  
Two branches of the Anglo-Saxon blood  
In Isthmian friendly rivalry enfold,  
Shall the Favonian breezes gently blow,  
Alike for friend or foe, freely for all ;  
And muffling each malign Borean blast,  
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 music, flowing sweet and low,  
Inspires a patriot flame within the fires  
Aglow and flashing on the outer walls—  
The sea-girt walls of our far-lying lands—  
Ben Ledi sings an Himalayan hymn ;  
For India hears the call of Scotland yet.  
The ripple of the black tarn lightly rules  
The matchless waves of broad Superior ;  
The Continental Island-Commonwealth  
Wafts gentle breezes to the Isle of Wight ;  
For tarns and islet-homes may rule the waves  
And continents, while yet they rule by love.  
By magic art and Celtic minstrelsy  
The meeting waters of Killarney charm  
The dreamers of the slumbering Windermere,  
And—lake for lake—a Briton, bending o'er  
Their glassy plain, sees, deeply mirrored there,

A pledge to Celt and Saxon brotherhood ;  
Sees Britons as they are—one family ;  
Comrades in arms—Norman, Saxon and Celt—  
Lovers of peace, wakeful, ever, for war ;  
Victors in death, as were the men of Thebes—  
Epaminondas and Pelopidas—  
Or marching to the songs of victory,  
Over 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 the caves profound—  
And roar abysmal—of 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—  
There shall Britannia, peace-compelling, rest,  
While 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 ;  
Nor merely "castles in the clouds that pass" ;  
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 ;  
 They turn to deities ; to temples turn ;  
 And speak, anon, of Greek philosophy.  
 Mark yonder snow-clad hills and granite crags ;  
 And with what patriot eloquence they stand  
 For England and for Scotland's men o' the north !  
 Well may we pause, and learn from Grecian fame,  
 What wealth have we, of liberty and power.  
 And, as the majesty of Homer's men,  
 A lasting pathway for the Greeks illumed,  
 Where greatness grew, from valourous deeds of arms,  
 And rhythmic measures, and Olympian games ;  
 To sculpture, painting, and the Parthenon ;  
 And the orations of Demosthenes ;  
 So shall the men of Theocratic days,  
 Or of historic name and Grecian blood,  
 Whose god-like forms adorn the summer clouds,  
 Prepare for Britain a perpetual path—  
 For greatness challenges comparison—  
 And ever shall the men of England know,  
 One path led Nelson and the Argonauts ;  
 One pathway led the men of the Light Brigade,  
 And the Defenders of Thermopylæ ;  
 The "red pursuing spear" of Marathon  
 Flashed for freedom, on Khartoum's fateful field.  
 Then turn we to the clouds and view the hills  
 Whereto came Cecrops, and where Pelops came.  
 What Greeks, immortal, along the fore-front range—  
 As might the fearless 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—  
 Behold where Sparta's great Leonidas  
 Beside Lycurgus, in Laconia, stands ;  
 Where Pyrrha, with Deucalion, dexterous, climbs  
 To high Parnassus, from the o'erflowing flood !  
 O rightful home of Zeus, wherein the clouds,  
 Pelion on Ossa-like, piled hugely up,  
 Unfold for Alfred an imperial throne  
 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 !  
 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 greets 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,  
 Fair phrases and well-sounding compliments :  
 But lo, where, on yon broad Acropolis,  
 Dazzling Pentelic marble columns rise !  
 Whose daring chisel incites to majesty  
 This temple of Athena Parthenos !  
 How breathe and live these ivory monuments ;  
 This famed Invincible Goddess of War ?  
 Let the clouds answer, ' Phidias once more 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.  
 Panathenaeaic 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 see the glory of the Greeks ;  
The lights and shades of their philosophy ;  
See where their shining pathway leads to life ;  
Or, failing, lift our eyes to higher Light ;  
That Britain's glory may forever grow.

## 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,  
And, with him, Alexandra, Consort Queen—  
A regal complement of kingly rule—  
A rule wherein the king and parliament,  
Within the laws unwrit<sup>en</sup>, 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 naught ?  
Strongly to govern ; to fight, and fight well ;  
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.

## 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 Pritannia's broadening zone  
 Send up a sacred flame around the towers  
 Of old Westminster, and the throne emblaze;  
 Whereto, behold where now King Edward comes!  
 And, with him, kings and an Imperial court;  
 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 might have to the Abbey gone,  
 That oft, in years to come, their sons, or they,  
 Might softly sing to eloquent regard:—  
 What gowns were worn; what dark-eyed Beauty  
 What ineffectual fire of violet eyes [reigned;  
 Scarce more than snouldered in the garish light;  
 How princes and potential emperors,  
 When fell the failing sun's last ruddy ray,  
 Fell, willing victims, to the darkling glance  
 Of some fair frivolous belle—some future queen—  
 Within the venerable Abbey walls,  
 That summer-day when England's king was 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 set 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-conferment and 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 ;  
While Bishops guard, on either hand, the throne.  
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.  
And, by the right of kings, the king shall rule  
In Britain as Britannia rules the waves ;  
And, following where he wrought as might a prince,  
And in the pathway where the great queen led,  
He shall be known worthy of England's lands  
Beyond the seas—worthy of England's crown.  
And he shall rule in restful dignity ;  
He shall invoke the sacred glorious past  
Of Britain, graven on these Abbey walls ;  
And, from the voice of sculptured eloquence,

Where dim-lit banners lend historic light,  
 And blend the Roman and the Gothic arch,  
 An answer, well-nigh audible, shall show  
 How lives the fount of honour in the crown,  
 And whence the rights of Magna-Charta came.  
 But lo, where now these blood-stained banners' beams,  
 Piercing the passing centuries, confirm  
 The clearer rays of sixty years and four !  
 How rays and beams in showers of blessings fall  
 All round the throne, and cast a halo there.  
 Now, bending to this happy augury,  
 The king takes up the burden of the crown,  
 And, to the brow of Alexandra, Queen  
 Incomparably fair, soul of his soul,  
 He binds a crown of rare and glittering gems.  
 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 ;  
 One moment poise, and whisper of the past  
 And of their labours for the crown and state ;  
 Then in harmonious choruses they join  
 Our anthems and our prayers and praise to God ;  
 And, wafting tuneful greetings as they go,  
 Vanish as the swift light to shadowy rest.  
 Now solemnly the benediction falls,  
 And all our lingering anthems die within  
 The Chantry and the Chapels of the Kings.  
 And loud, without the Abbey walls, a shout,  
 Renting the air, proclaims the king is crowned ;  
 While cannon-voices blend in boom on boom.  
 All round and round the realm, sound blends in sound,  
 Music in the air, music in the soul.  
 And, flaming to his purple shadowy couch,  
 Phœbus, along his Delian path of gold,  
 Proclaims the king is crowned ! Long live the king !  
 And, ere the voices of the Solent sleep,  
 Or London's roar finds momentary rest,  
 The sounding breakers on the distant shores  
 Of all the Britains lend their loud acclaim  
 For England's king and for Saint Edward's crown.

## IX.

So came and closed the radiance of the day—  
A day of rare innumerable shades  
Of light, from dawn till when the shadows fell ;  
A day for Britain's wide imperial zone  
Of laurel leaves and equatorial rays ;  
Of willow banks and vapoury far blue hills ;  
Of lichens and illimitable snows.  
A day of banners and of nodding plumes ;  
Of gleaming lance and glittering uniform ;  
And of the clarion voices of the realm  
Concentred in Britannia's capital ;  
A day for which an Alexander might  
Have knelt in reverence at Achilles' tomb,  
And craved the mantle of the conqueror.  
But while the day smiled on Autocracy,  
Saluting many a sovereign-absolute,  
As if in memory of some Norman king,  
Yet England loved her monarch all the more  
For precedent whereby the crown had come  
To magnify the power of parliament—  
The voice of popular supremacy.  
So came the day to laud our regnant rule,  
And to imperialize democracy ;  
To claim the more how England's rightful path  
Of empire is the path of liberty.  
It was a day when, like the lion's roar,  
Up from the battlefields of Africa  
Britannic cheers in mighty waves o'erwhelmed  
Imperious London's loud impetuous voice—  
As when the devouring sea leaps and engulfs  
The boisterous, babbling murmur of the shore.  
And when the imperial, widening orb of day  
Shone o'er the shimmering iridescent waves  
Where float the king's defenders of the sea,  
Their chorus rolled along the Solent shore  
And shook the deep foundations of the earth ;  
While they that answer Neptune's trident voiced  
The volleyed thunder of the echoing rocks,  
And vivid lightning pierced the flaming clouds  
And proudly mirrored England's fiercer fire.

X.

And as the day's magnificence recalls  
 The world's great days of pageantry and power,  
 But two such days appear, and they, our own.  
 So great a day means something more than pomp—  
 Something beyond mere baubles and vain show—  
 The tawdry tinsel of a holiday  
 Shall crumble into dust and be forgot—  
 A pyramid or Parthenon shall fall—  
 But this day stands for more than monuments !  
 Its vaulting dome o'ersprings the valourous deeds  
 Whereon, broad-based, Britannia's kingdom rests,  
 And sends from out that lustrous arch the light  
 Of our own deeds and marks the day our own.  
 Yet more—it voices victories to be,  
 For England's honour and where duty calls.  
 And louder, from this day, shall Britain's voice  
 Leap to the level of the coming years  
 And to the splendour of their higher plane  
 Wherein her laws and language shall be known  
 And spoken by the rulers of the earth.  
 But oft shall Phoebus' fiery wheel go round  
 A viewless orbit ere Britannia sets  
 Her foot upon that pre-millennial plane ;  
 Yet having won the victories of peace,  
 Reclaimed the wide waste places of the earth,  
 And set the lamp of truth on every hill,  
 She cannot thenceforth stay her helping hand,  
 Nor can the nations long ignore her laws  
 Or lack the luminous vigour of her tongue.  
 Walled by the rock-ribbed sea, Britannia still,  
 For liberty, shall stand—alert, alone—  
 Yet not aloof. No valiant fallen foe  
 Shall cry in vain to her for clemency.  
 Her splendid isolation shall remain  
 For a defence and world-wide bond of peace.  
 And in that cause her sword—a fiery flame—  
 Shall be found sharp and burnished for the fight ;  
 Her glittering armies ready for the field ;  
 Her battleships and all her sons on guard  
 For England and for her Imperial crown.

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





