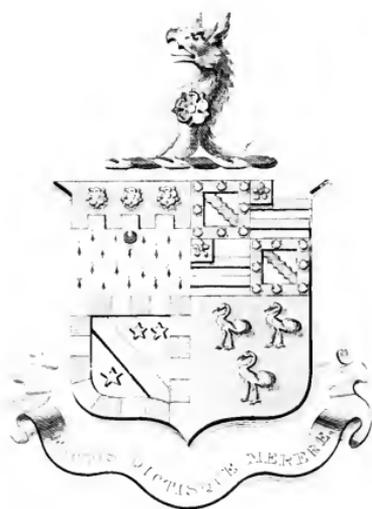


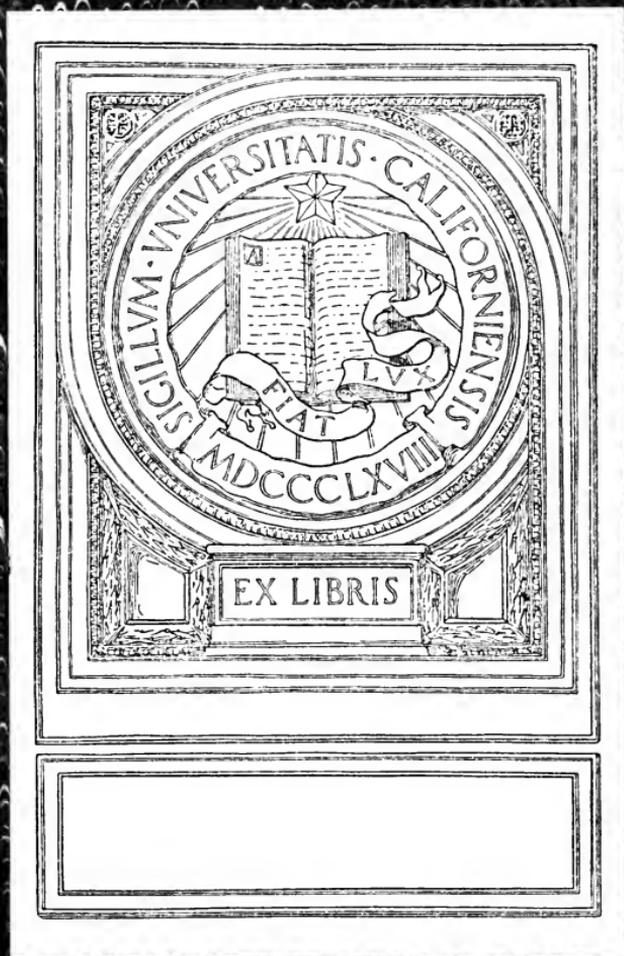
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ON

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.

BY

CHARLES RANN KENNEDY, Esq.

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O D E

ON

THE BIRTH OF THE PRINCE.



WHAT thunderpeal was hither sent ?
 Again ! again ! From yonder battlement
 Echoing it roll'd the hoary Thames along.
 I know, I know that sound ;
 'Twas the cannon's brazen tongue ;
 England an heir hath found ;
 A princely son
 Is born to England's throne.
 Arise, arise, thou City of the Earth !
 And with thy million tongues proclaim the glorious birth.

The busy tread I hear
 Of thousands far and near.
 Wonder is gone abroad, and joy bewildered.
 Young and old are there,
 Children by their mother led ;
 Th' infirm hath left his bed,
 Poverty hath ceas'd to toil,
 Pain forgets her pangs awhile ;

All one thought inspires :
Quick and anxious hurrying by,
They ask each other eagerly,
If 'tis a dream that mocks their fond desires
What shout the air hath rent ?
Hurrah, hurrah !
'Tis the voice of England's merriment.
Hurrah ! hurrah !
Long live the Prince ! long live our Queen Victoria !

It is no dream. The merry bells are ringing,
With many a chime,
As of olden time,
In the gray turret swinging.
And lo, on high,
Streaming to the sky,
Gaily our country's banner is unfurl'd !
Arise, arise, rejoice, thou City of the World !

A King the sceptre of these realms shall sway.
Roll, father Thames, roll onward to the sea,
And tell the waves their destiny !
A parting ray
Upon the western flood yet lingereth,
And now a voice
To the light air whispereth :
" Rejoice, rejoice !
A King is born to rule these isles !"
Cheer'd by the welcome news old Ocean smiles.

Speed o'er the wave, ye winged messengers,
And bid all nations hail,
Where'er the spreading sail
Hath borne from home the Saxon mariners,

Bold hearts and true,
 An empire to subdue,
 To succour frail distress,
 To clear the wilderness,
 Or with religion's light the world to bless.

Awake from sleep,
 Ye coursers of the deep !
 Fly with the breeze
 Beyond the line of waving Pyrenees.
 To Calpe's rock and fair Valetta's bay
 Announce the joyful holiday.
 On, hasten on
 To vales of piny Lebanon ;
 There shall ye say,
 A son to her is born, whose thunderstroke
 On Acre's walls sent wild dismay,
 And Egypt's empire shook.
 Twine, Syrian virgins, twine
 Your myrtle wreaths. Beneath the mantling vine
 Now shall ye sit at ease
 In sunny meads of Palestine,
 And chant to lovers' ear your evening melodies.

And thou, lost City, o'er whose fate
 Angels have mourn'd, and yet a greater One,
 Who died for all, but wept for thee alone ;
 Thou art not desolate.
 Dim are mine eyes, my tongue is weak ;
 Yet will I speak
 Comfort to thee, Jerusalem !
 A light shall dawn
 Upon thy race forlorn :
 'Tis veil'd in darkness now ; but soon, I deem,

On Sion's mount a glory shall descend.
 The Christian pilgrim there
 From earth's extremest end
 Shall come with hymn and prayer :
 No snare of Paynim foe or vain alarm
 Shall him disturb ; for her protecting arm
 Britannia's Queen hath stretch'd across the main ;
 Heaven shall her arm sustain.
 A temple shall arise, than that of old
 More glorious far : man shall behold
 Mercies yet untold :
 There heavenly truth unveil'd shall dwell :
 Israel, freed from woe,
 Shall his Redeemer know,
 And worship in the place He lov'd so well.

 Hence, away,
 No more delay :
 'Tis Britain doth command :
 Go to Afric's parched shore,
 Where Sierra views upon the gleaming sand
 Her dusky children, slaves no more :
 Where rolls the mighty sea
 Round Hope's vine-mantled promontory,
 Now light and clear
 As innocence, ere dimm'd by fear
 Or sad remorseful tear,
 Mirror of heaven's own blue ;
 Now chang'd to dismal hue,
 Darkly frowning, plunging high,
 As it came from vast infinity.
 Go where ocean stream
 Wafts the light bark, as if a guiding hand
 Unseen were there, and seamen dream
 Of blessed isles and fairyland,

While spicy gales
 From groves of cinnamon and myrrhy dales
 Spread incense far and wide ;
 Upon the foaming tide,
 Their varied colours glittering thro' the spray,
 Young dolphins bask, or fling and toss
 Their lusty limbs in play :
 And (poets say)
 To hear the wanderer's lay
 Soareth above the prow the far-fam'd albatross.

Bear the news afar
 To rugged coast of Malabar,
 To Comorin's peak, and Krishna's sparkling vale.
 Go, tell the tale
 In palmy groves, where India's patient son
 Weaves the soft web, and, when his work is done,
 Hies from the noontide beam
 To rest him in the shade
 By overarching banyan made :
 On Jumna's stream,
 Where from pursuit through jungle, dell, and glade
 The panting tigers flee ;
 On Ganges' fertile flood, and snow-clad Himmaleh.

The lonely shepherd on Australian hills
 Tends the fair flock, and sings the rural lay :
 His thoughts are far away
 On Lomond's lake, or where a thousand rills
 Pour down the side of mossy Cruachan.
 Mild is the breeze, and cloudless heaven above ;
 Birds with gay plumage fan
 The tranquil air, and trill their notes of love.

Him nor the cloudless heaven, nor breezes mild,
 Nor gaudy-plumed birds so well can please,
 As the bare heath and mountains, where a child
 He wander'd free and wild,
 Full of young hopes and fantasies ;
 The eagle scream'd,
 To him more musical it seem'd
 Than sweetest song of nightingale ;
 And when slow rising mists, all tipp'd with gold,
 Their wreathed skirts unroll'd,
 He gaz'd, and thought the wizard of the vale
 Ascended thence to commune with the sky ;
 And much he lov'd to linger by
 The tinkling rill, that underground
 With melancholy sound
 Moan'd in its cavern, like imprison'd fay ;
 Nor fear'd to stay
 Till closing eve had cast her shadows drear,
 And elfin tribes forth sallied to begin
 Their airy moonlight revelling.
 He too of Britain's joy shall hear :
 With quicker heat
 His veins will beat,
 When the glad tidings come ;
 And the tear will start
 From his deep deep heart,
 To think of his native home.
 For he knows full well,
 His heart can tell,
 There shall be song and mirth on Scottish ground ;
 And the shrill pipe shall sound,
 Nor rustic flute
 Nor fife be mute,
 While every heart and every foot shall bound ;

And many a girl
 In a ring shall whirl,
 And nothing her shall tire,
 While her lover, all on fire,
 Close at her side
 Still shall abide
 From eve to ruddy morningtide.
 Sweet is the mien
 Of the blue eye serene
 Of bonny Highland boy ;
 But 'tis never so bright,
 Nor his step so light,
 As when with a smile the dear lassie comes nigh.
 Sweet is the glance
 And merry the dance
 Of blushing Highland maid ;
 But ne'er in such glee
 Or so fair is she,
 As when the dear laddie " I love you," hath said.
 O merry Scottish cheer !
 O bonny kinsmen dear !
 By exile most belov'd, though lov'd in vain !
 O silver whispering lakes !
 O flowery woodland brakes !
 There happy once was he ; there would he be again.

On Canton's wave the floating bulwarks lie,
 That led our brothers on to victory.
 Still is that beach with wreck and carnage strew'd ;
 Walls, that with idle threat
 Their own destruction woo'd,
 In gloomy silence now their doom await.
 The Briton from the gilded vessel's side

Surveys the dismal scene,
 Calm as the lion, when his pride
 By view of slaughter'd prey appeas'd hath been.
 Mild is his soul, save when at glory's call,
 He comes resolv'd to conquer or to fall.
 Remorseful pity then away he throws,
 While all his country in his bosom glows.
 Woe to the man, who then encountreth him.
 Fierce as the dragon's wrath, and black and grim
 As night, he rusheth to the wild affray ;
 His falchion gleams aloft, nought can him check or stay,
 And eye thro' groans and death he makes his bloody way.

Hark ! like ocean's roar
 Upon the troubled shore,
 A shout from far,
 Hurrah ! hurrah !

Piercing the night's dull ear.
 From ship to ship the word hath flown :
 " A son is born to England's throne.

Hurrah ! hurrah !

For our prince, for our Queen Victoria."
 To many a hill with banners spread
 And rich pavilion canopied

That shout is borne. Starts the pale Mandarin
 From sleep, as he had heard the battle-din ;
 Not less alarm'd, than when the Tartar host
 Came like a deluge on the southern plain,

And Pekin's throne was lost.

Thou monarch proud and vain,
 A mightier host than they
 In dreadful war-array

Thy cities and thy coasts beleaguer'd see ;
 Thy frighted squadrons flee.

Not with the leopard strives the tender hind.
 Birds of venturous flight
 The sov'reign eagle's might,
 When struggling in his claw, too late shall find.
 Haste from the field,
 And prompt submission yield ;
 With suppliant voice, not arms, accost the foe.
 For just as brave is he, to anger slow,
 Spareth the meek, but lays the haughty low.

Hush'd be all ruder sound ;
 Ye winds, your murmur cease ;
 A vision bright
 Appears in sight,
 The meek-eyed angel, Peace,
 With love and mercy crown'd.
 Upon th' Atlantic main she waves her dewy wings,
 Her rainbow locks in air streaming, while thus she sings :
 " Joy to the earth ! a princely son
 Hath blest the shores of Albion.
 Joy to all people Albion sends,
 To all a gracious arm extends ;
 Happy are they, whom she befriends.
 Mild is her empire, just her reign.
 She forgeth not a ruthless chain,
 In vassalage the brave to keep,
 And make his noble spirit weep.
 She armeth not the spoiler's hand,
 She sendeth not a flaming brand
 To fright the peaceful, wound the just,
 Or lay their cities in the dust ;
 She striketh not, till strike she must :

Then, at the word, right faithfully
 Her ministers of vengeance fly,
 Swift as the lightning bolts, that clear
 A dark oppressive atmosphere.

“ Countless on their watery way
 Bound her vessels, light and gay ;
 Light as clouds that float at e'en,
 When virgin moon thro' a veil is seen ;
 Gay as the larks that scorn
 To rest on a summer's morn,
 Behold, they spring, they dance
 Upon the broad expanse
 Of ocean's vast circumference,
 Ever to and fro careering,
 Nought of ill or danger fearing ;
 Albion, her sceptre rearing,
 Chaseth all that harmful is ;
 All that rove to vex the seas,
 Outrage foul and treacheries,
 Quick shall flee, nor dare (I ween)
 To meet the wrath of the ocean queen.

As when old Neptune rais'd his giant form
 High o'er the billows, to rebuke the storm,
 Charm'd into silence fell the winds, the deep

Lay as in sleep ;

 His horn then Triton blew ;
 From coral bower, no longer hid,
 Came forth the Nereid.

 Her shaken tresses threw
 Around the pearly dew

In many a big drop glittering like a star ;

 Glaucus clad in weeds

 Yok'd his foaming steeds,

And o'er the glassy plain drove in his emerald car.

“ Children of Britain, wheresoe’er ye dwell,
 In lone Guiana’s sounding woods,
 Or by the torrent floods
 That rushing, as from heaven they fell,
 Niagara pours headlong
 Hoarse with endless watersong ;
 Or in the piny forests hoar,
 That stretch their shaggy lengths along
 From Erie’s bank to Labrador ;
 Or whether on the heaving breast
 Of Lawrence, breezy gulf, ye rest
 The graceful oar, and upward gaze
 Upon the silver spires, that blaze
 And cast a sun-white glare
 On Abraham’s height, his monument, who clomb
 To find an early tomb
 And deathless triumph there ;
 Ye, who in tropic isles sustain
 Fierce summer’s heat, the sweeping hurricane,
 Or direr plague, an air, whose breath
 From putrid marish caught, or foggy plain,
 Sheds pestilence and death ;
 Ye, who in winter’s stern domain
 O’er fields of ice to snowy mountain caves
 Pursue the grisly bear, or smit with pain
 Leviathan mad plunging thro’ the waves
 Track by his blood ; ye, who in polar seas
 Pierce nature’s frozen bounds, to search her mysteries :
 Children of Britain, wheresoe’er ye roam,
 Think of your native land, your mother home :
 For she shall be to you
 A mother fond and true ;
 No gale shall blow,

That doth not bring
On balmy wing
Her bounties rich and new.
Think of her worth, of all to her ye owe,
All she hath done, and all she means to do.
Her name alone, if right ye feel,
Is honour, strength, an arm of steel,
A bond of union firm, a spell
To kindle patriot zeal
And holy flame unquenchable.
Sons of one soil, tho' space may sever,
Yet kindred love unites for ever.
As fairy harps each other greet,
Mingling in undulation sweet
The silver tones, that whining stray
Till they find a note of sympathy ;
Spirit with spirit still shall meet,
And fond enduring memory join
All that in man is most divine.
Unblest is he, that cold and stern
For distant land ne'er heav'd the sigh,
Whose hopes and wishes ne'er return
To where a father's ashes lie.
Woe to the rebel hearts forlorn,
That broke affection's tie,
Honour and truth have held in scorn,
And duteous fealty ;
Heirs of misrule, thro' sin and darkness borne,
While phantoms they pursue,
Communion lost of wise and good,
Allegiance broke, forsaken brotherhood,
In penitence they mourn, and dearly rue
That they have spurn'd their birth, nor faithful were, like you.

“ Think of the island throne, that high uprear’d

Amid the storms, your guardian shrine,

One still shall hold by heritage divine,

For valour and for truth rever’d,

To every loyal heart endear’d,

A King of ancient Saxon line.

Him all obey,

And willing homage pay.

Where’er ye dwell, roam where ye may,

His fostering care paternal followeth ye,

Eastward and west his hardy islanders

Shall wander forth, to seek abode

In desert climes, o’er paths by man untrod ;

From whom, wide-scatter’d in revolving years,

A mighty race shall spring,

With fruitful seed the earth replenishing.

He, in the midst, with kindly purpose blending

Thoughts great and high, an ever active will,

Wisdom to plan, and what he plans fulfil,

The distant and the future comprehending

In view of general weal,

Thence shall himself reveal

In deeds of grace and love, and justice done

To all, forsaking and forgetting none.

Thus doth the lordly Sun

Of myriad living worlds the centre stand :

They thro’ eternal space at his command,

Bright beaming orbs, their race of glory run ;

Not one of them but he doth shine upon ;

The fire-glance of his never-sleeping eye

Pierceth all things alike, remote or nigh ;

While in his own transcendant majesty,

Fountain of light and life, abiding free,

Creation’s law divine loud singeth he,

To waken joy, and love, and universal harmony.”

O England ! O my country ! thou hast been
Favour'd of Heaven. Upon thy storied page
I fondly gaze and weep ; and often then

Visions of many a bygone age
Flash on my soul ; and, as they melt away
Like evening tints that promise gladsome day,
Methinks, dim shadow'd in their track I see
Glimpse of a bright futurity.

Ye matchless Kings, your country's pride !
Ye, that for Britain toil'd and died !
I mourn you not ; in peace ye rest,
By our remembrance blest ;
This land your sepulchre ; your fame
O'erspreads the earth, a beacon flame
Fed by the breath of ages, to illumine
The hero's path, and point him to his doom.

Ye sleep ; but not the spirit, that gave to us
All that in you was good and generous.

The oak hath fallen, the forests moan ;
He stands a branchless trunk alone ;
But the wind his seed hath scattered ;
The sapling bravely rear'd his head,
And tells by fruit and foliage
That he comes of goodly parentage.
Your worth, your virtue still descendeth,
Your blood, your lineage never endeth ;
In earth your ashes rest, but ye
Live in your latest progeny.

Saith he aright, who saith, the dead
Of busy world-life nothing heed ?

Is all within the grave as cold
 As the dewy turf and the dusty mould?
 Or start they never in their bed
 By wakeful dream disquieted?
 Never to those they lov'd return,
 With them to triumph or to mourn?
 Perchance ye Monarchs wander still
 About your earthly domicile,
 Touch'd, as of old, with anxious care
 Our sorrows and our joys to share;
 Oft to the palace hall repair,
 To see what kings are doing there;
 And, if there be an infant heir,
 Upon his face ye gaze intent
 To trace each look and lineament,
 And joy to find him still your own,
 A true-born child of England's throne.
 In spectral shapes at midnight oft,
 Thro' the dull air gliding soft,
 Ye visit yonder Gothic pile,
 In fretted vault or cloister'd aisle
 Ye walk, and view with ghastly smile
 The place where ye are said to lie,
 With all its carved imagery,
 Trophies and quaint emblazonry,
 And think how little the tomb contains
 Of an immortal king's remains.

If ever, now, arise,
 Spring from the grave, come forth,
 And see the glorious birth,
 The common joy, that told to earth and skies,
 Wakes in our realm resounding harmonies.

O for that glass by Merlin fram'd of old,
 That gave the secrets of the earth to spy,
 Present and past, and wonders manifold !
 World-mirror none nor magic spell have I,
 Nought but the sense of knowledge high,
 And eagle gaze of poesy ;
 Yet will I see them still : ye buried band
 Of mighty kings, arise ;
 Come, as ye seem
 In many a dream
 Before my face to stand ;
 Ye counsellors, in peaceful guise,
 With priestly men and wise,
 And pomp and pageantry ;
 Ye warriors come,
 As ye were wont at sound of drum,
 With flower of christian chivalry.
 They rise, they come ;
 Their dusky forms thick opening to the view,
 Like trees in autumn morn thro' pendant airy dew.

What man is that, with solemn step and slow ?
 Faded and pale his cheek, as he had known
 Long years of grief ; yet on his manly brow
 Courage and firm endurance shown,
 As tho' he could presage
 The end of all, and troubles sore
 Of this sublunar pilgrimage
 At heaven's behest he for his country bore.
 'Tis he, that first on Ireland set
 His conquering foot, Plantagenet :
 While him resembling, but of sterner mien,
 A red-cross knight is seen,

With sturdy limbs for combat made ;
 A ponderous axe he wields,
 With stain of bloody fields,
 Thro' havoc and fell slaughter fit to wade ;
 No mortal power could stay that fierce descending blade.

Beyond, in loftier state,
 Two godlike forms ; trophies before them thrown,
 Crowns at their feet, and Gallia's lilies strown ;
 Barons and vassal princes on them wait ;
 Between them, seeming the mid air to tread,
 A cherub stands, in vest, whose mantling fold
 Conceals his stature, bright enveloped ;
 From his right arm depending scales of gold
 All dazzling to behold,
 Like some celestial sign
 Pois'd by a hand divine
 To weigh eternal justice : lo with eye
 Glancing from right to left approvingly,
 As they his work had done,
 For him their trophies won,
 He views the scepter'd pair ;
 His sword is sheath'd,
 His front with olive wreath'd ;
 Yet doth his flushing cheek, and lip austere,
 And thoughts not uttered, but look'd, declare,
 That all mankind shall do his bidding here.

A meteor flash ! There passed by
 A crested chieftain ; quail'd mine eye
 Before his lightning panoply :
 Upon his helm sat plumed Victory.

Henry of Agincourt ! Thus did he rise
 Upon our earth, and thus he vanished,
 Like sudden light by darkness followed ;
 Or like a summer day in April skies,
 That warms the tender flowrets ; they,
 Pierc'd by the genial ray,
 Break budding out and blossoming ;
 But frost at eve, and biting hail,
 And winds come bleak and blustering,
 Beaten and chill'd the flowers grow pale,
 And pine and droop, till on the morrow
 They are quite gone, the garden left in sorrow.

Like as a lily, that before her time
 The canker-worm hath nipp'd in beauty's prime,
 Conscious of deadly wound, with head reclin'd,
 Bending to fate resign'd ;
 A comely youth appears,
 With sickly pale aspect and melancholy ;
 Yet wisdom do I see beyond his years,
 And something sweet and holy
 Plays on his face. Sudden a flush of joy
 The darker shade dispels ; for there is nigh
 A lovelier form, on whom his mute regard
 Wistful is fix'd, as tho' he meant to pry
 Into her inmost soul, then heavenward
 Thankful uprais'd, as if in her he saw
 All he could wish, or would himself have been.
 A stately virgin she ; beauty and awe
 Meet in her radiant smile ; such poets feign
 Latona's child or Pallas to have seen :
 Like Dian fair, when from the full orb'd moon
 With blush of shame
 Suffus'd she came
 To see her lov'd Endymion :

But in that eye is spark of manly flame,
 Such as in Pallas burn'd, when earthborn men,
 Mountains on mountains piled, with hideous din
 Assail'd the gates of heaven; fear strange and new
 Seiz'd all the gods; she glowing angry red
 Before th' embattled front her ægis threw,
 And back the boldest reel'd discomfited.
 Such England's Queen should be: in heart and deed
 Such then she was, when haughty Spain
 With monster-fleet o'erswept the main,
 And breathless Europe stood;
 She full of proud disdain,
 Faint hearts to cheer
 And banish fear,
 Her peerless self equipp'd for battle shew'd;
 " Freedom or death!" was then the cry,
 " St. George, our Queen, and victory!"
 Hill, vale, and shore with acclamation thrill'd,
 And British bosoms all her mighty courage fill'd.

What fearful scene yon crimson clouds display,
 Fantastic shapes and hideous! Hence, away!
 I cannot look; mists on my soul
 And gloomy terrors roll.
 No more, no more!
 Come, night, and cast your pitchy mantle o'er.
 But see; from out the depths of floating shade
 A starry light exhales; the winnow'd air
 In far horizon shews a prospect fair,
 Princes and dames in bridal tire array'd;
 In the midst a heavenly maid
 Led by a youthful spouse; her hair

With orange blossom wreath'd. I know
 That look, that soft majestic brow :
 Daughter of Stuart ! Yes, that look benign,
 That soft majestic brow is thine.
 She weeps ; for she her country leaveth,
 Her father of a child bereaveth :
 Yet faster still those tears would flow,
 Knew she her own, her parent's fate :
 Alas ! she will return his foe,
 And find his mansion desolate.
 She will return ; an exile he ;
 The land where tyrants plot in vain,
 Land of the noble and the free,
 He never shall behold again.

Weep till thine eyes are dim,
 Not for thyself, but him ;
 Yes, Mary, weep ; but let thy tears
 Be like the gentle shower,
 Falling with drop that no one hears
 On leaf and herb and flower.

Look on the man, who bending at thy side
 Asks for thy love, and looks to find in thee
 All that beseemeth best a royal bride,
 Of all he seeks to find deserving he.

He for our faith, our laws,
 In just and holy cause

The sword shall draw, that never sheath'd shall be
 Till it hath won our freedom. Go then, go

Where duty calls thee ; duty's path
 Rays of hope and comfort hath ;
 Strength to the just shall heaven bestow,
 To bear severest ill ;

Go, heavenly maid, in peace ; thy destiny fulfil.

As flee the stars dismay'd
 By sudden glare of morningbreak,
 All other visions fade
 Before the countless rays, that pouring make
 Of yonder heaven a flaming mirror-lake.
 Towers and domes and palaces appear,
 A sky-built city ; pillar'd heights between
 Thro' many an arch in vista long and clear
 A gorgeous temple rises ; thither men
 Chariots and milk-white steeds, a motley throng,
 In orderly procession move along.
 Triumphal march it seemeth : evergreen
 Boughs and garlands wave in air ;
 Girls like rosy hours
 Strew the path with flowers ;
 Timbrels, and flutes and drums the way prepare :
 Aloft, on many a shoulder rais'd,
 A ship, with tackle trim and battlegear,
 All bravely rigg'd and masted ; flags are there
 With orient colours streaming, as well pleas'd
 To gratulate the morn ; high over all
 Britannia's ocean-standard. See ; they come ;
 Bar'd is each head, and not a voice is dumb,
 As with loud shouts " the King ! the King !" they call.
 " God save the King !" above the trumpet's sound
 " God save the King !" reechoes all around.
 They come ; and now the temple hath unclos'd
 Its golden portals wide, and gives to sight
 With radiance beaming soft, as if the light
 Of heavenly spirit there in peace repos'd,
 An altar-shrine ; which with meek reverence
 Approaching all, they bend the knee before ;
 The mitred priest, in robe of innocence,
 The starry-fronted peer, the warrior

With doffed helm and plumes, and midst of them,
 With purple train and glittering diadem,
 The King. Behold, with deep humility
 Prostrate he kneeleth to the King of Kings ;
 Teaching that earthly pomp is vanity,
 Men are as dust, and all created things
 Shade of a dream, without His Spirit, who
 Made and enlighteneth all. Thou, only Thou
 Canst from the dust lifebreath and being raise ;
 From Thee receiv'd the wise their wisdom own,
 The mighty man his strength, the king his throne ;
 Be Thine the victor's laurel, Thine the praise ;
 For and by Thee he conquers.

Where, oh where
 Is that bright vision fled ? 'Tis gone ;
 Mixt with dim confusion ;
 All but the King ; he is there,
 Reft of his train, alone.
 But oh, how chang'd ! wither'd and bare,
 He smiles in mockery ;
 Sunk are those eyes ; they stare,
 Like sickly moon, on vacancy.
 Haggard he looks, pale, and wan.
 Oh ! I could weep salt tears, but shame it were
 By aught of human weakness to impair
 Deep-stirring thoughts and holy. No ; thou man
 Of lion heart and piety sublime,
 No storm of darkening fate or changing time
 Shall dim thy glory. Tho' the iron weight
 Of care hath bow'd thy soul, or it doth please
 Th' eternal Lord of all for purposes
 Inscrutable thus from thy high estate

To bring thee low ; yet on this earthly stage
 Thou hast perform'd thy part right royally :
 Thine honour'd name is richer heritage
 Than gold and empire. Loyal hearts and free,
 Loving thy children as they loved thee,
 Shall, like an angel host, about the throne
 Keep watchful guard unseen. To them a land
 Thou leav'st unstain'd, inviolate, whose strand
 No foreign foot hath dar'd to trample on.
 Yet perils girt thee round ; false treachery,
 And fierce rebellion ; thou serene and calm
 Heardst from thine island seat the war-alarm ;
 Nor leagu'd power of monarchs frighted thee,
 Nor center'd all in one, whose giant arm
 Wrathful outstretcht scatter'd his enemies,
 Whose step was earthquake, and his moving host
 The whirlwind. Still didst thou amid the cries
 Of struggling nations captive, mid the shock
 Of falling thrones, kingdoms in ruin tost,
 And shiver'd empires stand, firm as the rock
 That guardeth Albion's coast, and doth repel
 The winds and surging waves, fixt on the seat
 Of its own solid base impregnable.
 Thou couldest like the Roman from defeat
 Rise terrible, and from his vantage-ground
 Down the proud victor hurl : As when a snake,
 Whom for her prey some eagle from the brake
 Hath seiz'd and borne away, coils round and round
 The royal bird his knotty spiral folds ;
 Which to unloose, she with dread flappings sore
 Smites her own self and him, yet he the more
 That merciless death-grapple tightening holds ;
 With cry of anguish she in thickest night
 Plunges thro' mist and cloud, with frantic flight

Cleaving the tempest, till the serpent fang
 Within her breast she feels, then with heart-pang
 Loud shrieks her last, and from the dizzy height
 Sinks like a falling star.

Far wander I
 Lost in a mazy dream. While thus I trace
 Things of the past, in yonder palace lie
 Meek womanhood and cradled infancy,
 The hopes of all our race.
 And one is watching near,
 He to our people dear,
 Who sees reflected from an infant face
 Himself, the father to a line of kings.

O bliss! O joy!

Joy such as rarely springs
 In royal hearts! Upon her boy
 Victoria smiles, while down her cheek
 The teardrop steals, more precious far
 Than molten pearl; for in that tear
 The wife, the mother speak
 Language untaught: she, in whose breast
 Treasur'd all England lies,
 And mightiest empire's destinies,
 Melts with a woman's love, by joy opprest,
 In her own weakness blest.
 Now for her babe she breathes the silent prayer,
 And for a while forgets a kingdom's care.

In many a British hall
 There shall be mirth and festival;
 And none so poor, but in that festive glee
 Shall have their share; while sport and game,
 Revel and song proclaim
 A nation's jubilee.

Cities wide shall rear
 Signals bright and clear,
 Dazzling the moon, and turning night to day ;
 Village swains from home
 Many a mile shall come,
 And linger till the morn hath call'd away.
 In Cambrian vale the minstrel wild
 Lewellyn's heir shall sing,
 Lewellyn's heir and England's child
 The mountain echoes ring.
 Erin her voice shall raise,
 And speak of happier days,
 While greater hand than mine
 With prophet's fire
 Shall seize the lyre,
 And sweep the magic strings with energy divine.

Britons, rejoice ; but now let holier thought
 Temper your mirth. Bend every knee
 To Him, who for our Queen hath wrought
 From pangs of death delivery.
 Your voices all in one thanksgiving raise,
 Pour in one choral tide the notes of praise.

O Thou, from whom all blessings flow
 To prince and peasant, high and low,
 Look, we beseech, with aspect mild
 Upon the mother and the child.
 The mother to her strength restore,
 Upon the child thy mercies pour.
 Grant that he grow
 To manhood's prime and kingly majesty,
 And learn his people and himself to know.

Make him to be
True to our faith, our laws, and liberty,
A light to us, a minister to Thee.

Oh, while I pray
On this auspicious day,
Do Thou my soul inspire.
Now blessed be the morn
On which this child was born ;
Blest be his princely sire ;

Long live our Queen Victoria ;
But glory be to Thee alone, from whom all glories are.

FINIS.

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