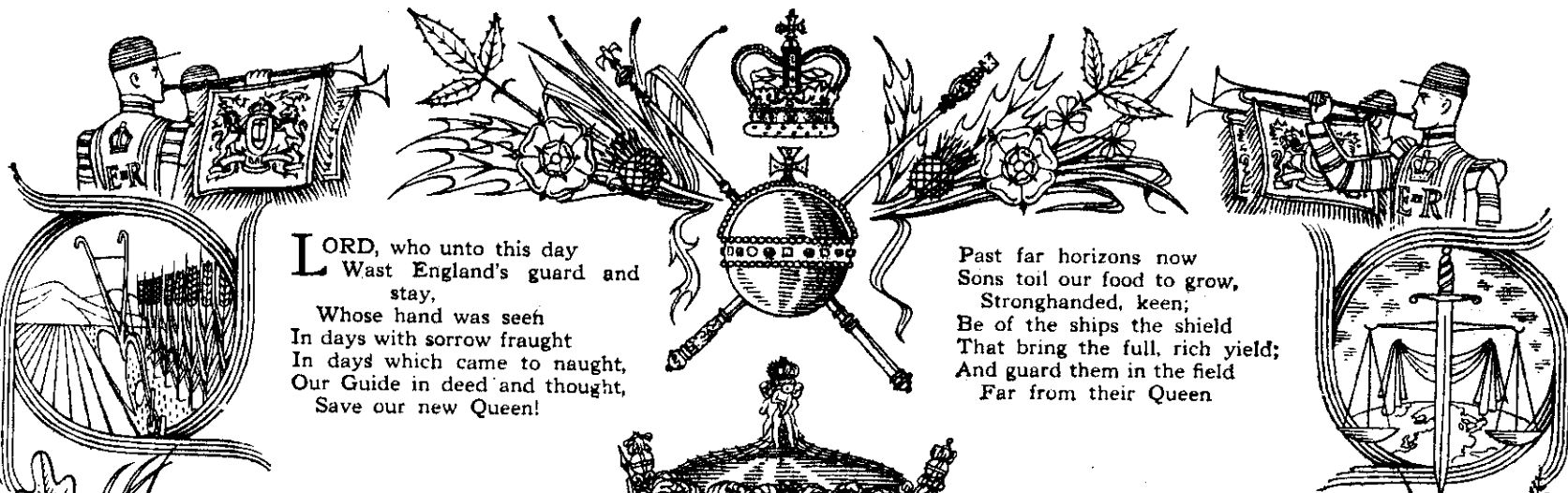




LORD, who unto this day
Wast England's guard and
stay,
Whose hand was seen
In days with sorrow fraught
In days which came to naught,
Our Guide in deed and thought,
Save our new Queen!

Past far horizons now
Sons toil our food to grow,
Stronghanded, keen;
Be of the ships the shield
That bring the full, rich yield;
And guard them in the field
Far from their Queen

Let us, who saw, who mourn
Rich years of peace and corn
Fed to the lean,
With waiting eyes that burn
See the full years return,
As pride, not toil, we spurn
As does our Queen.

May England's cherished role—
Keeper of man's free soul—
Command a scene
Where petty parts are played
By nations, men, afraid;
May she stand undismayed,
Even as our Queen;

Keep safe within Thy hand
All those that tend the land,
Those the machine;
Master, as servant, see
The debt he owes to Thee,
Not to himself—so we
Best serve our Queen.

Be joined in this great cause
Those who debate our laws
And scorn the mean;
And those the page that fill
With news of good or ill—
Sustain their judgment still
To serve their Queen.

And, wrested from despair,
We see the future fair
As what had been,
From steadfast mind and will
And craftsman's growing skill
Great things achieved to fill
Times of our Queen.

In war's dark aftermath
Keep strong the people's faith
'Gainst creeds unclean,
Creeds that corrupt and waste
And new creeds wildly based
And old creeds grown debased.
Guard Church and Queen.

Now to our poets' art
Such purity impart
And strength serene
As showed us Greece's heir
When England's sons that were
Made Europe bow to her,
Of song the Queen.

Now, in a world distressed,
The East! they cry, the West!
May we between,
Who sailed the world around
Nor aught save Thee have found,
Make this thine own, Thy ground;
Reign o'er our Queen.

In music where we thank,
Slav, Teuton, Latin, Frank
Let branches green
Grow from our slenderer tree;
And brush and chisel free
From sloth; our arts shall be
Crowns for our Queen.

So in her joyous life
Of mother, Queen, and wife
Such gracious mien
As England knew of old
May we once more behold
In days of strength re-told,
Days of our Queen.

—Walter Brookes

