

THE WALLYPUG IN LONDON

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The Wallypug in London by G. E. Farrow

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G. E. FARROW

**THE WALLYPUG
IN LONDON**



HIS MAJESTY ARRIVES AT WINDSOR. SEE PAGE 143

THE
WALLYPUG IN LONDON

BY

G. E. FARROW

AUTHOR OF "THE WALLYPUG OF WIEV," "THE MISSING PRINCE," ETC

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN WRIGHT

METHUEN & CO.
36 ESSEX STREET, W.C.
LONDON

1898



Chant Royal

ADDRESSED TO

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA

IN COMMEMORATION OF 22ND JUNE, 1897

VICTORIA! by grace of God our Queen,
To thee thy children truest homage pay.
Thy children! ay, for Mother thou hast been,
And by a mother's love thou holdest sway.
Thy greatest empire is thy Nation's heart,
And thou hast chosen this the better part.
Behold, an offering meet thy people bring;
Hark! to the mighty world-sound gathering
From shore to shore, and echoing o'er the sea,
Attend! ye Nations while our paeans ring—
Victoria's children sing her Jubilee.

The grandest sight the world hath ever seen
Thy kingdom offers. Clothed in fair array,
The Majesty of Love and Peace serene,
While hosts unnumbered loyalty display,
Striving to show, by every loving art,
The day for them can have no counterpart.
Lo! sixty years of joy and sorrowing
For Queen and People, either borrowing
From other sympathy, in woe or glee,
Hath knit their hearts to thine, wherefore they sing—
Victoria's children sing her Jubilee.

With royal dignity and gracious mien
 Thine high position thou hast graced alway ;
 No cloud of discord e'er hath come between
 Thy nation and thyself ; the fierce white ray
 That beats upon thy throne bids hence depart
 The faintest slander calumny can dart.
 Thy fame is dear alike to churl and king,
 And highest honour lies in honouring
 The Sovereign to whom we bend the knee ;
 "God save the Queen," one strain unvarying—
 Victoria's children sing her Jubilee.

What prophet, or what seer, with vision keen,
 Reading the message of a far-off day,
 The wonders of thy reign could have foreseen,
 Or known the story that shall last for aye?
 A page that History shall set apart ;
 Peace and Prosperity in port and mart,
 Honour abroad, and on resistless wing
 A steady progress ever-conquering.
 Thy glorious reign, our glorious theme shall be,
 And gratitude in every heart uprising—
 Victoria's children sing her Jubilee.

Behold, ye tyrants, and a lesson glean
 How subjects may be governed. Lo! the way
 A Woman teaches who doth ne'er demean
 Her office high. Hark! how her people pray
 For blessings on the head that doth impart
 So wise a rule. For them no wrongs do smart,
 No cruelties oppress, no insults sting,
 Nor does a despot hand exaction wring ;
 Though governed, Britain's subjects still are free.
 Gaze then—ye unwise rulers wondering—
 Victoria's children sing her Jubilee.

ENVOY.

Queen Mother, love of thee doth ever spring
Within thy children's hearts, a priceless thing,
Nor pomp nor state that falleth unto thee
Can ever rival this grand carolling—
Victoria's children sing her Jubilee.

G. E. FARROW

