

THE WELCOME HOME NUMBER

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA

THE PRINCE'S WELCOME HOME.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

I.

WAVE, India, wave your banners to the air,
Let the delirious bells in mad accord
From thousand cities fair
Give welcome to the Prince and Lord!
Light up the night with artificial day!
Strew pleasure and delight upon his way!
Dazzle his eyes, and with barbaric gems
Eclipse all glow of western diadems!
Acknowledge him on bended knee,
The ruler born; but yet to be;—
The great chief paramount of Kings,
The newest fount whence ancient honour springs!
And strive t' exhaust, if honest fervour can,
The utmost homage man can render man:

And when all this, and more than this is done,
Send home the wanderer to his native shore,
That Britain may receive her eldest son
And keep him in her heart for evermore!

II.

Aye! in her heart! 'Tis not the fierce acclaim
Of surging multitudes, or peal of bells,
Or roar of guns, or many-tinted flame
From tower and house-top, that most truly tells
How nations honour those in whom they trust;
Their present pride, their hope in days to be,
The peaceful rulers and the just—
Predestined monarchs of the free!

III.

Yet let the cannon thunder as of old,
And flaunting banners to the gale unfold,
And people's voices swell like stormy seas,
If such the welcome that the crowd decrees!

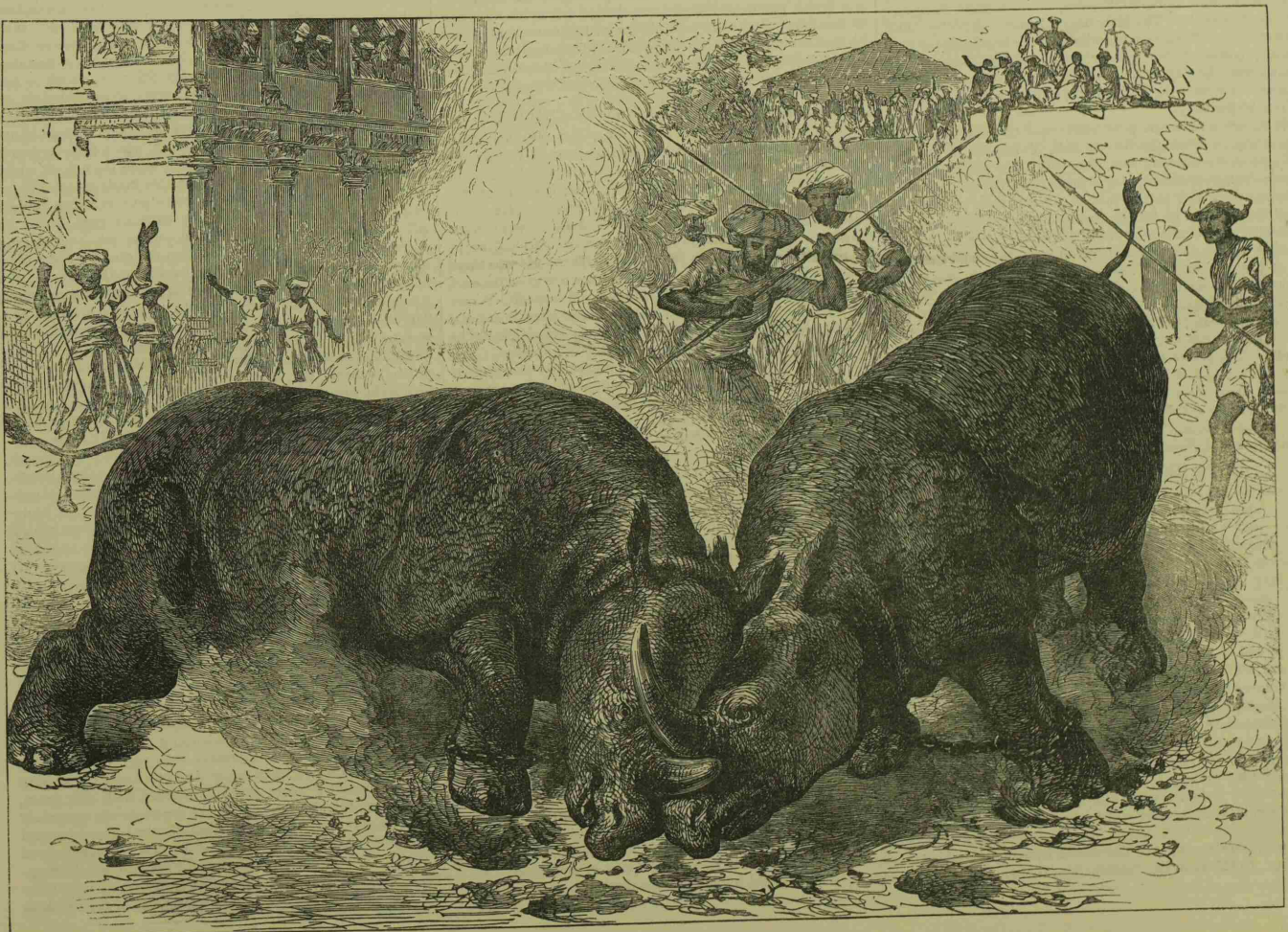
But underneath, in current deep and strong,
Shall nobler welcome pulse and tide along—
Welcome of Reason and of Love combined,
Warm as the sunshine, liberal as the wind!
A treble welcome! Not for him alone—
Though standing on the footstep of the Throne—
But for his Father's sake, whom once we knew,
A King without a kingdom, brave and true;
And for his Mother, in her every mood,
Model of sovereignty, and womanhood!
And, lastly, for his own—the future King;—
Flaunt banners! Let the joy-bells ring—
And let the people's voices, as befits
The hive of nations—where Dominion sits—
Give him such welcome o'er our broad domain
As common Emperors might ask in vain!
From nations, not like us, secure
In Freedom nobly won, and destined to endure.



CALCUTTA NATIVE ENTERTAINMENT AT BELGATCHIA: THE SONG OF WELCOME.



THE PRINCE'S LEVEE AT BOMBAY: RECEIVING THE MAHARANA OF OUDEYPORE.



EXHIBITION OF RHINOCEROS-FIGHTING AT BARODA.