Seabury's Mitre

1. The rod that from Jerusalem went forth so strong of yore;
   that rod of David's royal stem, whose hand the farthest bore?
   St. Paul to seek the setting sun, they say, to Britain prest:
   St. Andrew to old Caledon; but who still further West?

2. Go ask! a thousand tongues shall tell his Name and dear renown,
   where altar, font and holy bell, are gifts he hand-ed down:
   a thousand hearts keep warm the Name, which share those gifts so blest;
   yet even this may tell the same, first mitre of the West!

3. This mitre with its crown of thorn, its cross up on the front;
   type of a crown that's laid up where there is no moth nor rust;
   type of the Lord's commission given to this, our Western shore;
   this crown of him, for right divine who battled unto death!

4. Oh! keep it till the moth shall wear its come-li-ness to dust,
   sign of her independent law, and proud imperial right;
   but keep this too for Scotland's boast; 'twill tell of better things,
   the rod of Christ--the keys of heaven, through one, to thousands more.

5. They tell how Scotia keeps with awe her old Regalia bright,
   and good old Samuel's is confest Columbia's primal see.
   Tis better than a diadem, the crown that bishop wore,
   when long old Scotia shall have lost those gew-gaws of her kings.

6. And keep it for this mighty West till truth shall glorious be,
   for the battle's brunt: gifts we hold from heaven, through one, to thousands more.
   St. Andrew to old Caledon; but who still further West?
   whose hand the rod of David's stem the farthest Westward bore.