

“ I WANT TO SEE  
THE QUEEN ”

Close by the gate of Holyrood,  
Where dwelt our gracious Queen,  
Near where a soldier-sentry stood,  
A little boy was seen.

A slouching cap was loosely flung  
Upon his uncombed hair;  
His clothes in rags and tatters hung,  
His legs and feet were bare.

He boldly walked along the road,  
As though a lord of state,  
Toward Her Majesty's abode,  
And to the royal gate.

The soldier stopped his further course,  
And put his gun between;  
But Jamie said, while looking cross,  
“ I want to see the Queen.”

“ You cannot see the Queen, my lad,”  
The soldier then replied:  
This made poor little Jamie sad,  
And so he stood and cried.

“ There’s no one to the palace goes  
But those of noble race;  
And you have only ragged clothes,  
And *such* a dirty face.”

Just then there came across the vale  
A youth of noble mien,  
Who heard the little fellow’s tale—  
“ I want to see the Queen.”

“ And you *shall* see the Queen to-day,”  
Replied the princely boy:  
This chased poor Jamie’s fears away,  
And filled his heart with joy.

But while he wiped away a tear,  
He muttered soft and low,  
‘ Yon sojer, Sir, with that great spear,  
Won’t let us pass, you know.”

“ Don’t be afraid, my little one,”  
    He whispered in his ear,  
“ He shall not hurt you with his gun,  
    Nor touch you with his spear.”

So Jamie took the prince’s hand,  
    And trotted by his side;  
Well-pleased to see the soldier stand  
    So calm and dignified.

And when they came to Holyrood,  
    It was a pleasant scene,  
As little shoeless Jamie stood  
    And gazed upon the Queen.

Well-pleased with what the prince had done,  
    She granted his request;  
Took pity on the friendless one,  
    And had him washed and dressed.

And Jamie grateful thanks returned  
    When cleansed and dressed and shod,  
And through the Queen’s great goodness learned  
    The gracious ways of God;

That neither soldier, gun, nor sword  
    Could bar the living way,  
To keep a sinner from the Lord,  
    Or frighten him away;

That Queens and Princes, Dukes and Earls,  
    Need Christ, the living way,  
As well as little boys and girls  
    That romp about and play.

The blood of Jesus Christ alone  
    Can wash us from our sins,  
And when that precious blood is known,  
    Then heavenly bliss begins.

For 'tis by Christ alone we live,  
    And have our peace and joy,  
And that's what God delights to give  
    To every girl and boy.

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