



THE
PASSING OF
VICTORIA

THE POETS' TRIBUTE

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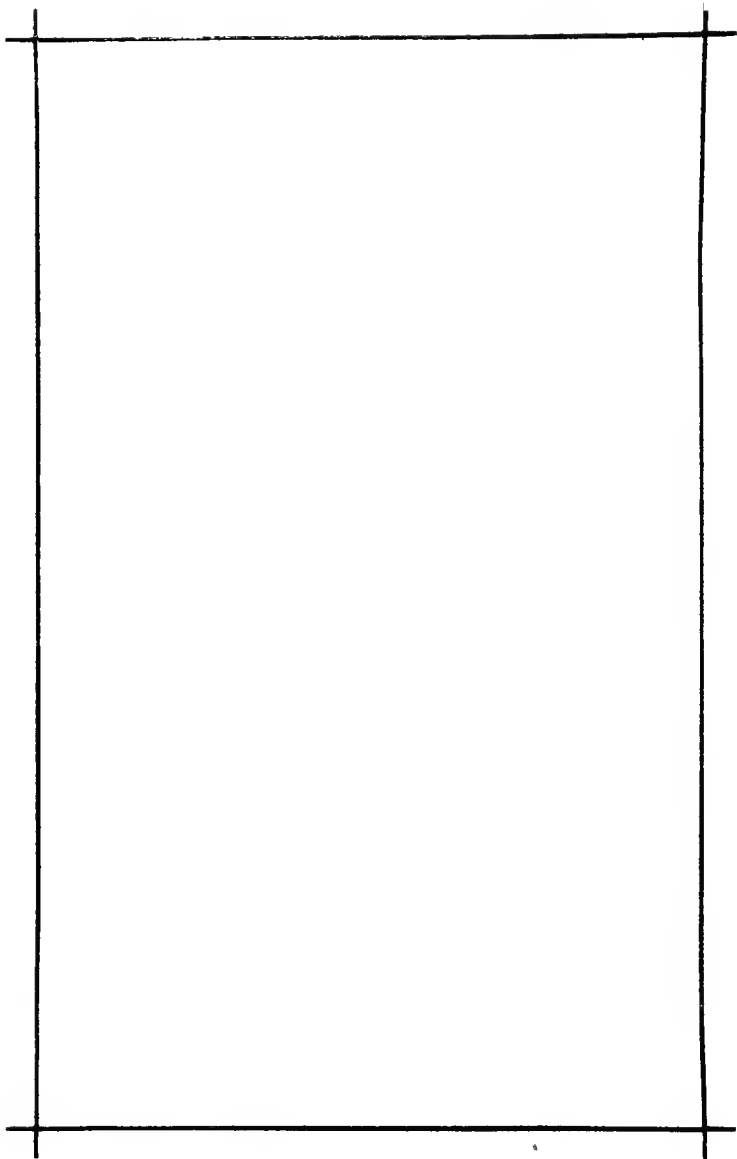
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THE PASSING OF VICTORIA



THE PASSING
OF  
VICTORIA 

THE POETS' TRIBUTE

Containing Poems by
THOMAS HARDY, W. E. HENLEY
A. C. BENSON, SIR LEWIS MORRIS
FLORA ANNIE STEEL, VIOLET FANE, Etc.

Edited by
J. A. HAMMERTON



LONDON
HORACE MARSHALL & SON
1901

A.283688

Editor's Note

LOTH to stand even for a page-length between the reader and the distinguished company of writers whose poems in memory of our beloved Queen Victoria have been gathered here, the Editor feels that a foreword of some kind is necessary.

The conditions which govern the compiling of such a collection as this must needs be arbitrary. Something like three thousand poems were published in the Press of the United Kingdom and our colonies, to say nothing of numerous elegiac pieces in American and Continental journals. To read all these and to sift the few good from the many bad were a task beyond the time of any but the amply leisured, and certainly beyond the inclination of the present writer. Recognising, however, the need to inspect at least some hundreds of poems, in the hope that a grain of seed might be found in the bushel of chaff, the Editor has not shirked this duty, and believes

that a few poems thus selected are worthy of including here. But he has mainly sought to secure the work of acknowledged writers, who have been impelled to utterance by an event which must rank as the most momentous in the history of our times. In this he is glad to think that he has been rewarded with some measure of success.

On every hand a willingness has been shown to assist in making the volume a worthy souvenir of that sad occasion which the British people will mourn for many a day. The poems collected in these pages represent an expression of national feeling which is as unique as it is deep and universal. Authors of eminence, scholars of renown, people of rank, public men and private citizens, toiling denizens of Fleet Street and provincial journalists, clergymen, ministers, Protestants, Catholics, Agnostics, Conservatives and Liberals, schoolmasters, and even the humble working man share in the rearing of this monument to Victoria, the Well-beloved.

Never in history has the death of any monarch produced so spontaneous an outpouring of elegy, and although some twenty volumes of this size would be required to preserve this

expression of the Empire's sorrow, it will probably be conceded that the present work contains most that is worthy of preservation.

As has been hinted, the Editor's task was greatly lightened by the courtesy with which he met at the hands of authors and their newspaper editors. In almost every case the poet and the paper in which his or her piece appeared have been severally approached for permission to reprint. In addition to granting this request, many of the writers have kindly revised their verses and slightly altered them, thus enhancing their value; while a few poems appear here for the first time.

The Editor hopes that the arrangement of the book will commend itself to his critics as the plan most likely to give cohesion to a work which, otherwise, might have been in danger of appearing scrappy and inconsequent. To this end he has also ventured to change the published titles of some of the pieces.

In the "Notes" at the end of the book credit is given to each newspaper from which poems have been reprinted, and while anxious not to appear invidious in giving thanks to those who have helped him, the Editor feels peculiarly

indebted to Mr J. Nicol Dunn of the *Morning Post*, Mr C. Moberley Bell of *The Times*, Mr J. St Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, to the editors of *The World*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Daily News*, *St James's Gazette*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Daily Mail*, *Daily Express*, *Ladies' Field*, *The Christian*, *Christian World*, and *Court Circular*, who have shown especial interest in the work and have readily granted very needful assistance.

To all who have given permission to use their poems—to editors and authors alike—and so made the volume possible, the Editor returns his sincerest thanks.

J. A. H.

LONDON, 28th February 1901.

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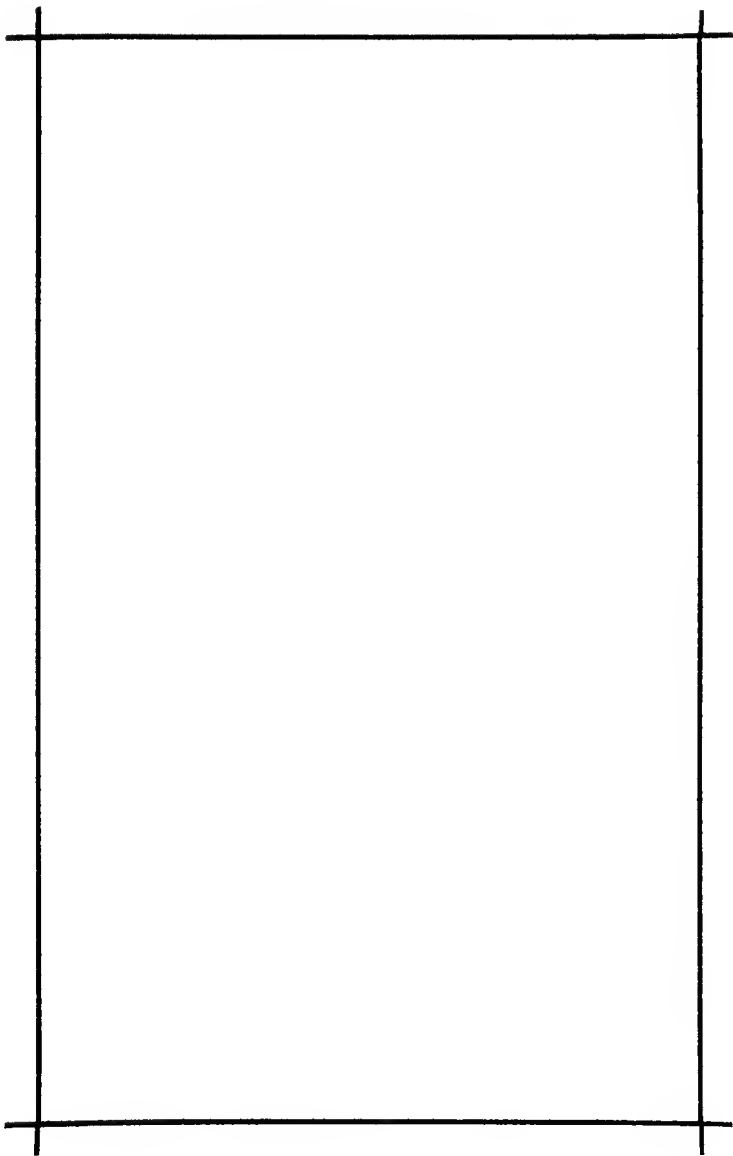
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A REVERIE.

MOMENTS the mightiest pass uncalendared ;
And when the Absolute
In Time agone outgave the deedful word,
Whereby all life is stirred ;
“ Let one be born and throned whose mould
shall constitute
The norm of every royal-rated attribute,”
No mortal knew or heard.

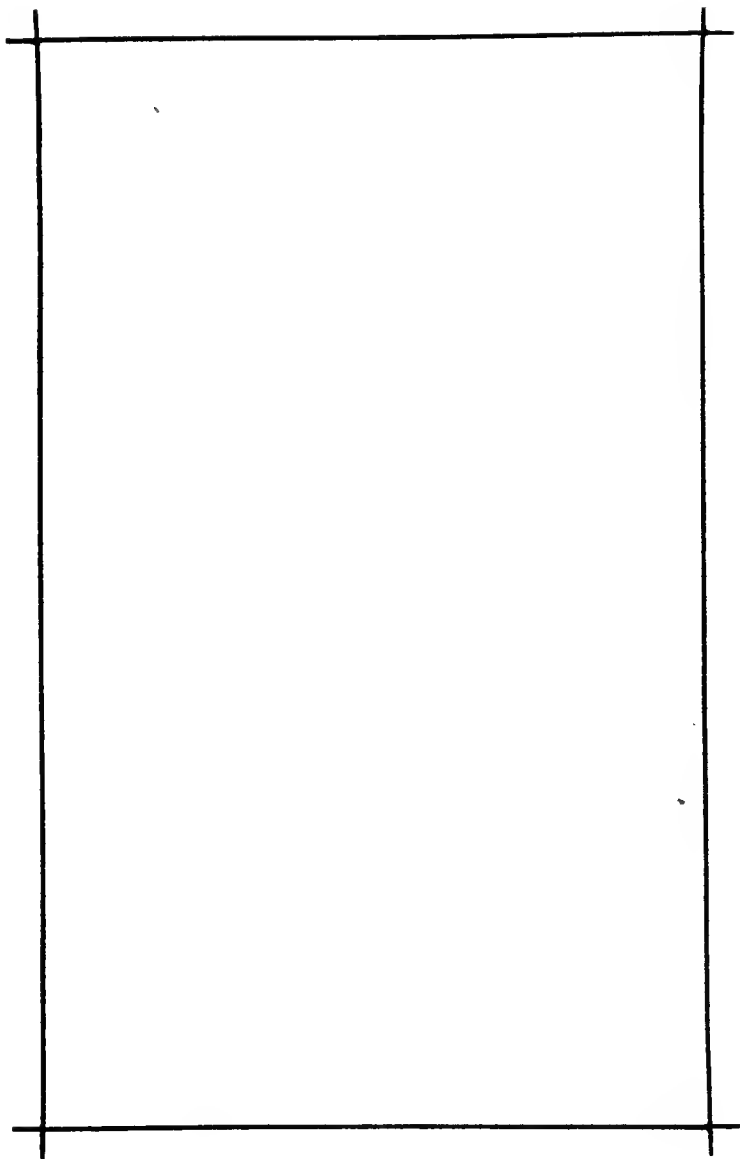
But in due days the purposed Life outshone,
Serene, sagacious, free ;
Its fourscore cycles beamed with deeds well
done,
And the world's heart was won. . . .
Yet may the deed of hers most bright in eyes
to be
Lie hid from ours—as in the All-One's thought
lay she—
Till ripening years have run.

THOMAS HARDY.



Osborne
22nd January, 1901

B



II.

To Our Mother.

O PURE and true, O faithful heart,
Dear mother of our myriad race,
The Father claims thee,—His thou art—
Far hence, in some serener place,
To taste, in that diviner air,
The love that thou hast garnered there.

O crown of love, to live and bear
Life's highest sorrows, deepest, best !
The griefs that might have sown despair
Bloomed fruitful in thy patient breast ;
And now thou goest, robed in light,
From love in faith, to love in sight.

We dare not think of glory now ;
We will not think of pomp and pride ;
Tho' listening nations veil their brow,
And sorrow at Victoria's side.
The silent Orient wondering hears
The tale of all thy gracious years.

But men of after-time shall say,
 " She was so humble, being great,
That Reason mocked at civil fray,
 And Freedom reigned in sober state ;
She ruled, not seemed to rule, her land,
More apt to guide than to command."

And we would mourn thee, not as they
 Who weep irreparable loss ;
But grateful for the dear delay,
 Beneath the shadow of the Cross,
Our tearful eyes to heaven we lift,
And render back the precious gift.

And men must pass, and tears be dried,
 And younger hearts who have not known
That tender presence, gracious-eyed,
 The loving secret of the throne,
Shall wonder at the proud regret
That crowns thee, and shall crown thee yet !

Peace, come away ! Thou sleep'st beside
 The rugged immemorial sea,
Where year by year thy navies glide,
 And dream of ancient victory ;—
And thou—thou farest forth to prove
The last, best victory of Love.

ARTHUR CHRISTOPHER BENSON.

III.

Dirge.

Now doth a darkness wrap the earth, a sob
Breaks from humanity and cleaves the night,
A chord in England's heart has ceased to throb,
Death's hand has passed between us and the
light ;

And changed is this old world, as tho' some sea
Lifting above hoar cliffs a threatening head,
Submerged an immemorial history,
Baring unvoyaged worlds for men to tread.

Meseems that very life is changed ; we are
As mariners who long have shaped their course
By one immutable and constant star
That shone thro' calm and tempest's driving
force—

And suddenly, while other stars remain,
Goes out, and changes the familiar spheres,
Wildering the long-habituated brain,
Blinding the long-accustomed eyes with tears.

O Lamentation ! have the æons known
An hour that brought so wide a flood of tears,
When all so vacant stood an Empire's Throne,
When all so dark began a hundred years ?

O Lamentation ! when was Queen who drew
So near unto so many hearts, whose life
Sweetened so many Kingdoms, or who threw
So wide a sympathy o'er pain and strife ?

O Lamentation ! when was heart that beat
So truly that in all the separate zones
Life contemplating hers grew pure and sweet
And Duty came to be the Lord of Thrones ?

O Lamentation ! when from this our bourne
Rose up unto the firmament above,
So deep and bitter cry of them that mourn
So deep a longing after vanished love ?

Sleep, O sublime and hallowed Queen, thy hands
Folded for ever on thy quiet breast ;
England that thou didst love for ever stands
Guarding in tears thy consecrated rest.

Sleep, Mother of thy People, sleep ; thy sway
Endureth with the Empire thou hast knit,
Thy glory shall go with us on our way,
At all our councils shall thy spirit sit.

For ever thou shalt reign ; above our hosts
For ever shall thy glorious standard wave,
And there shall be no shrine within our coasts
So blest as the Great Queen of England's grave.

HAROLD BEGBIE.

IV.

Victoria.

VICTORIA the Great, the Good, has passed.

Not weary of life, but heavily bowed down
With honourable weight of four-score years
Lived for her peoples' good, and in their love,
She hath laid crown and sceptre by, and gone
Out from the clamour of these scarlet times
Into the perfect calm of Heaven's blue,
Out from the jar and fret and noise of tears
Into the wonder of magic silences.

VICTORIA the Great, the Good, has passed.

She that held Empire in her hallowed hand ;
Whose will was welcomed law to half the world ;
Who whispered " Die for me," and strong men
sprang

Joyous to do her bidding—for her sake ;
Whose visible sign of majesty made bright
The earth's dark places with its free-blown folds ;
Whose bugles rang reveillé round the world—
The Queen, the Empress, hath put off the pomp
And troubled pageantry of life, and passed
To her Avilion, more nobly crowned,
To-day, with all a mourning people's love

To light the simple dignity of death,
Than yesterday with Empire's diadem,
Ablaze with fire of tributary stars.

VICTORIA the Great, the Good, has passed.

She that was set so high, so far above
The common lot, disdained not once
To share the common burden. Being so great,
She made the honourable name of Wife
More honourable ; and the dear sweet name
Of Mother sweeter, dearer ; and thrice dear
The lovely sound of that soft word of charm—
Home. She, the Queen, forbore not ever to taste
Unto the full all common joys and griefs,
Knowing her people shared her griefs and joys,
Even as she theirs ; and ever freely gave
Unto the wives and mothers of the world
Largesse of sympathy and store of love.
And now the Queen hath passed to meet again,
After long years of hopeful loneliness,
The Children and the Husband, held so dear,
Who stand to welcome Wife and Mother Home.

VICTORIA the Great, the Good, has passed.

Why do we weep that should be glad of heart,
Since we have seen a glory on the earth,
A light of majesty, a burning star

Of very Womanhood, a royal soul
Supreme o'er all the flagrancy of Fate,
Rising above the accidents of throne
And empire-sway to rule the whole wide world
By Mercy, Pity, Love, and all the fine
Electric movings of a Woman's heart?
Why do we mourn that rather should rejoice,
Since we have surely seen this miracle—
The nations rising up with one accord
And building of their hearts a towering throne,
Four-square and fast, whereon VICTORIA
The Woman they did set with reverence
And silent services of love, to be
Exemplar and ensample of the Best
In Womanhood, patient and true and strong?
Why do we mourn at all? 'If mourn we must,
Let it be noised abroad that we do weep
Because the throne invisible is void,
And none remains to climb that stair of hearts
And guide the worthier destinies of earth,
Now that VICTORIA the Woman, Queen
Of all true Women, hath passed hence to lay
The royal tribute of her noble soul
Before the King of Kings, the Lord of Lords.
VICTORIA the Great, the Good, has passed.

W. A. MACKENZIE.

V.

Nunc Dimittis.

SLEEP, Lady, for the hour of peace,
That comes to all, has come to thee ;
And welcome was the late release
That set the weary prisoner free.
For thou from sun to sun hast reigned,
Thy name is borne on every breath ;
A single crowning boon remained,
The last and greatest gift of Death.

So long the lonely traveller dreamed
Of her far journey's joyful end,
That your imperious summons seemed
The gentle whisper of a friend.
By duty bound to heavy state,
Whence all the old delight had fled,
How did her anxious spirit wait
The call of her beloved dead !

For still her girlhood's soul she bore,
Too tender for that Royal part ;
And the more calm her brow, the more
In secret bled the woman's heart.

But her so sorely tortured breast
Had such a heavenly patience learned,
That scarce her nearest kindred guessed
How sharp the hidden anguish burned.

And she shall have a nobler grave,
A fairer and a grander tomb,
Than England once to Henry gave
In the great Minster's central gloom.
Though all the seas of all the world
Have her uncounted triumphs seen,
No pride of captured flags unfurled
May fitly canopy our Queen.

The daughter of a hundred Kings,
And yet a true Republican,
She left all care of meaner things,
To serve and to ennoble man.
So let our cunning artists rear
What pompous cenotaph they will,
The hearts that hold her memory dear
Are her eternal dwelling still.

EDWARD SYDNEY TYLEE.

VI.

Peace To-night!

PEACE upon earth to-night
Where the flag of Her empire waves ;
For War is aghast at the sight
Of the deepest of all his graves.

Flashed from Her palace gate,
The dooms of the lightning dart
Through the lands where the nations wait
For the beat of a Woman's heart.

Silence, my Lords of war,
As ye speed in the Solent ships
To the shore where that sad lone Star
Sinks to Her last eclipse !

Truce to the trumpet's blast,
And the song that the bugle sings,
For the Queen of Queens hath passed
To the peace of the King of Kings.

HERBERT BENTLEY FREEMAN.

VII.

The Shadow on the Century.

OUT of the proud array of centuries

The Twentieth has stepped with splendid
mien.

We hailed it high in hope ; but on it lies

The shadow of the passing of the Queen.

One voice, and one voice only—his who wore

The singing-ropes of England like a bard—

Could make meet music at her closèd door,

Telling how all our hearts throb thitherward.

How, even as by King Arthur's barge there
pressed

Dead Queens who held a dim, fair realm in
fee,

They come, her lieges of the East and West,

From the Aurora to the Southern Sea—

A living Empire, most to mourning wrought

For her who greatly grieved, now passing
down

The grey and silent water ; and their thought

Is that her woman's Heart outshines her
Crown.

ELIZABETH MARY LITTLE.

VIII.

Eighty Years of Gallant Life.

DEATH kissed Life on the neutral shore,
Where the two Spirits meet and blend,
Where sorrow vexeth nevermore,
And the beginning makes the end :
Passed as in sleep the cherished breath,
From blameless life to painless death.

The Royal heart beat full and fair,
The loyal pulse unfailing rose,
When that the o'erwrought brain in prayer
Stilled the great figure to repose ;
For Prayer and Grief were deep, not loud,
When children wept where Cæsars bowed.

So die the happy ; not from earth,
Whose common cares await us all,

And know no difference of birth,
The rose-lights of God's future fall ;
For souls like hers the glory given
Bears not the stamp of Earth, but Heaven.

Still on her calm, unfaltering way,
She conquered by the grace of Good,
And bade the roughest manhood stay
To bend before her womanhood ;
Till far afoot the whisper came
To lands that knew not of her name.

On wide colonial tracts it fell,
On Indian temples, savage holds—
The mighty and historic spell,
Woven in her banner's waving folds,
As if the century's stress and storm
Sank at the magic of her form.

The fiercest foeman sworn to strike
At Britain's heritage of pride,
To mutter hate—to hint mislike—
Or sow Rebellion's seedlings wide,
Kept still, where once the thought had been,
His word of reverence, for the Queen.

For eighty years of gallant life,
For sixty of forbearing reign,

Unselfish girl and perfect wife,
With brow that wore nor spot nor stain,
Friend, widow, mother—still she moved
'Mid eyes that watched and hearts that loved.

Ensuing Peace where Peace might be,
Yet trustful in the Lord of Hosts
To guard the circle of her sea,
And nurse to strength her growing coasts,—
Fearless she faced, and faced alone,
The light that beats upon a throne.

No second love, the first foredone,
Filled up the void of that great heart,
Or mocked the radiance of her Sun
With any baser counterpart ;
Alone she chose, for other fate,
Her People for her second mate.

And we, who in her island-shade
Have watched the generations pass,
Have seen crowns fall and kingdoms fade,
Like shadowy forms in Banquo's glass,
Almost believed that she was by
As part of us that could not die.

She saw the century rise—the new
Upon the ruins of the old—

While cannon, to their mission true,
 Their sullen thunders southward rolled,
As if War's angel stooped to pay
His tribute to the conquering clay.

And, having seen, she died. And so
 All we who pray must pray to die,
Love-girdled—Honour-girt—below ;
 Above—the crown of certainty ;
For God is dream, and goodness errs,
If that the surest be not Hers.

HERMAN MERIVALE.

IX.

A World in Tears.

As tranquilly as the triumphant Sun,
His race of glory run,
Sinks to his rest
Leaving the West
Lovely with light, more tender
Than any earthly splendour :
So thou, since thrones have been,
Greatest and gentlest Queen !
Hast fallen unto sleep,
Leaving the world to keep
More glorious memories of love and thee
Than Love hath ever seen, or Love can hope to
see !

And, when the Sun hath set,
As dews from Heaven descend,
And, like a soft, celestial coverlet,
Enfold the world, from mournful end to end,
So hath the setting of thy glorious life,
O peerless Mother, Widow, Queen, and Wife !
Of all their fears

Our mourning hearts bereft,
With its light's calm, and left
The world in hallowed tears !

Thou hast but fallen asleep !
Thou canst not die
Whom Love shall keep
Shrined in its soul of Immortality.
Thou dost but reap
Deservèd rest.
But we—we needs must weep,
Seeing thy fond hands folded on thy breast :
And, for old Love's sweet sake,
Yearning once more thy gracious smile to see,
Each beating heart of ours, while life shall be,
Is like a fondling hand that touches thee,
Saying : " Awake ! awake ! "

A down the path of Life
Which thou hast trod,
As Maiden, Queen, and Wife,
Wearing such grace as never woman wore,
Beautiful were thy feet, for evermore
Companioned by thy God.
Thy gentle deeds
Glittered, like scattered jewels, on thy way,
Or like fair flowers, whose seeds

Sprang from thy heart, and made
Each path whereon thou strayed
A Paradise of everlasting May!

Farewell, dear Queen! the fondest of farewells!
O'er thy belovèd tomb
Thy gracious deeds shall bloom!
And never shall a mausoleum be
Enshrined with flowers of purer purity,
Or wreathed with more immortal *Immortelles!*

Farewell! to Him, Whom thou
Hast served so well, and long, and lovingly,
We leave thee now!
Knowing that He,
Whose good and faithful servant thou hast been,
Shall bless our Queen,
And saying unto her, "Well done! well
done!"
Shall crown her once again, beside His own,
On an eternal Throne!

SAMUEL K. COWAN.

X.

A Perfect Queen.

THE Queen is dead! Our Queen, my Queen,
and yours.

A mighty sob goes up from things terrene ;
And who shall say but that in realms unseen
Full many a sacred spirit-tear downpours
To mark the passing of a perfect Queen ?

Victoria! The very name of thee
Inspired men, and fired all their blood
To set thy standard with a ringing thud
For all the world to hear, and know, and see,
And recognise on field alike and flood.

And women all for her sake learned to spur
Their loved ones on, till noblest deeds were
done ;
And these brave souls if questioned all, or one,
Would answer ever—"All our best for her!"
And if she smiled would deem that smile well
won.

And herein lay the secret of it all,
Her tenderness, her humanness, which drew
Humanity to her, until it knew
That neither joy nor grief it had so small
But Queen and Empress rendered it its due.

Oh ! how we loved her for her tender heart—
Her woman's heart—that knew not to discern
'Twixt humblest grave or proud emblazoned
urn,
But did to all sweet sympathy impart,
And wept alike for prince and poor in turn.

Victoria ! Queen and Conqu'ror ! Ages long
That are to be shall swell thy well-earned meed,
And point to thee, victorious indeed !
And coming æons shall take up the song,
And all the endless cycles that succeed.

But when thy mightiest titles are proclaimed,
And men and women pause as tho' they would
Find some name even nobler if they could—
Then in thy people's hearts thou shalt be
named
The noblest type of noble womanhood !

GLADYS SCHUMACHER.

XI.

The Afterglow.

SHE, on whose wide domains the sun ne'er set,
Sinks, like the sun, lost only to our gaze,
While still the undimmed lustre of her rays
Shines in some fair far realm undreamt of yet.
And, just as when the bright orb sinks below
The distant west, dark shadows sweep the scene,
Till the new glory of the afterglow—
The lingering radiance of what once has been—
Fills all the sky and gilds the shimmering sea ;
So, dark as now the landscape seems to be,
Soon shall the hours bring back the golden sheen,
And in an age-long afterglow of glory
Our Empire's sons shall read the splendid story
Of England's greatest, best, and noblest Queen.

EDWARD C. ALDEN.

XII.

Victoria Victrix.

THE Queen is dead ! To earth is lost a life
Of majesty, with love and goodness blent,
From breath of evil pure, and nobly spent—
Firm friend, wise Queen, kind mother, and
good wife !
Hush'd is the voice of joy ; the sound of strife
Is faint ; and feelings, which have grown
while pent,
In one long quiv'ring sob of grief find vent ;
And pray'rs and sighs in loving hearts are rife.
The earthly crown is lifted from her brow,
On which it rested, glorious and unstain'd,
Through three and three-score long, eventful
years !
The soul is free from earthly cares, and now
Her country mourns her loss. But she has
gain'd
A Crown of Life, amidst a Nation's tears !

THOMAS HANNAN.

XIII.

The Mother of England Sleeps.

HALF-MAST the flag :
A sorrowing nation weeps.
Muffle the bells :
The Mother of England sleeps.

Her hands are crossed :
Those hands that now for three-and-sixty years
The kingdom's sceptre lovingly have wielded
Are crossed in death : God, dry the nation's
tears
And take our Mother dear, whose task is
yielded—
Whose hands are crossed.

Her eyes are closed :
Those eyes that laughed when ours with joy
were bright,
That dimmed with tears when ours were dull
with sorrow,
Are closed in death : God, make our darkness
light
And wake our Mother to a glad to-morrow—
Whose eyes are closed.

Her heart is still :
That heart whose bursting love knew no relief
In peace, in war, at night, when day was
dawning,
Is still in death : God, soothe a nation's grief
And stir Her heart again in Heaven's
morning—
That heart now still.

Her work is done :
That work of which none other knew the
weight,
The work she bravely faced and feared it
never,
Ends but in death : God, help our orphaned
State
And take our Mother to Thy rest for ever—
Whose work is done.

Half-mast the flag :
A sorrowing nation weeps.
Muffle the bells :
The Mother of England sleeps.

KEBLE HOWARD.

XIV.

The Mother Queen.

AND so she sleeps—the Mother of the Race
That waxed more mighty with her growing
years,
And saw reflected in her loving face
Their hopes and fears.

Our gracious pilot, steadfast in the roar
Of warring waters, calm when storms had
past;
Mourned as no monarch has been mourned
before,
She leaves her post at last.

In her we saw our Duty ; less a Queen
Was she than guide to help ; to teach, to
cure,
A foe to all things cowardly, base and mean,
A friend to all things pure.

My people, my dear people—that alone
Stood in her thoughts, and when we cried
to her,

She rose a loving woman from her throne,
And was our comforter,

Till last no heart but answered. Were she glad
With joyous tidings, when her people knew
They sprang to greet her ; were our lady sad,
We gave her reverence due.

And often when there blazed the sudden rage
That fighting forbears left us, with a hand
Gentle, yet firm, she did our wrath assuage,
That Peace might keep the land.

Thus was she held, and thus it came that those
She ruled beyond our coasts did grow to
blend
Their races, till to all her foes were foes,
A friend to her, their friend.

And now she sleeps ; the lady that we love
Goes from us, hangs deep sorrow o'er the
land.

We pray that she, now in her home above,
Can see—and understand.

B. FLETCHER ROBINSON.

XV.

A Nobler Crown.

HUSH ! let the land be quiet, for she sleeps
Whom we have loved so well.
Hush ! while each mourner some sweet memory
keeps
And solemn requiems swell.
"Glory to God," we cry, while tear-drops start,
"Glory to God for such a noble heart."

Our dear Queen-mother has gone home to rest
Her cares of empire cease ;
Called to the happy regions of the blest,
She dwells in perfect peace.
No battle cry assails her in the land
Where sainted souls in fadeless glory stand.

Ours is the sorrow, hers the great reward
Christ gives unto His own ;
Ours is the travail, hers the welcome word,
"Servant of God, well done."
Rich was the diadem she has laid down,
But in God's light she wears a nobler crown.

ROBERT P. DOWNES.

XVI.

"It is Well."

*LAUDES Christo, Deo gloria,
Vivat in cælo Victoria!*

She is gone,
But only taken
From our sad expectant sight
Out of this o'er-troubled night ;
While we stray and stumble on,
All her heart doth now awaken.
Now her head
Is upraised above the gleaming
Of false lights that beacon wrong,
Prophets vain or siren song,
And she reigns indeed at length
In the calm of conscious strength—
We are dead,
And *we* are dreaming.

Ilicet! Her work is finished,
And we murmur "It is well!"
Though we mourn her passing knell ;
She has wrought
Long and lovingly, and nought
Need be added or diminished.
Ah ! her travail was not wasted,
Children's children who have tasted

Of its golden fruits shall bless it,
Hail the charters
Sealed with blood
Wrung by soldiers brave and martyrs
From the battlefield or flood—
Nunc in pace requiescit!

She has heard the Master's voice
Sweetly calling
Through the falling
Shadows, and she had no choice,
Though the pathway looked so dim,
But to rise and follow Him.
For a little she has left us
And bereft us
Of the guidance that was good,
'Stablished in the faith that must
Bud and blossom in the dust,
And made fair by womanhood.
Nothing little, nothing mean
Dimmed the lustre of that life
With the common or unclean ;
She was raised beyond our strife,
By the glory that is Love
Grandly lit from founts above.
She was humble, she was stately,
Simplest deed—she did it greatly ;

Every burden that she bore,
Counting not the pangs and prices,
And her willing sacrifices,
Needed then be done no more.
When she spoke in judgment plain
Quiet words or Queenly sentence,
After her none spoke again,
And her acts asked no repentance.
Kings came to her as a Mother,
Governments and dynasties,
Pomps and principalities
Bowed to her as to no other ;
And the mourner would she wean
From a suffering truly known,
By the measure of her own—
Nations upon *her* did lean.

Is she dead ?

Nay, she is living
Now her beautiful pure part
In the homage of each heart,
Broadened by her gracious giving,
Brightened by each word she said.
Best of women,
Wives and mothers,
Through these wondrous eighty years,
She shall never, never die ;

Time, that smites the base and smothers
In oblivion without tears,
Shall but strengthen as for no men
Memory's true and grateful tie.

In our chronicles the pages
Written by her sweet white hand
Need no courtly turns or glosses ;
All may there unstainèd stand—
All go down the endless ages ;
Loves and losses,
Cares and crosses
Are her milestones through this land.
She, who ruled bereaved and lone
In the tumult of the town,
Ever toiling,
Never soiling
Once the splendour of the Throne,
Now puts on a heavenly crown.
*Laudes Christo, Deo gloria,
Vivat in cælo Victoria !*

F. HARALD WILLIAMS.

XVII.

Victoria's Deid.

MOURN wives and weans and sons o' men
In city street and lonely glen,
As ye gang but, and syne gang ben,
 Hing, hing the heid ;
In days to come, hoo will ye fen?—
 Victoria's deid.

A guid, guid Queen she was to a'
In theekit cot and castle ha' ;
For folk at hame and far awa'
 Her heart wad bleed ;
Her life was like the driven snaw—
 But noo she's deid.

She loved the pure and shunned the mean ;
Her like before was never seen ;
A' Scottish hearts are wae, I ween,
 And dull as lead :
We've lost a mither and a Queen—
 Victoria's deid.

Victoria's gane, and left us a',
We're no the same noo she's awa' ;
At early morn, at gloamin' fa',
 We bear the dreid,
Oor hearts are fu' o' wae and awe—
 Victoria's deid.

Bin a' she lo'ed auld Scotland weel,
She kent that Scottish hearts were leal,
And aye to her were true as steel
 On hill or mead ;
Noo we ha'e lost a frien', atweel :
 Victoria's deid.

Blaw snell and keen thou bitter blast,
Gather ye clouds, the sky o'ercast,
Hang a' your banners at half-mast,
 It's past remead :
Fa', fa' ye snowflakes thick and fast—
 Victoria's deid.

JOSEPH WRIGHT.

XVIII.

Sunset.

THE glorious sunset of a glorious reign :

“ Dead ! with the sceptre in Her Royal hand—
Not slowly wasted with a mortal pain ! ”

The fatal news is flashed o'er sea and land,
From the cold North to the hot Southern plain,
From the far West to India and Cathay,
And dusky millions hear the sad refrain :

“ Britain's beloved Queen lies dead to-day ! ”
The soldier sheathes his sword ; the sailor bold
That ploughs the main, and they that plough
the soil,

Or labour at the loom, their hand withhold

At the dire news, and ceasing from their toil,
From the swart cheek they brush the tears away :
“ Britain's beloved Queen lies dead to-day ! ”

A mighty Queen and yet a monarch mild,
Ruling the widest Empire upon earth ;
Dear to the heart of every English child,
Throned in the hearts of all of British birth !
The Mother of Her People ! and the Pride
Of a proud Nation that doth nations breed ;
This stormy England, with the Sea for Bride—
Now Britain's lofty Head lies low indeed !
A marvellous Reign in a more marvellous time,
When sixty years a hundred centuries span,
When human science, with a power sublime,
Catches a glimpse of giant Nature's plan ;
The Age Victorian swallows up the Past !
But Britain's honoured Head lies low, at last !

ABRAHAM STANSFIELD.

XIX.

A People's Tears.

HEAVY and dark beneath the murky night
- Swells Britain's trouble in a windless pause.
None listens for the echoes of far fight,
 None feels the care which at his own heart
 gnaws.
Sudden the laugh sickened, and fled the smile ;
 For Nature had remembered her slow laws,
Never repealed, as we had dreamed the while.
 The sun, whose rise we saw not, had to set,
The immeasurable distance was a mile,
 And we have past the stone, and travel yet,
But feel no motion ; every sense is numb,
 Brain has forgot to govern, nerves to fret ;
Hope hopes not, and fear fears not, what may
 come ;
 The Past is all, and all the Past is past.
Victoria lies dead. Britain is dumb.

Yet listen. Was not that a sound at last?
No words, but there is something that one
hears.
The breath comes harder, the heart beats more
fast,
And in the silence fall the few first tears.
Not long ; heaped memory too hotly glows ;
The words flame out against half-listening ears :
"She wept when we wept, and in all our woes
She bowed her head and took her Royal part.
In utmost age she could not bear repose
Till she had made us feel she felt our smart.
—Anon thy people's praise, O Queen ; to-night
Accept thy people's tears, O mother heart !"

E. J. PALMER.

XX.

She Sleeps.

THE vision pales and dies
Which gladdened long our eyes,
 Great majesty in womanhood enshrining ;
She passes to her rest,
Victoria the Blest,
 Her crown with a diviner lustre shining ;
And, while her stricken people weep,
She lays her sceptre down, and falls asleep.

Hush ! She is sleeping now—
Smooth is the wrinkled brow—
 Closed are her eyes by Death's caressing
 fingers ;
Calm is the white, wan face,
Where the endearing grace
 Of motherhood and widowhood still
 lingers. . . .

Silence the trumpet and the bell !
The Queen doth slumber—wake her not!—
all's well !

Lo, where the pale North Star
Rides in his sable car,
 Pointing to man the way o'er land and
 ocean—
There is the symbol seen
Of her, the great, good Queen,
 Who guided us with single-souled devo-
 tion—
A star whose clear and steadfast rays
Illumed our faltering steps and charted all our
ways.

Her gentle spirit drew,
As doth the sun the dew,
 Our hearts to her, alike in joy and sorrow ;
And when the daylight died
She took our hands and cried,
 “Be of good cheer, there is a bright to-
 morrow !”
She was our Mother then, and more,
And loved us as no sons were ever loved
before.

But when, at war's alarms,
She called her sons to arms,
 Then was she Queen, defiant, lion-hearted :
Then was she King and Lord,
Girt with her Empire's sword ;—
 Seaward the lightnings of her legions
 darted ;
War-worn they came again to her,
Who was their sovereign balm and sweetest
 comforter.

Not as we bring the bloom
To deck her kingly tomb
 Shall we survey the splendour of her glory ;
But in the after-years,
When pride hath dried our tears,
 Our children shall be told her wondrous
 story.

Now let her rest, in Jesus sleeping—
God guard her ever in His holy keeping !

ROBERT DENNIS.

XXI.

The Night of Sorrow.

THE world without the sun's most blessed light
How the cheek pales at that imagined gloom !
Woods, valleys, meadows, plunged in sudden
night,
When the black heavens seem all fraught
with doom.

So now the night of sorrow darkens o'er
The land whose crowning glory is no more.

We think of more than sixty years ago,
The fair young girl awakened from her dreams
To find a Kingdom waiting her—and lo !
A very Queen though but a child she seems ;
We see her kneel alone in silent prayer,
And meekly rise an ancient Crown to wear.

And she *has* worn it nobly all the years,
Her hopes were all fulfilled—Her prayers
were heard ;
Sharing her people's gladness, and their tears,
By all their griefs her Mother's heart was
stirred.
As Queen and friend alike, alone she stood,
Our well beloved—Victoria the Good !

In cot and palace there is weeping now,
She is at Peace—unbroken is her rest ;
A holier diadem now decks her brow,
Within the shining mansions of the Blest.
All eyes are wet—we speak with bated breath—
The land is lying in the shade of Death.

F. B. DOVETON.

XXII.

I.—*The Queen's Summons.*

Now free at last from all the weight of care,
The mighty service of Imperial state,
The toil that toiled all day and did not spare,
Till sunset late,

With age and love, dear Queen, alike thou art
crowned,
In wisdom robed, resplendent of array!
All kindreds of the earth with sorrow surround
Thy going away!

Good servant of the Universal Lord,
Whose loving arms His weary child receive,
Well didst thou guard the sceptre and the sword
From morn till eve!

Now crabbèd Time's laborious ledgered tome
Thy faithful hand from writing will release :
Love opens wide the welcome door of Home
And Perfect Peace.

. . . .

Gone out of sight who knit our world in one,
Whose name above the noise of faction stood
For chivalry and noble benison
Of womanhood !

The sun upon her empire went not down—
Still rising even when it seemed to set :—
Of love and liberty she wrought its crown
And amulet !

Simple through greatness, motherly and wise,
With will immovable in dauntless love !
Sweet majesty was shining in her eyes,
Eagle and dove !

The poverty and grief that tyrants grind,
To her were royal in divine appeal—
She sought, with all the powers of heart and
mind,
To help and heal.

Her children and her children's children bless
The hand that England's cup with blessing
filled :—
Some "were not, for Love took them." Love
redress
The pain He willed !

God-given joy in God she has at last
With him to whom she was true lover and wife,
Crowned now for ever (all the parting past)
With love and life !

II.—*The Empress Mother.*

She wrought for peace, yet, through her tears,
upheld
A sterner duty—son and grandson given !—
Flames rive the heart that must an empire weld,
And hers was riven.

For us and for our loss she deigned to weep,
With tender thought of many a soldier's grave,
Yet hid within her soul the anguish deep
Of all *She* gave.

Here in her central kingdom, England's heart—
Red rose, Welsh plume, rough thistle, sham-
rock green—
Of daily life and love she seemed a part,
“The good, great Queen !”

And when She called them, north, south, east,
and west,
To England's flag in Her dear name unfurled,

Men leaped into the saddle and gave their best
Through all the world.

Oh! how they loved her, those Colonial boys,
Flinging their lives into the jaws of death,
Nor grudged, amid their youth, with all its joys,
Their parting breath!—

Her brave Canadian children far away,
New Zealand and Australia—host on host—
The flower of manhood, daring day by day
Their uttermost!

From India and the Cape and staunch Natal,
Rose in her honour stalwart sons who fight
For civic freedom, England's coronal
And ancient right.

Nor only war-accoutred ranks,—not less,
Her great civilian army far and near—
Statesmen and ploughmen, swift her name to
bless—

All held her dear :

Thousands, in courage most magnificent,
Who risk their rough hard lives in daily toil
Where lurking death or maiming accident
Their labours foil ;

Miners and sailors, drudging factory-slaves,
And brave physicians wrestling hand to hand
With cruel forces that are digging graves
In every land.

All were her knights, for still in Her they saw
The truth and courage that will never blench
But will the lowliest life with holy awe
Enguard, entrench.

“The Queen, God bless her!” and for her dear
sake
The King and Queen, her children, whom we
take
The closer to the Empire’s love, and sing
On Breton harp that mourned with broken
string,
While prayerful memories of “King Arthur”
wake,
“God bless the King! God help and
guide the King!”

ANNIE MATHESON.

XXIII.

In Loving Memory.

THE days, the years, the centuries decay,
Decease, and pass away ;
And we, whose brief lives fleeting seem
No longer than a dream,
Fade and decease as they.
Virtue, nor piety, nor regal State,
Nor all a nation's prayers can delay
The pitiless march of Fate.
We have our destined term, both small and
 great ;
We fade, and pass away.

Belov'd thin-drawn life, who now at last,
Life's chequered fortunes past,
Ceasing from care and labours nobly borne,
Hast entered willing on thy well-earned rest ;
Who, longest of all Monarchs of our race,

Unmatched in dignity and grace,
Thy pure, untarnished Diadem hast worn ;
Not pitiable thou, but blest,
Such weight of anxious cares thou layest down
With thy sad earthly crown ;
A woman vowed to duty, lonely, tried,
Unhelped, with no protecting arm to guide,
Thro' many a civil broil, and storm of war
Thou showest a single star
Shining serene above the gathering strife,
The clouds, the troubles of thy people's life ;
For thee to-day thy countless millions yearn
With hearts and lips that burn.
From North to South, from East to West,
Where'er thy gracious Empire is confest,
O'er every subject land, o'er all the Earth ;
Thy Austral-Britain newly come to birth ;
Thy great Dominion of the snow-clad North ;
Thy tropic isles ; thy Orient's storied plain,
From the Himalayan peaks to the blue surge-
fringed main,
O'er that new realm, scarce won by British
blood,
Swept still by hopeless war's retreating flood ;
All know and mourn thee, and revere
Their Queen and hold thee dear

Who know in her, as we,
A righteous life unstained, a blessed memory !

But nearer than their homage, and more dear
To every loyal ear
Than titular splendours or Imperial State,
Sounds thy new name, which loving hearts
create,

“The Mother !” this the universal word
By which all hearts, all hues, all creeds are
stirred.

“The Mother !” Not from suffering lives alone
Flinging their sorrows down before thy throne
In this sad, toil-worn Britain, but where'er,
In either hemisphere,
By palm or pine, tropic or Arctic sky,
Our English standards fly,
Or that great West, thy grandsire's stubborn
pride

Lost, by thee re-allied ;
This welds the race in one, this name can bind
The peoples, heart and mind,
This symbol of Imperial Unity
Which links, yet leaves men free.
To-day the golden cord is loosed at last
Which long time bound men fast.
The star is set, which in the East, long time,

Men gazing, held sublime !
Ah ! be it thine ! pure heart and steadfast will !
To guide our Britain still.
The Times are restless, the unquiet Earth
Moves to some new mysterious birth ;
The curse of war still vexes, and our race
Seems sinking to disgrace.
For peace the widow and the orphan cry,
With torture-pains Christ's innocent martyrs die.
Thou who hast known so many a piercing pain,
Love, children, children's children, wept in vain,
Friend following friend, and thou still left alone
Upon thy lonely throne ;
Who mournedst last, thy people's life-blood shed,
Their high, their lowly, manhood, maimed and
 dead.
Think of us still, if God so wills, and plead !
As daily thou wert wont indeed,
For this thy people which must toil and bleed.
Plead thou for Peace for all the suffering Earth
Till comes at last Man's new Millennial Birth ;
Plead, tender, aged voice, till all is well !
Friend ! Sovereign ! Mother ! Oh, Farewell !
 Farewell !

LEWIS MORRIS.

XXIV.

A Monument Sublime.

SLEEP now and take thy rest—sleep well, great
Queen!

An Empire's tears about thy tomb are shed
In costly homage; while with hush'd sad tread
The universe draws near with reverent mien
Viewing thy obsequies. O! thou hast been
Our Sovereign and our mother! Thou hast
spread

Great wings of love about the world, and fed
Thy people from thy heart's great depths
serene.

Thou passest hence; but there abide with us
Unchanged through all the changes of all time,
Thy name beloved, thy mem'ry glorious—
These—these! remain a monument sublime
Reared in thy people's hearts to stand for aye,
And crowned with that great word:

“VICTORIA!”

KATHLEEN HAYDN GREEN.

XXV.

Sleep, Noble Queen!

SLEEP, noble Queen! Thy care and sorrow
ended ;
Closed are thine eyes that oft for sufferers
wept ;
Low lies thy head, by all thine Empire tended ;
Stilled is thy heart its solemn charge that
kept.

Leave thou thy crown—unsullied and un-
tarnished ;
Thou hast adorned it by thy life so pure ;
Take thou the crown by heavenly lustre
garnished—
Christ giveth those who patiently endure.

Thou art not dead ; thou livest on for ever,
Radiant in mansions of eternal day ;
And from our hearts thy memory fadeth never ;
Thy People's love enshrines it there for aye.

Heaven's perfect peace through Jesus Christ
receiving,
Clad in the robe of His own spotlessness ;
Ne'er canst thou fail to think of us, still
grieving ;
Loving Christ more thou wilt not love us less.

Queen of all queens ! To us may grace be
given
Like thee to learn whence all true greatness
springs ;
Chains which would bind to self and sin be
riven—
Bound by the love of Christ, the King of
kings.

Sleep, noble Queen ! Farewell, but not for
ever !
Thy mantle fall on our succeeding King !
And when we all are called from earth to sever,
God in His grace to His sweet presence bring.

J. MOUNTAIN.

XXVI.

The Final Day.

THE glories of an ancient throne,
A sceptre wide stretched o'er the sea ;
And mighty men, who of their own
Gave what was best to serving thee.

And years to see vast cities rise
In lands which to thy youthful view
Naught offered but the woods and skies—
These have been thine—vouchsafed to few.

And thine is now the great release
From "lonely splendour" o'er the State ;
That messenger whose word is Peace
Hath entered at thy palace gate.

And henceforth aught that Fate may send
Unto our land to thee is naught—
Or if we lessen or extend,
Or peace is made or battle fought.

And, now that's come the final day—
The day that sees thy care laid down—
Thy people mourn thy gentle sway,
Their tears the glory of thy Crown.

Within our isles, far o'er the sea,
From Polar Star to Southern Cross,
The voice of mourning's loud for thee—
Of mourning for a nation's loss.

We leave thee to thy slumber deep,
Enshrouded in a people's love !
"He giveth His beloved sleep ;"
'Tis thine, this last gift from above !

ROBERT CLARK.

XXVII.

Requiescat in Pace.

REST thou in Peace ! Beloved Queen !
The Journey's ended ! Duty done !
Oh Paradise ! unknown, unseen !
O love ! with the Eternal One !

There, where all Souls shall feel, shall see,
The Wonder of Eternity !
Where tears fall not, and sorrows cease,
Rest thou in Peace, oh Rest in Peace !

No more shall Spring's sweet violet
Or summer rose, enchant thine eyes ;
But myriad blooms in sunshine set,
Adorn God's world that never dies.

Oh ! picture Love ! without its sting !
Conceive a life, unstained by pain,
Enter the Court where Angels sing,
Beloved Queen ! Greet Love again !

The world, what was it? sun and snow,
A spark of joy, a fire of tears.
Dear heart, that braved it, blow on blow,
Put on thy Crown of endless years!

Oh! Everlasting Mystery,
Revealed alone to those who die!
God has decreed thy Soul's release,
Queen! Perfect Queen! Oh! Rest in
Peace!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

XXVIII.

Mighty Memories.

THIS is the thing that God hath willed,
And as the winter day departs,
The sad foreboding stands fulfilled,
And casts its shadow on our hearts ;
Proclaiming lands and seas across
The tidings of the nation's loss.

So great a Queen, that Sorrow's breath
Touches the earth from end to end ;
So well-beloved that at her death
The lowliest seems to lose a friend ;
So glorious that no voice can phrase
Words too exalted for her praise.

Victoria—mighty memories rise
Which that immortal name can wake,
Proud feats of valour and emprise
Wrought and attempted for her sake,
Bold companies, where this has been
The watchword, "Gentlemen, the Queen!"

Warriors whose fame Time shall not dim
Have held her smile as their reward,
From Gough and Havelock to him,
Her latest champion of the sword ;
For her the gallant records ring
From Inkerman to Mafeking.

Historic statesmen, these and those,
Session by session at her side
Counselled her maidenhood, or chose
Her ripe experience as their guide ;
Illustrious names the lists reveal—
Melbourne and Beaconsfield and Peel—

Since first our England, something tired
Of idols of a dowdier sort,
That fresh young maiden Queen admired
And her rejuvenated Court.
Oh ! to those days, to those gay throngs
How blithe an air of youth belongs !

The shade slipped forward on the stone,
To customs that were new and strange,
And still one sentiment alone
The years could neither end nor change ;
By wife, by widow, as by maid
By her the old devotion stayed.

And so she stands, erect, sublime,
The central figure on the stage,
Moving through that amazing time
Which men call the Victorian Age,
While science and invention planned
Unnumbered marvels in her land.

Proved worthy of the crown she wore,
The burden of imperial cares
Strong in her people's love she bore,
Her happiness, her sorrows theirs ;
Herself, alike in best or worst,
Always the greatest and the first.

Call no man happy, says the sage,
Till he has drawn his parting breath ;
But surely she, from youth to age,
Was happy both in life and death.
No single jarring thought is there
That matchless beauty to impair.

She never knew the weary years
Of failing mind and waning powers,
But, conscious of her people's tears
A few brief melancholy hours,
She lingered life and death between,
Then died as she had lived, a Queen.

ALFRED COCHRANE.

XXIX.

Our Bereavement.

WE all are orphans, all are motherless !
Death's shadow lurks in every English home :
To *us* comes death-in-life, and heart's distress,
To *Her* the everlasting crown has come.

O tender face ! shall we behold no more
The noble countenance, the hair grown grey
In caring for the People? Passed away
All that made England England ! She who
wore
The British Crown was Britain's self, and we,
Whose barque is tossed on sorrow's shoreless sea
Are homeless, outcasts, orphans, motherless :
God pity us in our supreme distress !

O Glorious, O Beloved ! Mother, Queen
Our sea-salt tears are not for thee to-night,
Who dwellest in the everlasting light,
But for our orphaned selves. Our eyes have
seen

A darker day than days of war's defeat:
Death in his cruellest fashion us doth meet,
Taking our Mother from us. Death has done
To-day its direst deed, smiting not one
But every home in England! England weeps
While on her bier, England's Great Mother
sleeps.

It is no time for speaking. Voice, be
dumb!
The darkest day of England's years has come.
From peer's and peasant's eyes the tear-drops
start,
Each heart in England is a broken heart!

R. C. FILLINGHAM.

XXX.

Across the Bar.

QUEEN of the Western Isles, and of the East
Crown'd Empress! The long shadows fall
one way
In the still evening of thy glorious day.

Thy loneliness is ended: thou art one
With visions of the sunset, and of Him
In whose clear shining mortal eyes grow dim.

Lately we watch'd thee move within that light.
The radiance fell and fill'd thee more and
more:
How tenderly it touch'd the hem of war!

Let Erin answer from her greener fields—
Erin, the Mother, mourning for her dead,
The Daughter, reverencing thy bow'd head.

And let them from their shallow graves reply—
Thy many-nurtured sons who, side by side,
Fought for thy sovereignty and, winning, died.

For thou wast awful, even as thou wast mild ;
A present comfort, and a power unseen,
Disposer and Consoler, Mother and Queen.

O Ruler's mind ! O stricken woman's heart !
Thy children call across the bar to thee :
"How shall we miss thee in the time to be,

"Whose wisdom was the milk of human woe,
And duty was thy light by night and day,
And faith and love the flowers upon thy way.

"For thee the heroes of the era wrought—
The Prince of Arts, captain of a long line,
The Sage of Statecraft, and the Seer Divine.¹

"Thine was the smile that bound the Empire
round,
Thrill'd alien Kings, and summon'd from its
grave
Old chivalry, new-born, and lowly brave.

"And thine the word, more skill'd than all the
arts
To heal, and thine the mirror-tear that held
All solace of all grief since first tears well'd."

* * *

¹ Albert, Disraeli, Tennyson.—L. M.

Thank God, no lone regret disturbs thy fame :
No pious limner, with ideal design,
Need add, or alter, or omit a line.

Thank God, no lone regret disturbs us now :
We knew thee, lov'd thee, and, where know-
ledge fail'd,
Love overflow'd his measure and prevail'd.

Laurie Magnus.

XXXI.

To Her People.

BE still, be still, O People! The King hath
laid His Hand
Upon the Heart encompassing the hearts of
all your race,
And called the Blameless Queen who loved the
lowliest in Her land
From all the glory earth could give to look
upon His Face.

Bow down, bow down, O People! But never
to the dust

Of arid grief let any soul in dull despair be
bowed.

Amid Her fair, green memories that ages shall
not rust

Bend low, but be not broken; be humble,
yet be proud!

Give thanks, give thanks, O People! Yea, even
while ye weep,

Give thanks for Her who was so good, so
pure, so great, so wise

That half the world was stricken sad the hour
She fell asleep—

Oh, ne'er before did Death find tears within
so many eyes!

Be brave, be brave, O People! Remember
how She bore

Herself with simple grandeur in the gloom as
in the glare,

And how She oft rejoiced with you although
Her heart was sore,

And how Her courage wavered not beneath
increasing care.

Be strong, be strong, O People! The Queen
had need of rest.

But ye must still press forward to the Good
that was Her goal—

Banded together—North and South knit close
with East and West—

Living as in the radiance of a mother's
sainted soul.

Praise God, praise God, O People! The reign
of Her so royal,

So faithful thro' Her changing life, ends not
in one dark day.

And over all who mourn Her now with loving
hearts and loyal

Victoria the Good shall hold an endless holy
sway!

J. J. BELL.

XXXII.

The Universal Grief.

THE Queen is dead! Our Queen, the Queen
of Queens ;
And England sits as in a dream, and sobs,
And rich and poor, and high and low, are made
Peers by grief's patent of nobility.
Never, since on the shingly Ebbsfleet shore
The first keel grated bearing Englishmen
To win us England, has a cry gone up
So universal, tender, dolorous,
As this that thrills the land ; which hears amazed
The falling tears of distant kith and kin,
From coral-lipped Australia's shadeless wilds
To where, in thunder-speech of avalanche,
Great Kinchinjanga calls to Everest.
Ah ! but, in sooth, though miracles be cheap,
Since Christ was, has no wonder been like this.
A Queen the glory of whose womanhood
Outshone a perfect queenliness, till at length
The queen was but the halo round the friend,
The sovereign round the mother. For no blow
That struck an English home but hurt her too.
No loss too common for her sympathy,
No grief too lowly for her heart to share.

Chary of weeping is this realm of hers ;
Yet now weep on, her England, nor with words
Profane the silence of a world in tears.

REGINALD HUGHES.

XXXIII.

In the Promised Land.

SLEEP, Sleep.

The long, long day, radiant with deeds well
done,

Has reached at last the setting of the sun,
The weary feet that faltered to their rest
Have touched the golden kingdom of the Blest,
And the winged myriads hush their triumph song
To draw the pilgrim into the shining throng.

Sleep, Sleep.

Rest, Rest.

The book of life is closed and folded now.
See how serenely Death has smoothed her brow.
Love of her life, we lay her at thy side,
No more a widow, but a white-souled bride.
Over those lonely years to clasp thy hand
'Neath God's own sunshine in the Promised
Land.

Rest, Rest.

KATHLEEN BARROW.

XXXIV.

A Star.

OUR QUEEN IS DEAD.

Like some bright beauteous star,
She blazed upon the firmament of time,
With light increasing with her numbering years ;
Until her rich-orbed glory glowed and gleamed,
As does the sun in midst of summer days.

DEATH THEN SMOTE HER.

Pale grew the star and fled.
All men were struck with deep and dazed
distress,
And wept, their eyes could never, never more
Its glory see.
But as I wept, and wept, I saw that star
Out of the darkness, deep and dire, arise
With light more beauteous, yea, a thousand-fold
More beautiful than aught of earthly skies,
Or earthly thrones.

I saw it borne away,
Until it sat upon the brow of One
Whose head erstwhile was crowned with cruel
thorns.

I saw it shine as never o'er this earth
 It beamed before, as on that holy brow
 It played and quivered in the light of heaven.
 There was its rest, fixed on the crown of Him
 Who is both Lord of lords, and King of kings.

S. TREVOR FRANCIS.

XXXV.

God Rest our Queen.

BORNE by Thy angels, through the awful way,
 To Paradise, where dawns the eternal day,
 God rest our Queen !

Faith dares not doubt ; her prayer and ours is
 heard ;
 She claims the precious promise of Thy Word,
 God rest our Queen !

With those, her dearest, whom she mourned so
 long,
 She lives, and loves, and learns the triumph-
 song.—
 God rest our Queen !

Glory to Jesus—there remaineth still
 This rest for all who seek to do His will—
 With her our Queen.

S. REYNOLDS HOLE.

XXXVI.

God Bless the Queen!

God Save the King!

“God save the Queen!” her people cried,
As trembling at the gate she stood,
Where stretched the Kingdom fair and wide
That she has made so great, so good!

“God save the Queen!” it echoed far,
From land to land, from sea to sea,
Where morning star to evening star
Proclaimed her march of victory.

“God comfort her!” we knelt and prayed
With aching hearts and loving tears,
As sorrow after sorrow laid
Its finger on her widowed years.

“God be with her!” it came at last,
We wept and watched with bated breath,
As bravely, peacefully she passed
Adown the shadowy vale of death.

God of our fathers, still the same,
We kneel and ask Thy guiding hand,
For her dear sake, in her dear name,
God, save the King and keep our land!

F. E. WEATHERLY.

XXXVII.

At Rest.A TRIBUTE FROM THE SOCIETY OF AMERICAN
WOMEN IN LONDON.

STATELY she lies; and half her years have
vanished!

Her hands are folded on her quiet breast.

Stately she lies; and all her cares are banished!

She, who has laboured long, now sleeps at
rest.

Mother, and wife, and Queen—a threefold glory
Lightens her face, where wakes the smile of
death;

While wondering, whispering crowds repeat her
story,

“Mother and Queen” they sob with quiver-
ing breath.

Round the wide world the solemn bells are
tolling

The passing of the Queen—the well-beloved,
Whose smile gave comfort, and whose words
consoling

A potent balm of wondrous healing proved.

The passing of the Queen, the patient mother,
 Who toiled unceasing with a mother's strength
 For her dear people's weal ; nor looked for other
 Duty or Right, through all her long life's
 length.

"The passing of the Queen." They wonder,
 weeping,
 How the great heart of love from love can
 cease,
 Can she, who watched o'er all, at last be
 sleeping?
 Sleeping, at last, as one who dreams of
 peace.

Beneath a veil she lies, where lilies' glisten ;
 Strong men bow low, gazing thro' mists of
 tears,
 While beating hearts throb fast, and yearning
 listen
 For the dear voice, which swayed thro' long
 dim years.

So long our Queen, our Queen and Mother
 tender,
 With sunlight in her heart a Queen she
 smiled—

And Woman, always human 'neath her splendour,
Frank, true, and brave, and trusting as a child.

She gave her people love, and all devotion—
They gave love—life—for country and for Queen.
Through the wide earth hearts beat with one emotion,
Because she lieth still ; a veil between.

Farewell, thou mighty Queen ! Thou best beloved !
Nations shall mourn thee, earth shall be thy shrine !
The brightness of thy face may be removéd,
But hearts unnumberéd are for ever thine !

A righteous Ruler ! Thou thy throne hast planted
Beneath the cross where love was crucified,
Thy prayer for grace, in deep abundance granted,
Hath spread thine Empire far as flows the tide.

Unto earth's utmost bounds the heathen bless
thee,
The many peoples whom thy rule hath
blessed,
And peoples, now unborn, shall yet confess thee
The Queen whom wisdom ruled and love
possessed.

Thy race shall call thee blessed, when hereafter
Their children's children listen at the knee,
The Saxon race, whose great deep-hearted
laughter
Springs from their freedom, boundless as the
sea.

The freedom thou hast nurtured, wisely cher
ished,
That like the sea shall spread throughout the
earth,
To save the peoples that erstwhile had perished,
Had not such freedom given new life, new
birth.

Farewell, blest Queen! Farewell! Keep watch
above us,
Hide from our knowledge grief's too perilous
deep,

Watch over us on high, cease not to love us
With love surviving death, and death-born
sleep.

From shadowy mists beyond, oh! thou great-
hearted!

A voice hath called thee, and thy soul obeyed.
One claimed his own, and now, no longer parted,
Thine earthly form by his shall soon be laid

Behold thy life is finished to completeness!

Unnumbered blessings follow in thy train;
The lilies lie and wrap thee in their sweetness,
While silent tears fall like the blessed rain.

ELLA M. DIETZ GLYNES.

XXXVIII.

Victoria's Star.¹

IN kraal and ghaut and coral-reef,
Unnumbered swarthy millions cry,
"The Great Queen dead? She cannot die!
Nor may we know so great a grief!"

As in past days a Cæsar's soul
Heav'nward was held to wing its way,
Thence to send down on earth its ray,
A new light in the starry pole,

So for strange myriad hearts that mourn
Stunned, disallowing Death's decree,
Northward to-day from o'er the sea
A humble Kaffir's voice is borne:

¹ An old head-man in Pondoland, when told of the Queen's death, thought for a moment, and then said:—
"I shall look in the sky to-night for a new star."

“This night there shall be seen a sign—
To mark the Empire-Mother's love
Continuing in the Land above,
A new star in the heav'ns will shine!”

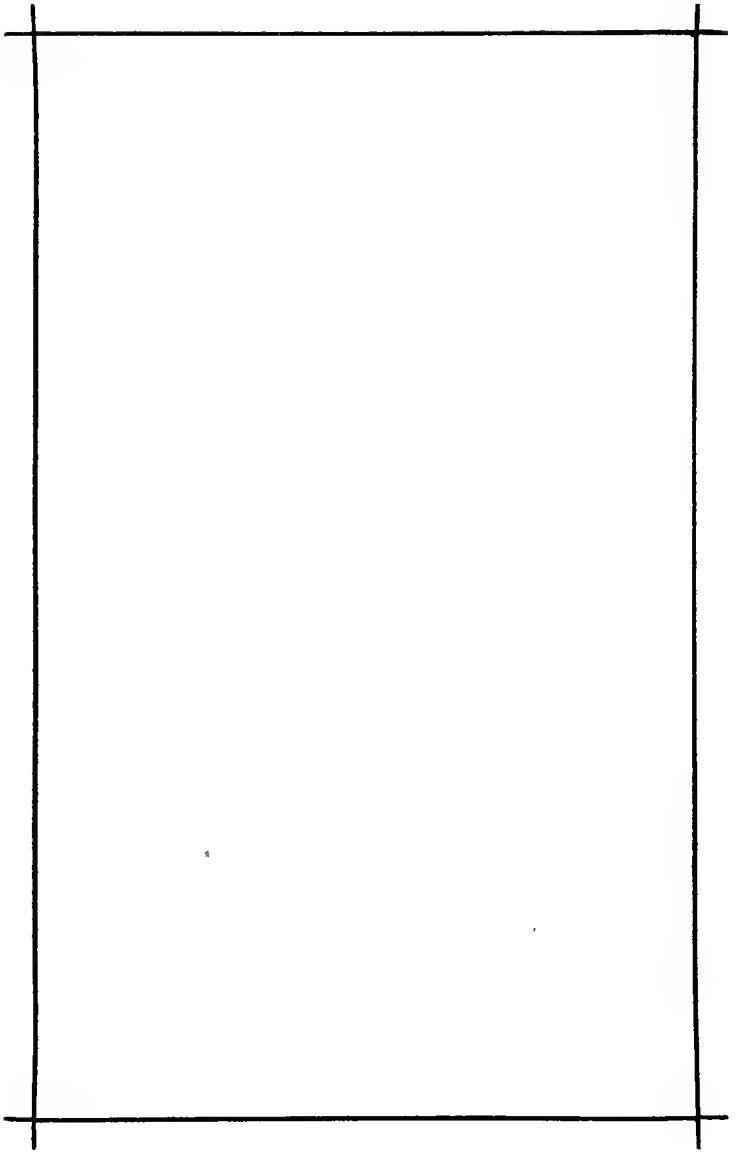
Let, then, a fancied gleam increase
The glorious Southern Cross that soars
O'er African and Austral shores—
Her blessing, Unity and Peace!

Add to the Flag that near or far,
O'er Commonwealth, Dominion, State,
Waves in a realm inviolate
One splendour more—Victoria's Star!

ARTHUR A. SYKES.

The Last Pageant

February 1-4, 1901



XXXIX.

Across the Flood.

SHE comes ! Before her every ensign dips—
Such majesty has Death—she still is Queen ;
Pale shines the Solent, as it sobs between
Her islands—dumb beneath the dark eclipse
Of Britain's noblest Sovereignty—Her ships
Lie sorrowing on the waters ; silent lean
Her seamen on the yards, and what they
mean
The guns forth-tell from melancholy lips.

Across the flood—how drear the water-way !
The very Heavens do seem to feel grief's
mood ;
And the winds sigh, as if by pain possessed :
So to the island of perpetual rest
She comes ! Ah, well ! for she has crossed the
flood,
And we this side in lamentation stay.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

XL.

Her Last Review.

“ Most greatly lived
This Star of England.”—*King Henry V.*

MAKE room upon the shining, placid sea !
Sob your salutes, ye thousand minute guns !
For lo ! here comes the richest argosy
That earth hath seen in all her circling suns !
Hang your proud battle-banners half-mast high ;
There's sorrow on the earth, and sea, and
sky !
Lay out in league-long lines your guardian
ships,
And let their guns salute with saddened
lips ;
Let each craft pipe on high its loyal crew—
The great Sea-Queen holds now her last
review !

The sun looks down from out heaven's cloud-
less dome,
And o'er the Solent's gleaming, peaceful
breast ;
Victoria sails for her loved, Royal home,
Ere dips life's ship down in Death's golden
West.

With pennons drooped and crews in sorrow
dumb
Through one great, human touch, soul knit
to soul,
The ships of foes we fought of yore have
come
To pay her homage at Death's muster-roll.

And phantom fleets, led by the brave of
yore—
Drake, Howard, Grenville of Armada fame—
Unsignalled by drooped flag or cannon's roar,
Bear down, saluting her immortal name.

Between those lines of sorrow-freighted ships,
As sails her galleon o'er the silent sea,
Each chief salutes, as low his flag he dips,
The "silent Mother of our Kings to be."

And as the honoured ship its proud path weaves
Through the long avenue of gleaming guns,
The great Sea-Queen in stately death receives
The homage of her thrice ten thousand sons.

The haven's reached ; and, as the setting sun
Burns on the grandest pageant Time has
seen,
Great Nelson's " Victory " fires the last proud
gun
Of salutation to Earth's noblest Queen.

Meet gun to boom last in that high salute—
The gun that blazed through all Trafalgar's
Day
Well may it now remain for ever mute :
The glory of the Earth hath passed away !

ALEXANDER LAMONT.

XLI.

Victoria Redux.

SHE is asleep! a rest how calm and deep,
For so He giveth His beloved sleep!
A rest no cares can mar, no summons break,
Save the last call, among the Just to wake!

From the fair Isle of Summer, where the seas
Flash with their summer-brilliant memories,
With solemn pomp the long-drawn fleets be-
tween,
In Death's last dignity comes home the Queen!

Fear not to wake her! Hearken!—one by
one—
The fiery anguish of the minute gun
Smites with its hard despair the nation's heart—
Our first great loss in which she bears no part.

There strikes the cold of new unsolaced grief,
Her gracious words at last bring no relief;
Could she but hear us now, our cry would be,
“We miss thee sorest in our tears for thee!”

And now along the stately water-way,
So oft of yore with white-winged pleasure gay,
Leaving for aye her summer isle forlorn,
Past the great battleships their Queen is borne.

Not now their microcosmic power they vaunt,
Angels of wrath or mercy militant ;
Fettered with woe her might's Symplegades
Salute in death the Mistress of the Seas !

Meetly the floating Isles of Freedom fly
Their sorrow's lofty symbol half-mast high,
For her, who true to trust in peace and war
Gave and obeyed the sign of Trafalgar !

Righteous and great, all littleness above,
Homely, for Home is still the heart of love,
True Soul of England, thy ennobled years
Call a World's homage to an Empire's tears !

Oh, reverend head, mysterious with State,
Oh, hands of comfort 'neath an Empire's
weight,
Long hast thou shown the road, and led the
way ;
Therefore we bless our God for thee to-day !

WARHAM ST LEGER.

XLII.

The Queen's Last Ride.

THE Queen is taking a drive to-day,
They have hung with purple the carriage-way,
They have dressed with purple the royal track
Where the Queen goes forth and ne'er comes
back.

Let no man labour as she goes by
On her last appearance to mortal eye.
With heads uncovered let all men wait
For the Queen to pass, in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day.
Kings and Princes and Lords of the land
Shall ride behind her, a humble band,
And over the city and over the world
Shall the Flags of all Nations be half-mast-
furled

For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the Courts of earth ;
Riding away from the world's unrest
To a mystical goal, on a secret quest.

Tho' in royal splendour she drives through the
town,

Her robes are simple, she wears no crown,
And yet she wears one, for widowed no more,
She is crowned with the love that has gone
before,

And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high—
The Queen in silence is driving by !

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

XLIII.

Finis Coronat Opus.

I.

WE hear the muffled tolling
Of the bells :
We hear the muffled rolling
Of the drums :
We hear the sullen thunders
Of the guns :
And every sound that sunders
The silence of the gloom—
Every sudden, sullen boom
That comes from gun and steeple
To the sombre city tells—
To the death-dumb street it stuns—
That this we hear is but the great heart of a
sorrow-smitten people,
Sobbing, throbbing with the tremor of the
drums.

She comes :

She comes :

She comes.

II.

She comes among the people that she made :
She comes among the multitude once more :
In statelier pageant than before,
In lordlier robes array'd.

She comes who came as child, as girl, as wife,
In every heart throughout her land to live.
*" Be faithful unto death and I will give
To thee a Crown of Life."*

She heard the Voice Divine that promiseth
That crown whose lustre death defies ;
And now the world becomes one voice which
cries :

" She has been faithful unto death."

*Lift up your hearts, ye people, for she comes
A Queen unto her Crowning on this day.
The Dead March is a Coronation Lay,
There is triumph in the rolling of the drums.*

III.

The heaviest burthen ever woman bore
Was laid upon her by the King of Kings :
The burden of a realm that evermore
Rolls onward like a tide from shore to shore—
A sea whose boundaries no horizon rings.

That gift of God, most dread and most divine,
A sceptre, was her maiden heritage.
But in her hand the sceptre was a sign—
From sacred maidenhood to sacred age—
A symbol still of Freedom's Sovereignty—
A symbol still of Mercy's Monarchy,
Till round the world a girdle she enwove,
The sacred cincture of her peoples' love.

IV.

Alas! a girdle of her peoples' grief
Is woven round the world this sombre day.
Her children wearing of the maple-leaf
Stand with bowed heads by backwoods, lake
and bay.

Beneath the shining of the Southern Cross,
The peoples of her Island-Continent—
Grief-stricken, brothers in a common loss—
Deep in their bushland many a head is bent.

The cities of the mosque and minaret
Mourn for their Empress. On many a coral
shore,
Palm and lagoon, strange races lingering yet,
Hear that the Great White Mother is no more.

And mourners stand where English foot ne'er
stood—

Mourners where her flag never was unfurl'd.
Her Queenhood was for us ; her Womanhood
For all the world.

V.

Take her unto her Rest :
The end of such a life comes not to-day.
Take her unto her Rest :
The end comes not when one shall say,
“ *Dust unto Dust* ”—the end is far away.
Take her unto her Rest.

VI.

We hear the muffled bells that toll :
We hear the muffled drums that roll :
The cannon's sullen boom :
But through the gloom
There comes a note of triumph o'er the tomb :
We hear the Voice which saith :
“ *She has been faithful unto Death.* ”

*Lift up your hearts, ye people, for she comes,
A Queen unto her Crown of Life to-day.*

The Dead March is a Coronation Lay—

There is triumph in the rolling of the drums.

F. FRANKFORT MOORE.

XLIV.

At Victoria's Grave.

THE drooping flags, the slow and solemn bells,
Hushed hamlets, and mute cities all proclaim
The grief that in an Empire's bosom dwells—
The world's last tribute to a noble name.
No, not the last ; for we, Her people true,
Shall prize Her name and hold its saintly
worth
As faithful wardens, all the long years through,
Of the great heritage she left on earth :—

An Empire wide as the world is wide, built on
the rock of Right,
A sword that frets at a craven sheath when
tyrants seek to smite ;
The will to do and the heart to dare to guard a
sacred cause,
A simple faith in the God who rules and His
immortal laws.

No braggart mien shall we seek to bear in
councils of the world—

Patience shall curb our wounded pride ere yet
a blow be hurled ;

Jealous of honour but slow to wrath, making
allies of our foes,

But wakeful ever and steeled for fight if one
his gauntlet throws.

To dream of a Homeland peaceful, pure, and a
people happy, free—

Eager to witness our dearest dreams weld with
reality ;

These be the beacons Her children light along
their Empire way,

These be the vows that Her people take beside
Her grave to-day.

The drooping flags, the slow and solemn bells,
Hushed hamlets, and mute cities all proclaim

The grief that in an Empire's bosom dwells—
A universal tribute to Her name.

But when the trappings of our woe are shed,
And bells in triumph peal across the land,

Our footsteps by Her mem'ry shall be led—
Her gracious spirit lead us by the hand.

G. M. MATHIESON.

XLV.

The Queen Comes !

WHERE be the plaudits of the crowd,
To hail with joy the pageant proud,
The voices glad that shout aloud,
“The Queen comes”?

.

Bewildered, dumb the concourse vast,
For this State progress is her last,
'Mid half-choked sobs the word has passed—
“The Queen comes.”

Hush, countless throng, your breathing deep,
Lest wild and loud and long ye weep,
Borne through your midst as though in sleep,
The Queen comes.

Silent and slow the footsteps fall
Of mighty Kings that bear her pall :
The mightiest, noblest of them all—
The Queen, comes.

Thus in the winter daylight brief,
Ere Spring puts forth her earliest leaf,
'Mid loyal millions plunged in grief—
 The Queen comes.

Take a last look upon her bier
Whose name the nations all revere :
Think it not shame to shed that tear !—
 The Queen comes.

HAROLD BOULTON.

XLVI.

Requiescat.

DARK clouds are lowered o'er the land,
 The mourners in our streets are seen,
Chill Death has laid his glacial hand
 Upon our honoured, much-loved Queen.

He came not with sharp, sudden crush,
 Nor dealt fierce, unexpected blow,
But softly, as in murmured hush,
 With gentle touches laid Her low.

Some halting—fainting—scarcely pain,
Foreshadowing Life's web outspun,
Some wildering of a tired brain,
And lo! the well-spiced Race was run.

Half-masted Flag and tolling Bell,
The fatal tidings quickly spread,
Deep sadness greeted sound of Knell
And rev'rent list'ners bowed the head.

Wrapped ¹ in dear relics of the Past,
In folded hands a cross on breast—
Symbol of Faith Her soul held fast—
That long-proved Soul hath gained its Rest.

Of many Lands the Rulers come
To watch, with homage justly due,
Her passing to the Silent Home
'Mid throng of loyal hearts and true.

Yet through all pomp of humankind
Her Sons who grieve, as Daughters weep,
Chief comfort in this thought may find,
"God giveth His Beloved sleep."

E. C. CORK.

¹Laid in her wedding veil, with the rings given by the Prince Consort.

XLVII.

The Last Pageant.

OF all the mighty pageants of her reign,

This is the last, that we behold to-day.

Once more with regal state she comes again ;

Once more the people stand in long array.

Oh, not in maiden brightness as at first,

Crown on her head and sceptre in her hand,

While shouting thousands hail her, all athirst

To see and greet her, Queen of this fair land !

Nor yet as when she came in Jubilee,

To render thanks for sixty splendid years,

When the glad nations greeted her—the free,

Whom freedom made more closely, surely,
hers!

Not even as when, in last year's darker days,

Whose darkness made her people grow more
dear,

She drove to greet them through the crowded
ways—

Ah, not as then!—for *then* she heard them
cheer.

She comes with music only this last time,

And silently the Kings behind her ride ;

Yet is the pageantry no less sublime
Than when she passed in crownéd pomp and
pride.

Lo, the regalia on her coffin laid !
Priceless the jewels there that once she wore,
The emblems of her Empire's power, displayed
Unto her people's wondering eyes once more !

Because she mourned at heart her soldiers' fate,
Who died afar, and whom she could not save,
She chose for this last ride a warrior's state,
Is like a soldier carried to her grave.

And well it was that first her stately fleet
Should swell the glory of her funeral train,
And the waves bear her, and the waters beat
About her vessel's prow but once again.

Oh, not for idle show of wealth and power,
Our streets are decked with purple gloom
to-day ;

It is a people's greeting in the hour
When she they loved so long is borne away !

Nothing we bring into the world indeed,
And nothing take away ; but she shall leave
Great deeds behind her ; for she sowed the seed
Of good that yet her people shall achieve.

Mother of Kings and Queens ! Her children sit
On many thrones ; her counsels moved the
world ;

O'er all the seas her merchant vessels flit,
On every continent her flag's unfurled.

Not only we lament her ; for our loss
Is also theirs who dwell in realms afar :
And there are tears beneath the Southern Cross,
And there is grief beneath the Northern Star.

All the dark nations loved her—their true friend !
Their prayers went up for her from mosque
and shrine ;
In this her hour all warring worships blend,
And Love breaks down the creeds' dividing
line.

The end of life crowns all ; and to the end
She was our faithful Mother, Empress, Queen :
Wide as the world her golden deeds extend ;
The far lands felt her influence serene.

Surely the end crowns all ; we will not weep :
So long she worked for us ; now let her rest.
Not of her own desire she fell asleep,
She but obeyed a greater King's behest.

A. M. HARRIS.

XLVIII.

Tears and Thanksgiving.

ONE thought this day is graven on all minds,
One requiem note from every steeple rings ;
This day all hearts, the lowliest and the
King's,
One name—Victoria—together binds.

The floods of life are stilled, a shadowy hand
Touches the spring-tide of each English
heart ;

No clamorous voices jangle on the mart
The while Her name is lauded through the land.

She kept each jewel of Her girlhood's crown—
Truth, Wisdom, Love—resplendent all Her
years ;

She bore Her sceptre, as the shepherd bears
His sheltering staff, all heedless of renown.

Tears and thanksgiving mingle at Her tomb ;
Our grief is pride, Her funeral song our
praise :

E'en as we mourn, the lustre of Her days
Shines like the star of ev'ning through the
gloom.

W. S. CASE.

XLIX.

Hail and Farewell.

IN PACE REQUIESCAT. Eyes have seen
No nobler Queen,
No tenderer mother, no more loving wife,
No sweeter woman in all ways of life.
Wars you have wept for—yea, with tears of blood;
You have been tried with fire ; the bitter flood
Has risen to your lips that all must drink.
Where other women failed you did not sink,
But drank and flinched not, and again did drink.
One sorrow only has your master been.

IN PACE REQUIESCAT. Every bell
Hail and farewell
Says over all its tolling ; none dare cry
Ichabod ! All the glory is gone by.
You built yourself a fair and lasting fame
In all our hearts, and round about your name
Light lingers as the sea's voice in a shell.
None shall gainsay that it is well with you,
Seeing again the lover that you knew,
When a bride's quick and happy breath you drew.
You gentle heart, tried long and wounded deep,
Lie still. God giveth His beloved sleep.

NORA HOPPER.

L.

To Victoria.

ENGLAND girt with her seas,
And the far fair lands by all the seas of the
world
Washed, that are trodden of English limbs,
Or tilled of the myriad tribes that have reaped
in English bonds
Peace and an equal law,—
Suddenly darkened and hushed to a silence
heavy with tears,
Mourn, as children mourn
Who watch the last light die from the eyes
their eyes beheld
When they opened first on a world unknown
and dark ;
Who feel the cold invade the breasts that have
given them suck,
The pale brows crowned with hair for them
grown grey.
O Lady loved as a mother of all thy lands,
Hardly in dreams had we deemed that thou
couldst die—
We who have known but thy day, who were
born in the shadow of thee ;

Who have seen on the throne of our turbulent
kings
No form but thine, and under a crown that has
clasped
Tragic and terrible brows no face but thine—
Thy face that, sweet with the tremulous beauty
of youth,
Dawned on an ancient kingdom big with change ;
Grew, in the changing clamour of difficult days,
More loved, more honoured of all thy realm,
more fair,
With a deeper life looking out at the eyes
From a heart grown rich with ripening years
and sweet
With joys and fruitful griefs of home and
throne,
Of wifehood, motherhood, queenhood.—O my
Queen,
All that we worship in woman—the virginal soul,
And royal grace of high simplicity,
The love that exalts and ennobles and blesses
the heart that it loves,
The smile of the mother who clasps to her
breast the fruit of her pain,
The faith that feels God near in the night of
anguish and loss,

The fervour of hope and remembrance that
joins the living and dead—
These in thee we beheld enthroned, and the
throne with these
Made lovely grew for us all
A centre of holy influence exquisite,
The shrine of a heart that beat with all our
hearts,
That pulsed with an Empire's glory and
grief,
And knew all pains, all cares that are known of
the humblest heart ;
That the widow bowed in the hush of a lonely
home,
And the mother who knelt for her son in peril
of wave or of war,
And the soldier fall'n in thy battles with alien
shouts in his ears,
And the lowliest toiler at rest in a haven of
circling smiles,
Ay, all in thy far-strewn realm who laboured or
wept or rejoiced—
Looked to a crowned grey head that even as
theirs had endured
Labour and sorrow and joy in the flight of the
changing hours ;

Felt in all that they felt a bond that bound
them to thee,
O Woman whose white hairs hallowed with
sacred grief
Are twined so close with all the threads of our
fate,
We cannot think 'tis thou,
Yonder, through thronged and silent streets,
With muffled thunder of guns in the air,
With mournful splendour of kingly pageantry,
And music of solemn instruments,
Borne to thine endless rest.

Alas ! to us 'tis hard
To know thee gone from a world thou hast
served so well,
From an Empire that in thee its oneness knew ;
Yet to the longest day
Night comes, and an end to the longest task ;
And thou—thy long day filled with its arduous
task well done
At last is closed, and the solemn night is here—
Ah rest, with the heart thou hast mourned so
long
Rejoined, and with all thou hast loved and
bidden adieu ;

Rest—if rest be indeed the reward of the faithful dead ;
 Rest, if thou wilt, if thou canst—for who knows
 if love, set free
 From the weight of cumbering flesh, from the
 tired limbs bent with age,
 Rests, or desires to rest, nor rather yearns,
 In that great day beyond the night we fear,
 For larger tasks and nobler ministries,
 Free service of free love
 In all the many mansions of God's house ?
 O Spirit in that ampler world unseen
 At rest, or ruler of kingdoms ten times ten—
 If aught of our dark earth can touch thee yet,
 Forget not this thy kingdom, lorn of thee
 In a troubled and dubious time, with mighty toils
 Unfinished, stubborn foes unquelled, and lands
 Bleeding and torn with lingering war to atone
 To our wide Imperial peace—ah, still,
 A centre of holy influence exquisite,
 Hover about the King thy son, who now
 With eyes still wet with thy loss puts on thy
 crown and thy cares,
 In the sight of us thy people, one with him
 In grief and tremulous hope.

CHARLES CAMP TARELLI.

LI.

Vale Victoria.

THROUGH all the pomp and pageantry of woe
And martial trappings, festival of death,
The solemn march, majestically slow,
The sob repressed, the million's bated breath,
Hope bravely proud looks up amid the gloom,
Remembers ever all the golden days,
The path unto and far beyond the tomb,
The Monarch's crown and Virtue's queenlier
praise.

On fairest scroll of History emblazed,
Her name VICTORIA, radiant as gold,
Refined and sun-kissed, on our standard raised,
Shall spur our souls to emulation bold
Of knightly deeds, the stress of hand and heart
Which make our country famous, and her
youth

The stalwarts of the earth, till should depart
Our zeal for Justice, Chivalry, and Truth.

Britannia weeps, but, hopeful through her tears,
 Faith in the future lumes with Heaven's light
 Her progress in the century's dawning years
 In sweet remembrance Victor in the right.
 Dead! No, Immortal Earth and Heaven cry,
 Twice crowned VICTORIA, blest for evermore :
 Not till the crash of worlds, when all must die
 Shall fade her name from Legend's richest
 lore.

W. C. SAVILLE.

LII.

Her Epitaph.

"Quae te tam laeta tulerunt
 Saecula? qui tanti talem genuere parentes?"

Aeneid, I. 605-6.

LAY her to rest. O hour of grief and awe!
 We say not England's happier days are done;
 But who with that magnetic touch shall draw
 And weld our world-spread Empire into
 one?—
 May He, who gave the mother, grace the son!

 So simply noble that almost she made
 Of earth-born sovereignty a thing divine.
 Love was her law, by purity she swayed,

A power nor grief nor age could undermine—
Her throne an altar, and her hearth a shrine.

Queen, wife, and mother peerless : even so :
And this shall be her fame in after years—
Or alien or akin, or friend or foe,
Old jealousies forgot, old feuds and fears,
The whole earth wrote her epitaph in tears.

Lay her to rest. Her memory shall be blown
Like pure sweet air upon a tortured clime.
She made for peace, and passes to her own
With those who reign—O recompense sub-
lime !—

Beyond the folding gates of space and time.

JAMES RHOADES.

LIII.

Frogmore.

THROUGH the grim avenue of naval power,
'Mid roar of guns in one sad thunder blent ;
By dock and arsenal, by fort and tower ;
Past field and down, past town and tenement ;
Past park and palace and empurpled street
Of that great city where the silent crowd
In serried ranks of black, wait, sorrow-bow'd,
The passing of the Well-Belov'd to greet ;

Up the steep slope to Windsor's castled gate
By stalwart arms of martial liegemen borne,
While Europe's greatest, come from far to
mourn,
Press round her bier and hold her pall of
State.

Then the high fane, the anthem's rise and fall,
The prayer sent heavenward with united
breath,
The lights that gleam on roof and sculptured
wall,
The last long pomp of Majesty in death.

And then, ah, then! one more brief journey
done—
An end to all Imperial state and pride.
Love, love alone remains, love's goal is won ;
True wife, she slumbers, resting at his side.

O death, who long didst part them, now by thee,
Not only in the tomb rejoined they lie,
United through the love that cannot die.
They live and love in God's eternity !

A. CAPES TARBOLTON.

LIV.

Through the Star-Veil.

“Quo nihil majus meliusve terris.”—HOR.

It was a palace grey and olden,
And a century new born ;
And the brumal clouds lay folden
On the dim brow of the morn ;
And tearful stars looked weary
In their vigil in the sky,
And the mournful wind sighed eerie
In the tree-tops weird and high.
Then fell a hush supernal,
And the awed wind held her breath
'Fore the eye of the Eternal
And the sable wing of Death.
On the earth were woe and weeping,
Through the star-veil was a rent,
Through the star-veil, regal sweeping,
To her rest the Good Queen went.

There were cries of lamentation,
And burning tears were shed
By a stricken, wailing nation
Over her royal dead ;
And the muffled bells rang sorrow,
And black banners waved in gloom
In the dawn of that dim morrow
That opened on the tomb.

There was a Queen in years of old,¹
The stately, proud, and brave,
Who, cased in steel and flashing gold,
Her bloody chariot drave
Sheer on thy ranks, invading Rome,
In all her queenly pride ;
For crown and altar, hearth and home,
She strave, and striving died :
And, down since then our crown hath been
On many a noble brow,
But never graced so loved a Queen
As her we mourn for now.

O pure of deed and pure of soul,
Thy life is with us still,
And shall be as the æons roll
Thy purpose to fulfil,

¹ Boadicea.

Proving the Good alone are Great,
Hymning in anthem tones :
Wifehood is nobler yet than State,
And Motherhood than Thrones !

We grudge thee, Death, her dear, dear dust ;
Sad hearts, the wide world o'er,
Yield unto thee in tender trust
Her for thy vaults, Frogmore.
O'er the world is woe and weeping ;
Through the star-veil is a rent,
Through the star-veil, regal sweeping,
To her rest the Good Queen went.

W. STEWART ROSS.

LV.

Valediction.

FROM bud to bloom, from flower to fruit, we
grow ;

Then from Life's tree Death culls the choicest
sprays.

So, now, a Nation turns with tristful gaze
Towards the inevitable tomb where, low,
All majesty must lie. With love's o'erflow,
Kings, Commons, Councillors and crowd, there,
raise

One tribute of commemorative praise
To Her — the noblest Queen the world can
know.

Farewell! Most honoured of an honoured
realm !

No more shall bow thy head with toils of State,
Nor lapse of loved ones stress thy strenuous
heart.

Thy rest is won. With words that overwhelm,
Thy people from thy cherished presence part,
Commending thee to Peace inviolate.

COTSFORD DICK.

LVI.

Re-united.

DEATH parted us whom none but Death could
part,
And Death that parted makes us one again.
I knew that thou wouldst come to me, dear
heart !

For since thou laid'st me in this stately fane
Where Death and silence fill the vasty dome,
Oft in the silent hours when mortals sleep
My soul to thine hath called, like deep to
deep,

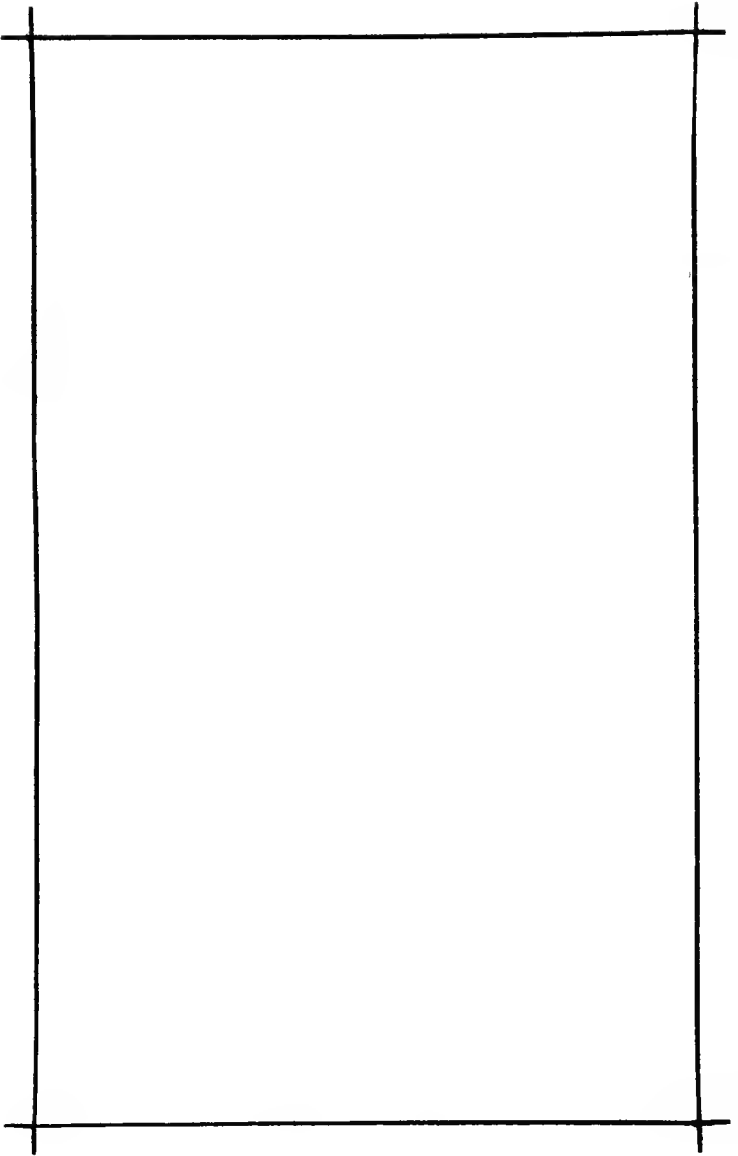
And thine hath answered—"Dear one, come!"
"I come!"

And thou art come! Now in this silent land,
Wherein the measured spans of mortal life
Are lost in limitless eternity,

Where comes no echo of the fretful strife
Of the outer world, rewedded, thou and I
Will lie and dream for ever hand in hand.

ARTHUR G. SYMONS.

Ex Memoriam



LVII.

Reginæ Dilectissimæ Victoriæ.

24TH MAY 1819 : 22ND JANUARY 1901.

*SCEPTRE and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a sovranity impaling
The beauty and strength and wealth of half a
world,
Pass from her, and she fades
Into the old, inviolable peace.*

I.

She had been ours so long
She seemed a piece of ENGLAND : spirit and
blood
And function ENGLAND's self,
Home-coloured, ENGLAND in look and deed
and dream ;
Like the good meadows and woods, and the
mild rivers
And sea-charmed cliffs and beaches, that still
bring
A gush of tender pride to the heart
That beats in ENGLAND's airs, to ENGLAND's
ends ;

August, familiar, irremovable,
 Like the dear stars that shine
 In the dear skies that only ENGLAND knows :
 So that we held it sure
 GOD's aim, GOD's will, GOD's way,
 When Empire from her footstool, realm on
 realm,
 Spread, even as from her notable womb
 Sprang line on line of kings ;
 For she was ENGLAND—ENGLAND and our
 Queen.

* * *

IV.

Be that your chief of mourning—that !—
 ENGLAND, O Mother, and you,
 The daughter Princedoms born and reared
 Of ENGLAND's travail and sweet blood
 And never will you realms,
 The live earth over and round,
 Wherethrough for sixty royal and regnant years
 Her drum-tap made the dawns
 English—O, never, never will you
 So fittingly and well have paid your debt
 Of grief and gratitude to the souls
 That sink in ENGLAND's harness into the
 dream :

"I die for ENGLAND'S sake, and it is well :"
As now to this valiant, wonderful piece of earth,
To which the assembling nations bare the head
And bend the knee
In absolute veneration—once your Queen.

*Sceptre and orb and crown,
High ensigns of a sovranly impaling
The glory and state and praise of a whole half-
world,
Fall from her, and, preceding, she departs
Into the old, indissoluble peace.*

W. E. HENLEY.

LVIII.

The Village Mother Speaks.

HAVE a care, all of ye ! Never a tear must fall
Over the garlands we string in Her praise ;
I, Veru, will it so—Veru, the oldest here,
Grand-dam to half of ye, wise in long days.
For, see you, sisterlings ! though She was new
to us
Here in the villages, though the glad word
That She would help us folk, ease the Birth-
gates for us,
Widen all life for us, scarce had been heard ;

Yet She was old, they say, weary as women
grow,

Weary as I am ! So speed Her to rest
After the ancient way as to Her Bridal bed¹
Seeing Death holds all Her dearest, Her best.
Chuh ! little daughterling ! What means you
crystal drop

Gemming the *champak* - bud ? Is *this* thy
dread—

Bride of my grandson's son—lest in the Birth-
giving

Death close the door on thee now She is dead ?

Fear not Suheli—child ! E'en if it close on
thee,

Truly Her guardianship *now* is twice worth ;
Living or dying She *now* keeps the gate for us,
Mother of many in Death as in Birth.

Lo ! Are our garlands strung ? Then let us
forth with them,

Raise high our platters, and sing as we go,
Swinging the petticoats, clashing the anklet-
bells,

Challenging *Kâli*, our Mother-of-woe,

¹ In India the old are buried with rejoicing, as at a wedding.

Right to Her Altar-steps. There let us lay our
gifts,
After old fashion, to make the gods kind,
Offerings twice given to both our Great Mothers,
Fearing no whit if the elder should mind,
Since queens know a queen's touch, and hath
not Victoria
Claimed us of *Kâli* again and again?
Is She not equal? And is not Parameshwar¹
Giver to Queens of their joy or their pain?
Raise our brass platters, then! clashing our
anklet-bells,
Swinging our petticoats as for a bride,
Mothers of many for Death or Life-giving,
Kâli! Victoria! Stand side by side!

FLORA ANNIE STEEL.

LIX.

Victoria.

THIS is no Queen, that was, and is no more;
No mere anointed Monarch, from a Throne
On this poor planet, wafted to a shore
Where the Eternal Spirit reigns alone;

¹ The God of Gods.

And no mere mother, wife, or faithful friend—
Tho' all of these in her one name combined
To make it blessèd—but from end to end
Of her vast Empire, a Tradition, twined
About our hearts from earliest infant years ;
An Influence we felt when Right prevailed
Over the blackness of enshrouded spheres ;
A Hope we turn'd to when all others failed
And died in darkness ! Greater deeds were
wrought
By reason of her greatness ; greater good
Grew of her proven goodness ! Soldiers fought
More bravely, knowing that they shed their
blood
To drive the foe from lands that own'd her sway
Or plant her standard under alien stars,
And shipwreck'd sailors, watching the last ray
Of daylight sink below the Ocean-bars,
Have pray'd for her ; while in the loneliness
Of desert-solitudes, beyond our ken,
The "Great White Queen" has been evoked
to bless
The lower lives of simple savage men
Who knew her only as an honoured name,
Half Human, half Divine—the type of all
They sought for in their gods, and fed with flame

Upon their altars! Can the velvet pall
That covers what is mortal hide away
For evermore and stifle in its folds
The light that liv'd because she saw the day,
Or quench in darkness what her memory
holds?

Here, whilst her crape-bound banner beats the air,
And each sad hour some sadder record brings,
Our hearts determine she shall never share
The cold companionship of vanished Kings;
What in her England, tho' the great bell toll
And all the world go sable-garmented?
Save to the earth-born travail of the soul,
She that a Nation mourns for is not dead!

VIOLET FANE.

BRITISH EMBASSY, ROME.

LX.

The Coronations.

WE crowned her first, long years ago,
In her fair girlhood's days,
When all the vistas of the years
Opened in sunny ways,
And all her people sang her name
In pœans of glad praise.

Love crowned her with the sweetest crown
Ever a Queen could wear,
And dear became her royal state
Because her Love might share.
And life was radiant with high hopes
And beautiful through prayer.

Then Sorrow crowned her all too soon,
And bade her work and wait,
While Duty took the place of Joy,
And Care moved with her state.
But it was Sorrow's crown, perhaps,
Made her most truly great.

More heavy grew the royal crown
With added weight of years ;
She always wore it bravely, though
Oft sad through loss and fears.
But the love of all her people made
Her comfort in her tears.

We crowned her with the noblest crown
Along the dolorous way,
When all the peoples of the world
Mourned with us night and day—
Ah, Queen revered, for ever Queen,
How mighty is thy sway !

And God has crowned her, victor now,
On high, among the blest ;
His hand has placed upon her brow
The dearest and the best—
The crown of life that will not fade,
His crown of peace and rest.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

LXI.

Victoria Immortalis.

OUR Queen, ere her dear life's eclipse—
And well, aye, well that this was so !—
Touched this New Century with her lips,
And blest it ere she let it go.

O better dawn these hundred years
For that brief presence at their birth !
With higher hopes, with fewer fears,
Spins with its struggling swarm this earth ;

Because her great tradition stands,
Her strong ensample cannot die,
But from this isle o'er many lands
Shines with white light her memory.

And Death that would all things o'ercast,
Dares not approach her snowy fame :
Thine is the victory at last,
Victoria, predestined name !

Above the peal of muffled bells,
And vain lament, and women's wails,
Ice-keen with poignant triumph swells :
"The good prevails ! The good prevails !"

The trumpets of the nations call
With one consent, with one accord :
"For her great life to guide us all
We bless and praise Thy name, O Lord !"

Not vain the burden of her years
That win such glory at their close ;
Not vain her labours and her tears
That end in such revered repose.

These hundred years shall come and die,
Lit by thy life as some pure flame ;
Thine is the deathless victory,
Victoria, predestined name !

BARRY PAIN.

LXII.

Victoria the Great.

How shall we set Her story to a lute
Whose cadence thrilled the music of mankind,
Whose glory dims all pageantry of praise ?

She wore the diadem of countless kings,
She grasped the Imperial orb of myriad realms,
She swayed the sceptre of unbounded seas,
Sovereign of Sovereigns, very Queen of Queens.

Yet in the zenith of exalted days
She used such sweet and stately homeliness,
Such tender majesty of womanhood,
As shone far Queenlier than Her Queenly
crowns.

So with a grandeur unsurpassed She reigned,
So with a grandeur unsurpassed She died
Robed in the simple splendour of Her life.

BURGHCLERE.

LXIII.

Oor Queen will come nae mair.

As I gaed up the Braes o' Dee,
The birdies sang on ilka tree,
An' aye their burden was—Waes me !
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye Hielan' bodies hear the ca',
Aroun' your peat fires sadly draw,
An' croon wi' mournfu' voices a'—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye Hielan' hills that kiss the sky,
Ye rocks that on their bosoms lie,
Weel may ye sab, and greetin' sigh—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye heather-bells shed tears aroun',
Ye oaks an' firs your heids boo doon,
An' listen to the waefu' soun'—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye streams an' rills, Oh ! quat your glee,
Join in the dirge o' dool sae hie
That rises frae the silvery Dee—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye win's that roun' Balmoral sweep
Ower ilka turret, tower, an' keep,
Moan nicht an' day wi' sorrow deep—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Frae Aberdeen to Lochnagar,
Frae glens an' corries roun' Braemar,
This cry o' Grief is heard afar—
Oor Queen will come nae mair.

Ye clansmen sing—Ochone the day !
Ye pipers frae the hill an' brae,
This coronach ye a' maun play—
“Oor Queen will come nae mair.”

Mourn, Scotland ! Mourn ! ye've tint a freen,
Weel may ye keep her memory green,
An' ever say wi' tearfu' een—
Oor Queen will come nae mair !

WILLIAM ALLAN.

LXIV.

Three Scenes.

I.

LOCH KATRINE—1859.

I SAW her in the flush of Womanhood ;
And him, her Consort, in his Princely prime :
The rain-clouds passing, lo ! a balmy clime
Shone round them, 'mid the mountains where
they stood—

And we, the pilgrims, shared that heavenly mood.
As gleamed the hills with glory for a time,
Stepped forth the Queen—vision of joy and good,
Moving like music in Shakespearian rhyme.
Then did she take a tiny golden key
Wherewith to free the spirit of the Lake
That rushed delighted from the moorland down
With floods of healing, strength, and purity.
How proud the Queen that, for her people's sake,
She so could send salvation to the town.

II.

WINDSOR—1860-1900.

That blessed act was symbol of her Reign :
For she was crowned with Mercy, Wisdom-led,

Before Crown-gems illumed her Royal head,
Or ere she knew how pride and pomp were vain,
And darkened life with many a woe and stain
That ruined splendid Monarchies, long dead.
To her was given sweet sanity of brain ;
From her it flowered, and o'er the nations spread
In cloudless visions of right deed and wrong—
In shaping of great conduct from pure thought,
In guiding reason to a god-like vow,
In tuning passion to heroic song.
Long glorious years her people's weal she sought,
The bloom of righteous empire on her brow !

III.

OSBORNE—1901.

Peace ! Peace ! Our Sovereign-Lady silent lies ;
Not dead—to love like ours—but living still
In armed affection and in steadfast will,
Whereon best thrones are based against surprise.
She sleeps, our Mighty Mother ; but her eyes,
Though shaded from all human shows of ill,
Behold the glories of diviner skies,
Where her dear purposes themselves fulfil.
And thou who, losing Queen, hast gained a
Crown—
No heritable splendour of wild sire—

But noblest, grandest ever fell to man,
Unsullied by a deed to mar renown,
Be wise, O King, as if when purged by fire,
Be great in reigning by Victoria's plan !

WILLIAM FREELAND.

LXV.

In Requital.

“ Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.”

WE took Thee once amiss, but nevermore
Between us cloud or shadow shall arise,
For Thou hast proved, not merely by the guise
And praise of amity, but from the core
Of a true heart that, setting sacred store
On bonds more close than State-concerted ties
Thou canst efface all darker memories,
And seek with kindred tears our teen-struck
shore.

Wherefore, be England's fortune what it may,
Never this grace of Thine shall she forget,
Nor suffer in her bosom to grow grey
The golden gratitude that is her debt
To Thee and Thine, not only for to-day,
But for far-distant years undreamed of yet.

WILLIAM TOYNBEE.

LXVI.

In Memoriam.

LOVED by all who owned her sway,
Loved as Mother, Queen, and Wife ;
In the homeland, or away
'Mid her farthest subjects, they
That had never looked upon her,
Dear, revered and held in honour,
Happy, she, in life !

Great in life beyond compare,
Queenly to her latest breath,
Sorrows of her own she bare,
Yet she bore her people's care ;
Just and gracious, sweet and stately,
Living nobly, dying greatly,
Happy, she, in death !

Peace be with her evermore,
All her long life's labour done,
All the cares of Empire o'er,
Peace be with her evermore !
Yet her Influence moulds and stays us,
Dying, still she lives and sways us,
Happy in her son !

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

LXVII.

Farewell!

FAREWELL the Queen! Through all the world's
mutations—

Through all the change wrought from its
hopes or fears—

The one thing constant 'midst our transforma-
tions,

True to herself and us for sixty years.

True to the crown!—Placed high above ambi-
tions

That flatter for a while and then chain
down—

The people's check upon the politicians—

Our greatest democrat—True to the Crown!

Farewell the Empress—of the fair dominion

Our fathers fought and bled for in the time

When glory was not merely an opinion,

And empire not a folly or a crime!

Farewell the Empress! Not her fault—all
know it—

If traitors sought the record to undo;

Our fame was hers, not lightly to forego it—

Farewell our Empress and first patriot, too!

Farewell the wife, the mother, tender, loyal,
In those bright days bygone when all saw
joy!

Not less the woman in that heyday royal ;
Not less the Queen when sorrow brought
alloy.

Shall we who shared the sunshine blame the
sadness?

Who could have borne more nobly fate so
hard?

For England first, either in grief or gladness,
We felt that she was there—our Queen—on
guard.

Who loves the land, the dear old land that bore
us—

Who holds her honour as no party scheme—
Who fain would front whatever lies before us,
From foes who plot or fools who only dream—
Who loves his country—for the past a debtor,
And doubtful for the future dark, unknown—
Will join the chorus—where could we do
better?—

“Long may Victoria’s memory guide the
Throne!”

A. CLEMENTS BAKER.

LXVIII.

A Nation Mourns.

A NATION mourns. And stoop in woe
Her children o'er the seas afar,
One with us in the tears that flow
As one in peace or pomp of war.

One pulse, one heart, that throb and beat,
One subtle, silent, mystic flood
That streams from fount of common blood,
And made them gather at thy feet.

For thou wert mother, friend, and Queen
Of all that strong, repressless race,
Who scorn the seas that intervene—
Unconquered still by time or place.

Oh, Queen, revered! whose heart so true
Beat only for thy people's good,
We bow in grief's keen bitter mood,
Though Death we well relentless knew.

Yet thought we not that we would see
Day dawn that found thee cold and wan ;
Nor deemed we that apart from thee
Our lives would run their little span.

For with thy name familiar grown,
That with the years but dearer grew,
No shadow o'er our path was thrown—
We crowned thee thus immortal too.

In queenly truth and grace ensphered,
Thy life shines through the mist of years ;
Far off or nigh there still appears
The splendour that to us endeared

Thy name, oh Queen ; so loved of all
Who virtue held the jewel rare,
That brightest flashed in coronal
Of worth that Time can ne'er impair.

So good, so pure, so richly rife
In all that graced sweet womanhood ;
One with us in the ill or good,
In woe or mirth, in peace or strife.

Thus bow we now, not head alone,
But heart, that pays a homage true,

And mingles with the stifled moan
The thanks that still to God are due.

For thou to us a gift wert made
By Him Who ruleth over all—
A gift whose worth whate'er befall
Shall never from our hearts outfade.

But not alone we mourn, bereft ;
A whole world's sorrow centres here ;
And though Death's barb our joy has cleft,
Love's universal meeds appear.

Farewell ! oh Queen ! now sweetly rest,
Where oft thy yearning spirit went—
By him whose soul with thine was blent,
In youth and age, thy loved and best.

JAMES WALSH.

LXIX.

Queen beyond Compare.

I.

Out of the Dusk She stole to meet a Star
 (Sing softly, heart, thine Empress is asleep),
The melody of bygones, travelled far,
 Bade Her go forth, be after it, and keep
No young new note to crown the regal tone
 Which God, and Love, and Time, had made
 Her own.

II.

Now we are dumb, as when the Music stays,
 And a last chord is sounded, and a hush
Falls in some vast Cathedral, whilst a haze
 Of golden light which, mellowed from the flush
Of late meridian, sweeps the aisles, and holds
 Our vision prisoned in illusive folds.

III.

And we are blind, as when a sudden sense
 Of glory, missed but now, mocks all the
 shade,
And stars it with a beautiful, intense

Amaze of colour, dazzling ere it fade
Into the ether of remembrance, spread
Like rare aroma, or a ripe rose, dead.

IV.

Yea, we are dumb, and blinded in this hour
That breathes for us the sadness of farewell ;
We only see the afterglow of pow'r,
The splendid lights which challenge England's
knell :
We only speak in whispers, whilst the roll
Of mingled thunders mounts with Her White
Soul.

V.

So long that Summer was which had its shade
(Sigh softly, heart, thine Empress slumbers
still) ;
She saw so many blossoms group and fade,
So many sunsets drop behind the hill ;
So many dawns steal up to greet Her Crown,
And light its jewels with a pure renown.

VI.

Stern Winter touched Her not, its thick'ning
snows
Left but a glint of silver on Her brow,
As when a frosty moon in radiance throws

A lucent shaft upon a chosen bough ;
No dead leaf marked the garland of Her grace,
Where Love and Honour held the choicest
place.

VII.

Within the garden of the Earth's great kings
She ruled a Queen, outsplendoured them and
swayed
The destinies of millions, as with wings
Which, but unfolding, warmed the world, and
made
The peoples proud to gather, and be strong
To succour goodness, and to vanquish wrong.

VIII.

Shall She have only the cold white of bloom
About Her heart as tribute of Her years ?
We do not ask the Minstrel of the gloom
To voice for us the Sorrow of the Spheres ;
Let us not leave Her, decked with lilies rare,
To say we knew Her, Queen beyond compare.

IX.

Nay! Give Her rather of the fruited corn,
And lay a wheat-sheaf clustered at Her side ;
For, where are lilies to survive the morn ?

The white rose now half falters in its pride ;
Give her the ripened harvest of Her God,
A lasting pledge, grown golden o'er the sod.

X.

Yea, group the rounded grapes about Her feet
With purple vesture for this last "Good-
Night" ;
The crimson gloams are beautiful, and sweet,
That bode fair weather with to-morrow's light :
Let us so soothe our pain, and dream She knows
Eternal Spring where Her loosed spirit goes.

XI.

Farewell to Thee, oh, Thou Dead Queen of ours
(Beat gently, heart, perchance They Two have
met) ;
Thou hast spent well Thy plenitude of pow'rs,
And we remember never to forget ;
Take Thou Thy guerdon, Nourisher of Kings,
A world laments Thee, but a Heaven sings.

FLORENCE G. ATTENBOROUGH.

LXX.

*The Leafy Cool-kellure.*¹

Just between the day and dark,
O'er the green of the glimmering Park,
Lost in heaven, one lonely lark

Poured his passion silvery pure ;
Till the long, sweet shivering strain
Took, methought, this meaning plain,
As I turned with tears again

Through the leafless Cool-kellure.

How we prayed and prayed of old,
Blackbird² with the crest of gold,
That you'd cross the waters cold

Erin's sorrows at last to cure.

But you sought and sought in vain
Succour out of France and Spain,
None would help you here to reign
Over our leafy Cool-kellure.

¹ The green retreat in the Phoenix Park where the Queen spent the whole of her last Irish visit may well be called the Cool-kellure, or "The Corner of the warbling of birds."

² The Old Pretender was called "The Blackbird" by the Irish Jacobites.

Yet that Rover far above
Sure we rank the Royal Dove
Who, for gallant Erin's love,
 Wreathing with shamrock her bosom pure,
O'er the dreadful flood's decrease
Fluttered with its spray of peace
To her bower of blessed ease
 In our branching Cool-kellure.

There, the budding boughs between,
Since her *gra* was for the Green,
Stayed and stayed our loving Queen
 Till She had all our hearts secure.
Ah, but now we go in black,
For She's took the Heavenly track,
Never, never to turn back
 Under the leafy Cool-kellure.

ALFRED PERCEVAL GRAVES.

LXXI.

In Dublin.

I.—APRIL 4, 1900.

THE Mother of her people goes
Down the long streets all snow and rose ;
Houses on either hand
Gowned like an April orchard stand.

Sideways she sits and droops and hears
The nation's thunder in her ears,
And bows a patient head,
Tired as the child we put to bed.

Yet as a mother takes with joy
Rough loving from her lusty boy,
She spares rebuke and smiles
All the long progress, miles on miles.

Strew roses, roses in her way,
And make the world high holiday.
All pomp and splendour meet
With music in th' embannered street.

An hundred thousand eyes at gaze,
Hungry to see her kind dim face.
Queen of a world so great
O'er it the round sun may not set.

Sunk in her cushions and so tired,
Ave ! Beloved and Desired !
Who for a while would rest
Her head upon her people's breast.

KATHARINE TYNAN,

II.—JANUARY 22, 1901.¹

When the word was flashed to Dublin that the
Queen was dead—

“Shure ’twill be a world-wide sorra!” all the
grand folk said;

Till St Patrick’s great bell hushed them, tollin’,
tollin’ solemnly.

But a wee boy at the corner, sorra word said he;

Not a shoe or stockin’ on him, through the mud
he wint

To the flower-girl was nighest, and wan coin he
spint;

Not a shoe or stockin’ on him, through the mud
he came—

Softly, sadly, laid his “vi’lets” on the dead
Queen’s name.

An’ if *I* were Queen of England wid the Cross
on me cold breast,

Though the poets sang their sweetest, and the
big guns roared their best,

¹ The incident thus happily commemorated was reported in the Press at the time. A little newsboy in Dublin was seen to go up to a flower-girl, and buying a bunch of violets from her he pinned them over the word “Queen” on his contents bill.—ED.

I would better love those "vi'lets" bought—
though sorra word was said—
When the news was flashed to Dublin that the
Queen was dead.

ELIZABETH MARY LITTLE.

LXXII.

A Hymn.

(Written for a United Free Church Memorial Service.)

ALMIGHTY GOD, by whose kind hand
Our nation from the dust emerged,
And of its earlier mire was purged,
In Thee we live, by Thee we stand.

Thy strong right arm our strength has been,
Pillar of cloud by day wast Thou,
And in the night when brave hearts bow,
Pillar of fire Thy Love was seen.

For all Thy gifts we thank Thee, Lord,
For centuries of growing light,
For faith which left behind the night
That error massed about Thy Word :

For freedom's love, for healthful laws,
For men who fought and men who died,
Were exiled, yet with passion vied
Each best to serve his country's Cause.

And yet for none we thank Thee more
Than this, that England's throne has been
For sixty years, by one loved Queen,
Held as a gift from high Heaven's store.

For all her virtues, and her life
Of faithful labour, ardent zeal
To serve Thee and the common weal,
Through storm and sunshine, calm and strife,

For all her wisdom, counsels, strength,
Espoused to righteousness and peace,
Her strenuous toil for faith's increase,
We praise Thee, Lord, who now at length,

In good old age, by all men blest,
Hast taken her who won our love,
To that fair heavenly home above,
Where in Thy splendid light is rest.

She was Thy gift to our dear land,
May English peoples ne'er forget
The Queen whose throne for God was set,
And in her God be strong and stand.

And may our Isle, the fair and free,
Her princes, rulers, subjects all
Responding to Thy gracious call,
By righteousness exalted be.

HAROLD E. BRIERLEY.

LXXIII.

Victoria Regina.

SHE rests in peace,
The monarch wearied with a nation's cares :
All troubles cease
Within the Glory which through Christ she
shares.

For us she spent
Herself, her time, her talents—yea, her all ;
And since she went,
Our tears, for very loneliness, must fall.

So great a Queen !
So good a mother ! pitiful and pure ;
Of judgment keen,
And ready, though she suffered, to endure.

Most knew her worth,
And loved her in proportion as they knew :
Her place on earth
Was that accorded but to chosen few.

God gave her rank,
He gave her also strength for all her need ;
And Him we thank
For such a life, immortalised indeed !

On Him we lean,
In this our nation's bitter, sorest grief ;
We mourn our Queen,
And God, ay, God alone, can send relief.

To Him we pray
For her loved son, who now her place doth
take :—
Our King to-day,
Who seeks to wisely rule, for her dear sake.

With her 'tis well—
A higher Court doth claim our Sovereign
now ;
And who can tell
What everlasting honours wreathe her brow ?

Her life-work o'er,
At Jesus' feet she lays her sceptre down,
To know no more
The heavy burden of an earthly crown.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

LXXIV.

A Double Crown.

A DOUBLE crown was given thee to wear,
And on thy noble brow
With equal lustre thou didst either bear,
True queen, true woman thou.

We ofttimes murmur at our troubled fate,
But thou for sixty years
Faced with unflinching front the cares of State,
And shared a nation's tears.

We 'neath our little burdens sigh and groan,
But thou, as Britain's Queen,
Bore all the burden of an Empire's throne
With calm undaunted mien.

All have the common sorrows of mankind,
And thine, great Queen, were more ;
And yet a place thy heart could always find
For those thy people bore.

Oh ! Woman-Queen, Queen-Woman, well thy
part
Deserveth more than fame,
The tears which from most sacred sources start,
The grief our dearest claim ;

The monument of eager heart and will,
Where'er our flag is set,
To prove thy high example guiding still,
And thee as reigning yet.

NORLEY CHESTER.

LXXV.

Mother and Queen, Farewell !

MOTHER and Queen, farewell !
Thy sorrowing children say :
Wide were thy realms, but who may tell
The hearts that owned thy sway ?

Rest! life's long journey done,
The path so nobly trod ;
Faithful, from dawn till set of sun,
To duty and to God.

Rest from the ceaseless weight
Of Empire's whelming care ;
The loneliness of sceptred state,
No kindred heart may share.
Rest from thy silent tears,
O tender heart and true ;
The griefs that dimmed thy vista'd years
No self-bound limits knew.

Where pain and want were known
Thy love and pity smiled,
And turn'd, from pageants of a throne,
To bless the lowliest child.
Mother and Friend and Queen,
We thank our God for thee,
Praising for all that thou hast been
And all thou yet shalt be.

Where'er thy sons shall claim
On earth's broad fields a home,
The peaceful lustre of thy name
Shall light the years to come.

In life o'erflowing, free,
In service yet more blest,
In calm of God's eternity,
Rest, Queen and Mother, rest !

W. H. GROSER.

LXXVI.

A Working Man's Tribute.

WEEP not the Poet when his song is sung,
For men are mortal—laurels ever-green ;
Mourn not dead Valour ! Scarce its knell is
rung

Ere Emulation bares her falchion keen—
But oh, Imperial Mother ! oh, our Queen !
O'er thee we weep ; for poorer is the earth
Now thou hast gone—thy purity serene
A diamond was of transcendental worth.
Mankind, in thee, saw Virtue thron'd in State ;
We mourn, to-day, the Good ; the Good must
needs be Great.

HENRY EGBY.

Notes

Notes

I.—The Editor feels bound to express his sincerest thanks to the famous author of "Tess," and to the Editor of the *Times*, for generously permitting the inclusion of a poem which would lend dignity and distinction to any collection.

II. — The *Spectator* was very fortunate in securing this admirable poem by a true poet and distinguished scholar. Mr Arthur Christopher Benson, M.A., is a son of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, whose life he has written, and is one of the masters at Eton College.

III.—Mr Harold Begbie, whose "Dirge" is reproduced from the *Morning Post*, is a journalist of brilliant parts. He has written more than one book of humorous verse and his ballads in praise of "The Handy Man" make a delightful book. But perhaps he is best known for his excellent "Life" of Baden-Powell.

IV.—One of the truest poets and ablest journalists in London to-day is Mr W. A. Mackenzie, the late editor of *Black and White*. Good though this poem of his may be, the editor would have rejoiced to include one in that auld Scots tongue which Mr Mackenzie can use so well. Some of his Doric pieces are gems of the first water. The poem here given appeared in *Hearth and Home*, and also in the *Examiner*.

V.—Mr Edward S. Tylee, of Oxford, published his fine poem in *The Spectator*, where it appeared along with that of Mr A. C. Benson. Both have been reissued in the *Spectator's* memorial booklet.

VI.—The Rev. H. B. Freeman, M.A., vicar of St Modwen's, the Parish Church of Burton-on-Trent, has frequently written verse for the *World*, and is represented in Mrs Davenport Adams's "Songs of Society." He wrote the lines here given for his parish magazine.

VII.—Few poems called forth by the death of the Queen were more widely quoted than those lines by Miss Elizabeth Mary Little, written for the *Irish Times*, or her delightful verse in the *Westminster Gazette*, which also appears in this volume (LXXI).

VIII.—Mr Herman Charles Merivale, who has long since retired from the Law in favour of Literature and Drama, is one of our best known and most cultured playwrights. His two most popular plays have been "All for Her," in the Kendal repertory for a quarter of a century, and "Fedora," which, first produced in 1879, has been frequently revived. His poem first appeared in the *World*, and will be included in a volume of verse which he is now preparing for the Press.

IX.—Major S. K. Cowan, M.A. (3rd R.I.), is an Irish author who is best known, perhaps, for his admirable recitation pieces; such as "Becalmed," which has been given by elocutionists throughout the English-speaking world. The poem here reprinted first appeared in the *Belfast News-Letter*.

X.—Miss Gladys Schumacher contributed these stanzas to the *Ladies' Field*.

XI.—Mr Edward C. Alden, of Oxford, has been intimately associated with the production of that successful college journal, *The Isis*. His sonnet was published in the memorial edition of *The Argosy*.

XII.—The Rev Thomas Hannan, M.A., is Rector of St Peter's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh. His poem, "Victoria Victrix," appeared originally in the *World*.

XIII.—"Keble Howard" is the pen-name of Mr J. Keble Bell, assistant editor of the *Sketch*, in whose pages his poem was first issued.

XIV.—Mr B. Fletcher Robinson is one of London's best known journalists, and has done an immense amount of useful magazine work, his gifts as a descriptive writer being especially marked. He is now a member of the editorial staff of Mr C. A. Pearson's newspaper, the *Daily Express*, for which he did some excellent work in South Africa during the early period of the war. His poem first appeared in the pages of the *Onlooker*, our latest Society weekly.

XV.—Dr Downes, who is editor of that excellent weekly, *Great Thoughts*, wrote this poem for the *Christian Age*, from which it is reprinted.

XVI.—"F. Harald Williams" is the pen-name of Rev. F. W. Orde Ward, B.A., of Eastbourne, who was one of the most prolific writers on the occasion of Queen Victoria's death, poems by him appearing in the *Lady's Pictorial* and several other London and provincial journals. That here printed

is from the *Lady's Pictorial*. Mr Ward has just issued a notable volume entitled "New Century Hymns."

XVII.—Mr Joseph Wright, a Glasgow gentleman who, in the intervals of a busy life, has cultivated literature with distinct success, is popular throughout Scotland as the author of "Aye Work Awa'," a racy Scots song. His lines included here were first given in the *Evening Times* of Glasgow.

XVIII.—Mr Abraham Stansfield, of Manchester, contributed these verses to the *Court Circular*.

XIX.—Mr E. J. Palmer, of Balliol College, Oxford, contributed this beautiful poem to *The Pilot*, from which it is reprinted by permission of Mr Lathbury.

XX.—Mr Robert Dennis is an able and versatile journalist. He is news editor of the *Daily Express*. The rough and tumble of daily journalism is not calculated to inspire one to poetic expression; but Mr Dennis combines poetry and journalism with marked success. This poem first appeared in the *Daily Express*.

XXI.—Mr F. B. Doveton, of Torquay, is a well-known verse-writer and the author of many graceful pieces, the present having appeared in the *Court Circular*.

XXII.—Miss Annie Matheson is a poet of considerable distinction, whose writings have been warmly received by the most cultured reading public, and unstintingly praised by the leading literary journals of London. "Love Triumphant" is, perhaps, the best-known of her books and has had quite a remarkable sale for poetry. The piece by which she is represented here, appeared originally

in *The Guardian* as one poem, but the author has preferred to make it into two for this collection.

XXIII.—Sir Lewis Morris, who is best known by his “Epic of Hades” and “Songs of Two Worlds,” with which latter book he first came into notice upwards of a quarter of a century ago, was for twenty years a successful barrister, practising chiefly as a conveyancing counsel. He has rendered immense service to the cause of education in Wales, his native country, and has written much on the same question in the reviews. His ode, which we are permitted to reprint, first appeared in the *Graphic*, and is included, together with his elegiac verses from the *Times*, in his forthcoming book of poems, entitled “Harvest-Tide.”

XXIV.—Miss Kathleen Haydn Green, the eldest daughter of Alderman Frank H. Green, Lord Mayor of London, has discharged with much success the duties of Lady Mayoress, her father being a widower. She is well known in London Society for her gifts as a poetess. Her sonnet was first published in the *Ladies' Field* and widely reprinted.

XXV.—The Rev. J. Mountain, author of this hymn, is a minister at Tunbridge Wells. Set to music by the author, it had an immense circulation during the weeks of national mourning, and copies of it were graciously accepted by the King and Queen and members of the Royal Family. It has been slightly revised by the author and is here given by permission of Messrs Morgan & Scott, 12 Paternoster Buildings, E.C.

XXVI.—These verses, which first appeared in the

Newcastle Daily Leader, are from the pen of Mr Robert Clark, schoolmaster, Seaham Harbour.

XXVII.—Mr Clement Scott needs no introduction. He has long been part and parcel of journalistic London, and has written much popular verse. These lines were printed in his own newspaper, the *Free Lance*, on the day of the Queen's funeral.

XXVIII.—Mr Alfred Cochrane, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, contributed this admirable set of verses to *The World*, from which they are reproduced by permission of author and editor.

XXIX.—The Rev. R. C. Fillingham, M.A., is widely known through the Press as "the Radical vicar of Hexton." These verses of his were published first in the *Echo*.

XXX.—Mr Laurie Magnus, M.A., is better known, perhaps, as an editor than a writer of poetry. Together with Mr Cecil Headlam, he has edited for Messrs Blackwood & Son two notable anthologies: "Flowers of the Cave" and "Prayers from the Poets." His contribution to these pages, which appears here for the first time, proves that he can do more than set forth other men's wares.

XXXI.—Quite a number of Glasgow poets appear in this collection, and of these the Editor has great hope for the future of Mr J. J. Bell. He is young, and all his writings, both in prose and poetry, but especially the latter, display an individuality and a literary touch which should carry him far. The poem given is one of two which he wrote at Victoria's death and has been chosen as the more suitable. It appeared in the *Glasgow Evening Times*.

XXXII.—This poem by Mr Reginald Hughes, D.C.L., was first published in the *Observer*.

XXXIII.—This poem by Miss Kathleen M. Barrow appeared with others by ladies of distinction and position in the excellent memorial number of the *Ladies' Field*.

XXXIV.—It was in *The Christian* that this poem by Mr S. Trevor Francis first appeared.

XXXV.—The name of Dean Hole of Rochester is famous throughout the English-speaking world. His published works are all in prose. This funeral hymn was sung in many churches, and by the choir of St George's Chapel (Windsor) in the room at Osborne where lay the body of our beloved Queen. Set to music by Bertram L. Selby, the hymn is published by Messrs Novello & Co., Ltd., 1 Berners St., W., who grant permission to use it here.

XXXVI.—Mr Frederic Edward Weatherly is a popular song-writer. By profession a barrister, he was formerly a coach at Oxford. His songs are legion, and always succeed in winning wide approval. The verses here given are published by the kind permission of Messrs E. W. Savory, Limited, of Bristol, the owners of the copyright.

XXXVII.—Mrs Ella M. Dietz Glynes's poem, "At Rest," first appeared in the *City Press*, and has a special claim to inclusion here—the fact that it voices the sentiments of our Transatlantic cousins.

XXXVIII.—Mr Arthur A. Sykes has written a number of entertaining books both in prose and verse, one of the best known being "A Book of Words," the contents of which originally appeared

in *Punch*. "Victoria's Star" was first given in the *Daily Express*.

XXXIX.—Canon Rawnsley, the well-known Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick, was perhaps the most prolific of all the singers who tuned their harps to elegy on the death of Queen Victoria, verses from his pen appearing in numerous London journals. He is represented here by a poem which was published in the *Daily News*, the editor thinking this piece the most suitable for the present collection.

XL.—Mr Alexander Lamont, the writer of "Her Last Review," is a Scottish *litterateur* of distinguished parts, whose numerous contributions to periodical literature are always marked by literary grace and deep sympathy. He has written many stories, sketches, and verses under the *nom de guerre* of "The Vicar of Deepdale." The lines here reprinted were contributed to Scotland's national miscellany, the *People's Friend*.

XLI.—Mr St Leger is a frequent contributor of verse to *Vanity Fair* and other London journals. Poems by him on this sad occasion appeared both in the newspaper mentioned and the *Daily Chronicle*. "Victoria Redux," from the latter, has seemed to the editor the one most suited to the present purpose.

XLII.—One of the most gifted poets in America is Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose poems are household words among our Transatlantic friends. In their buoyant spirits, their joy and hopefulness, they are essentially American. Her writings have long been almost as popular on this side of the water

as in her own land. This admirable example of her work, which appeared simultaneously in our most widely circulated morning paper, the *Daily Mail*, and a contemporary which is probably only second in circulation, the *Daily Express*, was received with great pleasure by the reading public, both for its own remarkable qualities and the nationality of its accomplished writer. There were two slight points of difference in the stanzas as published in the *Express* and *Mail*; the latter version has been chosen for insertion here.

XLIII.—Mr F. Frankfort Moore, one of our favourite novelists, returns to his first medium, for his earliest books, published when he was only twenty, were volumes of verse. He has travelled far since then, and his list of prose works is now a formidable one. "Finis Coronat Opus" was published in the *Daily Mail* on the funeral day.

XLIV.—Mr George M. Mathieson is another Glasgow poet whose work is represented here. He is a young journalist of much promise, and is at present a member of the *Glasgow Evening News* staff, from which newspaper the lines are reproduced.

XLV.—Mr Harold Boulton contributed "The Queen Comes" to the *St James's Gazette*, where the poem appeared over his initials.

XLVI.—The Countess of Cork and Orrery contributed "Requiescat" to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, where the poem attracted the attention of Provincial editors, being freely quoted by them.

XLVII.—Mrs A. M. Harris of Rydal, Ambleside,

contributed "The Last Pageant" to the *Westmoreland Gazette*, which since the days of De Quincey's editorship has always maintained a high literary reputation. The poem has been slightly revised for this book.

XLVIII.—Mr W. S. Case is a frequent contributor to *Literature*, in which several of his poems have appeared. These lines are given in this collection for the first time.

XLIX.—Miss Nora Hopper is well and favourably known to the literary world as a clever and always pleasing poet. She wrote at least one other poem on the death of Queen Victoria. The one here included first appeared in *Black and White*.

L.—Mr Charles Camp Tarelli, the author of this powerful poem, is of Italian descent on the paternal side (three generations removed), having been born in London in 1870. He is the author of "Persephone, and Other Poems," published by Macmillan in 1898, and has written a number of articles and poems for *Literature*, the *Spectator*, the *Pilot*, etc. The editor of *Literature* has kindly permitted the use of this poem, which appeared first in the periodical.

LI.—Mr W. C. Saville's poem was originally printed in the *Agnostic Journal*.

LII.—Mr James Rhoades has been a frequent contributor of verse to the leading London journals, and his writing always shows distinction. These stanzas appeared in the *Times*.

LIII.—The Rev. A. Capes Tarholton, of Basingstoke, contributed these verses to the columns of the *Christian World*.

LIV.—Mr W. Stewart Ross is an author of genuine talent and a cultured poet, always virile and forceful. He is widely known as "Saladin" for his numerous writings in religious controversy. His threnody first appeared in one of his own publications.

LV.—Mr Cotsford Dick is a writer of graceful *vers de société* in the *World* and elsewhere. Some of these have been collected in his volume, "The Ways of the World." His sonnet is reprinted from the *World*.

LVI.—This sonnet, by Mr Arthur G. Symons (who is not to be confounded with Mr Arthur Symons of *Savoy* fame) first appeared in the *Daily News* bearing the title, "Frogmore."

LVII.—The name of Mr William Ernest Henley stands for much that is bold, vigorous, unconventional in Letters. As editor successively of the *Magazine of Art*, *National Observer*, and the *New Review*, he has given hostages to journalism. His most notable works in poetry are "A Book of Verses," "The Song of the Sword," and "Poems," while he has edited several anthologies, and the works of Byron and Burns. The characteristic poem, from which we are permitted to reprint the first and last strophes, appeared in the *Morning Post*. The complete poem will find a place in his next book of verse.

LVIII.—Mrs Flora Annie Steel, like Mr Rudyard Kipling, has won fame as an interpreter of Anglo-Indian life, her fine book, "On the Face of the Waters," placing her in the front rank of contemporary novelists. She resided in India for

twenty-one years, her husband being a Bengal civilian. "The Village Mother Sleeps" originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

LIX.—"Violet Fane" is the *nom-de-guerre* of that gifted poetess and great social favourite, Lady Mary Montgomerie Currie, wife of Baron Currie, British Ambassador at Rome since 1898, a diplomat with a long and brilliant record to his name. Lady Currie's poem first appeared in the *Morning Post*, and has been slightly altered by her ladyship.

LX.—"Marianne Farningham," the pen-name of Miss Hearn, is a prolific writer of prose and poetry, fulfilling in English journalism the same useful office which Mrs Margaret E. Sangster discharges so well in America. She is equally successful in both forms of expression, and her poems, which appear almost weekly in the *Christian World*, are regularly quoted throughout the press of the country. She is editor of the *Sunday School Times*. Her stanzas, which we are permitted to include here, were written for the *Christian World*.

LXI.—Many who may have read and admired this beautiful poem on its publication in the *Daily Chronicle* would not guess that it was from the pen of the witty and always brilliant writer whose racy "Tompkins" verses were so long a delightful feature of that newspaper—Mr Barry Pain, author of "In a Canadian Canoe," and a host of other clever books.

LXII. — Baron Burghclere, formerly Herbert Coulston Gardner, and ex-President of the Board of

Agriculture, though occasionally writing verse has never published a volume, politics having claimed him for many years. These lines are reproduced from the *Westminster Gazette*.

LXIII.—Mr William Allan, M.P., is a fine type of the sturdy intellectual Scot, whose worship of the muses does not interfere with those "hard-headed" qualities for which his race is celebrated. As a marine engineer he had some exciting experiences during the American Civil War, but has long been a successful ship engine builder at Sunderland, and gets his excitement now out of Parliamentary life. He confesses that his recreations are: "writing songs, smoking pipe." He has published a volume of verse under the title of "Sunset Songs." His present beautiful piece in his native tongue appeared first in the *Aberdeen Journal*, and thence found its way into many Scottish papers.

LXIV.—Mr William Freeland, a poet of sterling merit, was for many years editor of the *Glasgow Evening Times*, but has now retired from the toil of daily journalism. He is one of the leading spirits of that famous literary coterie, the Glasgow Ballad Club. These sonnets first appeared in the *Glasgow Herald*.

LXV.—Mr William Toynbee, whose lines first appeared in the *World*, has written many graceful pieces, and edited one or more of the volumes in the Canterbury Poets series. He is a brother of the Founder of Toynbee Hall.

LXVI.—Mr A. St John Adcock is an author of distinction both in prose and verse, and a jour-

nalist of varied achievements. His first novel, "Beyond Atonement," published some six years ago, received immediate recognition, and since then he has written several successful novels and volumes of short stories. The poem by which he is represented here was first published in the *Critic*.

LXVII.—Mr A. Clements Baker is a member of the editorial staff of that old-established weekly, the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News*, in which his poem first appeared. Mr Baker is responsible for much of the cleverest writing in that journal.

LXVIII.—Mr James Walsh is another poet who hails from that "dark sea-born city" which has given many a notable son to the service of Literature. This poem appeared, like several noteworthy pieces here gathered together, in the hospitable columns of the *Glasgow Evening Times*.

LXIX.—Miss Florence G. Attenborough's poem first appeared in the *St James's Gazette* over her initials. She has written many songs and poems over the signature of "Chrystabel."

LXX.—Mr Alfred Perceval Graves, M.A., is famous as the author of that most popular of Irish songs, "Father O'Flynn." He is one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, and has produced a great many books of Irish verse, both grave and gay. "The Leafy Cool-Kellure" was first printed in *The Times*.

LXXI.—Mrs Katharine Tynan Hinkson, who still writes under her maiden name, is a well-known and permanently popular Irish poet and novelist; verse having been, as it is so often, her first love.

Unlike most successful novelists, who readily discard the old love when the new offers herself, Mrs Hinkson has not given the muses the cold shoulder, one of her latest and most engaging books, "The Wind Among the Trees," being a volume of verse. "In Dublin" originally appeared in the *Westminster Gazette*.

LXXII.—This hymn by the Rev. Harold E. Brierley, of Leicester, was first printed in the *Christian World*.

LXXIII.—Miss Charlotte Murray is a poetess whose name is familiar especially to readers of religious journals. She has issued several popular volumes of verse, and also some admirable tales. These lines appeared in *The Life of Faith* and also in *The Christian*.

LXXIV.—"Norley Chester" is the pen-name of an accomplished poetess whose writings have been received with marked favour by the critics. She has written "Dante Vignettes," "Songs and Sonnets," "A Plain Woman's Part," etc.

LXXV.—Mr W. H. Groser's stanzas appeared originally in the *Sunday School Chronicle*, under the same title as they bear here.

LXXVI.—This is a very creditable effort to be penned by a working man, and its inclusion here is suggested by the desire to make the work truly representative of Victoria's sorrowing subjects. Mr Egby's lines were printed in the *Reading Mercury*, and were quoted in many other papers.

