

And, if aught earthy of the earth may mourn,
So may, this day, these monarchs of the sea
Their voices to the muffled drums attune ;
And, even as the lustrous orb of day
Dispels the mists of morning in his course,
Distilling all the dewdrops into banks
Of harmonizing colors in the clouds
And breaking up the shadows as he goes ;
So may each far-resounding mighty voice
Some gloom from out this lasting day dispel,
Break some discordant shadow from the heart,
Distil to distant music every dirge
And harmonize some shade of heaviness
To all the stillness of the voice of hope.
Lo! where the sun up to the zenith climbs,
Stilling to summer air the winter wind
And mirroring the blue ethereal vault
Upon the shimmering waveless vast expanse !
O fitting day for restful solemn calm,
O gracious gift of a propitious God !

IV.

Entering the Solent, out from the shore
Of the little island, proudly and trim
The Royal barque stands forward to the fleet,
Bearing in lofty state her precious charge ;
The brilliant sun gleams on the catafalque
The white pall and the cross of cloth of gold,
Gleams on the sceptre and the orbs and crowns
And on the four floral emblems of hope,
And a low requiem in a last adieu
Floats from the holm oaks planted by the Queen—
Floats from the holm oaks of her islet home.

V.

Far out in rare and ever-charming hues,
Voicing the feeling of the firmament,
The lulling waters luminously rest,
And, calmly resting, lap the listless prows ;
England awaits—and all the world awaits—
The majesty and calmness of the hour ;
The black, steel battlements of England sleep
And Peace o'er every nation waves her wand.
O may sweet peace be lasting and prevail !