

## VICTORIA.

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ROLL out earth's muffled drums, let sable streamers flow  
And all Britannia's might assume her panoply of woe!  
Love's holiest star is gone;  
Wind wide the funeral wreath,  
For She, our mightiest, hath put on  
The majesty of death.

Roll forth the notes of woe,  
Let the baleful trumpets blow  
A titan nation's titan heartfelt throe;  
'Mid age and storm and night and blinding snow,  
Death, the pale tyrant, lays our loftiest low.

Like some fair mask of queenly sleep she lies,  
The mists of centuries in her sightless eyes,  
This august woman; greatest of earth's great;  
Who ruled this splendour, held this Empire's fate,  
And built this purity and white of love's supreme estate.

Low, like a lily broken on its stem,  
Passed all her glory, filched her diadem,  
She sleeps at His weird bidding who saith, Peace!  
And all the loud world's mighty roar is hushed in love's  
surcease.

Song is an echo; lore an idle tale;  
Love but the yearning of white lips that wail;  
Woe but the weeping of wild autumn rain;  
Power but the transient gust of angered main;  
Thus fades all glory. But her lofty life,  
That long gold summer as mother, monarch, wife;  
These bide and stay, 'mid wrecks that pass away,  
Beyond the mutability of our poor day,  
To live when power is swept,  
And pomp but clay in clay.

Greater than greatness, stronger than iron power,  
That makes earth's Neros grim, her Caesar's dower;  
Hers was the gift to girdle isles of peace  
With woman's nobleness and love's increase.