

### In Memoriam

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The world has lost its mother,  
This word is faintest praise ;  
It loved her, now it sings to her  
In love's elegiac lays !

"How can we part?" our Empire cries,  
"The gods were merciful so long."  
To them now otherwise it seems ;  
With tears we chant thy funeral song.

We line the world's broad streets with grief,  
We shroud each pinnacle with crape,  
Stand still in silence round the globe.  
And fiery guns of battle drape.

Each court sat stricken, kings were mute ;  
All lands had loved, had cherished thee,  
The world's fair arbiter, its justal head ;  
All men beneath thy flag are free.

What part in this world's play  
Hast thou not filled with grace.  
As beauteous girl, sweet wife and Queen,  
God's benison to this earth's race?