

His life went out within the storied walls  
Of ancient Windsor's animated halls,  
Where England's sons for ages o'er the foam  
From flood and field have borne their trophies' home  
To lay at England's feet. Alas! that one,  
The greater Britain's great and loyal son,  
Whose eagle vision swept a wider sky,  
Should pass the stately portals but to die.  
Fame's laurel wreaths are dust and ashes now,  
The seal of Death upon that lofty brow  
Proclaims a more imperial sovereignty  
Than hers who holds the empire of the sea  
His country mourns—and yet—was fate unkind?  
The onward look of that untrammelled mind  
Saw closer drawn loving ties that hold  
These kindred nations in their sacred fold,  
Love kindles hearts by kindred sorrow thrilled  
—Was not his dream of life in death fulfilled?  
When England's empress-mother to her breast,  
With soothing words an orphaned maiden pressed,  
And kissed the cheek that streamed with hopeless tears.  
Not all the statecraft of a thousand years,  
With all its mastery of designing arts,  
Could strike so deep a chord in loyal hearts.  
The solemn tolling of the minster bells  
To all the world the tale of sorrow tells;  
The funeral pomp the pageantry of State,  
Declare that England mourns the fallen great,  
Across the wintry ocean's tossing breast  
They bear his body to its final rest,  
And ocean's mistress trains her dogs of war  
To guard the passage of his funeral car,  
His own loved city claims that sacred dust,  
But wider realms will share the solemn trust,  
That fell unguarded from the nerveless hand  
Of one who well had served his native land.  
The matchless mind, the heights his genius won,  
Shed lustre on the state that calls him son,  
—A man who lived in honor, died in fame,  
And left on memory's page a stainless name.

Montreal, 1st December, 1902.