
The Passing of Edward VII

STRUCK as by lightning that hurtles,
Bolt from the clear, peaceful blue;
Grief that is deep, paralyzing,
Strikes at the Nation anew.

Suddenly highlands of sunshine
Turn into clouds black as night,
Gladness falls headlong 'fore sorrow,
Sorrow with depth lost to sight!

Minds overwrought and so anxious,
Fearfulness borne far aside,
Hopefulness narrowed by doubtings,
Doubt in a strength overtried!

He Who has stricken us sorely,
Quickly can soften the pain;
Think! loyal sons of the Empire!
Hope! and from grieving refrain.

Edward, our Peacemaker, sleeping!
Take now thy well-earned repose.
Rise, George! from ashes of mourning,
Statesman! to Peacemaker's throne!