

JUBILEE POEM.

INVOCATION

RING, RING YE BELLS, THE YEAR HAS COME,
OF OUR GOOD QUEEN'S GREAT JUBILEE;
LET ALL THE PEOPLE SHOUT FOR JOY,
AND ROAR YE CANNON O'ER THE SEA,
AND ALL YE ISLANDS OF THE DEEP,
RING OUT, RING OUT YOUR FEALTY,
AND EVERY NATION'S LOUD ACCLAIM,
DECLARE VICTORIA'S JUBILEE.

Grave men of state are stirred when monarchs die—
For kings and queens must tread the Lethean shore,
Shake hands with Death, and close the weary eye,
And step most humbly down when life is o'er :
And Britain's sailor king was king no more—
For he had crossed the threshold leading out
Upon the unknown world ; and what before
Was wrapt in mystery, involved in doubt,
Was now most clear to our late sturdy king and stout.