

Queen Victoria

Since thy gladsome coronation,
Beneath the silence of the sea,
New cables whisper cablegrams
Full of life and mystery.

And also wireless telegrams
Warn old ocean's sovereign ships,
Send their winged monologue
With their silent, potent lips.

We shall beneath this signal sign,
The mighty arts of nature gain,
The Cosmos-camp we compass round,
With English flag all death disdain.

Perchance we shall like flying fish
In realms of air a journey take,
Round Saturn race on swiftest wings
A call on Jupiter to make.

Perchance we shall, our Helen-queen,
Her fairest daughters and "Our May"
Cheer round all shores in air-ships swift,
And "halt," "present" in each aerial bay.