

Queen Victoria

Thine now the crown of Heaven,
Thine now eternal rest,
With stars unnumbered, jewelled,
The souls whom thou hast blest.

The souls of Heathen womankind,
The souls of Egypt's sands,
Were taught by thee to worship
The God of all earth's lands.

Loud legislative summons,
Swift, sudden, peremptory calls,
Hailed thee in early matin hours
The Queen of Empire's halls.

Now Afric's sunny fountains
Dance in the joy of Christ.
They learned the songs of victory
When they gave thee their tryst.

The Persian with new rapture
Pours o'er the Book divine,
New-opened to his lingual eye
By hero-saints of thine!