

IN MEMORY OF THE QUEEN

She sleeps beneath the roses sweet,
The cold earth for her bed,
While holly bright and ivy green
Entwine above her head.

And when my thought turns to my Queen
As in the tomb she lies,
How good and faithful was her life,
A tear drops from my eyes.

I've tried to sing God Save the King,
But cannot, cannot yet,
Through sorrow for his mother whom
My heart will ne'er forget.

The loyalty of men whose lament is
not effervescent will be deep and endur-

ing and King Edward himself, I am
sure, would honor such genuine grief and
honor us here, who, though we look
forward with confidence to a glorious
future under his rule, yet have to say
that our hearts too are in that coffin
where all that remains of so much good-
ness and greatness is closed up forever.
She was one with humanity living, she
is one with it dead. Ashes to ashes,
dust to dust, concludes us all.