

Now with grief bowed down
In grim Old London Town.
Sorrow sublime,—
Engraven in space and time !

Her boys !
And her marshal veteran,
Bobs, himself,—a man !
A very prince of Mars !
All scarred with her wars.
And her son,—The King !
And the princes of all the earth !

The slow procession passes,
And is gone like the leaves and the grasses
Of yesteryear !

W. E. Huxr