

The courtly vice of an age that was base
And virtue's shrine,
No coward fear
In her true soul leaving trace.

O Britain, proud of thy Matron Queen,
Who hath ruled with even hand,
Who hath ruled for the honour of her land,
By hostile eyes or friendly seen,
Found equal to all the high demand—
A nation's weal;
Trode dizzy steep
But few can bear,
Walked nobly there with Christian mien,

O land that hast loved thy Widowed Queen,
Who wore her weeds with sorrowing grace,
And found in her breaking heart a place
For griefs, alike of great or mean,
And turned with earnest gaze her face
Where the woman's heart
And the sovereign's power
For the world a happier hour could win.

Accept of her noble deeds the crown:
From Europe is lifted the hand of doom;
She hath plucked the century plant in bloom,
And deftly woven a wreath of renown,
At the nation's feet,
With gladdened heart
To lay the trophy down.