

*Hark ! how the joyous tumult sinks and swells,  
And beats against the sky  
In melody !*

*Mark how the billows of the mighty sea  
Toss their white arms in glee,  
And race along the strand,  
Joining their voices with the symphony !  
Our Queen has yielded to love.  
Blow ! silvery bugles blow !  
That all may know.*

## IV.

*Toll ! toll ! ye deep-mouthed bells,  
Answer ! each thundering gun.  
Your cadence sadly tells  
Of a great life-work done.  
Death rules this changing earth,  
Through royal halls he stalks,  
And with an awful mirth  
Man's noblest efforts mocks.  
He stills the busy brain,  
Tears loving souls apart,  
And leaves alone to reign*