

### In Memoriam

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The world in sorrow's tears is bathed,  
She was the brightest light  
That shone in halls of statecraft,  
That radiant gleamed for right.

Like Ajax she had cried  
For Heaven's larger light,  
A Mentor to the nations  
In each new gravest fight.

"Io triumphe" she was led,  
A willing captive of God's grace;  
"Io triumphe" she was borne  
To Heaven in the chariot race.

So rapture rings in Heaven's jubilee,  
So Christ accepts her heart's best praise,  
So skies of golden hue are glad,  
And angels hymns of triumph raise.

Crowns coruscate with truest might  
When they for virtue glow;  
Crowns like our England's ever  
Their moral grandeur show.