

Knights of the glowing orders,
Soldiers who watchful wait ;
True patriots and star-gemmed peers,
That nobly prop the State ;
Tell us if in the time to come,
Of England's hopes and fears,
You will deem her glory sullied
By woman's loving tears ?

Angels to earth which minister,
Tell us, with vow and prayer,
Carried ye not the casket back
Of tear-drops gathered there ?
Did ye not find a fadeless flower,
Grown in the human heart ?
" Who called the strong as Death, O Love,
Mightier thou wast and art."

