

"The Empire is peace"—On the flooding tide  
Of generous thought  
He met his foe,  
And swore the terms of peace to abide.

O Britain, proud of thy Maiden Queen,  
When she swept with youthful grace  
The halls where ancestral thrones had been,  
And drew with her sceptre the line between  
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 ;  
Trod 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.

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ONE touch of Thine upon my eyes,  
And these dark shadows all shall flee ;  
I'll see Thee near whom now afar  
I worship, glorious One in Three.

O, touch my hands, that they may learn  
Only Thy blessed work to do ;  
And touch my feet, that they may run  
Only in paths Thou'dst have them go !