

## Queen Victoria

We sing thee resting in the crypt,  
We chant thee in sad story,  
We lay thee near thy Prince beloved,  
We waft thee up to glory.

And History's page shall glow with thee ;  
The future race of men shall long  
With grateful joyance scan thy fate,  
And enjewel thee in Iliad song.

Through many oft-told sorrowing years,  
When Prince the good, and Alice brave,  
Father loved, with daughter true,  
Were tombed within the grave.

When, too, Leopold the pure,  
Alfred the just and great,  
And Edward—O Marcellus gone—  
Met Lethe's lasting fate.

The heart of Power omnipotent,  
The love of Christ—God's son,  
Stayed thee to say in the profoundest deep,  
"Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done."