

We bid adieu to Thee our gracious Queen,
 Thou hast left this toilsome, troubled shore ;
 But knowing what Thy earthly life has been,
 We hope to meet where partings are no more.

We trust again to meet Thine earthly form,
 That in the silent tomb was lately laid ;
 Sleep sweetly on "Our Queen" away from earthly storms,
 As in thy robes of "death" thou are arrayed.

THE EXILE.

Oh ! Father lead me with Thine hand,
 Until this earthly strife is o'er ;
 Then I shall reach that promised land,
 And dwell upon its shining shore.

An exile from my native shore,
 To a land beyond the sea,
 I bid farewell to scenes of yore,
 And her who rocked me on her knee.

'Twas oft I mocked that Mother's tears
 That fell upon her reckless boy ;
 And her prayers now singing in my ears,
 Oft filled my bleeding heart with joy.

Oh ! could I once more press the hand
 That cooled my throbbing, fevered brow,
 I then could rest in this fair land,
 Where my footsteps daily feebler grow.

Away from childhood's happy home,
 Days, months, and years glide slowly by ;
 As here in this fair land I roam,
 Where I am doomed to live and die.

I long to meet "That Mother" dear,
 Who taught me at her knees to pray
 But she has crossed that river clear,
 Where 'tis always one eternal day.

Yet ! To those no heed I gave,
 But laughed and sung in drunken glee ;
 And oft in anger did I rave
 At her who sought my chains to free.

'Tis oft, methinks, I hear that voice
 That spoke to me in tender tones ;
 And oft within my heart rejoice,
 Although past days my soul bemoans.