

29.

Queen Victoria.

God save our gracious Queen,
 Victorious Victoria!
 Old England's Queen,
 Old Scotland's Queen,
 Old Ireland's Queen,
 And Queen of our great Western land!
 Bahama's Queen,
 Australia's Queen,
 And Queen of Afric's torrid strand,
 And Queen of India's golden land,
 And Queen of isles in every sea!
 There are no shores where ocean foam,
 There are no lands where men may roam,
 But there her loyal subjects be;
 Victorious Victoria!

Long years ago they placed the crown
 Of mighty Britain on her head—
 That crown through ages handed down
 To her from the illustrious dead.
 And well she graced it; and we know
 She gave to it new brilliancy;
 There ne'er sat crown on nobler brow
 Within that Kingdom of the sea.

A Queen, a Mother, Woman, too,
 With a true woman's tenderness;
 With heart to feel, and hands to do
 For all her people in distress.
 Not Queen alone of rich and great;
 Not Queen alone of nobles; but
 A Queen to all within her State,
 From palace hall to peasant hut.

She ruleth with an olive wand
 From farthest east to farthest west;
 Her name is known in every land,
 Of all earth's sovereigns, noblest—best!
 Long may she reign upon the throne
 She graces by her virtuous parts;
 Long may we feel she is our own—
 Queen of our Empire and our hearts!

G. S. C., Guelph.