

'Mid the gathering of her loving ones,  
Her thoughts were on her dead.

Why, 'mid the burst of anthems,  
When the thrilling music rolls,  
Fell tears from those fair princesses ?  
What stirs their gentle souls ?  
Is it not enough for them—  
The beauty of those flowers,  
The joyous thrill of melody,  
The homage of those hours ?

Yes, yes ; but what were jewels,  
What the array that swept  
Around them as the memory woke  
Of him who calmly slept ?  
They heeded not the gazing crowd,  
In that blest hour of pride,  
When the music woke anew to life,  
For Albert Edward's bride.

They thought, those weeping daughters,  
Of the pulseless hand that penned  
The festive strains that gloriously  
To vaulted roofs ascend.  
They thought that moment of the thorns  
Strewn in life's wilderness—  
Their widowed mother stood alone,  
And they were fatherless.