

To the Mighty God on High,
Free of the world's slow stain,
The humblest creature there,
And the bells rang out from every steeple,
And the woman's heart went out to her people,
Who in weal and woe
Had loved her so.

Now she is dead !
And once again Old London Town
Bows down before her ;
Before her dear cold clay, —
How strange to say !
There is no dearth of common folk
Who loved her yoke,—
Millions !

Many millions
Who never saw her face,—
That good gray face !—
And only knew her name,
Weep just the same.
And wherever the pact is kept
There are tears at the heart ;
Wherever seas that are blue
Bear outward and inward sail
'Tis the same tale—
Grief must prevail !