

## QUEEN EMMA.

Dead in the mid-Pacific!—Hapless Queen,  
Widowed and childless when thy woman's heart  
Was fresh and young, but bearing sorrow's smart  
As 'twere another wreath which the Unseen  
Had crowned thee with—a wreath of sadder mien—  
The cypress, not the orange,—and yet worn  
Meekly, as mindful that the rose's thorn—  
Even as the rose itself—though sharp and keen,  
Is God's gift none the less.—I heard thee tell  
Of happy days spent in the island home  
Of England's laureate.—Were mine his spell,  
A wave of fitting verse should break in foam  
At thy grave's foot, while fairest flowers should smile  
Above thee in the far Hawaiian isle!