

In Memoriam

Through many beatific years
Thou hast reigned with grace and glory ;
As Queen has never, never ruled
In Iliad, rhyme or story.

And so with true Herculean force
We'll build the British Empire ;
And Atlas-like uphold when built,
With sword and harp, with gun and lyre.

In blood we'll write on Empire's arch,
From Klondike to Pretoria,
The solemn prayer, the votive words,
"Vivat Victoria !"

Man's manumitting laws and creeds
Have answered to thy lyre ;
As Orpheus-like thou hast led on
Wide Britain's mundane Empire.

O maiden queen of queenly hearts,
O girlish queen of truest kings,
O mother-queen of motherhood,
Thy death our heart's dirge rings.