Her name, engraved on every Britain's heart, Will there for countiess years remain; Although foes may fire a venomed dart, Upon Victoria's name, there rests no stain.

For three-score years has Britain's noble Queen Fulfilled a sovereign's and a mother's part, And many of Her gracious acts unseen, Are now engraved on many a saddened heart.

She has gone, our beloved Queen and mother, And her earthly crown one other wears. But Britons ne'er will crown one other, With a name so pure as Victoria bears,

She has been laid within the tomb to rest, But her mighty Empire still remains: And may Her son, our King, be blest, Whilst he his mother's crown retains.

A gloom was east upon Her vast domain, Tears as brooklets, through Her Empire ran; And long will Queen Victoria's reign Be loved and eherished by the Englishman.

That promise made when but a playful child, Has honored been throughout her womanhood; Although foes may jeer at Her who smiled, And kept that vow: "I will be good."

We bid adieu to thee, our graeious Queen, Thou hast left this toilsome, troubled shore; But knowing what Thine earthly life has been, We hope to meet where partings will be o'er.

Then honored be thine earthly orm,
That in the tombs was lately laid,
Sleeping sweetly through the storm,
As in death's robes thou art arrayed.

Crowned and beloved, as Britain's Queen;
And by the unseen hand of God led on;
Her reign has one of love e'er been,
And will be eherlshed by the weak and strong.

Her flag still flutters on the breeze,
And its power is felt from pole to pole;
It floats as mistress of the seas,
Beneath the lightening's flash and thunder's roli.

Within the pages of Heaven's written book, Will the name be found of Her so good; And the angels smiled when God He took The aged wife and mother from her widowhood.

We mourn for thee our loved and honored Queen, As a child bereft of its mother's eare; Thou was kept and chosen by the great Unseen, And will in future all His glories share.