

But Death that deepens love in darkening life  
Turned to a pall the purple of her Throne.  
Then, more than once the maid, the widowed wife  
Reigned all alone!

"Leave me awhile to linger with the dead,"  
Weeping, She sued. "But doubt not that I still  
Am nuptialled to my People, and have wed  
Their deathless will.

"Their thoughts shall be my thoughts, their aim my aim,  
Their free-lent loyalty my right divine;  
Mine will I make their triumphs, mine their fame,  
Their sorrows mine.

"And I will be the bond to link them all  
In patriot purpose till my days be done,  
So that, in mind and might, whate'er befall,  
They still keep One."

Then to the winds yet wider was unfurled  
The Flag that tyrants never could enslave,  
Till its strong wisdom governed half the world,  
And all the wave!

And, panoplied alike for War or Peace,  
Victoria's England furroweth still the foam  
To harvest Empire, wiser than was Greece,  
Wider than Rome!

Therefore with glowing hearts and proud glad tears,  
The children of her Island Realm to-day  
Recall her sixty venerable years  
Of virtuous sway.

Now too from where Saint-Lawrence winds adown  
Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the plough,  
And Ganges jewels the Imperial Crown  
That girds her brow;

From Afric's Cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,  
And Britain's Sceptre ne'er shall be withdrawn,  
And that young Continent that greets the dark  
When we the dawn;

From steel-capped promontories stern and strong,  
And lone isles mounting guard upon the main,  
Hither her subjects wend to hail her long  
Resplendent Reign.

And ever when mid-June's musk-roses blow,  
Our Race will celebrate Victoria's name,  
And even England's greatness gain a glow  
From Her pure fame.