

*FLEURS DE LYS AND OTHER POEMS.*

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ODE FOR THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE,  
1837—1887.

I.

*S*AILOR William is dead. And now  
Toll the great bells disconsolate.  
Let the maiden have time for tears  
Ere you set on her gentle brow  
England's glittering crown of state,  
Heavy burden for eighteen years.  
Grant the maiden some weeping space  
Ere on her youthful brow you place  
England's crown.  
Once her stately head it presses,  
Fifty years it must rest on her tresses  
Till their brown  
Turns to white beneath King Time's caresses—  
Grant her weeping space.