

The entrance to the choir, but now they part,
And Bishop with Archbishop, solemn Deans,
In strange monastic-fashioned robes appear,
With Heralds, Princes, Dukes in regal pomp.
But now she comes (alone of that throng *Call*
In plain attire) Victoria, the loved,—
The Empress and the Queen : as on she moves
In graceful dignity, and mien of one
Born to command, she nears the throne,
And pausing for a moment signifies
Her recognition of the homage paid
By Kings and Queens, and all old England's
Proud nobility. The music echoes
Through the arches wide : lit by the sunlight,
The old Abbey's walls are all aglow
With myriad hues, while every head is bowed
Until she sinks in the coronation chair.
In this bright hour supreme, one plainly sees
The impress of that grief, her life long grief,
Which years gone by so stirred the sympathies
Of all who owned her just and gentle sway.
That honored head, with crown of snowy hair
One day must lie beside her young heart's love.
O, may that sad, sad hour be far removed !
And the All-Father who has been her guide,
Be with her to the end. "God save the Queen."