

Yea, she is gone who ruled but yesterday,
Her pomp, her power, her glory, but a name!
Not for its greatest will this mad world stay,
New dreams arise, new gods for love's acclaim,
New fames, new prophets. Kings as lesser clay,
Are but the dead, gone, faded dreams

Of dead, gone yesterday.

Life feeds on life, earth's glories wane and die,
Her mighty Sidons and her vaunted Tyres!
Her far-flamed beacons and her baleful fires;
Only her noble actions never die.
These bide and stay when names of seers and kings
Are but the ashes of forgotten things,
Hid 'mid the moth and rust of earth's imaginings.

But she will live when we and all our time
Are gathered to the dread and blinding past,
A mighty dream for mighty-builled rhyme,
The golden age of Britain's splendid prime,
Remembered when old glories, long, that last,
Are blown as shrivelled autumn wreck

Upon the age's blast.

Yea, she will live, and tales of her pure life,
Her toil for others, her wise woman's love,
Her heart of sorrow 'mid the jar and strife,
Her noble wifehood, faith in heaven above,
Her simple trust in love from day to day;
Yea, these will bide, while peoples pass away
With all that puts its trust

In pomp of human clay.

Soon, with majestic rite, and earth's wide sorrow,
(Great lady of the pure and lofty crown!)
Will Britain, weeping, lay her her sadly down,
To wait a brighter dawn, a happier morrow,
In that rare tomb with that rare soul to sleep,
In God's glad rest for all who wait and weep.

And days will pass, and men will come and go,
And love and hate and sorrow and dream, alas!
And all this world and its wild wraith of woe
Unto the wrack of all the ages pass;
And greatness be forgot and dreams decay,
And empires fade, and great souls pass away;
But she will linger in her people's love,
As autumn lingers gilding winter's snows,
Or sunset fading purpled peaks above,
Leaves golden trails of glory as he goes.

So will she fade not, nor her honour pass.
But burgeon on and grow to one white fame;
While lark in heaven lifts from England's grass,
And heart of England leaps to nobler flame.