

## Queen Victoria

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By thy sweet charm and thy strong arm,  
We, in Afghanistan legislate,  
Unfurl the flag in China, too,  
And quell the raging Mahdi's hate.

With victory's bugle now we ring  
The welcome call to Newfoundland;  
Blow, bugle, blow—we hear the bound  
Of Island Province on our strand.

The "thin red line" of valor true,  
From Wellington to Wolsley ranged;  
From Roberts on to Kitchener,  
To all-conquering khaki changed.

Through wars of parliament and field,  
Through labor's maddening strife and pains,  
Through flood and flame, through dust and death,  
New grandeur England gains.\*

And all beneath thy rule, fair Queen,  
We scatter lilies to thy shade,  
With thrice-repeated "Vale" weep,  
While in blessed fane thy dust is laid.