

Beloved queen, within whose veins
Teutonic blood doth flow,
Reared safely on our gory plains,
Through wars of long ago!
Thy glorious sceptre condescend
To yield not to thy foes,
Nor sap the oak that scorns to *bend*,
But through the ages *grows*.

Where'er thy "Birds of Fame" may fly,
Drop Wisdom's golden seeds,
Through History's centuries hastening by,
Immune from noxious weeds
Keep thou thy lexicon—'gainst ghouls
Pray guard the pages long,
Wherein enshrined lie priceless jewels
From prose--and Poesy's song.