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## TO THE QUEEN.

REVERED, beloved—O you that hold  
 A nobler office upon earth  
 Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
 Could give the warrior flags of old,

Victoria,—since your Royal grace  
 To one of less desert allows  
 This laurel greener from the brows  
 Of him that utter'd nothing base ;

And should your greatness, and the care  
 That yokes with empire, yield you time  
 To make demand of modern rhyme  
 If aught of ancient worth be there ;

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
 And thro' wild March the thrortle calls,  
 Where all about your palace-walls  
 The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

'By shaping some august decree,  
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
 Broad-based upon her people's will,  
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'

MARCH 1851

Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;  
 For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
 In vacant chambers, I could trust  
 Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood  
 As noble till the latest day !  
 May children of our children say,  
 'She wrought her people lasting good ;

'Her court was pure ; her life serene ;  
 God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;  
 A thousand claims to reverence closed  
 In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

'And statesmen at her council met  
 Who knew the seasons when to take  
 Occasion by the hand, and make  
 The bounds of freedom wider yet