

Her heart was full ; and on her cheeks there fell  
Its warm and pearly dew ; while dignity  
Sate throned upon her brow, and blended well  
With love to all, and sweet humility,  
As natural as true. A trinity  
Of strongest sympathy for other's weal  
Bright furnaced her young soul, which ever free  
To think of others first, all wounds would heal,  
All broken hearts upbind, all selfishness conceal.

And half a century has swept stately by,  
Since, from the portals of the glowing east,  
Came that momentous day of grief and joy—  
To our fair Princess such it was at least.  
There is satiety in every feast ;  
In every rose a thorn ; in every plan  
Some part miscarries. Turning to the priest  
She said [ 'twas Canterbury's godly man ]  
" Your Grace will pray for me ! " and thus her reign began.