

" Apparent Queen unveils her peerless light
" And o'er the dark her silver mantle throws."

VIII.

Great London for her widowed Mother waits,
And all the mighty roar of London rests.
Here centred sixty years of gentle rule ;
Here was the mighty monarch's home of homes ;
The palaces where her forefathers dwelt
Were here ; here was she wedded, and here crowned ;
Here were the great achievements of her reign ;
Here were her great and greater jubilees.
And here—surrounded by a countless throng,
Embodying a loyal people's grief—
Attended by a retinue of kings,
And followed by her glittering regiments,
And guarded by her hardy volunteers,
The Mother of the mourning nation goes
Forth to her long home by the Castle walls,
That home, the portals whereof bear her words,
Inscribed :—" With thee in Christ I shall arise,"
That home wherein love, swinging wide the door,
Welcomes his bride, and Queen and Consort rest ;
Whence they shall come forth to be crowned with life.
Long may Victoria defend our cause
In spirit ; and in happy memory
Hold in her heart of hearts her people's love,
And let some portion of her spirit fall
First, upon her noble son great Edward,
And ever after on this mighty realm.

IX.

Hedged by no more than just divinity,
Guarding and limiting the Royal right
To the high plain of lasting precedent,
The good Queen " wrought her people lasting good."
Her throne " broad-based upon her people's will,"
Victoria ruled in England's love supreme,
And builded, by her fourscore years of life,
" A monument more durable than brass,
" Which not the Northern blast, nor cycling years,
" And not the flight of seasons, can destroy."