

## IN MEMORIAM.

Now she is dead !  
I saw her last, on that first Jubilee,  
From out a tide of faces, like a sea,  
Full-running, strong, and eager in its might,  
And filled with all delight.  
And I recalled, while yet I was a boy,  
My pride and joy,  
When, in Old London Town,  
My father held me up to see her pass.  
And then we walked about in many places  
Filled with her graces.  
And father spoke of seeing her, a lass,  
When first she wore the crown.—  
And I remember every word he said.

How they rumbled,  
Those many waves of sound !  
Tumbled and jumbled  
Were all the peoples,  
Bells rang in the steeples.  
And all around  
Was tramp of marshalled men,  
Prince and potentate,  
Young and old, of high estate,  
And just common folk, like you and me,—  
All elate, all as one.