

The century rang with might of sword and flame
And coarser moods. Amid its blight she came,
And love grew purer, life a holier name;
Religion graver, deeper; happiness,
A part of character to aid and bless;
And softer grew life's heart of bitterness.
Man's faith grew godlier, chivalry arose,
With virtue white as winter's winnowed snows;
And art and song awoke from sorrow's long repose.

From heart of suffering life and conscience went
On higher dreams of love and action bent;
Self-sacrifice from her pure convents came,
And sweetened life of half its bitter blame;
Till cynic scorn crept out in love's

White banishment of shame.

So calm she sleeps in her great southern isle,
Wrapt round in silence drear of stormy death,
No more for her wide earth or heaven will smile,
Or southern ocean breathe his balmy breath;
No more for her the love of child and friend,
Memory of old happiness gone before,
The calm, serene, of life's long peaceful end;
Sweet day, glad night, for her, no more! no more!

The rose of England, red, will burst in bloom;
The lark in meadows rise as she hath risen;
The heart of springtime break its wintry gloom,
And life its iron prison;
And far in Scotland, loved of her and him,
Her nearest, dearest, laverocks will sing;
And loch and mountain clothe their glories, dim,
With joy of leaf and wing—
But she no more will mourn her warriors dead.
Roll forth the muffled drum! The mighty will,
That worked for others; brain and heart are still;
The august, spirit, queenly soul is fled!
Death, king of monarchs as of meaner men,
Thundered her palace, o'er the drawbridge crept,
Filched life's rare coffer, stole earth's pearl, and then,
She gravely smiled and slept.

For us remains the grief, the pain, the woe,
The anguish, sorrow and the boding heart;
For her, the mighty peace of those who go
Forth from a nobler part.