

## Queen Victoria

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No monarch ever yet attained  
Two so grand jubilees ;  
No monarch ever yet has played  
The human harp in stronger keys.

So if in any lurking shrine  
Or court lies hidden wrong,  
We blame not thee, Victoria,  
In this, our funeral song.

Forever now Heaven's sweet rest is thine,  
Forever now the streets of gold  
Are ranged by thee in freest air,  
Forever safe within Christ's fold.

There beatific cherubs chant  
The age's' never-ceasing lays ;  
There seraphim and cherubim  
Their faces shield from dazzling rays.

Existence incomprehensible  
Light, joy and life, ideal peace,  
Are thine in endless measure,  
Are thine without surcease.