

Queen Victoria

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.