



Victorian Jubilee, 1897.

FOREMOST queen in England's annals,
Crowned with honor as with years !
Fruitful years of high example,
In a world too apt with sneers.
Foremost queen, and yet most queenly,
When the cry of human pain
Waked an answer, swift and tender,
From a heart where grief had lain.

Not the homage that the tyrant
Levies with an iron hand
Is the tribute of the nation,
But from every British land,
Round the world the echoes thrilling,
Where Britannia's banner flies
Loyal hearts with love outspoken
Ring the anthem to the skies.

