

When bluff King William closed his earthly book,
Beside his couch his true and weeping wife
Held ward and watch : nor could she bear to look
Upon the thoughtless world, that held a life
Too light for her great grief ; which—as a knife
Cuts thongs in twain—cruel cut her bleeding heart :
What care the heedless crowd for the sore strife
That wrings a grieving soul—'tis not their part
To weep, they say, nor mourn, when earth's great ones depart.

* Night wept herself away : in ambient flame
Uprose Aurora's car, and with sweet smile,
White-robed and purple, Dawn's great goddess came,
Her ample wings begemmed with dew the while :
To their diurnal caves Night's troops defile ;
While in hot haste, with Britain's weal elate
Came couriers, grave, from Windsor's royal pile,
With tidings of great import to the state,
But chief to our girl-Queen, of most momentous weight.