

From all earth's shores one mighty grief is heard,
 Each zone remote, in tryst of sorrow wed,
 The Briton's love, the alien spirit stirred,—
 Earth's great heart bleeding for earth's mighty dead.

Far hid from us, in veils of love supreme,
 She knows now, gloried, what she prayed before,
 Storming love's fortress, for that one star-beam,
 God-given to mortals wandering on this shore,
 Where earth-mists thicken into perilous night,
 She greets her august line of long and kingly might :

Wise, lofty Alfred : first of her great line
 To build those laws by which she ruled so well ;
 Heroic Richard ; and, like some Undine,
 The fated Mary, both of heaven and hell ;
 Great Edward ; Henry ; Charles of fateful death ;
 And greatest of all her high and storied line,

Rare great Elizabeth !

These greet her, ghostly, on that shadowed beach,
 Beyond our human tears and woe of human speech. . .

Yea, she is gone who ruled but yesterday,
 Her pomp, her power, her glory but a name !
 Not for its greatest will this mad world stay :
 New dreams arise, new gods for love's acclaim,
 New fames, new prophets. Kings, as lesser clay,
 Are but the dead, gone, faded dreams

Of dead, gone yesterday.

Life feeds on life, earth's glories wane and die,
 Her mighty Sidons and her vaunted Tyres ;
 Her far-famed beacons and her baleful fires :
 Only her noble actions never die.
 These bide and stay when names of seers and kings
 Are but the ashes of forgotten things,
 Hid 'mid the moth and rust of earth's imaginings.

But she will live when we and all our time
 Are gathered to the dread and blinding past,
 A mighty dream for mighty-built rhyme,
 The golden age of Britain's splendid prime,
 Remembered when old glories, long that last,
 Are blown as shrivelled autumn wrack

Upon the ages' blast.

Yea, she will live, and tales of her pure life,
 Her toil for others, her wise woman's love,
 Her heart of sorrow 'mid the jar and strife,
 Her noble wifehood, faith in heaven above,
 Her simple trust in love from day to day ;
 Yea, these will bide, while peoples pass away
 With all that puts its trust

In pomp of human clay.

Soon, with majestic rite, and earth's wide sorrow,
 (Great lady of the pure and lofty crown !)
 Will Britain, weeping, lay her sadly down,
 To wait a brighter dawn, a happier morrow,
 In that rare tomb with that rare soul to sleep.
 In God's glad rest for all who wait and weep.

And days will pass, and men will come and go,
 And love and hate and sorrow dream, alas !
 And all this world and its wild wraith of woe
 Unto the wrack of all the ages pass ;
 And greatness be forgot, and dreams decay,
 And empires fade, and great souls pass away ;
 But she will linger in her people's love,
 As autumn lingers, gilding winter's snows,
 Or sunset, fading purple peaks above,
 Leaves golden trails of glory as he goes.

So will she fade not, nor her honour pass,
 But burgeon on and grow to one white fame ;
 And heart of England leaps to nobler flame,
 While lark in heaven lifts from England's grass.