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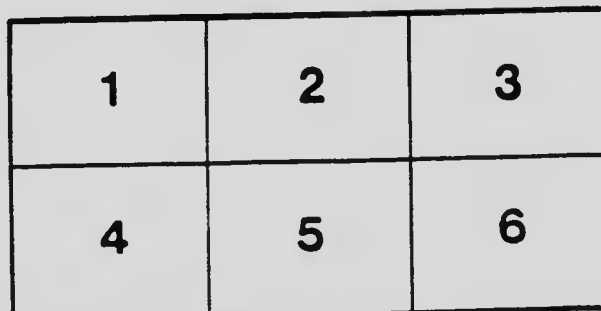
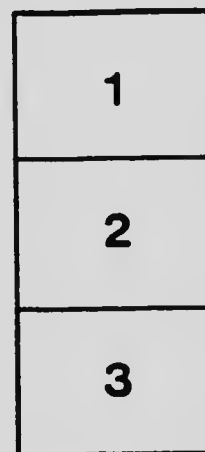
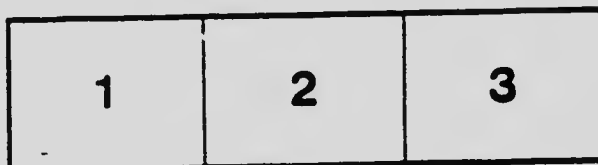
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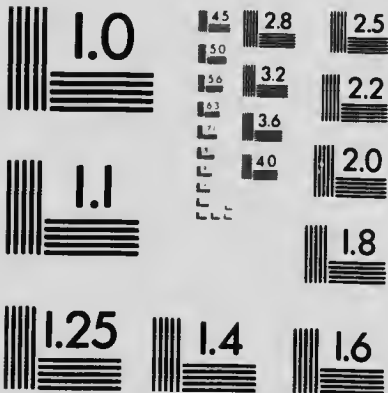
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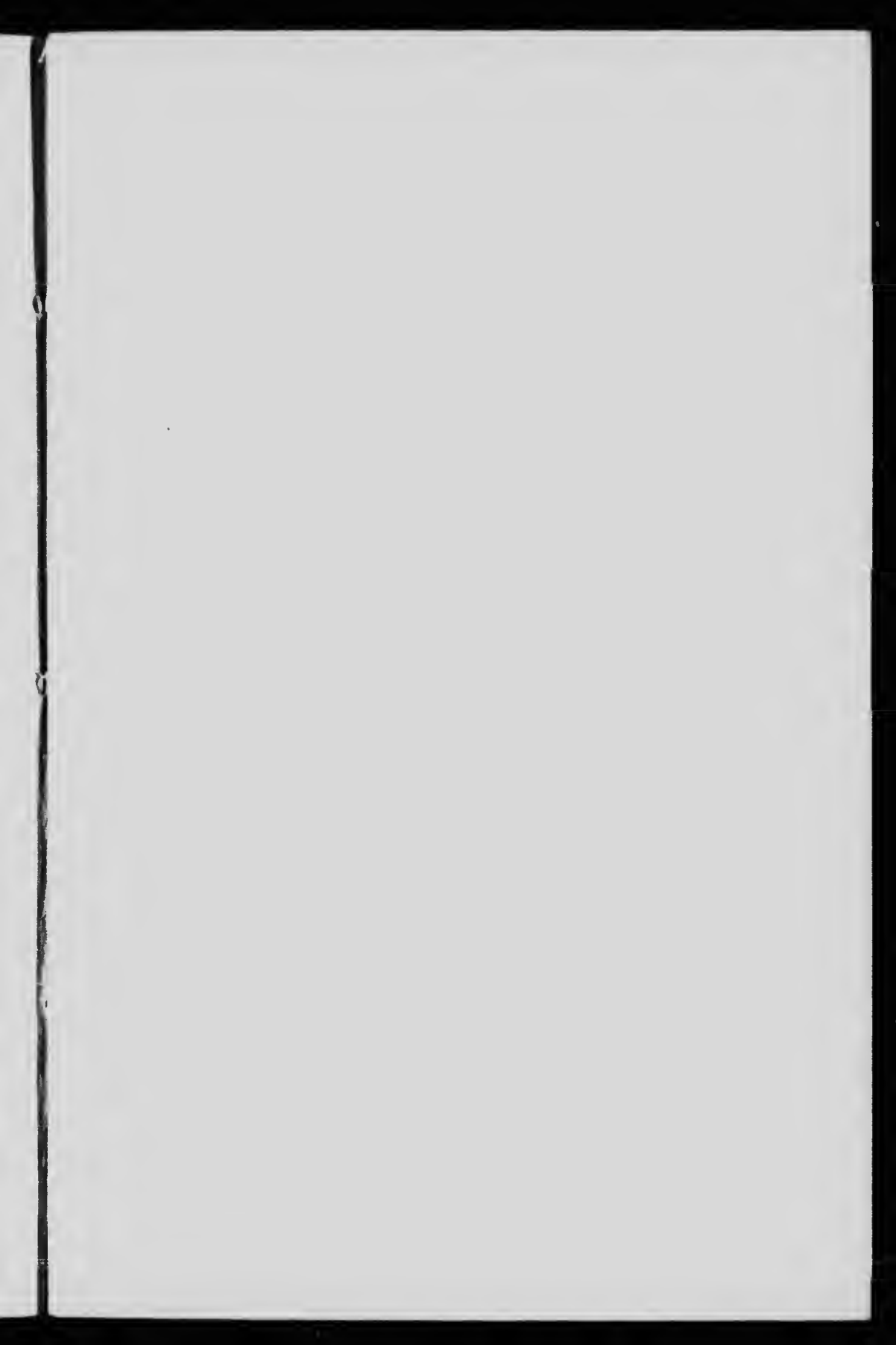
Her Majesty the Queen.

Our Brave Defenders

at Sea

London: HMSO, 1953.

VON IFFLAND, HARRIET
In London





In Loving Memory
of
The Queen,
and the Brave Defenders
of the
Empire

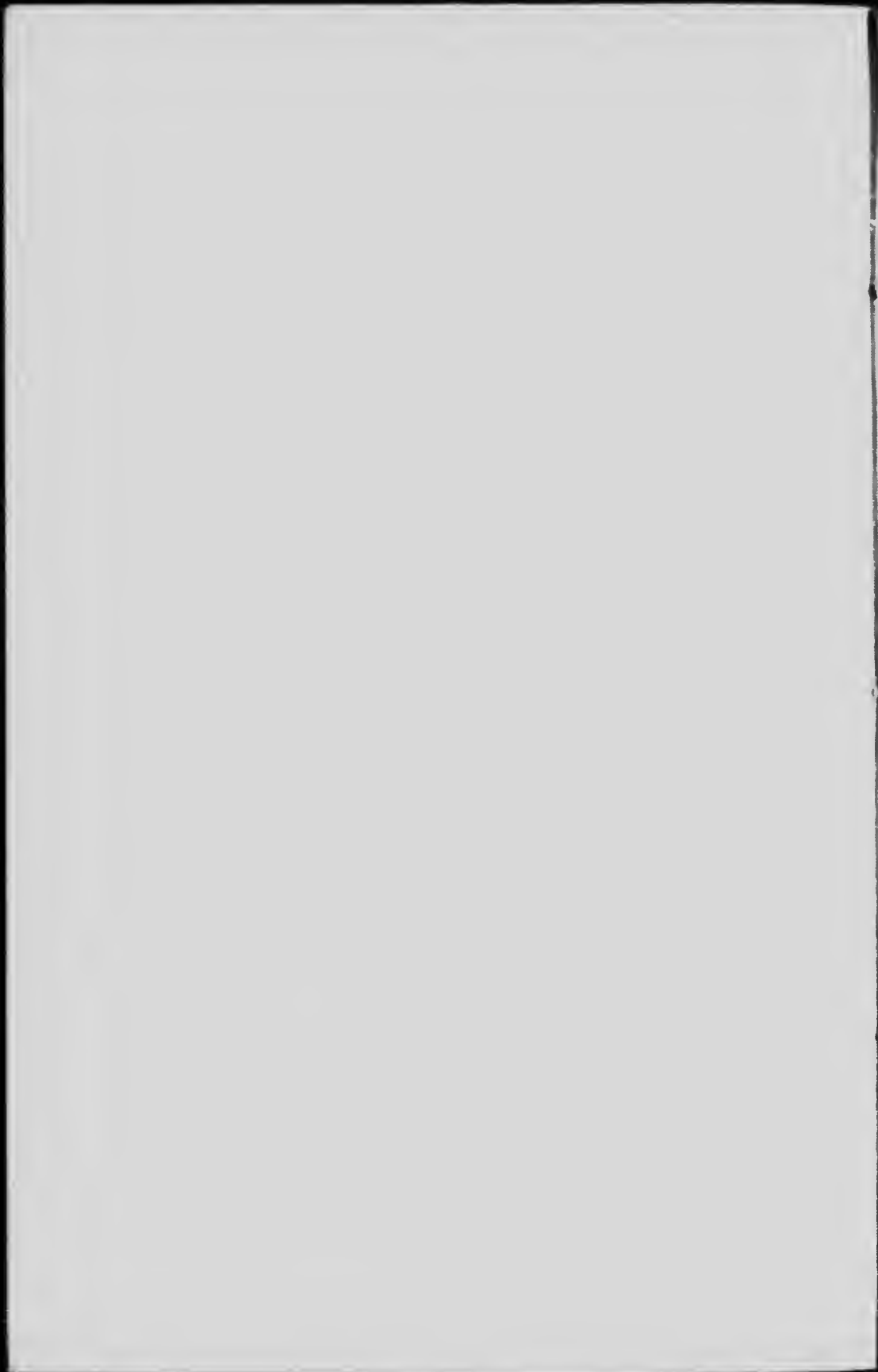
*Who died for Queen and Country
In South Africa.*



HARRIET VON IFFLAND.

CHRONICLE, QUEBEC.

1901.



Dedicated
to
The Children of "The Queen."

May 24th, 1819.

A child is born, a little helpless babe,
A tiny baby girl. To Edward Duke of Kent.
Oh! what high destiny awaits that infant small,
What honours crowd around her cradle bed,
What anxious hopes and fears watch over her.
God guards her from her earliest years,
And blesses her fond mother's tender care.
That baby brow destined to wear the crown
Of earth's most mighty Empire.
Victoria! the future Queen and Empress.
She smiles, a blessed, happy little maid,
Chosen by God for such a high Emprise,
Endowed with power and noble mind
To grasp and hold the duties of her regal state.

* * * * *

June 20th, 1837.

They decked her courtly halls,
They reined her hundred steeds,
They shouted at her palace gates
A noble Queen succeeds.

* * * * *

E. BROWNING.

February 10th, 1840.

A woman kneels before the Throne of God
To wed, in simple faith, her chosen lord,
As Queen she rules with dignity and might.
As wife, her law, her husband's wish and word.

* * * * *

February 2nd, 1901.

Forth from her courtly halls,
Drawn by her royal steeds,
To her last earthly resting place
This noble Queen proceeds.

H. VON IFFLAND.

1887.

Thanksgiving.

Lord of Thrones, and God of Empires,
Great ruler of the earth and sea,
For our Queen's most glorious reign
We lift our grateful hearts to Thee.

Thou hast blessed her lands and peoples,
Crowned her days with love and peace,
On the lands which own her power
The rise of sun doth never cease.

Rejoice then sons of English Land,
Singing songs of jubilation ;
For God hath blessed, all lands above,
The glorious English Nation.

Jubilee Hymn.

1897.

Victoria! The well beloved!
As ruler, mother, guardian, friend.
Where'er our noble Queen is known,
Prayers for her weal to God ascend.

Throughout the world, hearts burn with love
Our monarch's glorious reign to see.
The nations join in glad acclaim,
"God bless Victoria's Jubilee."

We pray. "God bless our Empress Queen,
In this her wondrous Jubilee."
Her people sing "God save the Queen,"
In every land, on every sea.

All praise to God, the King of Love,
Who hath for us such great things done,
Who blesses us, and our dear Queen,
In every land beneath the sun.

The Queen.

January 22nd, 1901.

The Empire mourns as one who mourneth for his mother
Our dear dead Queen, our gentle Lady Sovereign, Queen Victoria—
Our deeply loved and honoured Queen, our loving mother Queen—
Well may we mourn and bitter tears of sorrow flow,
But only for ourselves and our great loss we grieve—
No more, on earth, her kindly face is seen—no more
Her wisdom, God given wisdom, rules for her people's good,
No more glad thronging crowds go forth to see the Queen,
And shout their love in glad acclaim, "God Save the Queen"—
"The Queen" is dead! another honoured ruler holds her throne
And we must sing with low bowed heads and bleeding hearts,
Long may our King, Edward the VII., reign and rule, God Save the
King.
But is Victoria dead? It is not so, she lives forever with her Saviour,
God—
Lay bye with tender, loving hands, and noble lordly pomp and
panoply.
Her earthly habitation, till the last glad Easter morning breaks—
Oh! how we loved that human, earthly tabernacle of our Queen;
For that we mourn and weep; no more to see her gentle face,
No more to bend the knee, and kiss the small white Royal hand,
No more to hear the well beloved voice speak words of love for all—
For this! for this! Her sons' deep grief, her daughters' heartfelt
woe—
For this we mourn, their loss, our loss, the void, the loneliness—
But for Victoria we cannot, dare not mourn or weep—
From earth she passed to her inheritance, her everlasting crown;
Still a right Royal Queen—true, faithful, loving child of God—
And ever in our hearts she lives, and ever will, Our Gracious Queen—
Victoria—Victoria a power still for good, her goodness ruling still,
We shall go to her, but she shall not return to us, to earth,
Until the dawning of the day, when Christ will bring His loved ones
with Him—
And Edward! King! will love his people better for his mother's sake—
A noble, kingly King, endued with power by Almighty God,
To rule and reign a righteous monarch—
God bless and save the King.

February 1st and 2nd, 1901.

What pageant passes slowly through the streets?
Why stand these silent waiting crowds,
Gazing with tear dimm'd eyes for her who comes.
Is this the royal chariot for so great a sovereign?
Empress and Queen. First monarch of the world?
A simple soldier's bier, only the carriage for a gun.
Who are these quiet mourners walking with solemn step?
The men with low bowed heads in silent sorrow,
The women clad in garments of deep woe,
Their faces closely veiled to hide their sobs and tears?
These are her children following their mother's coffin,
This is the funeral of Victoria, Empress, Queen.
'Twas her sweet, simple wish thus to be laid to rest.
The only sound the measured footfall of the steeds,
The sonorous booming of the minute guns,
Telling her dear people, whom she loved so well,
The progress of the Royal Cortège—From Osborne
To the yacht Alberta, on to the Harbour through
The ships. Then rest, well guarded, through the night.
Then on and on through crowded London streets,
Everywhere reverence, devotion to their dear dead Queen.
What lordly pomp surrounds that simple soldier's bier,
What great magnificence of rich array,
What princely men, what gorgeous uniforms,
Truly a wondrous Royal Pageant, "The Queen's Funeral."
Never before so many crown'd heads honoured the dead,
All those she loved so well pay homage to "The Queen."
Her soldiers and her sailors their beloved monarch bear
And the last earthly service falls to the British Tars.

February 4th.

The solemn service ended
They bear her from the shrine,
To lay her softly to her rest,
"Father! this child of Thine."
From out the Holy Fane
Come two doves, pearly grey.
They hover o'er the jewelled crown,
And follow all the way.
Oh! happy omen this
Of blessed souls that meet
Within God's world of Love,
And kneel at Jesus' feet.

1863.—Alexandra.—1901.

This morn on ancient Denmark's strand
Gathered a little royal band,
To bid adieu to their loved one,
Sought by Victoria's eldest son.

Now safely landed on England's shore,
She is England's darling for evermore.
With kingly grace her future lord
Salutes her, with soft whispered word.

Hark ! to the Nation's welcome loud
From all the glad excited crowd.
" Welcome ! Albert Edward's bride,
Denmark's daughter, England's pride."
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! Hurrah !

1901.

Dear Queen your grace has won us all,
You hold the Nation's heart in thrall.

Britons Every One of Us.

1900.

We are Britons every one of us,
No matter where we be,
In Britain or in foreign clime,
Or sailing o'er the sea.
Ruled o'er by a deear wee wooman
Wha wi her leetle hand
Can warm the bluid in ivery hairt
Through a'her mighty land.

Britons every one of us,
Through all her mighty land ;
For Britain's right and Britain's might
We wield the strong right hand.

Her children, spread o'er all the earth,
Are now to manhood grown,
And claim her children's heritage
To rally round her Throne.
Our mother, gallant England,
By age is to the fore,
Our gracious Queen is an Englander,
And British to the core.

Britons every one of us, etc.

Heart of the British Empire,
Shall the three-fold kingdom be,
England, Scotland, Ireland.
United kingdoms three.
England, the old, shall be the head,
Scotland the strong right hand,
And the gem of the threefold kingdom
Is Ireland's Emerald land.

Britons every one of us, etc.

The men of England, Scotland, Wales,
Have shown their worth in war ;
And our dashing boys from Ireland
Prove their courage near and far :
From every land where England rules,
To aid her in her strife.
Thousands of her brave sons have come.
Each man to give his life.

Britons every one of us, etc.

The Soldiers of The Empire.

October, 1899.

March ! March ! March !
O'er the foreign field afar ;
The valiant men of Canada
Are marching to the war.

March ! March ! March !
Hark ! hark ! to the glorious tramp,
The valiant men of Canada
Are Marching into camp.

March ! March ! March !
With the British flag unfurled,
The soldiers of the Empire
Will stand against the world.

March ! March ! March !
Lord hear our suppliant cry,
The soldiers of the Empire
Have gone to win or die.

March ! March ! March !
Lord grant them victory ;
The soldiers of the Empire
Put all their trust in Thee.

March ! March ! March !
Their hearts are beating high.
The soldiers of the Empire
Will make their foemen fly.

**March ! March ! March !
Then every loyal son ;
By soldiers of the Empire
The victory must be won .**

**March ! March ! March !
To the sound of fife and drum
The soldiers of the Empire
As conquering heroes come .**

1901.

**March ! March ! March !
Some to their last long sleep.
May the Lord, God of battles
Their valiant spirits keep .**

**Sleep ! Sleep ! Sleep !
'Till at the awakening day,
The soldiers of the Empire
Shall stand in proud array .**

Magersfontein.

December 11th, 1899.

It was night at Magersfontein,
Night, dark and wet and chill,
As Britain's doughty Highlanders
Approached the fateful hill.

The rain came down in torrents,
The velt was thick and ~~dark~~
As over hill, through mud and brush
They marched on, rank by rank.

For nine long weary miles they tramped
But their spirits never drooped ;
Until at last they gained their goal,
And up the rough kopje trooped.

With hearts aglow to win renown,
The gallant Highland men
Pressed on to fight the stubborn foe—
Keen eyes were watching then

Upon the hill a light flashed out,
When like a fire from Hell
Upon their brave, devoted heads
Fierce storms of bullets fell.

Entangled in the infernal snare,
Their senses 'gan to reel—
"Steady my men" brave Wauchop cried,
And all stood true as steel.

**“ Men of the Black Watch rally ! rally ! ”
Their leader cried again,
As the hellish fire of molten lead
Poured down like burning rain—**

**They rallied round him ; every man
Was a hero that dread night—
Though their leader fell, those men fought on
Till few were left to flight—**

**And though they could not win the fight,
There was no cause for shame,
The bravest men that ever lived
There died for Britain’s fame.**

**“ I have missed the road ” the false guide said—
He was a traitorous spy—
And he led our noble British men
Into that dread trap to die—**

**The British nation will ne’er forget
The fight brave Wauchop led—
Cheering his wearied soldiers on
Till his dauntless spirit sped—**

Strathcona's Horse.

On Afric's arid sands to fight
Our gallant men went forth,
There to uphold the Empire's might,
Our Riders of the North—

Where there are doughty deeds to share
They're in it, every man ;
Where there are dangers great to dare
Strathcona's in the van.

And when from their victorious ride
They homeward come again,
Our Canada will greet with pride
"Her Riders of the Plain"—

Canada's Sons For Britain.

1899.

Our country's brave and gallant sons
Are going to the front.
God give them strength, God grant them grace
When bearing battle's brunt.

God guard them through their deary voyage
When waiting is such pain.
Grant that in safety all may reach
The port they seek to gain.

And nerve and bless each strong right hand
When called to face the foe.
Crown their brave efforts with success,
For Britain's right they go.

Oh ! cease this dreadful war to cease,
Strike down the tyrant power.
Bless Britain's men who fight for peace,
Let peace be Britain's dower.

Peace and blest freedom from harsh wrong
For those she goes to aid.
In blood of Britain's noblest sons
The price of peace is paid.

And these are Britain's loyal sons,
Now going at her call.
For her to fight, for her to die,
Until the tyrant fall.

And victory crowns our country's arms,
And we have won the day.
God ! help the brave who dying lie,
Be Britain's help alway.

* * * * *

Let our Heroes rest.

Disturb not our dead, let them sleep where they fell,
On the red field of battle afar.
In our hearts must sound the sad funeral knell,
But honoured our dead heroes are.

Ah ! leave our dear dead, with their brothers they rest,
In the graves where their comrades have laid them ;
Let them rest with her dead, and share with her best
The tribute that Britain has paid them.

In peace let them rest, our own glorious dead,
Let them sleep till the dawning of day.
For Queen and for country their life blood they shed,
And they gloried their hearts' blood to pay.

Let our dead heroes sleep in their African graves,
With the flag of the Empire above them ;
They are safe in the land where the British flag waves,
Though far from the fond hearts that love them.

'Tis no alien soil where our loved ones sleep,
Mid the brave men with whom they died,
Who answered her call from deep unto deep ;
And Britain will guard them with pride.

The hero of old was but wrapped in his cloak ;
As we learn from the beautiful story,
They laid him to rest as low sad words they spoke,
Then they "left him alone in his glory."

We may build a cairn o'er their dear sacred dust,
We may mark where our brave heroes fell,
Oh ! disturb not our dead, but in peace let them rest,
On the field where our men fought so well.

