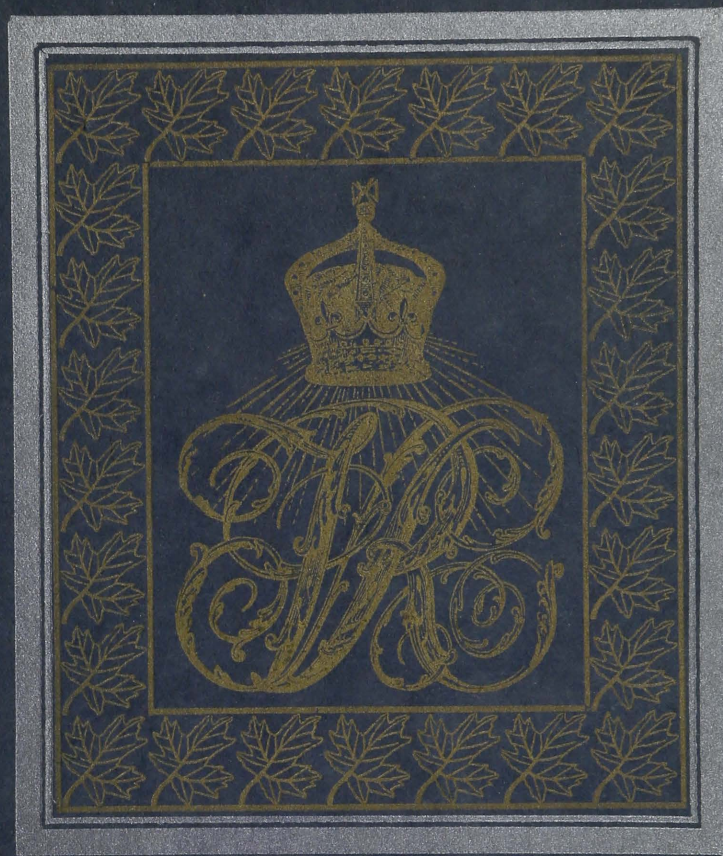
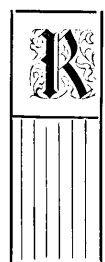






REVERENTLY dedicated to the memory
of the **Illustrious Victoria**, who, as
Queen, Wife and Mother, won the
truest confidence and affection of
her subjects, and the esteem and
admiration of the world,—

BY THE AUTHOR,

JOHN WILLIAM GARVIN.

PETERBOROUGH, ONT., CANADA,
January, 1901

V I C T O R I A



VICTORIA THE GOOD

IMPERIAL MOTHER! Victoria the Good!
Majestic Heart! Earth's Greatest Sovereign!
Consummate now thy glorious womanhood;
Consummate now thy great and glorious reign.

Thy throne was not of granite or of gold,
Nor wrought by genius rare and skilful arts;
Thy loving subjects, hundred million-fold,
Declare it was constructed of their hearts.

Peace and prosperity, throughout thy realm,
Didst thou promote for more than sixty years;
Guided the Ship of State with steady helm,
Thro' shoals of envy and tempestuous fears.

Fair Liberty, thy sister Empress-Queen,
Hath ever proudly sat enthroned with thee;
Thy banners clean her radiant wings have been,
To spread the noble message of the free.

Thy heart-beats, full of love and tenderness,
Thine Empire heard with ever quickening ear;
Thy steadfast courage made each Briton bless
Thy fearless justice and thy pitying tear.

Exalted One! Pure Messenger of God!
Thy lessons manifold will long enroll;
Mankind is richer where thy footsteps trod,
And future ages will thy name extol.

Imperial Mother! Victoria the Good!
Majestic Heart! Earth's Greatest Sovereign!
Consummate now thy glorious womanhood;
Consummate now thy great and glorious reign.

EDWARD VII.



EDWARD VII., KING AND EMPEROR

LBERT EDWARD! King and Emperor now!
Imperial diadem of jewelled parts,
Fit symbol of a crown of loving hearts,
A People free hath placed upon thy brow.

All hail, Proud Monarch! Title none dispute!
Thy grandest destiny, - perpetuate
Wise and just laws, dominion vast and great,
A thousand years of blood and toil the fruit.

Hail to thy Royal Mate, high-souled and sweet,
A woman nobly planned for thee and thine,
Long since enthroned with Charity divine,
A queenly woman born, good and discreet!

Hail to thy Glorious Empire, first and best
Among the mighty nations of the world!
In every clime its banners are unfurled
The strong to guard, to succor the opprest.

Hail to Britannia, Empress of the Waves!
Hail to Prince Commerce, her consort on the sea!
Hail to their Offspring, their love and loyalty!
Hail to all Britons, who never shall be slaves!

'Twas yesterday a Century had its birth,
To mark with fitting pomp and circumstance
So fateful an event as thy advance
To acme reach of fame and honored worth.

The starry virtues of thy Mother-Queen
Long in her Children may resplendent shine!
Exalted Son! Let be the glory thine
To emulate her deeds and noble mein.

Thy loyal subjects faithful homage bring,
Low bend the knee and place their hands between,
Swear true allegiance to thy Throne Serene,
And sing and pray,—“God save our Gracious King.”

ALEXANDRA



JOHN ALEXANDER

ALL to thy Royal Mate, high-souled and sweet,
A woman nobly planned for thee and thine,
Long since enthroned with Charity divine,
A queenly woman born, good and discreet !

