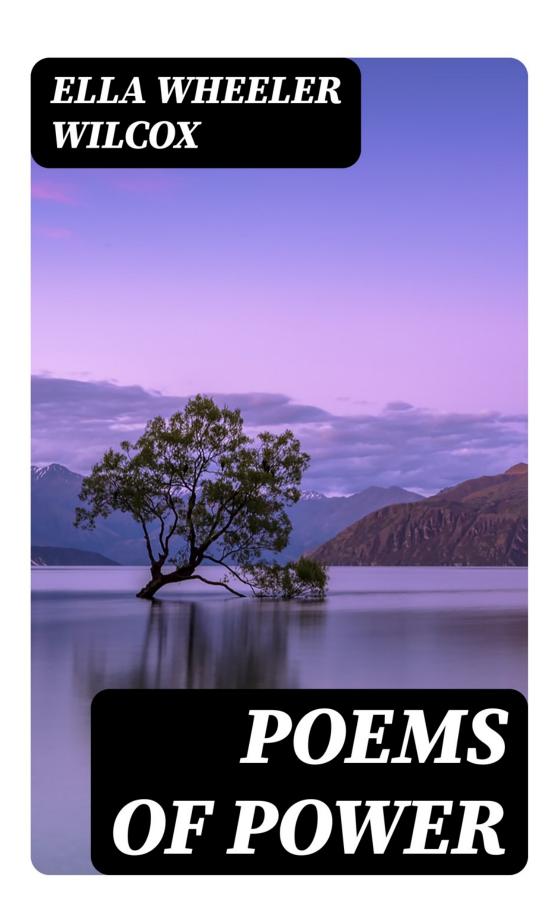
# ELLA WHEELER WILCOX



POEMS
OF POWER



### **Ella Wheeler Wilcox**

# **Poems of Power**

EAN 8596547122708

DigiCat, 2022

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## THE QUEEN'S LAST RIDE

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(Written on the day of Queen Victoria's funeral)
The Queen is taking a drive to-day,
They have hung with purple the carriage-way,
They have dressed with purple the royal track
Where the Queen goes forth and never comes back.

Let no man labour as she goes by On her last appearance to mortal eye: With heads uncovered let all men wait For the Queen to pass, in her regal state.

Army and Navy shall lead the way
For that wonderful coach of the Queen's to-day.
Kings and Princes and Lords of the land
Shall ride behind her, a humble band;
And over the city and over the world
Shall the Flags of all Nations be half-mast-furled,
For the silent lady of royal birth
Who is riding away from the Courts of earth,
Riding away from the world's unrest
To a mystical goal, on a secret quest.

Though in royal splendour she drives through town, Her robes are simple, she wears no crown:
And yet she wears one, for, widowed no more,
She is crowned with the love that has gone before,
And crowned with the love she has left behind
In the hidden depths of each mourner's mind.

Bow low your heads—lift your hearts on high— The Queen in silence is driving by!

#### THE MEETING OF THE CENTURIES

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A curious vision on mine eyes unfurled
In the deep night. I saw, or seemed to see,
Two Centuries meet, and sit down vis-à-vis
Across the great round table of the world:
One with suggested sorrows in his mien,
And on his brow the furrowed lines of thought;
And one whose glad expectant presence brought
A glow and radiance from the realms unseen.

Hand clasped with hand, in silence for a space
The Centuries sat; the sad old eyes of one
(As grave paternal eyes regard a son)
Gazing upon that other eager face.
And then a voice, as cadenceless and gray
As the sea's monody in winter time,
Mingled with tones melodious, as the chime
Of bird choirs, singing in the dawns of May.

THE OLD CENTURY SPEAKS

By you, Hope stands. With me, Experience walks. Like a fair jewel in a faded box, In my tear-rusted heart, sweet Pity lies. For all the dreams that look forth from your eyes, And those bright-hued ambitions, which I know Must fall like leaves and perish, in Time's snow, (Even as my soul's garden stands bereft,) I give you pity! 'tis the one gift left.

THE NEW CENTURY

Nay, nay, good friend! not pity, but Godspeed, Here in the morning of my life I need.