

**THE WORKS OF ALFRED  
LORD TENNYSON.  
POEMS, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649736768

The Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Poems, Vol. I by Alfred Tennyson

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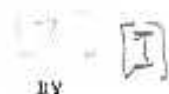
**ALFRED TENNYSON**

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# P O E M S

I



ALFRED  
LORD TENNYSON

D.C.L. F.R.

**London**  
MACMILLAN AND CO.  
AND NEW YORK  
1888

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TO THE QUEEN.

*Revered, beloved—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,*

*Victoria,—since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base ;*

*And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there ;*

*Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,  
Where all about your palace-walls  
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—*

## TO THE QUEEN.

Take, Madam, this poor book of song ;  
 For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
 In vacant chambers, I could trust  
 Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood  
 As noble till the latest day !  
 May children of our children say,  
 ' She wrought her people lasting good ;

' Her court was pure ; her life serene ;  
 God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;  
 A thousand claims to reverence closed  
 In her as Mother, Wife, and Queen ;

' And statesmen at her council met  
 Who knew the seasons when to take  
 Occasion by the hand, and make  
 The bounds of freedom wider yet

' By shaping some august decree,  
 Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
 Broad-based upon her people's will,  
 And compass'd by the inviolate sea.'