

**THE POETICAL WORKS
OF ARDENNES JONES-
FOSTER**

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The Poetical Works of Ardennes Jones-Foster by Ardennes Jones-Foster

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AMERICAN EDITION

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1892
G.

To DR. E. L. MACOMB BRISTOL.

To do by men as would they'd do by us,
To speak of men as we would have them speak
Were such a simple task, yet seldom done.
As I find men, likewise I speak of them.
New life with double feroc springs to the heart
When friends extend a hand and wish us well.
For favours rich as you have granted me,
More gratitude were subtle counterpoise,
Yet little else have I to offer you.
In slight acknowledgment, pray take this book.

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TO THE QUEEN.

Whom God preserve. By God's grace Queen.
Defender of the Faith, Kaisar-i-Hind.
Your subject, Madam, I would crave
The privilege this greeting to append:

Whom God willed should be Queen is Queen,
Victoria, Britain's grandest ruler you.
A woman of all women good,
A wife and mother, loving, loyal, true.

No court whose life with yours compares,
No reign as free from petty illis and hate.
A Queen at peace with all the world,
And mighty are your Ministers of State!

May rank sedition never rise,
May sun on your dominions never set,
May mace of empire never bend,
In spite of worldly hinderance and let;

In spite of plots of Judases,
In spite of treason foes to peace may plan.
It needs but foeman's hand in sight,
To fire the breast of every Englishman.

A Queen at peace with all the earth;
A royal mission yours and rich with years,
In Councils Queen; at home a wife,
And all the world has shared your bliss and tears.

Whom God willed should be Consort lived
To fill your heart with mother's fondest joys.
Whom God took from you—Albert, Prince—
Has left his image in your girls and boys.

The voices of all men combine,
From Kingdoms, Empires, over sea and plain,
From far Republics, Continents,
To laud the potent virtues of your reign.

And warm the wishes sent to you
From States beyond Atlantic, Infant West;
A child of Britain, free and great,
A youngling suckled by the Lioness;

And yet in Freedom finds content,
But praying God to prosper Mother-land.
The One God speeds America
And holds you in the hollow of His hand.

LONDON, October, 1891.

J. P. V. V.