

# “On the Jubilee of Queen Victoria”

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Season 17, Episode 1

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Fifty times the rose has flower'd and faded,  
Fifty times the golden harvest fallen,  
Since our Queen assumed the globe, the sceptre.

She beloved for a kindliness  
Rare in fable or history,  
Queen, and Empress of India,  
Crown'd so long with a diadem  
Never worn by a worthier,  
Now with prosperous auguries  
Comes at last to the bounteous  
Crowning year of her Jubilee.

Nothing of the lawless, of the despot,  
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,  
All is gracious, gentle, great and queenly.

You then joyfully, all of you,  
Set the mountain aflame to-night,  
Shoot your stars to the firmament,  
Deck your houses, illuminate  
All your towns for a festival,  
And in each let a multitude

Loyal, each, to the heart of it,  
One full voice of allegiance,  
Hail the fair Ceremonial  
Of this year of her Jubilee.

Queen, as true to womanhood as Queenhood,  
Glorying in the glories of her people,  
Sorrowing with the sorrows of the lowest!

You, that wanton in affluence,  
Spare not now to be bountiful,  
Call your poor to regale with you,  
All the lowly, the destitute,  
Make their neighborhood healthfuller,  
Give your gold to the hospital,  
Let the weary be comforted,  
Let the needy be banqueted,

Let the maim'd in his heart rejoice  
At this glad Ceremonial,  
And this year of her Jubilee.

Henry's fifty years are all in shadow,  
Gray with distance Edward's fifty summers,  
Even her Grandsire's fifty half forgotten.

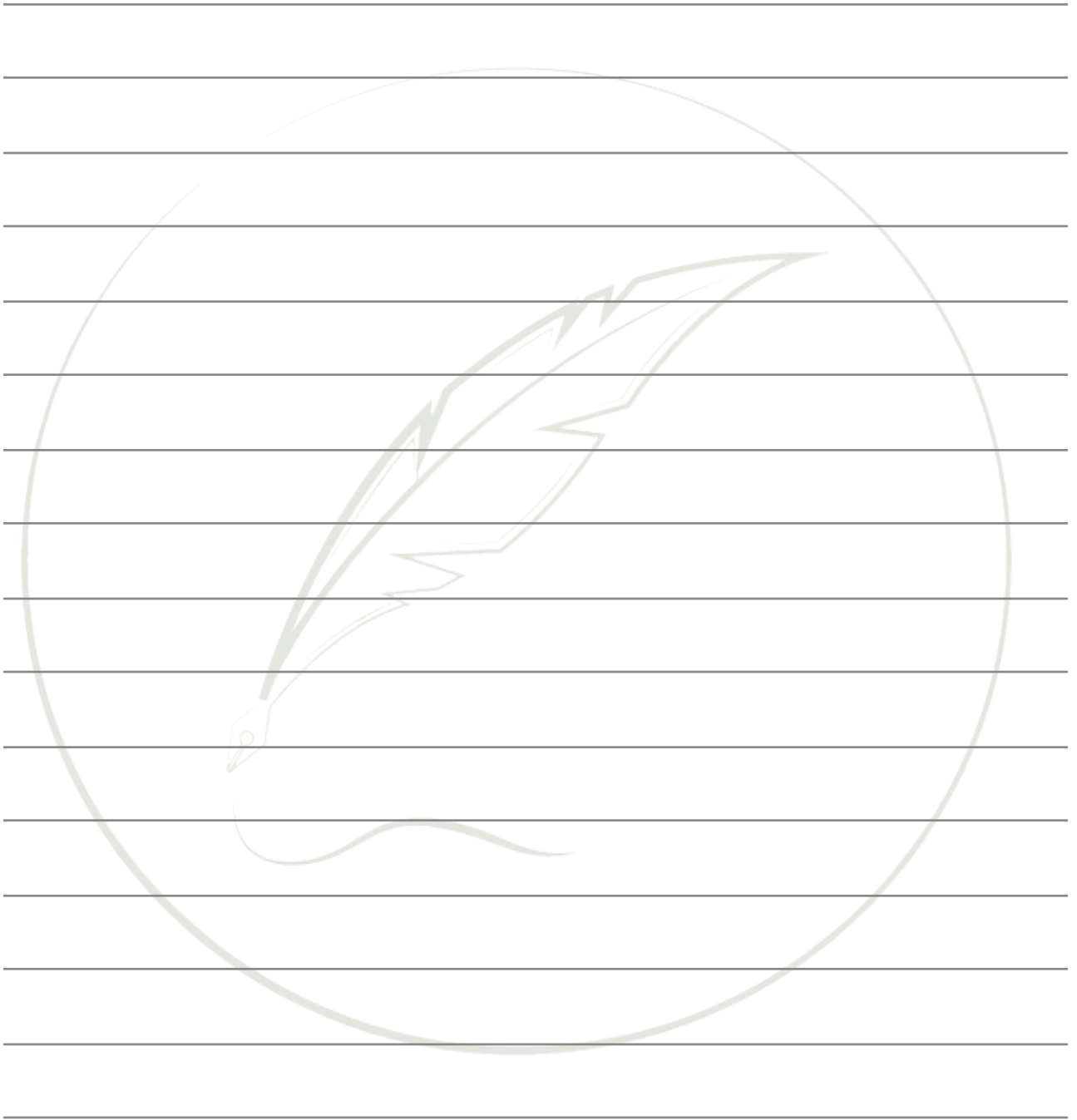
You, the Patriot Architect,  
You that shape for eternity,  
Raise a stately memorial,  
Make it regally gorgeous,  
Some Imperial Institute,  
Rich in symbol, in ornament,  
Which may speak to the centuries,  
All the centuries after us,  
Of this great Ceremonial,  
And this year of her Jubilee.

Fifty years of ever-broadening Commerce!  
Fifty years of ever-brightening Science!  
Fifty years of ever-widening Empire!

You, the Mighty, the Fortunate,  
You, the Lord-territorial,  
You, the Lord-manufacturer,  
You, the hardy, laborious,  
Patient children of Albion,  
You, Canadian, Indian,  
Australasian, African,  
All your hearts be in harmony,  
All your voices in unison.  
Singing, 'Hail to the glorious  
Golden year of her Jubilee!'

Are there thunders moaning in the distance?  
Are there spectres moving in the darkness?  
Trust the Hand of Light will lead her people,  
Till the thunders pass, the spectres vanish,  
And the Light is Victor, and the darkness  
Dawns into the Jubilee of the Ages.

NOTES/NARRATION:



Recited By:

Date Recited: