

Where kings are crowned within thy walls,
Time-honoured Westminster.¹

3. What recks² he of a nameless grave,
If only o'er his head
Some holy prayers be offered up,
Some loving tears be shed.
4. If but that body, sorrow-tost,
At length be laid to rest
In steadfast hope to rise again
In glory with the blest.
5. Our wish is vain, O band of friends ;
For ye must lay him there,
Without a word of Christian hope,
Without a word of prayer.
6. Move forth, move forth, O faithful few,
In silence and in gloom,
On to the desecrated church,³
On to the lonely tomb.
7. Beneath the coffin's ponderous⁴ load,
Your weary shoulders bow ;
But there's a burden heavier far
Upon your spirits now.
8. Beneath the clear, cold, wintry sky,
As slowly forth you go,

¹ *Westminster.* Many kings and celebrated men are buried in Westminster Abbey.

² *Recks,* cares.

³ *Desecrated ;* the Roundheads dishonoured the churches by stabling their horses in them.

⁴ *Ponderous,* heavy.