

Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car ;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honoured place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the sweet choir sings, and the organ rings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword ;
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word ;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour,—
The hillside for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave ?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought !
Before the Judgment Day,