

The silence my broad lands gave.  
Did my white heart ache, for the echoing sake  
Of the blood that your heroes gave.  
For me and for mine,  
Not gold nor shrine,  
Can draw nearer my breast their graves,  
While my greater glory lies in the story  
Of that of your brave of braves.

Yet I would say, Sir Poet,  
Where they and I found Fates,  
That they in their rest hold me loyal best  
Than your cannon about my gates.

Came they your people laden,  
Seeking me from afar,  
They found no frown when I shared my crown  
To make them what they are,  
Gifts from the mighty mountain,  
Gifts from the lake and stream.  
The sparkling of the fountain,  
The visions that poets dream,  
These were my welcome !  
Found they genius and honour some ;  
Some left sorrows behind them  
Some wrought sorrows to come.

And I, my rivers are mighty,