

Uncle Walt

Longfellow

SINGER of the kindly song, minstrel of the gentle lay, when the night is dark and long, and beset with thorns the way—in the poignant hour of pain, in this weary worldly war, there is comfort in thy strain, courage in “Excelsior.” When the city bends us down, with its weight of bricks and tiles, lead us, poet, from the town, to the fragrant forest aisles, where the hemlocks ever moan, like old Druids clad in green, as they sighed, when all alone, wandered sad Evangeline. Writer of the cleanly page, teacher of the golden truth; still I love thee in my age, as I loved thee in my youth. In some breasts a fiercer fire flamed, than ever thou hast known; but no mortal minstrel’s lyre ever gave a purer tone. Singer of the kindly song, minstrel of the gentle lay, time is swift and art is long, and thy fame will last alway.