

Morning

XXXI.

A glory streaming from on high,
Touches the earth from pole to pole;
The day breaks in the eastern sky,
And it is morning, O my soul!

You, bravest soldier, soaring free,
While here, by truth and duty led,
In tasting immortality,
Have given new radiance to the dead.

I see a splendour in your face,
And know you just a man, no more;
And in that look I know our race
A finer species than before.

A nation rises to its birth,
I mark your life, the finished march;
You fill your place who proved your worth:
A segment in the perfect arch.

Eternal honour, reverence true,
Be yours, where'er the living move!
The new-born day is full of you,
Full are the hearts that greatly love.