

Show us once more the Warrior's trusty sword,
The Statesman's sceptre,
And those who o'er their country's weal held ward,
And ever kept her
Four-square to Truth and Right. Bring once again,
From Time's recesses,
The puissant wielders of the mighty pen—
The world confesses
The wreath is still unwithered on their brows.
From air surrounding
Recall the voices that had power to rouse ;
Then bring, resounding,
The songs the Singers sung in days gone by
With heart upbounding.
Strike yet once more the harp of minstrelsy
Of the great Master,
And let us feel once more the deep profound
Of our disaster,
For that no more his hand will sweep the string
To noble measure !

And, last, bring those who loved us, whose deep hearts
Knew all our sorrow,