

God gave this highest honour
To the nation, that upon her
He was spared to lay the magic of his hand ;
Then to live to see the greatness
Of his noble works, completeness,
Then to pass to rest belovèd by his land.

We stand at death's dim gates
Where his mighty soul awaits
Somewhere the long, long silence of the years.
And the marble of his lips
Doth all our woe eclipse,
Death's awful peace rolls back upon our tears.

Greater than all sorrow
That our hearts can borrow ;
Loftier than our fleeting, human praise,