

Glorious tomb o'er glorious sleepers: gallant fellowship to share—
Paladin and Peer and Marshal—France, thy noblest dust is there:
Names that light thy battle annals—names that shook the heart of
Earth—

Stars in Crimson War's horizon—synonyms for martial worth:

Room, within that shrine of Heroes: place, pale sceptres of the past;
Homage yield, ye battle-phantoms: Lo, your Mightiest comes at
last.

Was his course the Woe out-thunder'd from propetic trumpet's
lips?

Was his type the ghostly Horseman shadow'd in the Apocalypse?

Grey-hair'd soldiers gather round him, relics of an age of war.
Followers of the Victor-Eagle, when his flight was wild and far,
Men who panted in the death-strife on Rodrigo's bloody ridge,
Hearts that sicken'd at the death-shriek from the Russian's
shatter'd bridge.

Men who heard th' immortal war-cry of the wild Egyptian fight—
"Forty centuries o'erlook us from yon Pyramid's grey height:"
They who heard the moans of Jaffa, and the breach of Acre knew—
They who rush'd their foaming war-steeds on the squares of
Waterloo—

They who lov'd him—they who fear'd him—they who in his dark
hour fled—

Round the mighty burial gather, spell-bound by the awful Dead.
Churchmen—Princes—Statesmen—Warriors—all a kingdom's
chief array,

And the Fox stands—crowned Mourner—by the Eagle's hero-clay:

But the last high rite is paid him, and the last deep knell is rung—
And 'he cannons' iron voices have their thunder-requiem sung—
And, 'mid banners idly drooping, silent gloom and mouldering
state,

Shall the trampler of the world upon the Judgment-trumpet wait.

Yet his ancient foes have given him nobler monumental pile.
Where the everlasting dirges moan'd around the burial Isle—
Pyramid upheav'd by Ocean in his loneliest wilds afar,
For the War-King thunder-stricken from his fiery battle-car.