

The days were dark
And perilous the paths. The early blasts
That beat upon his chieftain's honoured head
Were tempered by his labours and his love.
Soon as the winds that swept across the sea
Had passed, and while the foaming steeds of state,
Panting awhile for breath, but rested now,
Were champing on their bits, and eager stood
Impatient of the rein, ambitious each
To lead the cavalcade, he forged those bonds
That to the central purpose held them all
In federal unity, devising laws
That held the nation firm amid the flood.

He sought and found highroads of wealth and peace
And set the people in the prosperous ways
Of enterprise. From all entanglements
With foreign states held her hot blood aloof,
And won their trust with honour.

Now shall stand,
To speak his worth, one fitting monument,
That mighty modern state his vision planned.
But who shall tell the kindness of his heart,
The gentleness and goodness, all those charms
That made his presence such a joyous thing
To those who felt its sway.