

They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun. 40

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honour'd place,
With costly marble dressed, 45
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazon'd wall.

This was the truest warrior,
That ever buckled sword; 50
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word;
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen
On the deathless page truths half so sage 55
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honour—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall, 60
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave,

In that strange grave without a name, 65
Whence his uncoffin'd clay
Shall break again, O wondrous thought,
Before the judgment-day,