

Noblest sentiments did tremble,
 Last Eve on his lips of fire,
 Teaching statesmen that their duty
 Was to lift the nation higher.
 Not to follow but to lead her
 On in holy sentiment,
 To consolidate the nation,
 And calm all her discontent.

Once did Nazareth's son of sorrow,
 Ask ungrateful Israel why—
 For which deed of noble kindness
 Did the stones around him fly?
 So I ask the sons of Erin,
 For which deed to Ireland,
 Did our noblest statesman quiver
 'Neath the foul assassin's hand?

Rather boast that thou wert able
 To give birth to such a son,
 Whose immortal genius tower'd
 Glorious as the noonday sun.
 Let thy rivers speed be lessen'd,
 By the Banks of Slaney dear,
 And her clouds distil from heaven
 On his memory a tear.

Drape his birthplace now in Sack-cloth,
 Cast ye ashes o'er her head,
 Let her children pour their sorrow
 Over the illustrious dead.
 And thou Canada his country
 By adoption long ago,
 Let thy tears of sorrow freely
 For thy loftiest statesman flow.

Weep thou Maple Leaf profusely,
 Weep the loss of eloquence,
 That burned round thy country's glory,
 Causing it to glow intense.
 Curse the cause that hired the demon,
 To thus strike so near thy heart,
 Ope'd a wound within thy bosom
 That will long yet keenly smart.