

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 towerd  
 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.