

Thou didst the wand of pilgrimage
 Seize in thy firm right hand,
 And ledst thy councillors most sage
 Forth in a pilgrim band,
 A war 'gainst ignorance to wage,
 And see the far off land.

Inquiry led thee to the north,
 Nor were thy schemes at fault,
 To where the Jordan issues forth
 Into the drear sea salt ;
 A retinue encompassed thee
 Wide as the heavenly vault.

From out the darkness of the South
 Emergent to the day
 History records thee with her mouth ;
 Thy courage made its way
 Into the land of fame, where tongues
 Undying hold their sway.

Then thou returnedst to thy home
 With all thy glorious train,
 Assured that in some storied tome
 After thy mortal pain
 Thou after mixing with the loam
 Of Earth wouldst live again.