

And no man knows that sepulchre, 5
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturn'd the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever pass'd on earth; 10
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek 15
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves; 20
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle 25
On gray Beth-peor's height
Out of his lonely eyrie
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallow'd spot, 30
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum, 35
Follow his funeral car;