

What power was his that he could sway
The admiring multitude.
Oh! this was where his power lay,
He was so true and good:
From all mean affectation free,
He was what he appeared to be.

Old England may be proud indeed
Of such a gifted son;
Truly a leader who could lead,
A winner who has won
Glory and everlasting fame—
All honor to his noble name.

To expose the faults of government,
To tear down and destroy
All that was wrong where'er he went,
Was his delight and joy;
For he was one amidst the few
Who spoke the truth and felt it, too.

'Twas love that filled his noble soul,
Abounding to the end;
His name will live while ages roll,
Fond husband, faithful friend:
'Twas his delight to serve the Lord,
To worship Him and read His Word.

Brave Christian hero, thousands give
Thee honors true and high,
Thou hast taught men the way to live,
And taught them how to die;
In this world's battles, he who would
Be great must first of all be good.

Loved memories linger round thy name
Like fragrance from afar,
Thy sterling character became
Like a celestial star,
Which only sinks again to rise
Bright, clear and shining, in the skies.