

No Xenophon nor Cæsar  
This master had for guide,  
Yet here are well recorded  
The marches of the tide.

Here are the marks of greatness  
Accomplished without noise,  
The Elizabethan vigour,  
And the Landorian poise ;

The sweet Chaucerian temper,  
Smiling at all defeats ;  
The gusty moods of Shelley,  
The autumn calms of Keats.

Here were derived the gospels  
Of Emerson and John ;  
'Twas with this revelation  
The face of Moses shone.