

LONGFELLOW.

"Non clamor sed amor."

Above all others, in simplicity
Of song thou wert the poet of thy day ;
And thou wert crowned with laurel and with bay
Unfading, for thy mellow minstrelsy
Of life and death ; not for great ecstasy,
Nor ^{purple} riot, nor the blinding ray
From heaven,—for none of these did seek to play
Upon thy soul tumultuous harmony.

Above all others, thou wert calm, serene ;
Moving amid the clamor of a young
And strenuous nation like the quiet soul
Of peace and art ; painting a half-world scene
With fire-side pictures ; and thyself, among
The gazers, rapt in love's immortal scroll.