

"He is no king of ours," you say,  
"We know him not"; yet bare the head,  
Pay you your tribute, he is dead,  
I saw him pass in state to-day.

## II.

To bow the knee he was not planned  
With willowy grace and pliant form ;  
Like stalwart oak he faced the storm  
And bore its brunt—a monarch grand.

A shock of rebel locks upreared  
Above the forehead bold and high ;  
'Neath shaggy brow the deep-set eye  
Challenged enquiry ; grizzled beard

Part hid the lip ; a man endued  
With power of thought, you read the face ;  
The Maker moulds in some for grace,  
For strength those rugged features hewed.

In mind and will maturest man,  
A boy at heart ; his eager quest  
Of Nature's ways the boy confessed,  
But through it all endurance ran ;

Bend as they might the sturdy frame  
And quell the lustre of the eye,  
Not years could daunt the purpose high  
Or quench the ardent spirit's flame.

## III.

Greybeard and youth, a thoughtful throng,  
Would gather round their Scottish sage,  
Right gladly youth give place to age,  
Listen and learn and ponder long.

Was life's dark riddle hard to read ?  
His vibrant tones would cheer. Were there  
Who questioned truth ? who fought despair ?  
He welcomed all, nor asked their creed.