

Look up, their walls enclose us : look around,
Who won the verdant meadows from the sea ?
Whose sturdy hands the noble highways wound
Thro' forests dense, o'er mountain, moor and lea ?
Who spanned the streams ? Tell me whose works they be,—
The busy marts, where commerce ebbs and flows ?
Who quelled the savage ? And who spared the tree
That pleasant shelter o'er the pathway throws ?
Who made the land they loved to blossom like the rose ?

Who, in frail barques, the ocean surge defied,
And trained the race that live upon the wave ?
What shore so distant where they have not died ?
In every sea they found a watery grave.
Honor, forever, to the true and brave
Who seaward led their sons with spirits high,
Bearing the red-cross flag their fathers gave ;
Long as the billows flout the arching sky
They'll seaward bear it still—to venture, or to die.

The Roman gathered in a stately urn,
The dust he honored—while the sacred fire,
Nourished by vestal hands, was made to burn
From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,
Honor the dead ; and let the sounding lyre
Recount their virtues in your festal hours ;
Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher
Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers ;
And o'er the Old Men's graves, go strew your choicest flowers.