

Then, as the wakened birds shall sing,
And flowers lift their heads to smile,
The commoner, for whom he wrought,
Before that shrine shall pause awhile.

But now these things seem little worth—
They render him from whom they part,
Who lived, who loved, who was beloved,
The richer homage of the heart.

Men meet and say: "Tis best for him
Thus to be called from strife and fret,
We would not keep him from his rest";
But as they speak, their cheeks are wet.

And children, who have lost a friend,
Come softly there beside his bier
To leave the tribute of a rose,
Made sweeter by a falling tear.

The toiler lays his tools away,
The youth puts by his gown and book,
And Age forsakes the fireside,
Once more upon his face to look.

There high and low touch shoulder now;
There rank is but a withered leaf
Beneath the branching fellowship
That strikes its root in common grief.

Yet these, from farm or modest home,
With sorrow graven on the face
In deeper lines, have precedence,
For he was of their ancient race.

Then, borne in solmen state, he leaves
The Chamber where his spoken word,
Forged in a fire divinely fed,
Ofttimes his fellow-men hath stirred.

Times past, the waiting multitudes
Have marked his progress with acclaim,
But this vast, silent host reveals
The crowning lustre of his fame.

The moving silence of the plains,
When nightfall still the feathered song,
Holds naught to grip the heart like this—
The silence of a countless throng.

Thus onward to the Holy Place,
Where Grief may ever seek release
From dark despair; where swells aloft
The Requiem of hope and peace.

"It is the end." His work is done,
Though fields he tilled are yet to reap.
He lies at rest where stately trees
Keep guard about him in his sleep.