

All is He,
Of each various degree;
Atlas, carrying the sphere,
Bearer of man's rounded year.
Tender as the twilight hour,
Stern as winter in its power;
Frolicsome as winds in May,
Or the lambkin at its play;
Rich as Autumn, quick as Spring,
Strong as sinewy Summer's wing;
Cheery as Life's lusty breath,
And as tragical as Death.
Man's Wondrous Whole, Epitome,
Clear mirror of Humanity,
Her perfect son,
Her typic one,
Whose minister was every Muse,
Thy font the fount of Arathuse;
Whose cradle was Parnassus Throne;
The nursing bosom by thee drawn,
Clear Hippocrene and Helicon;
Deep drainer of divinst draught,
Whose soul at all song's springs has quaffed;
For whom the fixed Pierian spring
Appeared to leave its bounds, and fling
Its liquid arms round Castaly;
Bubbling with light, glad towards thee run,—
Why thus bear light to the light-giving sun?
Say who shall wisely yield thee praise,
Trace thee in thy works and ways;
In numbers measure out thy meed,
Thou, whose apt words best fit our deed?
Who utterest our gladness for us,
Provid'st a tongue unto our sorrows;
Lip-lead'st us faltering through our fears,
Joind'st cadent terms to dropping tears;
Attunest our pity, vent'st our rage,
Quick prompt'st us on life's stirring stage;
Nor hast in thy great function lacked,
In th' unrehearsed and final act,
When, dewed with damps and dark with doubt,
The torch of time and stage goes out.
Bright Torch of time, round thee may gather
Nor damp nor dimness; brightening rather;
For first of things
Is light that wings,
And forth from shadow never shone;
Of thy genius no father
May claim thee, Bard, to be his son,—
Save him, the Universal one.
Thou art the sun of Poesy's vast skies.
The goal of gazing Poets' eyes
Art thou, oh, Shakspeare; a creator,
As eldest of the gods,—but greater;
As one of the mysterious Powers of Nature,
As force, warmth, light;
As of immeasurable stature,
As of immeasurable might;
As one to whom by Sovereign Heaven,
All human attributes were given:—
Eternal Titan of our race,
As free of time as free of space;
Prometheus with heavenly fire,
Bold bird of light that ever higher,
Above the nations soaring sings,
And shakes down sunshine from its wings.

Adieu!
Best words are few;
Farewell, Illustrious Lord of men,
Thou mightiest master of the pen,
The scrolls from whose great gold en plume
Are lasting as records of doom,
Which sleep in those unseen archives
That keep the roll of mortal lives.
Great Soul, adieu! Sweet Bard, farewell!
Another century shall tell
This Globe's full glories round thy name:
To thee, as air is drawn towards flame,
Strange nations shall repair in crowds;
And, gazing on thy page divine,
See, beaming on their inner sight
New orbs of intellectual light;
As he, who voyaging o'er the line,
Sees Southern cross, Magellan clouds,—

Undreamed of in his northern night.
No night for thee, All-perfect Orb, although
Fate has deep shadow round about thee thrown;
Thee, like the sun, to give all else to know,
The sun, great knower, in himself least known.
Haply no breeze shall ever now arise
The thick obstruction from thy form to clear;
Perchance unto our still enquiring eyes,
Thy traits must still all shadowy appear;
Looming through smoke from that long sacrifice,
Shall roll in wreaths of incense round thy bier.—
And yet what matters we so little know,
Of whence thou wert, of how thou hence did'st
go?

Of all that to the world's so curious ken,
Makes up the little lives of little men;
Enough for us, that when life's moulding womb
Had fashioned thee, her greatest, thou didst
come;

Didst come like all the vast, enduring, good,
But little noticed, but half understood,
Thy growing labors, as the wholesome dew
That, still descending, still eludes the view;
Or as the flakes of quiet, gathering snow,
That all night long have fallen soft and slow;
Or as the gentle, oft recurring rain,
That feeds the hunger of the mammoth main,
Which with its margin lavas a thousand strands,

Till it has grown
Even as the stone
Seen severed from the mountain without hands;—
Fills not alone

Our native Island, but her sister lands;
Suffice to know that all-ordaining Heaven
Vouchsafed thee wiser than the Ancient Seven;
Did gracious grant thee, greatest of mankind,
Of all to come, of all are left behind.
Of Homer, largest of the ancient earth,
Once seven cities did contest the birth;
But admiration and deep love agree,
The world's wide nations might contend for thee.
Then let the world throughout all coming time,
With gladdened hearts, and heads all crowned
with joy,

Exult, as, shouting, did the Morning Stars at
prime;

Even when at the achieved Divine employ,
Amidst the music of the spherical chime,
Whilst God declared all good, they first did see,
Unveiled, the virgin universe sublime:—
Saw, in the formless void's obscurity,
Order drawn forth from chaos, from eternity,
The sweet divisions of revolving time.
Now let us here, as in the Empyrean,
The glad, admiring hosts of angels then
Did pour amain the proud, applauding psalm;
Let us, heaven favored to behold this acorn,
Which few have seen and none may see again;
Now honor Shakspeare as the man of men.
And, thou beloved, admired, stupendous Shade,
If o'er this multitude thou hover dim;
If, in thine immortality arrayed,
Unseen, thou listen to this votive hymn,
Behold, Great Leader of the Illustrious Dead,
King, Sovereign, Paramount, Muse, Master, Head,
Whilst we unblamed would bend to thee the
knee,—

Unblamed, before thy memory most dread,
Would bow ourselves this side idolatry:—
Bow low, unblamed, nor dare do less than raise
Thee highest of the lone, immortal line;
Constrained to yield thee all-transcendent praise,
By all the gifts that made thee so divine.
A perpetuity of place is thine;
Fixed in the Poet's heavens, from age to age,
Secure thou sittest an eternal sign.
Against thee war no longer envies wage.
Thou in thy volume hast inscribed thy name,
As on a banner never to be furled;
Hast made the peoples guardians of thy fame:—
Whilst proud pretenders from their seats are
hurled,
Thee shall the nations welcome, and proclaim,
"Crown of thy race, the wonder of the world."