

# ODE

ON THE BURIAL OF

**Edward Frederick Clarke, M.D.**

BY **GEORGE W. GROTE**

I.

Toll, bells, your monody of song ;  
And you, fair maidens, murmuring, bring  
A chaplet worthy of a king,  
For garlands to this day belong.

II.

Let them that love a patriot send  
A message, or a flower or two—  
For each may choose what each may do  
In memory of a loyal friend.

III.

Let sculptors grave his matchless form,  
And let their living marble tell  
The greatness we have known so well,  
And let their bronze outstay the storm ;

IV.

But father to son, and son to son,  
To generations' latest age,  
Shall grave upon the living page  
How our strong hero's race was run.

V.

The hero goes where duty calls ;  
The statesman fights for liberty ;  
Statesman or hero, brave is he  
Who, for his country, fighting falls.

VI.

We worship, as the saying goes,  
The man who fortresses can take ;  
And oft a hero fondly make  
Of him that oft defeats our foes.

VII.

And while wood grows, or rivers run,  
While men may worship as they will,  
They'll have, and love, their hero still.  
While time shall be, till days are done.