

TO THE HEROES WHO FELL AT YORKTOWN.

1781, Written 1881.

Buried a hundred years,

Buried and mouldered to clay:

But in noble deeds

They scattered the seeds

Of the harvest we reap to-day!

All the land to their memory sings,

All the world with their victory rings;

For their steel-sharp struggle and blood and tears

Thro' fourscore months of douts⁶ and fears,

Proved nations are makers, not slaves of kings!

Bury the royal robe of state,

Kingly scepter and princely crown,

Bury them deep as the great globe's center;

- Perish the tyrant whom men call great,

Who builded his palace and shining throne,

Out of a people's muscle and bone,

Out of a nation's heart, trodden down

Under the jagged tramp of War!

Perish the sword forever more--

Perish forever, and let Peace enter!

Peace with her myriad-handed skill,

Working out infinite thought and will,

Peace, with her thousandfold arm of power

Crowding a cycle into an hour!

Rear up a stately shaft of granite,

Rear up a shining pillar of brass,

Lowering
Growing high as the empyrean!

The Free
Then let the ~~rich~~ life-stream of nations pass

From sea to sea round the whirling planet,

Till monarch, noble, priest, plebeans--

With wildwind chorus chanting paeans--

Rock old Earth to Freedom's solemn mass!

Buried a hundred years,

Buried and mouldered to dust;

But they fought and bled

Those gallant dead;

And died in the cause of the just.

All the land to their memory sings,

All the world with their victory rings;

For God made nations, and nations kings!

J.H. Temple.