

A TRIBUTE

Awaken, slumbering Muse ! Awake and sing !
Atune thy harp with love ; let each glad note
That rises liquid from thy golden throat
Crescent and clear across the cool air ring
To tell his praise ! Touch each responsive string
With fingers which to every chord impart
Some token of the love that's in the heart
Of this, his son. Awaken, Muse, and sing !

My childhood's idol, then companion dear !
My king ! my slave ! With each succeeding year
Thy virtues show more clearly what I owe ;
My love less selfish, stronger grows, and so—
My first unreasoning adoration o'er,—
I marvel still, and reverence thee the more

—R. G. E. '27