

WEBSTER

1831

LET Webster's lofty face  
Ever on thousands shine,  
A beacon set that Freedom's race  
Might gather omens from that radiant sign.

FROM THE PHI BETA KAPPA POEM

1834

ILL fits the abstemious Muse a crown to weave  
For living brows ; ill fits them to receive :  
And yet, if virtue abrogate the law,  
One portrait — fact or fancy — we may draw ;  
A form which Nature cast in the heroic mould  
Of them who rescued liberty of old ;  
He, when the rising storm of party roared,  
Brought his great forehead to the council board,  
There, while hot heads perplexed with fears the state,  
Calm as the morn the manly patriot sate ;  
Seemed, when at last his clarion accents broke,  
As if the conscience of the country spoke.

WEBSTER

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Not on its base Monadnoc surer stood,  
Than he to common sense and common good :  
No mimic ; from his breast his counsel drew,  
Believed the eloquent was aye the true ;  
He bridged the gulf from th' always good and wise  
To that within the vision of small eyes.  
Self-centred ; when he launched the genuine word  
It shook or captivated all who heard,  
Ran from his mouth to mountains and the sea,  
And burned in noble hearts proverb and prophecy.

1854

WHY did all manly gifts in Webster fail ?  
He wrote on Nature's grandest brow, *For Sale.*