

Henry Clay

It soars where patriot love entices

And frankest feelings dwell

It splended matchless eloquence

A courage naught can quell

He gallies him to bound his fame

And empowers nations myraids claim

In the mountain wild and lone

In the thronged city's busy streets

In the green forest's calm retreats

His glory as their crown

What though detractors may essay

To cloud his noble brow

Down from the high himself has made

He smiles upon it now

This oak while growing may be stirred

By the light touch of breeze or bird

Its bark each insect stings

Unharm'd though whirlwinds sweep the sky

It lifts its unbowed head on high

In consecrated straight sublime

Welcome his way his steps beneath

Let proud green sorrelths be spread

Oh how our proudest greenest sorrelth

Should brighten on his head

Harmonious as household word

In after ages will be heard

When ours have passed away

A theme for song in happy hours

A trumpet blast when danger lowers

The name of Henry Clay A C

The Young Man

Tell me not in mournful numbers

Life is but an empty dream

For the soul is here that slumbers

And things are not what they seem

Life is real life is earnest

And the grave is not its goal

Just thou art to dust returned

Thou'lt not speak of the soul

Not enjoyment and not sorrow

Is our destiny and our way

But to act that each to-morrow

Find us further than to-day

Not is long and time is fleeting

And our hearts though stout and brave

Still like muffled drums are beating

Funeral marches to the grave

In the world's broad field of battle

In the bivouac of life

Be not like dumb driven cattle

Be a hero in the strife

Trust no future however pleasant

Let the dead past bury its dead

Act in the glorious present

Heart within and god over head

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime

And departing leave behind us

Footsteps on the sands of time B C