

## THE BIRTHDAY OF WASHINGTON.

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God of the nations! Thou whose hand  
Led forth their best across the sea,  
To find in this unfettered land  
Thy largest gift—the soul set free.

Bless Thou the land Thy bounty gave,  
Thy feeble few are grown a host;  
From eastern sea to western wave,  
Blest be their homes from coast to coast.

Give them Thy peace, but if arrayed  
Once more against some evil power  
They draw again a righteous blade,  
Be with them in the battle hour.

As when upon the Cuban deep  
The thunder of our cannon spoke,  
And from sad centuries of sleep,  
The stately form of freedom woke.

Remembering him we praise today,  
Hushed is the mighty roar of trade.  
And, pausing on its ardent way,  
A nation's homage here is laid.

Where on the great Virginian's grave,  
Look down the new-born century's eyes,  
And by his loved Potomac wave  
In God's long rest, his soldier lies.

A hundred years have naught revealed  
To blot this manhood's record high  
"That blazoned duty's stainless shield  
And set a star in honor's sky."

<sup>1</sup>Read by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell on University Day at the University of Pennsylvania, February 22, 1902, and published in the Bulletins of that institution for February, 1902.

In self-approval firm, his life  
Serenely passed through darkest days;  
In calm or storm, in peace or strife,  
Unmoved by blame, unstirred by praise.

No warrior pride disturbed his peace,  
Nor place, nor gain. He loved his fields,  
His home, the chase, his land's increase,  
The simple life that nature yields.

And yet for us all man could give  
He gave, with that which never dies,  
The gift through which great nations live,  
The lifelong gift of sacrifice.

With true humility be learned  
The game of war, the art of rule;  
And calmly patient, slowly earned  
His competence in life's large school.

Well may we honor him who sought  
To live with one unfailing aim,  
And found at last, unasked, unbought,  
In duty's path, the jewel, fame!

Ay! Keep your laurels green for him,  
And that great memory proudly guard,  
Lest time's mere repetition dim  
A grateful nation's high award!

Thus, mindful of a faithful past,  
We arm us for our present need,  
Lest factious storms his harvest blast,  
And freedom, overgrown, exceed;

For that dark race our arms set free  
Waits justice from our timid sway,  
And those far islands of the sea  
In freedom's school must win their way.

Ay! We are lords of many lands  
And soon or late may sadly learn

That history with impartial hands  
Will give us only what we earn.

Oh, teach us to not lightly hold  
The freeman's right himself to rule,  
And not from sloth, and not from gold,  
To be the civic despot's fool:

For He who girded us with power,  
And gave us strength to do the right,  
Will ask us, in His own stern hour,  
"How have ye used the gift of might?"

Since, till this harried earth shall gain  
The heaven of Thy peace, O Lord!  
Freedom and Law will need to reign  
Beneath the shadow of the sword.

O, Thou, who bade us seek and find,  
Teach us to seek with humble art  
Through laws of the Eternal Mind  
The wisdom of the Eternal Heart:

Lo! Science on her soaring wing  
To heights we dream not now, shall move,  
Until her broad horizons bring  
Thy larger morn of boundless Love.

Thus from the childhood of the soul  
We grow toward manhood's stature still,  
To see at last the years unroll  
The Gospel of the Master's will.

**Hail! Gracious Mother!** Thou whose youth  
Sent forth a brood of sturdy men  
Who stood for freedom and for truth,  
And used the sword to free the pen.

Still ever in thy learned walls  
The will, the wish, the vigor live!  
Ay ready, if our country calls,  
To meet what fate may duty give.

Almighty Father! Bless that home  
Of youthful hopes and honest strife;  
Wherever these Thy children roam  
Be Thou their stay in death and life.

That when with years they bring us here  
The simple tale of service done,  
Or victories to a nation dear,  
Or triumphs peaceful lives have won.

Here shall the mother, at whose knee  
They heard the words that guide and guard,  
Glad of her children, proudly see  
In noble lives, her best reward.

S. WEIR MITCHELL.