The list of tributes to the genius of Scott might be extended indefinitely. Perhaps the pithiest is by Tennyson. How many will share in this aspiration!

O great and gallant Scott!
True gentleman, heart, blood and bone.
I would it had been my lot
To have seen thee, and heard thee, and known.

A NEW SONG

ROBERT NORWOOD

The world waits for a new song,
A glad song, a true song—
A song without the semblance of a tear;
Full of hilltops and the heather
In a day of summer weather,
And a comrade who is infinitely near.

The world waits for a joy song,
A girl song, a boy song—
A song that arrows upward like a lark,
Till the sky is torn asunder
As with lightning after thunder,
And a sword of sunrise drives away the dark.

O come and sing a day song,
A hill song, a way song—
A song to heal the halt and blind and dumb,
Till they rise to follow after
The wild music of our laughter,
And their glad feet make the murmur of a drum!