



WILLIAM T. COBB, Governor of Maine.

THE GOVERNOR!

HIGH, from the walls of Maine's estate our governors look down—
 Hats off! The long line springs to life: their footsteps pressing on;
 From King, that doughty pioneer, to Cobb they pass in view—
 A worthy line, Maine's admirals,—God give them fitting crew!
 The old hall rings to life once more with voices long since still;
 They sit in old accustomed seats, where once they ruled at will.
 Call out the names! They answer "Here!"—the names beloved of Maine—
 The Morrills, Hamlin, Washburne, Kent, the gallant Chamberlain,
 Wells, Dingley, Fairfield, Perham—"Here!" They answer thick and fast
 Until, like Abou's name that led, comes Governor Cobb—the last.

God save our sacred heritage! Tho darkness overwhelm;
 Fear not; O Motherland of Maine: A Man is at the helm.