

Albert Durrant Watson

And faith beholds blue skies of freedom bending—
Up, People! Do your part.

Lift every voice for world-emancipation;
Give Wisdom, Love and Service fullest power;
Rouse, rouse, ye people to the consummation
Of this your dawning hour!

AFTER

AFTER the storm—a calm
That startles the blue to surprise,
And lustres the path
Where earth lies
All spent by the hurricane's wrath.

After the day of toil—
The hush of the cool summer eve,
The purple-dyed west,
And the weave
Of beautiful things sun-caressed.

After the dark, the morn
Dims softly each radiant star,
Till the blush of its ray
Hides afar
In the heart of the conquering day.

After the fight is o'er,
And the tumult of conflict is past,
From a whirlwind of dust
Shall a vast
Dawn break to an infinite trust.

And the war shall be nothing at last
But a glistening tear, love-impearled,
By sorrow and sacrifice left
On the sunlit face of the world.