

Feet that are slow and listless
And feet that are wild and strong
And feet that like martial music
Keep step in the serried throng.

Brows that the share of anguish
Hath furrowed in life's dark morn
And hearts that were seared with sorrow
New thrilled by a hope half born.

Ranged on the outer margins
Massed in the central ranks
Wave upon wave uprolling
As a stream o'er leaps its banks.

Centre and flank and vanguard
Marching with steady tread
With the awed earth mute before them
And the muttering skies o'erhead.

Up from the murky lowlands,
Up from the vales of gloom
Where backward the evil ages
Are left like a baffled doom.

Spent with their weary travel
Onward they toil and climb
Their eyes on the sun-bright hilltops
And faith in their hearts sublime.

Freedom the dream of ages
Burns in their hearts to-day
Smites with its forceful impulse
Feet that are crumbling clay.

Feet of an age long image
Of iron and brass o'erthrown