

In these dark days, when good and ill  
Clash on the fiery front of war,  
Our duty standeth to fulfil  
Our fate, and follow still the star.  
When freedom's trumpets sound the attack,  
Forward! still forward!—who falls back?

We are enringed with loss and grief,  
And beggared in a thousand things;  
This, yet, we hold, of treasures chief—  
The heaven of our imaginings.  
For this the freeman lives or dies.  
May Heaven accept the sacrifice.