

V.

O, Great Republic ! Thou dost come a-near—
 We hail thee, who have waited for thee long ;
 Before thy face fast fly revenge and fear,
 And right is throned now in place of wrong.
 The weak no more down-trodden by the strong,
 And his soul, freed from superstition's chain,
 Man shall soar up in hope and courage strong,
 With nought his aspirations to restrain,
 And thus his destined place and glory shall attain.

VI.

O, England ! Thou hast waked from out thy trance,
 And light is fallen on thy closed eyes ;
 Among the nations first thou dost advance,
 Standing all glorious in the red sunrise—
 Spread out thy banner to the morning skies !
 Behold each nation now is waking from her sleep,
 And casts the slumber from her closed eyes ;
 Long hast thou lain in slumber dark and deep,
 But now the time is come to wake thee out of sleep.