

LET THERE BE LIGHT ! The word divine was spoken
In the dim dawn of earth's awakening hour,
When chaos, trembling, felt the links were broken
That bound the formless void beneath its power ;

When God's own Spirit brooded o'er the deep,
And moved above the waste of formless things,
Till life and soul emerged, as with a leap,
And reason flashed with light upon its wings.

Yet even now, with ages long completed,
How tardy still the glimmering dawn of day ;
How long the strife e'er, bigot foes defeated,
Wisdom is owned and ignorance gives way.

The righteousness that should exalt and bless
The nations, lingers still with fitful gleam ;
The Golden Age, with all its grand redress
And brotherhood for man, is yet a dream.

What of the coming ages' promised prize ?
What, watchman, of the dawn ? What of the night ?
Say, does the morning break ; the day-star rise ?
Is there some prelude of the longed-for light ?