

Wave follows wave, and billows billows chase,
Laden with foamy argosies they sweep
Down the broad channel to the far-off deep.

Yet all in vain round yon majestic height,
Whose spires have caught the latest gleam of light,
Frets the dark flood. Though green its hue,
With not a crag austere to mar the view,
To subtle influence, to scathing shock,
Is turned alike th' eternal heart of rock.
Such the foundation of our country's halls,
And firm as it the basement of her walls.
Invisible—yet none the less they hold
Hearts which the test shall brighten into gold !

Grandly those walls are rising, safe and sure,
Broad the design and fashioned to endure.

Here to our home of generous plenty, we
Welcome the stranger with a friendship free.
Here will be freedom of the purest find,
Freedom of speech, of conscience and of mind.
Yet not the liberty, the withering blight,
Which leaves the Wrong untrammelled as the Right.
Work waits on all, for hand and heart and brain,
Still there are foes to fight and hydras to be slain.
Ours not the time of palsy and decay,
The sated fulness of a later day;
Rather the blood of youth—a rising sun,—
A glorious task,—and gloriously begun !

Now comes the hush of night; the mighty fall
In its colossal murmur shroudeth all,
As it would lull to rest and slumber sweet
The hearts that all day long tumultuous beat;
And with its music mystifying still,
We turn away—the air is damp and chill.