

Thy Sponsors, noble, valiant hearts and true,
And virgin purity, and consecration
To earthly duties as the Will of God.
Tremble, if e'er thy children shall prove false
To all the promise herein made for them!

The vision of the Past now fades away;
Its memory remains to try our lives
By the high standard that its light affords.
The little seed has spread its branches high
And broad across the land; its fruit is shown
In this fair city of our love to-day.
Answer, ye heirs of all the glorious past:
Has Greed grown less, and Virtue more and more?
Has Self been crucified for others' good?
Is the same child-like trust our trust to-day?
Is that pure aspiration still our own,
Which brought the richest gifts of Heaven down,
Inspiring humble souls with strength divine?
If yea:—immovable our nation's life!
If no:—we hasten to deserved decay!
