

I.

Behold! O soul of man, the morning break—

The night, that wrapped thee long, hath passed away ;

From thy deep sleep, at last, thou dost awake,

Standing all glorious in the light of day ;

From doubt and fear is cleared thy perfect way.

Henceforth straight onward in resistless might,

Will be thy course, with nought to dim thy way,

For, far behind thee, hast thou cast the night ;

And wrong is crushed and dead, and now gives way to right.

II.

Oh, liberty! there once was one who gave

His soul's high power of poesy to thee ;

His life was ended in the moaning wave,

Of his blue murmuring Italian sea.

His beauteous spirit, high, and pure, and free,

Disdained to bow before dark custom's throne ;

To the God of human error kneeled not he (1),

But to great nature bowed he down alone ;

And, beside her great power, no other God did own.