

All strength be thine, fair Western land !
 May hope and victory meet—
Uplift thy power on every hand
 Bring blessings to thy feet !
For the world's glance will follow thee
 With longing and with tears ;
Thou bear'st the banner of the free,
 To consecrate the years.

AFTER—1897

Benign, blest country ! Thou shalt lead
 The van of hope and power ;
All who have helped thee in thy need,
 Rejoice in triumph's hour.
The smile of bright Prosperity
 Rest on thy hills and plains,
And the strong touch of Liberty
 Pour life into thy veins !

Mysterious world ! the clouds of fear
 Are lowering on thy brow ;
Spirits of evil, far and near,
 Lean from their watch-tower now.
But GOD reigns yet ; His message throws
 Noon on our darkest night.
What punishment is meet for those
 Who keep it from our sight ?