

In sympathetic concord waft on air,
And over wide and wider bounds
Murmur the cadence of the sacred sounds.

While echoes every street
With tramp of thronging feet,
And merriment and Muse ringing clear,
Loud organ tones that swell
Mix with the clang of bell,
And Oratory wins responsive cheer,
And woos the Music her speaking string
To audible creations swift of wing.

Wide from the Town's pent heart
To its remotest part
Chorussed, the thunder rolls all dins above ;
To thee, unsought, it brings
A boon denied to kings—
A loving people's offering of love :
Regard based on shared Hopes and Fears,
The shine and shade of five and twenty years.

As Moments come and go
Well may the Triumph grow ;
This purple-pinioned Day's bright fingers bind
A crown all pride to see,
Immortal wreath for thee
Who wear'st the graces of an bumble mind
To robe a spirit which, as Throne,
Three sisters, Wisdom, Truth, and Virtue own.

Ah ! sweetly speak thy days
As song's most liquid lays—
Though Modesty innate would have them dumb—
Of ceaseless Charity,
Of Griefs stilled silently,
Of Helpfulness too broad for word to sum,
Of vigils kept by wrecks brought low
And crushed, by Fate's enormities of Woe.