

There's a light along the meteor's track;
The stars shall blaze where the tempest hath
 riven
The clouds that shadow the beautiful heaven.

Yes, though weak be the heart, and feeble the
 hands,
Let's encircle the earth with roseate bands,
Whose perfume shall rise o'er these storm
 rocked shores, [doors;
Assuaging the tempest that knocks at our
No heart will break, no tempest can last,
So build I this song to the beautiful past.

Let's build as we go, sweet temples of love,
To Him who directeth the planets above;
Yes, build in the tempest and build when
 tis o'er !

Build sweetly and grandly, build evermore !
The God of the sun-light directeth our ways,
And painteth the heaven where the sun plays

Oh grand upbuilding, let it spread and rise
Till stricken hearts leap far into the skies,
Till sorrow and pain shall be rocked to rest
On the star-lit page of the Gospel's breast;
For the God of the twilight, the forest and
 wave

Will water the flowers on the builder's grave.