

The shattered ruins, left behind,
Of joys they sought, but could not find.
New generations will succeed,
With change of time, of name and creed.
Strange populations there may meet,
And, 'mid those scenes, each other greet.
There may be wanderers, in those times,
From the Pacific's golden climes ;
And the Atlantic's darker shores,
Where ocean's wave unceasing roars,
The curious to this land may send,
Where tribes, where nations thus may blend.
And travellers from the distant isles,
From Europe's ancient realms afar ;
Where eastern sun in splendor smiles,
Soft hour like this may calmly share.
And far beyond, proud states may rise,
Moved on by war, by enterprise ;
Till those vast regions, 'neath their hand,
May grow to great and glorious land.
O'er these dark waters fleets may ride,
And conflicts rage upon that tide.
Then this unfathomed stream will be
Highway of nations from the sea.