

God bless her many peoples, and protect  
Their every step, and lead them to the light,  
Subdue their stubborn passions, and correct  
Their wayward hearts, impatient of the right ;  
And guard them from the moonless, starless night  
Of selfish, thoughtless, hard unhallowed ways.  
The cleanest life among us, is not white ;  
The holiest saint laments his evil days ;  
And CONSCIENCE, strictly just, must mingle blame with  
praise.

But there are those our blessings cannot reach,  
Love's dearest ones, from life long passed away ;  
Who lived to make men better, and to teach—  
Earth's erring ones, the road to endless day.  
"ALBERT, THE GREAT AND GOOD !" 'twas thine alway  
To point this road, or gently lead the blind,  
Lest these, unwittingly, should go astray,  
*Thou greatest captain in the march of mind !*  
*High Priest of Peace, and torch of Love to all mankind !*