

At this momentous stage we pause
To greet the light that never was
 On land or sea.
The future thrills us with a voice
To which we listen and rejoice—
 It soon shall be.

Not vainly stood the sage to mark
What signals should illumine the dark
 From midnight towers.
What though he saw no daybeams rise,
The steady starlight of his eyes
 Has beaconed ours.

Nor will we rest till craven fear
Be banished from the gladdened sphere—
 Till nature work
Her loveliest patterns on that sense
Which long was dimmed by shadows dense
 Where demons lurk.

Oh that the budding days might fill
With good alone; no blighting chill,
 No serpent's trail
In any bower or bosom hid!—
With hope and faith renewed, we bid
 The new year hail.