

For a reflective hour,
The hopes that fire the blood
With visions of a good
Which, though far off in measurements of time,
Is ever near at hand
In that transcendent clime
Which is our native land.
Yet even then it is to you
The rescue from despair is due.
When in the gloom of doubts and fears
The toil of all the years
Shows like the meaningless unrest of waves
That tumble on a shoreless sea,
Often from you there comes to me
A voice that saves
By its brave tone of cheer,
As when the spirit has been pent in caves
Of sleepless fever through a stifling night,
With the returning light
There breaks upon the ear,
From leaves of gladly fluttering trees,
The whisper of a freshening breeze
That bursts from the opening portals of the Dawn.
For ye, too, have been drawn
Into the noble warfare for the right;
And ye, too, find the battle's dust
May often dim the sight,
The arm may sink unnerved