

Some humble phrase, made excellent by chance,
Perhaps will add a morsel to the feast
Of patriot joy, or new courage give,
When there is need and failure seems to threat.
Oh! he will hope the toil that he has spent,
The toil he yet will spend, will be not void,
Not childish effort to drain out a sea
Such as Augustine saw; that he has oped
A tiny rift through which a rivulet
May pass a while, till it has worn a bed
For a vast current like Niagara.