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All in All

E.N.

September 1, 1888

When all the night is horrible with clamor
Of voiceless curses darker than the night,
When light of sun there is not, neither star-shine
Nor any beacon on the hill of right
Shine, O thou light of life, upon our pathway,
Freedom, be thou our light!
Since all life's ways are difficult and dreary
And false steps echo through eternity,
And there is naught to lean on as we journey
By paths not smooth as downward ways would be
We have no other help, we need no other
Freedom, we lean on thee.
The slaves' base murmur and the threats of tyrants,
The voice of cowards who cringe and cry "Retreat!"
The whisper of the world, "Come where power calls thee!"
The whisper of the flesh, "Let life be sweet!"
Silence all these with thy divine commanding
Guide thou thy children's feet.
For thee, for thee, we bear the cross, the banner
For thee are all our battles fought and won
For thee was every prayer we ever uttered

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Freedom

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For thee has every deed of ours been done;
To thee we press—to thee, triumphant splendor!
Oh, Freedom: lead us on!
Where thou shalt lead we do not fear to follow
Thou hast our hearts, we follow them in thee
Spirit of Light, whatever thou shalt show us,
Strong in the faith we shall not fear to see
We reach to thee through all the waves of darkness
Of all the days to be.
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