

As the human frame-work,
 Seems analogy to bear,
 To the structure of fine clock-work,
 Requiring greatest care,
 In the adoption of its parts,
 To cause it well to go,
 Could better wish be uttered,
 Than that the union might be so,
 That in harmony thy acts
 Should all so well accord,
 That in praise of going well
 All might to you accord?

When the Creator's mighty hand
 Cast into boundless space,
 Those myriads of worlds
 Which countless systems grace;
 One magic word He whispered,
 Which on its shining way,
 Sent rolling in bright circles,
 That glittering array;
 One magic "go" gave motion,
 No finite power can stay,
 "Go," was the inspiring key note,
 And the cadence was "away."
 "Go," is the fairy wand which opes
 The golden gates of light,
 And breaks the spell of darkness cast
 O'er the dismal realms of night.

"Go," wafts to heaven the mourner's prayer,
 "Go," bids the captive roam,
 "Go," loosens too the silken cord,
 And breaks the golden bowl,
 The day which opes the door of death,
 The passport of the soul.

Go, shouts the livid lightning's flash,
 Go, the hoarse thunders speed,
 Go, stills the angry tempest's voice,
 Bids the wild wave recede.

And as "Go" rules the elements,
 It is the motto still
 Of mind possessed of firm resolve,
 The herald of the will.

Where lofty purpose fills the soul
 With thoughts of future fame,
 "I'll go," must be the prelude,
 The first step towards the aim.