

'Tis our land that the secret of power has divined
The wise rule of intellect,—the empire of mind,
Our million have found that Genius has laid
Her head with the humble in Poverty's shade.

So gladly they seek to raise
To every country's gaze,
That which the pride of our nation will be,
Clearly 'tis spoken,
No chord is broken,—
“Long live our public schools—then we'll be free!”

Wreathed with our country's fame ever will be
Honor's bright laurels, the mind's victory,
Gracing the brows of that numerous band,
Given a name by the people's blest hand.

Glorious their end and aim!
May ours be the same;
To answer with bounding hearts our loved land's call,
Of “Light to the masses! Education to all!”

Wanderers of every clime bless the dear spot,
Where station and pride and wealth are forgot,
Where Humility sits in the grave chair of state,
And they are the great men whom learning makes great.

Meekly they bow the head,
Blessing the honored dead,
Who bequeathed to their children a treasure so dear!
Joining with heart and hand,
Thus shout the swelling band,
“We'll help bear the burden while the temple you rear!”

The wealthy will ne'er raise the cold marble stone,
To mark their last resting place when they are gone;
In the hearts of the living their mem'ry shall dwell,
Their noble deeds the proud people will tell!

Their last earthly crown
Will bring more renown,
Than many proud monuments reared to their name;
For on the great million's shrine,
Laying a gift divine,
They'll breathe with their last breath our common school's fame!