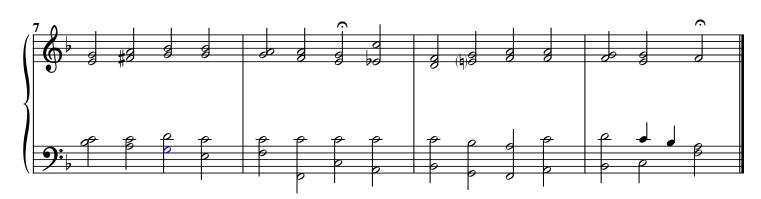
O North, with all thy vales of Green





O North, with all thy vales of green, O South, with all thy palms! From peopled towns and vales between, Uplift the voice of psalms; Raise, ancient East, the anthem high, And let the youthful West reply.

Lo, in the clouds of Heav'n appears God's well belovèd Son He brings a train of brighter years; His kingdom is begun. He comes, a guilty world to bless With mercy, truth, and righteousness. O Father, haste the promised hour, When at His feet shall lie All rule, authority, and power, Beneath the ample sky; When He shall reign from pole to pole, The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said Amid their daily cares And by the loving life He led Shall seek to pattern theirs; And He who conquered death shall win The mightier conquest over sin.

William Cullen Bryant

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