

“Yet o'er the blackness of the storm”

Yet o'er the blackness of the storm,
A bow of promise bends on high,
And gleams of sunshine, soft and warm,
Break through our clouded skies.

East, West and North, the shout is heard,
Of freemen rising for the right;
Each valley has its rallying word,
Each hill its signal light.

Speed on the light to those who dwell
In Slavery's land of woe and sin,
And through the blackness of that hell,
Let heaven's own light break in.

And all who now are bound beneath
Our banner's shade, our eagle's wing,
From Slavery's night of moral death,
To light and life shall spring;

Broken the bondman's chain—and gone
The master's guilt, and hate, and fear,
And unto both alike shall dawn
A NEW AND HAPPY YEAR.

John Greenleaf Whittier