

The Female Narrative During The American Revolution

The Pulitzer Prize winning musical, *Hamilton*, has been much lauded for humanizing political history, turning our marble-bust founding fathers into living, breathing men with palpable emotions, personal tragedies, conflicting hopes, family, and even a few fears. *Men*. One of Lin-Manuel Miranda's other brilliant strokes is extending that traditional focus by spotlighting the Schuyler Sisters—female characters who read Thomas Paine, women who wanted “a revelation,” were “looking for a mind at work” and longed to become “part of the narrative” and “included in the sequel.” Angelica, Eliza, and Peggy were that way in real life—blessed with a father who truly promoted their education and valued their opinions. They were indeed proto-feminists. This lesson plan seeks to continue Miranda's portrait of women thinkers, taking advantage of the *Hamilton*-inspired interest in the Revolution's female narrative by teens who can recite the “Schuyler Sister Song” verbatim and delight in striking the musical's sassy pose during its chorus.

Background: The American Revolution inspired hundreds of essays, books, and documents we now consider canonical pieces of American writing. With new eloquence and conviction, these Age of Enlightenment authors celebrated the intrinsic dignity and ability to think, and the inalienable rights of *mankind*. However, there were also many poems, plays, stories, essays, and letters written by women of the era—writings that have largely been overlooked. Studying these works gives an extremely personal look into the effects—both positive and negative—that the Revolution had on traditionally marginalized colonists, including women, children, refugees, and slaves.

Goal: To look at the American Revolution through different female perspectives.

Begin by reading at least two of the following poems (full text begins on next page):

- Phillis Wheatley, “To the King's Most Excellent Majesty, 1768”
- Phillis Wheatley, “To His Excellency General Washington”
- Ann Eliza Bleecker, “Written in the Retreat from Burgoyne”
- Ann Eliza Bleecker, “Recollection”
- Mercy Otis Warren, “A Political Reverie”
- Hannah Griffitts, “The Female Patriots”
- Judith Sargent Murray, “Lines Occasioned by the Death of an Infant”

Discuss the themes and similarities between the selected poems. Discussion questions may include:

- Do these poems have themes in common? If so, what are they?
- Is there recurring imagery in either or both of these poems? If so, what do these images suggest about the author's experience during the war?
- What makes these perspectives unique?

- Can you draw any parallels to today’s issues or political/cultural movements? Do you see any “universal themes” present in these poems?
- Why is it so important to get these perspectives on American history? What can we learn from these poems?
- Is there a distinctive feminist thread to these poems? How does the feminism of 18th century America differ from today?
- How do these poems differ from famous writings by 18th century men such as Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, or Patrick Henry? In voice, tone, questions raised, vocabulary, imagery, or overall argument or stated hypothesis?
- Phillis Wheatley was enslaved and brought to America when she was a young child. How does her experience as a slave influence her feelings on “the American experiment” in her poetry?
- Is your perception of the American Revolution different after reading these poems? What are your thoughts or insights into being civilians in a war-zone?

Additional Resources:

Poetry Foundation analysis and biography of Phillis Wheatley:

<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poets/phillis-wheatley>

Biography of Ann Eliza Bleecker: <http://www.womenhistoryblog.com/2011/05/ann-eliza-bleecker.html>

National Women’s History Museum write-up on Mercy Otis Warren:

<https://www.womenshistory.org/education-resources/biographies/mercy-otis-warren>

Biography and poetry of Hannah Griffitts:

<http://www.womenhistoryblog.com/2008/09/hannah-griffitts-quaker-poet.html>

National Women’s History Museum biography of Judith Sargent Murray:

<https://www.womenshistory.org/education-resources/biographies/judith-sargent-murray>

To the King’s Most Excellent Majesty, 1768 by Phillis Wheatley

YOUR subjects hope, dread Sire—
 The crown upon your brows may flourish long,
 And that your arm may in your God be strong!
 O may your sceptre num’rous nations sway,
 And all with love and readiness obey!

But how shall we the *British* king reward!
 Rule thou in peace, our father, and our lord!
 Midst the remembrance of thy favours past,
 The meanest peasants most admire the last. 1
 May *George*, belov’d by all the nations round,

Live with heav'ns choicest constant blessings crown'd!
Great God, direct, and guard him from on high,
And from his head let ev'ry evil fly!
And may each clime with equal gladness see
A monarch's smile can set his subjects free!

To His Excellency, General Washington by Phillis Wheatley

Celestial choir! enthron'd in realms of light,
 Columbia's scenes of glorious toils I write.
 While freedom's cause her anxious breast alarms,
 She flashes dreadful in refulgent arms.
See mother earth her offspring's fate bemoan,
 And nations gaze at scenes before unknown!
 See the bright beams of heaven's revolving light
 Involved in sorrows and the veil of night!
 The goddess comes, she moves divinely fair,
Olive and laurel binds her golden hair:
 Wherever shines this native of the skies,
 Unnumber'd charms and recent graces rise.
 Muse! bow propitious while my pen relates
 How pour her armies through a thousand gates,
As when Eolus heaven's fair face deforms,
 Enwrapp'd in tempest and a night of storms;
 Astonish'd ocean feels the wild uproar,
 The refluent surges beat the sounding shore;
 Or thick as leaves in Autumn's golden reign,
Such, and so many, moves the warrior's train.
 In bright array they seek the work of war,
 Where high unfurl'd the ensign waves in air.
 Shall I to Washington their praise recite?
 Enough thou know'st them in the fields of fight.
Thee, first in peace and honor - we demand
 The grace and glory of thy martial band.
 Fam'd for thy valor, for thy virtues more,
 Hear every tongue thy guardian aid implore!
 One century scarce perform'd its destined round,
When Gallic powers Columbia's fury found;
 And so may you, whoever dares disgrace
 The land of freedom's heaven-defended race!
 Fix'd are the eyes of nations on the scales,
 For in their hopes Columbia's arm prevails.
Anon Britannia droops the pensive head,
 While round increase the rising hills of dead.
 Ah! cruel blindness to Columbia's state!

Lament thy thirst of boundless power too late.
Proceed, great chief, with virtue on thy side,
Thy ev'ry action let the goddess guide.
A crown, a mansion, and a throne that shine,
With gold unfading, WASHINGTON! be thine.

Written in the Retreat from Burgoyne by Ann Eliza Bleecker

Was it for this, with thee a pleasing load,
I sadly wander'd thro' the hostile wood;
When I thought fortune's spite could do no more,
To see thee perish on a foreign shore?

Oh my lov'd babe! my treasure's left behind,
Ne'er sunk a cloud of grief upon my mind;
Rich in my children---on my arms I bore
My living treasures from the scalper's pow'r:
When I sat down to rest beneath some shade,
On the soft grass how innocent she play'd,
While her sweet sister, from the fragrant wild,
Collects the flow'rs to please my precious child;
Unconscious of her danger, laughing roves,
Nor dreads the painted savage in the groves.

Soon as the spires of Albany appear'd,
With fallacies my rising grief I cheer'd;
'Resign'd I bear,' said I, 'heaven's just reproof,
'Content to dwell beneath a stranger's roof;
'Content my babes should eat dependent bread,
'Or by the labour of my hands be fed:
'What tho' my houses, lands, and goods are gone,
'My babes remain---these I can call my own.'
But soon my lov'd Abella hung her head,
From her soft cheek the bright carnation fled;
Her smooth transparent skin too plainly shew'd
How fierce thro' every vein the fever glow'd.
---In bitter anguish o'er her limbs I hung,
I wept and sigh'd, but sorrow chain'd my tongue;
At length her languid eyes clos'd from the day,
The idol of my soul was torn away;
Her spirit fled and left me ghastly clay!

Then---then my soul rejected all relief,
Comfort I wish'd not for, I lov'd my grief:
'Hear, my Abella!' cried I, 'hear me mourn,

'For one short moment, oh! my child return;
'Let my complaint detain thee from the skies,
'Though troops of angels urge thee on to rise.'

All night I mourn'd---and when the rising day
Gilt her sad chest with his benignest ray,
My friends press round me with officious care,
Bid me suppress my sighs, nor drop a tear;
Of resignation talk'd---passions subdu'd,
Of souls serene and christian fortitude;
Bade me be calm, nor murmur at my loss,
But unrepining bear each heavy cross.

'Go!' cried I raging, 'stoick bosoms go!
'Whose hearts vibrate not to the sound of woe;
'Go from the sweet society of men,
'Seek some unfeeling tyger's savage den,
'There calm---alone---of resignation preach,
'My Christ's examples better precepts teach.'
Where the cold limbs of gentle Laz'rus lay
I find him weeping o'er the humid clay;
His spirit groan'd, while the beholders said
(With gushing eyes) 'see how he lov'd the dead!'
And when his thoughts on great Jerus'lem turn'd,
Oh! how pathetic o'er her fall he mourn'd!
And sad Gethsemene's nocturnal shade
The anguish of my weeping Lord survey'd:
Yes, 'tis my boast to harbour in my breast
The sensibilities by God exprest;
Nor shall the mollifying hand of time,
Which wipes off common sorrows, cancel mine.

Recollection by Ann Eliza Bleecker
Soon as the gilded clouds of evening fly,
And Luna lights her taper in the sky,
The silent thought inspiring solemn scene
Awakes my soul to all that it has been.
I was the parent of the softest fair
Who ere respir'd in wide Columbia's air;
A transient glance of her love beaming eyes
Convey'd into the soul a paradise.
How has my cheek with rapture been suffus'd,
When sunk upon my bosom she repos'd?
I envied not the ermin'd prince of earth,
Nor the gay spirit of æriel birth;

Nor the bright angel circumfus'd with light,
While the sweet charmer liv'd to bless my sight.
What art thou now, my love!---a few dry bones,
Unconscious of my unavailing moans:
Oh! my Abella! oh! my bursting heart
Shall never from thy dear idea part!
Thro' Death's cold gates thine image will I bear,
And mount to heav'n, and ever love thee there.

A Political Reverie by Mercy Otis Warren

As fairy forms, the elfin airy train,
And sylphs, sometimes molest the learned brain,
Delusive dreams the matron's bosom swell,
And, ancient maids, the fancied vision, tell;
So beaux and belles see routs and balls in dreams,
And drowsy preachers chop polemic themes;
The statesman's dream, in theory creates,
New perfect forms, to govern broken states.
Logistic scribblers dream of sleeping souls,
And dreaming bucks drown reason o'er their bowls;
The doubting deist dreams of Styx and fate,
Yet laughs at fables of a future state,
'Till Charon's boat shall land him on a shore
Of which the dreamer never dreamt before:
As sportive dreams infest all ranks of men,
A dream, the visionary world, may read again.

Let Grecian bards and Roman poets tell,
How Hector fought, and how old Priam fell;
Paint armies ravaging the 'Ilian coast,
Shew fields of blood and mighty battles lost;
Let mad Cassandra, with dishevell'd hair,
With streaming eye, and frantic bosom bare,
Tell dark presages, and ill boding dreams,
Of murder, rapine, and the solemn themes,
Of slaughter'd cities, and their sinking spires,
By Grecian rage wrap'd in avenging fires;
To bolder pens I leave the tragic tale,
While some kind muse from Tempe's gentle vale,
With softer symphony shall touch the string,
And happier tidings from Parnassus bring.

Not Cæsar's name, nor Philip's bolder son,
Who sigh'd and wept, when he'd one world undone;

Who drop'd a tear, though not from pity's source,
But grief, to find some bound to brutal force,
Shall tune my harp, or touch the warbling string;
No bold destroyers of mankind I sing;
These plunderers of men I'll greatly scorn,
And dream of nations, empires yet unborn.

I look with rapture at the distant dawn,
And view the glories of the opening morn,
When justice holds his sceptre o'er the land,
And rescues freedom from a tyrant's hand;
When patriot states in laurel crowns may rise,
And ancient kingdoms court them as allies;
Glory and valour shall be here display'd,
And virtue rear her long dejected head;
Her standard plant beneath these gladden'd skies,
Her fame extend, and arts and science rise;
While empire's lofty spreading sails unfurl'd,
Roll swiftly on towards the western world.

Long she's forsook her Asiatic throne,
And leaving Afric's barb'rous burning zone,
On the broad ruins of Rome's haughty power
Erected ramparts round fair Europe's shore;
But in those blasted climes no more presides,
She, o'er the vast Atlantic surges rides,
Visits Columbia's distant fertile plains,
Where liberty, a happy goddess, reigns.

No despot here shall rule with awful sway,
Nor orphan's spoils become the minion's prey;
No more the widow'd bleeding bosom mourns,
Nor injur'd cities weep their slaughter'd sons;
For then each tyrant, by the hand of fate,
And standing troops, the bane of every state,
Forever spurn'd, shall be remov'd as far
As bright Hesperus from the polar star;
Freedom and virtue shall united reign,
And stretch their empire o'er the wide domain.
On a broad base the commonwealth shall stand,
When lawless power withdraws its impious hand;
When crowns and sceptres are grown useless things,
Nor petty pretors plunder here for kings.

Then bless'd religion, in her purest forms,
Beyond the reach of persecuting storms,

In purest azure, gracefully array'd,
In native majesty shall stand display'd,
'Till courts revere her ever sacred shrine,
And nobles feel her influence divine;
Princes and peasants catch the glorious flame,
And lisping infants praise Jehovah's name.

But while methought this commonwealth would rise,
And bright Millenian prospects struck my eyes,
I wept Britannia, once Europa's pride,
To fame and virtue long she stood ally'd;
This glorious queen, the mistress of the isles,
Torn up by faction, and intestine broils,
Became the prey of each rapacious arm,
Strip'd and disrob'd of every native charm.

Strong and erect, like some fair polish'd tower,
She long defy'd each neighb'ring hostile power,
And sent her brave and valiant sons in quest
Of foreign realms, who by no fear repress'd,
The sinking cliffs of Europe's happy shore,
They left behind, new climates to explore.

They quitted plenty, luxury and ease,
Tempted the dangers of the frozen seas---
While hope's lost breezes fann'd the swelling sails,
And fame and glory spurn'd the ruder gales,
And smooth'd the surge that roll'd from shore to shore,
A race of heroes safely wafted o'er.
Who pitch'd their tents beneath the dismal shade.
Where wild woods roar'd, and savages betray'd;
Cities they rear'd around barbarian coasts,
And planted vineyards o'er the barren wastes.
In Britain's lap the rich produce was pour'd,
(Which heaven, benignant, plentifully shower'd,)
'Till she, ungrateful, join'd an impious band,
And forging shackles with a guilty hand,
Broke the firm union whence her vigour grew,
Dissolv'd the bands, and cut the sinews through.

Here a bright form, with soft majestic grace,
Beckon'd me on through vast unmeasur'd space;
Beside the margin of the vast profound,
Wild echos play'd and cataracts rebound;
Beyond the heights of nature's wide expanse,
Where mov'd superb the planetary dance,

Light burst on light, and suns o'er suns display'd
The system perfect, nature's God had laid.

This scale of altitude presented whole,
The various movements of the human soul;
Starting, I cry'd---"Oh! sacred form forgive,
Or me from yonder nether world remove;---
Has freedom's genius left Britannia's shore?
And must her sleeping patriots live no more?
Arise, ye venerable shades! inspire,
Each languid soul with patriotic fire;
'Till every bosom feels a noble flame,
And emulates a Locke, or Sydney's name."

The seraph smil'd ineffably serene,
And shew'd me truth, inscrib'd on her bright mien:
She said---"The glow from breast to breast is spread,
From sire to son the latent spark's convey'd;
Let those bless'd shades rest in their sacred urns,
Lie undisturb'd---the glorious ardour burns,
Though far transferr'd from their lov'd native soil.
Virtue turn'd pale, and freedom left the isle,
When she stretch'd out her avaricious hand,
And shew'd her sons her hostile bloody wand;
United millions parried back the blow,
Britain recoil'd, and sadly learnt to know,
Cities with cities leagu'd, and town with town,
She trembled at her fate when half undone."

Think not this all a visionary scene,
For he who wields the grand, the vast machine;
Who bids the morn from eastern ocean rise,
And paler Cynthia cheer the midnight skies;
Who holds the balance---who stretch'd out the line---
O'er all creation form'd the grand design,
Ten thousand worlds to scatter o'er the plain,
And spread new glories through his wide domain;
Who rules the stars, and taught the rolling spheres
To measure round the quick revolving years;
At awful distance from his radiant throne,
Suspended, this terrestrial ball hangs down;
Yet still presides and watches o'er the fates,
Of all the kingdoms that his power creates.

Ere he winds up the closing act of time,
And draws the veil from systems more sublime,

In swift progression, westward throws the bowl,
'Till mighty empire crowns the spacious whole.

Then this far distant corner of the earth,
Shall boast her Decii's and her Fabii's birth;
When the young heroes, wondering, shall be told,
That Britain barter'd worth for lust of gold;
How, lost in luxury, her silken sons,
Forgot her Edwards claim'd the Bourbon crowns;
That tyrants trembled on their tott'ring throne,
And haughty monarchs fear'd Britannia's frown.

But ah! how tarnish'd her illustrious name,
Despoil'd of wealth, of grandeur, and of fame!
Buried beneath her complicated crimes,
A sad memento to succeeding times:
Dismay'd, she yet may lift her suppliant hand,
And ask protection from this injur'd land;
Whose peaceful sons will draw oblivion o'er
Unnumber'd wrongs, and rase the blacken'd score:
Yet heave a sigh, and drop the tender tear,
And weep Britannia's punishment severe;
When they researching o'er some future chart,
Scarce find the seat of mighty Brunswick's court;
For neighbouring states may seize the venal isle,
And Gallic princes distribute the spoil.
The lion, prostrate on the naked strand,
May see the lilies waving o'er the land;
May see Columbia's embryo pendants play,
And infant navies cut the watry way;
Fame's outstretch'd wing may on the eastern gales
Leave the proud Thames, and spread her whiten'd sails.

While rising empire rears her purple crest,
Triumphant commerce hails the gladden'd west,
And steers her course to Zembla's frozen pole,
Or lands in India, free from the control
Of base, monopolizing men, combin'd
To plunder millions, and enslave mankind.
From Florida to Nova Scotian shores
She pours her treasures and unloads her stores;
Round all the globe she sails from sea to sea,
And smiles and prospers, only when she's free.

But here the sweet enchanting vision fled,
And darken'd clouds flash'd lightnings o'er my head:

The seraph solemn stretch'd abroad her hand,
The stars grew pale beneath her burnish'd wand;
On her pale front disgust and sorrow hung,
And awful accents trembled on her tongue.

Behold! she said, before these great events,
Absorb'd in tears, America laments;
Laments the ravage of her fruitful plains,
While crimson streams the peaceful villa stains.

The weeping matron sighs in poignant pain
O'er her last hope, in the rude battle slain:
The bleeding bosom of the aged sire,
Pierc'd by his son, will in his arms expire;
For death promiscuous flies from ev'ry hand,
When faction's sword is brandish'd o'er the land;
When civil discord cuts the friendly ties,
And social joy from every bosom flies;
But let the muse forbear the solemn tale,
And lend once more, the *Grecian painter's veil*

The Female Patriots by Hannah Griffitts

Since the Men from a Party, or fear of a Frown,
Are kept by a Sugar-Plumb, quietly down.
Supinely asleep, & depriv'd of their Sight
Are strip'd of their Freedom, & rob'd of their Right.
If the Sons (so degenerate) the Blessing despise,
Let the Daughters of Liberty, nobly arise,
And tho' we've no Voice, but a negative here.
The use of the Taxables, let us forebear,
(Then Merchants import till your Stores are all full
May the Buyers be few & your Traffick be dull.)
Stand firmly resolved & bid Grenville to see
That rather than Freedom, we'll part with our Tea
And well as we love the dear Draught when a dry,
As American Patriots,—our Taste we deny,
Sylvania's gay Meadows, can richly afford,
To pamper our Fancy, or furnish our Board,
And Paper sufficient (at home) still we have,
To assure the Wise-acre, we will not sign Slave.
When this Homespun shall fail, to remonstrate our Grief
We can speak with the Tongue or scratch on a Leaf.
Refuse all their Colours, tho richest of Dye,
The juice of a Berry—our Paint can supply,

To humour our Fancy—& as for our Houses,
They'll do without painting as well as our Spouses,
While to keep out the Cold of a keen winter Morn
We can screen the Northwest, with a well polish'd Horn,
And trust me a Woman by honest Invention
Might give this State Doctor a Dose of Prevention.
Join mutual in this, & but small as it seems
We may Jostle a Grenville & puzzle his Schemes
But a motive more worthy our patriot Pen,
Thus acting—we point out their Duty to Men,
And should the bound Pensioners, tell us to hush
We can throw back the Satire by bidding them blush.

LINES, Occasioned by the Death of an Infant by Judith Sargent Murray

Soft—tread with care, my darling baby sleeps,
And innocence its spotless vigils keeps.
Around my cradled boy the loves attend,
And, clad in smiles, the dimpling graces bend:
While his fair Angel's talk, so late assign'd,
Assumes the charge of the immortal mind.

Hail guardian spirit! Watch with tender care,
And for each opening scene my child prepare;
Shield him from vice—to virtue stimulate,
Around his every step assiduous wait:
Not one weak moment thou thy post resign,
Implant the gen'rous wish—the glow divine;
Warn if thou canst—or, 'gainst the bursting storm,
His little frame with growing firmness arm;
Teach him to suffer—teach him to enjoy,
And all thy heavenly influence employ.
Attendant spirits, hear my ardent prayer,
In paths of rectitude my infant rear;
Trust me, his mother shall her efforts join,
To shield, and guide, her utmost powers combine.

'Twas thus I plann'd my future hours to spend,
With my soft hopes maternal joys to blend;
But agonized nature trembling sighs!
And my young sufferer in the struggle dies:
As the green bud though hid from outward view,
On its own stem invigorated grew,
Yet ere its opening leaves could look abroad,
The howling blast its latent life destroy'd:

So shrieking terrour all destructive rose,
Each moment fruitful of increasing woes,
And ere my tongue could mark his natal day,
(With eager haste great nature's dues to pay)
Its native skies the gentle spirit sought,
And clos'd a life with early evil fraught.
For me, the clay cold tenement I press'd,
And sorrow's keenest shafts tranfix'd my breast;
Dear pledge of love—all tremulous I cry'd—
Fair hope, full many a week thou hast supply'd;
To give thee life, I would endure again—
And every pang without regret sustain!
But icy death thy pretty features moulds,
And to no mortal gaze thy worth unfolds.

Thy funeral knell with melancholy sound,
Borne on the heavy gale—diffusing round
A dirgeful gloom—proclaims I must obey,
And bears thy beauteous image far away;
To the absorbing grave I must resign,
All of my first born child that e'er was mine!
And though no solemn train of mourners bend,
Or on thy hearse with tearful woe attend,
Too insignificant thy being view'd,
To be but by thy father's steps pursu'd;
Yet thy pale corse the hand of beauty grac'd,
When on thy urn the new pluck'd flow'rs she plac'd,
The purple blow when her soft hand enwreath'd,
And o'er my dead the sigh of pity breath'd.

And still to shade and deck thy early tomb,
Fancy's rich foliage shall forever bloom,
Embowering trees in stately order rise,
While fragrant sweets the damask rose supplies;
The drooping lily too shall lowly bend,
And none but genial showers shall e'er descend,
Say white rob'd Cherub—whither dost thou stray,
Mid what celestial walk pursue thy way;
To some sequester'd bower hast thou repair'd,
Where thy young hopes may be to knowledge rear'd;
Where the untutor'd, the infantile mind,
With sacred joy the path of truth may find;
Where guardian Angels wait the glad employ,
The latent seeds of evil to destroy;
Where wisdom blending, innocence entwines.
With infant sweetness; where improvement shines;

Where all thy little powers thou mayst expand;
Where unassuming, thou mayst understand[.]
Those laws, by which the Great First Cause directs,
And from eventual ruin man protects.

Go on my Son—thy radiant path pursue,
In paradise I trust thy face to view,
To mark thy progress my Celestial makes,
That virtue, which my soul to transport wakes;
And, my sweet boy, prepare the flowery wreath,
For yet a little, and thy air I breathe;
Misfortunes frequent, will reduce this clay,
Will bear the animating spark away:
And sure thy gentle spirit will descend,
With some blest choir my parting soul attend,
My dying requiem studious to compose,
To lead me where each sacred pleasure flows.
While here—alas—thou mock'd my ardent grasp,
For in my arms a lifeless form I clasp'd:
But there, I shall enjoy the dear embrace,
Amid the infant host my cherub trace.

Nor smile ye censurers that I thus lament,
A being scarce into existence sent;
What said the rock of ages—while he wore
This mortal coil—and all our sorrows bore:
“Regard those innocents—their worth reverse,
“Their Angels in the court of God appear;
“Immortal denizens of Heav'n they are,
“And in that kingdom radiant honours share.”
August decisions—and my heart believes,
With humble joy this truth receives;
Nor fears to err, when in the Just One's path,
Howe'er mysterious may be its faith,
For God himself descends, with light divine,
And an eternal day shall yet be mine.