

The World's Astir!  
Frank North(1850-1935)  
Henry Cutler, 1872.

The world's astir! The clouds of storm  
Have melted into light  
Whose streams, aglow from fountains warm,  
Have driven back the night,  
Now brightens dawn toward golden day;  
The earth is full of song,  
Far stretch the shining paths away,  
Spring forward! Hearts, be strong!

Where lies our path? We seek to know,  
To measure life, to find  
The hidden springs of truth whence flow  
The joys of heart and mind.  
We dream of days beyond these walls,  
The lure of gold we feel,  
Life beckons us and learning calls,  
Loud sounds the world's appeal.

But Thou, O Christ, art master here!  
Redeemed by Thee we stand;  
We challenge life without a fear;  
We wait for Thy command;  
For Thy command is victory,  
And glory crowns the task;  
We follow Thee and only Thee,  
Thy will alone we ask.

Give us the wisdom from above;  
We pledge our loyalty;  
Change flash of hope to flame of love,  
And doubt to certainty.  
In Thy great will, O Master Mind,  
In Thee, O Master Heart,  
Our guerdon and our guide we find:  
Our Lord, our king, Thou art.