

Heirs of Time

By: Thomas Wentworth Higginson

Music by J. Naylor

From street and square, from hill and glen,
Of this vast world beyond my door,
I hear the tread of marching men,
The patient armies of the poor.

Not ermine clad or clothed in state,
Their title deeds not yet made plain,
But waking early, toiling late,
The heirs of all the earth remain.

The peasant brain shall yet be wise,
The untamed pulse grow calm and still;
The blind shall see, the lowly rise,
To work in peace Time's wondrous will.

Some day without a trumpet's call
This news will o'er the world be blown:
"The heritage comes back to all!
The myriad monarchs take their own."