

The Hope of the Ages

By:Edith Nesbit

Music by David T. Shaw

If you dam up the river of progress,
At your peril and cost let it be;
That river must seawards despite you;
'Twill break down your dams and be free;
And we heed not the pitiful barriers
That you in its way have downcast
For your efforts but add to the torrent
Whose flood must overwhelm you at last.

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the ages;
Our hope is the hope of the world.

We laugh in the face of the forces
That strengthen the flood they oppose
For the harder oppression the fiercer
The current will be when it flows.
We shall win, and the tyrant's battalions
Will be scattered like chaff in the fight
From which the Soldiers of Freedom
Shall gather new courage and might.

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the ages;
Our hope is the hope of the world.

Whether leading the van of the fighters
In the bitterest stress of the strife
Or patiently bearing the burden
Of changelessly commonplace life,
One hope we have ever before us,
One watchword we cherish to mark us,
Our aim to attain and fulfill,
One kindred and brotherhood still.

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the ages;
Our hope is the hope of the world.

What matter if failure on failure
Crowd closely upon us and press?
When a hundred have bravely been beaten,
The hundred and first wins success.
Our watchword is "Freedom"; new soldiers
Flock each day where her flag is unfurled.
Our cry is the cry of the ages!
Our hope is the hope of the world!

For our banner is raised and unfurled;
At your head our defiance is hurled;
Our cry is the cry of the ages;
Our hope is the hope of the world.