To Honor

Offspring of Heaven, goal of man's desire,
Bright crown of life, the soul celestial fire,-
In youthful train, oh! Honor, thee, be seen,
 Thy triumph she hail! Look let our anthem-singing,
Thrice Heaven's brightness virtue gave thee birth,
And from thee formed its own immortal birth.
The conscious stars rejoice thy coming greet,
And spread their jewels at thy infant feet.
How bright the smile that from their radiant throne,
In purest blessings on thy cradle shine!
Through Heaven's baleful light! From angelic sage
Of sweet prayer echoed forth the song of psalmist
Eternal Truth through God's cheering ray,
With capture gloved to hail thy natal day,
Oh them curlier curlew at thy beauteous side,
In princely office with each other creed,
With all their grace thy youthfull bow to crown
And with thy growth build up their high renown.
Hercules beheld thy new-born day afar,
And longed to join thee to their glittering car.
Confronted danger, braved the battle's storm,
And gave their all to grace thy singly form.