

THE LIGHT DOTH LEAD US ON!



A mighty Temple rears its walls,—'tis made of human deeds ;
Man's high achievement marked its Plan and wrote its ancient Creeds ;
But Woman's self has shaped it to each generation's needs,
Because the Light led On.

Glory, glory, hallelujah,—Glory, glory, hallelujah,—Glory, glory, hallelujah
The Light doth lead us On!

The Mother strapped her baby on her patient, bending back ;
She fed the tiny nursling though all else might comfort lack ;
She delved and spun and wove and sewed, and made Home's first rude shack,
Because the Light led On.

Glory, glory, etc.

The Light doth lead us On!

The Father tied the "house-band" fast about the hearth-stone fire ;
He built the State from savage rule and raised the high Church-spire ;
He mastered Crafts and stamped the Wealth that passed from sire to sire,
Because the Light led On.

Glory, glory, etc.

The Light doth lead us On!

But while Man wrought his high emprise and ruled and learned and strove,
He oft forgot that Life is more than all life's treasure-trove !
So silent-working mother-hearts, they formed the Guild of Love,
Because the Light led On!

Glory, glory, etc.

The Light doth lead us On!

Now when the Home is fully grown its borders touch the State,
And when the Court and Craft and Wealth to Life are dedicate,
Then men and women close must stand in Law's august debate,
Because the Light leads On!

Glory, glory, etc.

The Light doth lead us On!

O mighty Temple rear thy walls of purer, fairer deeds !
O women, help to mark its Plan and write its nobler Creeds !
O Fathers, Mothers, weave today the Stuff the Future needs,
Because the Light leads On!

Glory, glory, etc.

The Light doth lead us On!

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