

Epilogue

The ceremony ended with the court poet declaiming:

Come let us free ourselves from shackled sleep,
And rid ourselves of the death-like numbness of
thralldom;

Open the beckoning gates of liberation wide,
And march to the font of our nation's baptism.

Come let us scorn the bestial lust of tyranny,
Whose whiskers revel in the bloody stains of
slaughter;

Whose raging pangs drive men to acts of dastardy,
Like hungry wolves that tear the carcass up in savage
anger.

Come let us show our foes we will not flag;
Our spirits free will move from strength to strength,
And raise the voice of light, of love and liberty,
Above the deafening din of the blaring bugles of
domination.

Then shall there be not bond and free, slave and
lord;

Then shall we speak of men and women citizens;
Then shall we have a New Generation born and
bred

In the modes and tenets of equality of men.