

Peace for the industry whose toil-won store
Thy spendthrift grasp hath squander'd on the grave,—
Peace for the land thy hellcraft hath betray'd
Shall come when thou art beaten to the dust,
Helpless to hurt and humbled of thy throne,
Depriv'd of all the enginry of war,
All terror's tools of land and sky and sea.
Then, though thy hated foe be first to grave
Thy brutal past in the boon field of peace,
While earth shall hold thy sorry land forgiv'n,
With vengeance quench'd by reparation's tide,
How shall her olive branch avail thy soul
Whose self-corruption, like the leper's dust,
Withers upon the touch the healer's hand
And warps to evil aught it brings of good ?

Nay, peace shall come; but, with her mounting smile,
The gloom shall deepen o'er the charnell'd way
In hideous isolation thou must wend,
A lonely outcast in a crowd of joy.
Living or dead, in fact or phantom shaped,
Flesh-clad or earth or vagabond in space,
Thy palsied ghoul must face a land misled,
Whose trusting folk have found thee out in shame.
Living, the moral triumph of thy foes
Shall gall thine ear. Thine eye shall see
The orphan's glow'ring hate, and watch afar
The widow searching in the field of blood
Her hallow'd span to plant the flow'rs of love.
There in pale resignation proudly borne
Her fond remembrance paints the form she knew
Where May's young blossoms lit their trysting bower
Beside the twinkling stream that mocked all care,
While the sweet mavis set their vows attun'd
To life's eternal song; or on that day
The link of wedlock on his knightly arm
Had swept all tangles from their path to heav'n;
Or in that moment when his anguish'd brow