

## WAR.

*By Jack Cadden.*

With hidden death they strew the deeps,  
And crimson run the waves;  
The pitying stars their cycles sweep  
Above a thousand graves.  
O'er-pregnant with inhuman hate  
The reptile vessels glide,  
And Satan hails a master-mate  
Beneath a tainted tide.

From out the vast aerial sea  
Destruction reaches down,  
And leaves a sulphurous canopy  
To mark the stricken town.  
What Art is this that puts to shame  
The infamies of Hell,  
And pours its hot, devouring flame  
Where babes and cripples dwell?

The dreams, by Beauty wrought, to build  
High temples to her art,  
The visions through the years fulfilled  
In every perfect part,  
Have reared unto the final end  
A mark for human hate,  
A grave above whose ruins blend  
All griefs, disconsolate.

The vineyard land by Nature blest  
Sees Death's black flag unfurled,  
From where the horror-haunted trench  
Spits murder 'round the world.  
And millions rush to fill the breach,  
Whilst millions kneel in prayer,  
To plead an everlasting Peace  
Beyond the curse of War.