

## TO HELLAS

Oh! must we see  
Thermopylae  
Anew in truth appearing?  
Yes, noble Greek!  
One wish I seek—  
Lead in the crisis nearing.

When strife is done,  
When parked the gun,  
When no more hearts are bleeding,—  
Your sons shall meet,  
Old heroes greet  
In bliss where right is leading.

So farewell Greece!  
May sweet release  
Soon take the place of warring,  
With none to slight  
The bark of right,  
Its proper courses marring.