

## AMERICA.

All hail to Thee!

Thou glorious refuge of the world's oppressed.  
Strong in thy Mother's pride, as in thine own,  
Where more stern patriot freemen dwell  
Than all those lands can boast,  
In Princely livery dressed.

It could not be,  
The artfulness; the dark intriguing band,  
Could not conceal the frightfulness, the guilt.  
From sea to sea  
Thy indignation swelled, and armed  
Thy strong avenging hand.  
Thy guns and shells were forged,  
Thy airships built.

Thou eldest, greatest, grandest, British daughter!  
'Twas thine to fight with those who braved the wrong.  
'Twas thine to rescue from indurate slaughter,  
The helpless victims of the ruthless strong.

"League of Nations"

What a peace mark  
On the world's long scroll of strife.  
'Tis the legend on the new Ark  
Bearing Freedom's rescued life.

Floating on the war waste ocean,  
Moving toward that higher shore,  
With a hopeful, calm devotion,  
Offering all, an open door.

Hail thy leader, who conceived it,  
Write his name, with generous mind,  
With thy Washington and Lincoln,  
Let the three be intertwined  
On thy glorious starry banner,  
Statesmen, honored by mankind.