

Ah me! in truth she yielded up her will;  
Fair Delphi lay forsaken and it stood  
A barren hill within the desert solitude.

## III.

And so I close my book of prophecy.  
Adieu; and all who hear me turn again  
When well once more my harp may loosened be  
For with the last note of this dying strain  
A sound comes wailing o'er the distant main,  
A breath of life that fans our souls instead  
Of war that had the millions cruelly slain;  
A dove of peace comes cooing o'er my head:  
The new world springs to life; the ancient world  
is dead.

## IV.

Yet sorry is my soul that thus should pass  
So many images of life; the light  
Comes nevermore from that which winsome  
was  
In the dark shades of pestilential night,  
For carnal was the force of armed might,  
That slew our brethren on the bloody field;  
Now all is with the spiritual bedight,  
And man is taught in sympathy to wield  
The sword of love by Him of Calvary revealed.