

But God, how I wish we could have seen
 Some other way out of the strife
 Than feeding our cannon a thousand times
 A day with a human life.

Give me a house by the side of the road,
 When the last red trench is won,
 When the hills re-taken, and corpse strewn slopes,
 Heed not the din of the gun;
 When the moans have ceased and the poison cloud,
 That hid God's radiant sy,
 Have passed, with the clank of the meeting steel,
 And the shells that hurtled by.

Let me see the pigeon awing again,
 Instead of my warping planes,
 That carried me over to hurtle death
 Right into the Hun's domains;
 Where the voice of the Devil's forge is hushed
 And the din of explosive still;
 Where the nodding daisies keep sentinel
 O'er the graves beyond the hill.

Give me a house by the side of the road,
 In the country where I was born,
 Where I may be in my agèd days,
 To weep and grieve and mourn;
 Where the blossom, like foam, on hedge and tree,
 Looks up to the silent cloud,
 Where the dew as it falls at eventide
 Makes the glorious dead a shroud.

My eyes see blood to the North and West,
 To the South and East see flames,
 The pits are full of the buried dead
 And the fields of blind and maim;
 And my heart turns sick at the sight of this
 Great shambles,—I choke and pray
 That man may stifle the beast he hides
 In his God-like form—some day.

Give me a house by the side of the road,
 When all of this strife is o'er,
 When the sun comes kissing the creeping rose
 That rambles above the door;
 And there with my children upon my knee
 I'll teach them as best I can
 To love their neighbor and bear good-will
 To all of their fellow man.

And then when I pass through the rifted skies
 That curtain this blood-soaked sod,
 For the lives that I took and tried to take
 I shall crave Thy pardon—God.