

What though petty int'rests differ,
Wherefore yield to jealousy?
Prosp'rous hand the foot ne'er injures :
Kinsmen, let us brothers be !

Let the world of now not in us
Heirs of ancient quarrels see.
Each has proved the other's mettle :
Kinsmen, let us brothers be !

If our fathers in mad anger,
Fought their kindred, why should we ?
Through our strife the world would perish :
Kinsmen, let us brothers be !

Hear ye not the nations' thunder ?
Coming storm do ye not see ?
In the clash of threat'ning battle,
Kinsmen, stand like brothers we !



of a dif.
t suppose
e for the
Holmes.

red
can
still