

"AVE CÆSAR"

"Ave Cæsar Imperator," thus they used to shout in
Rome,

"Dying men salute thee, Cæsar," seated on thy purple throne,

And the Emperor smiled benignly at those men about
to die.

What to him was slaughter'd manhood, what to him
the widow's cry?

Little reck'd he of the anguish, life blood crimsoning
the sand.

Was he not the "Imperator," lord of sea and lord
of land?

Long years have passed since Nero watched, all
Rome a funeral pyre,

And Goths and Huns in thousands swept the land
with sword and fire;

Another "War Lord" now reigns proudly and has
made the vanquished boast:

"German culture," spreading onward, soon shall rule
from coast to coast.

Shatter'd Liege and wreck'd Namur, witness to that
culture show,

Smoking ruins, slaughter'd peasants, and the Heaven
with fires aglow.

Oh! nations of all Christendom, strike now, before
too late,

For the scourge is rolling onward, "the Hun is at
the gate."

Rapine, lust, and brutal warfare march separate
foot of way,