

## "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,