

HOW soon, my friends, how soon,
We should obtain the boon
Of shining peace for which the toiler delves,
If only we would give
Our spirit room to live,—
Be, here and now, our brave untarnished selves.

IF only we would dare
Embrace the good and fair
Our soul, unbound by custom, still perceives,
And without compromise
Or favour in men's eyes
Live by the truth each one of us believes.