

But thou, unlike great Babylon's king,
 Shall ne'er regain thy rule;
 For the moving finger writing
 Hath traced the words—thou fool."

THE WAR LORD.

Thou cruel, ruthless, demon king!
 For many years thou sought to bring
 The world to devastating war;
 Behold, what thy ambition bore!

Disown in vain thy hell-born child;
 Thy name on History's annals filed,
 As parent of this monstrous thing,
 Shall future's condemnation bring.

Thy weeping country, rent and torn,
 Will curse the day that thou wert born—
 Will deprecate the fatal hour,
 That saw thee raised to kingly power.

Napoleon's steps thou wouldst have trod
 To make thyself a warrior god;
 Without his genius, thought to be
 A world dictator such as he.

Couldst thou not read on History's brow
 Obliquy buries such as thou;
 The world will ne'er submit to feel
 A conqueror's lacerating heel.

Nemesis follows on thy trail—
 The blow is sure—she will not fail
 To deal thee, Hohenzollern king,
 The fate reserved for such a thing.