

---

## THE GREAT GRIEF

---

**T**HERE comes a cry from the north and south,  
A wail from the east and west;  
And their echoes moan from zone to zone,  
Voicing a sad unrest.  
Mourn they the loss of their kindred dear,  
Fed fast to the maw of war?  
Is their wail of woe for those? Ah no,  
Their sorrow is deeper far.

“Where shall we go for culture now?  
Our souls are shaken with loss,  
For culture (spelled with a capital C),  
Which we drew from the thought of Germanie,  
Where we meekly bowed the abject knee  
And worshipped his haughty brow.

And who shall point us the grain of truth  
In the Bible's bushelled chaff?  
And teach us to smile with a quiet scorn,  
At the story of Him, in the manger born,—  
A sentimentalist dying forlorn  
For His gospel of love and ruth?

And who shall teach us to bow aright  
At the Atom's lordly shrine?  
To worship the god of Material Might,  
Which was, and which is, and which shall be Right  
No matter what lives may feel the blight  
Of the Superman's ruthless steel.”

For culture go to the Hottentot,  
For creed to the chimpanzee;  
Their shallower root bear a sweeter fruit  
Than the German Upas-tree.