

LOUVAIN

A SHRINE, where saints and scholars met
And held aloft the torch of truth,
Lies smouldering 'neath fair Brabant's skies,
A ruined heap—war's prize in sooth!
The Pilates of Teutonic blood
That fired the brand and flung the bolt
Now wash their hands of evil deed,
While all the world stands ghast and dumb.

Is this your culture, sons of Kant,
And ye who kneel 'round Goethe's throne?
To carry in your knapsacks death?
To feel for man nor ruth nor moan?
What 'vails it now your mighty guns
If God be mightier in the sky?
What 'vail your cities, walls and towers
If half your progress be a lie?