

XXIV.

For surely, very surely, will come the Prince of Peace,
To still the shrieking shrapnel and bid the Maxims cease, —
 Not as invaders come
 With gun-wheel and with drum,
But with the tranquil joyance of lovers going home
Through the scented summer twilight, when the spirit has
 release.

XXV.

By sea and plain and mountain will spread the larger creed, —
The love that knows no border, the bond that knows no breed;
 For the little word of right
 Must grow with truth and might,
Till monster-hearted Mammon and his sycophants take flight,
And vex the world no longer with rapine and with greed.

XXVI.

O England, little mother by the sleepless Northern tide,
Having bred so many nations to devotion, trust, and pride,
 Very tenderly we turn
 With welling hearts that yearn
Still to fence you and defend you, still to love you and to learn
Wherein our right and title, might and majesty reside.