

Still lends her influence and help  
For those who would be free.  
While Russia who in ancient days,  
Stood out above the rest  
Lies scattered like a flock of sheep,  
Of shepherd dispossessed.  
America whose hearts were clean,  
From any lust of war,  
Now feels compelled to send her sons,  
To fight in lands afar.  
The little men from far Japan,  
And men from China, too,  
And many independent states,  
Are pledged to see it through.  
Oh, what shall be your prize reward,  
When all the fighting's done,  
The thought that on the battlefields,  
Where this great war was won,  
Lies the resting place of all your sons,  
Their dust together mingling,  
Shall knit the nations into one,  
And one great purpose kindling,  
The east and west in common cause,  
Shall face the task together,  
And drive all war lords from their midst,  
Then peace shall reign forever.  
This your reward to live in those,  
Whom you may leave behind,  
Bequeathing to posterity  
One aim, one heart, one mind.  
Thus gathered from the ends of earth,  
Where they long years have wandered,  
The sons of men shall home return,  
And never more be squandered.