

VOICE OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

VOICE of our Century, whose heart is broken,
Weeping for those who will not come again—
Lord Christ! hast thou been crucified in vain?—
Challenge the right of every Tyrant's token:
The fist of mail; the sceptre; ancient, oaken
Coffers of gold for which thy sons are slain;
The pride of place, which from the days of Cain
Hath for the empty right of Power spoken!

Be like a trumpet blown from clouds of doom
Against whatever seeks to bind on earth;
Bring from the blood of battle, from the womb
Of women weeping for their dead, the birth
Of better days with banishment of wrong,
Love in all hearts, on every lip—a song.