

THE MAILED FIST

When the blood of our deathless heroes
Has filtered away in the sand,
And the kindly earth to her aching breast
Has folded them all in passionless rest
And there's weeping in every land,
Shall a wild fool-world, blindly reeling,
Go blundering on through the mist,
And staggering down the roads of time
O'erwhelming the music of heaven sublime
With the threat of a mailed fist ?

When mothers, war-widowed, are wailing,
With a deep despair in their tears,
Shall we see the thing we have fondly nursed,
Ambition, the dragon-monster accursed,
Still shaking his brand down the years ?
Let war-drums be broken forever,
The bannered millions dismissed,
Let all the lands of the earth unite
To drive from the world with invincible light
The threat of the mailed fist.

Albert D. Watson.