

Eyes to the hills ahead,
Hearken our song:—
“Watch for His dawning! mark,
“Sorrow but the shrivelled bark,
“Love the white kernel sap;
“Hatred and wrong,
“But the fierce, sudden hail,
“Rattling our iron mail,
“Riding along.”

Yea, as we thunder, we
Know earth's old wonder, we
Feel all about us
Her splendor and tears;
Her might and her glory,
Her centuried story,
Her weird, blind caravan
Down the dead years.
Her grief and her wisdom,
Her heart-breaks and yearning,
Her legends of iron-eaten,
Blood-crust'd wars:—
Her loves and despairings,
Wrecks of old dynasties,
Barbarous; splendid and
Old as the stars:—
They who look down on us,
Cold in their far-light,
Orient, mystical,
Under the night;
Weird in their silence,
Grim, fixed witnesses,
Long, of earth's struggles,
Her great grim graveyards,
Of passion and might.
But under we thunder,
Charge, battle, and blunder,
Out of the night-mists,
Unto the day,
Led by an impulse,
A fierce joy and heart-hope,
Older and stronger
And greater than they.
Sound the clear bugle, there!
Wide, let the summons blare!
Challenge the centuries,
Fearless of wrong!