

THE SONG OF THE PACIFIST

If this be all: by the blood-drenched plains, by
the havoc of fire and fear,
By the rending roar of the War of Wars, by the
dead so doubly dear—
Then our victory is a vast defeat, and it mocks us
as we cheer.

Victory! there can be but one, hallowed in every
land:
When by the graves of our common dead we who
were foemen stand,
And in the hush of our common grief hand is ten-
dered to hand.

Triumph! Yes, when out of the dust in the splen-
dour of their release
The spirits of those who fell go forth and they
hallow our hearts to peace,
And, brothers in pain, with world-wide voice, we
clamour that War shall cease.

Glory! Ay, when from blackest loss shall be born
most radiant gain;
When over the gory fields shall rise a star that
never shall wane:
Then and then only our dead shall know that they
have not fall'n in vain.