

The Closing Chords ?

List to the wonderful music!
Never on earth before
Gathered an orchestra like it,—
Played such a score!

Blent in a vast diapason
Shaking the earth and the sky,
Loud as the thunder in heaven,
Low as a sigh,—

Millions of feet, hoofs and wheels, when
Trumpet, drum, flag-rustle call;
Mutter of mobs like the surf on
Pavement and wall,

Deep, wide, from throats red like hell-pits,
Bass of the Krupp and Creusot;
Crooning like brook-chant, like bees' hum,
The bullet-song's flow;

Drone high aloft of the scout-plane,
Crackle of spark from the mast,
Swash of the "sub" and torpedo,
Broadside's hot blast;

Tumult in tongues half a dozen,—
Order, oath, cheer, song and cry;
Uttered in song universal,
Ghost-giving sigh.

—Prelude note long since was sounded,
Struck by Cain's resonant fist,
Caught up by sword, spear and buckler,—
Now do we list

Crash of the closing crescendo,
End of the symphony vast?
Hark we the ultimate chorus,
Loudest—and last? —B. N. P.