

GERMANY.

Was it thy Hohenzollern breed,—
Obsessed by their ancestral greed
For soldier giants trained to fight
To give them military might,—
That clouded and obscured the light
Of Liberty and Justice, quite
Recast thy mind in brutal mould
And made thee cruel, callous'd, cold.

Then at the bar of justice, they
To answer for their crime, must stand
Indicted, on some trial day,
The "League"—commissioned, must command.

And as the nation shared their crime,
The penalty, It, must pay in time.
The mandate issued, sternly rules,
To punish despots and their tools.

But when thy soul, relieved from madness,
Humbled, cleansed, subdued, with sadness
Seeks to restore what they destroyed,
And with remorseful shame relenting
Of crimes and fiendishness repenting,
Keeps thy soldiers thus employed.

Then,—freed from frenzied, foul ambition,
Clothed with sane and true contrition,
Speaking words of prone submission
Ye may hope—demented brother—
There's a hand may be extended,
There's a heart may yet forgive,
On condition that another
Solemn promise ye shall give
That in future leagued together,
Peaceful, honest, ye shall live.