

## 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.