

XXXIII.

The page of history is blotted o'er
With tales of bloodshed. Not a single nation
Exists, but spent its greater life in war.
And in each Power's restless fluctuation
From might to weakness, and from servitude
To might, is shown the sword's incertitude.

XXXIV.

Until the time when every mighty Power
Stands ready to confess the Christian creed
That bloodshed is a sin—until that hour
Has come, all Europe's treasures must bleed,
That naval armaments may grimly stand,
And military menace every land.

XXXV.

Then, England, since an universal peace,
A peace eternal, has not been proclaimed,
Thy military might must still increase,
Thy naval glory must not be defamed.
But only when thine honour shall demand,
Or injured right, upraise thy martial hand.