

THE WORLD IS AT WAR.

A GREAT VOICE IS SHAKING THE WORLD.

Hearst thou this great voice that shakes the world.  
And wastes the narrow realm whereon we move,  
And beats upon the faces of the dead,  
My dead, as tho' they had not died for me?--  
O Bedevere, for on my heart hath fallen  
Confusion, till I know not what I am,  
Nor whence I an, nor whether I be King.  
Behold, I seem but King among the dead!