

After?

After the noise and the clamour of battle,
After the rush of the terrible wings,
Boom of the cannon and musketry's rattle,
What shall be done at the end of these things?

After the grass has grown green o'er the slaughter,
Nature restoring what man did deface,
What of the blood that was poured out as water
To vindicate right or to bolster disgrace?

The green fields are smiling, the soft wind is blowing,
But where are your brothers? And none makes reply.
No man finds an answer, and then in the silence—
"I gave them to live, and ye caused them to die."

At the great end, at the council of nations,
When the world speaks, shall they say to you then:
"Lo, we dethrone you, your ruletime is over,
Solemn, incompetent, rulers of men"?

No more to the word of the few be committed
This loosing of sorrows, this orgy of shame;
Let the world swear it, in shame and in silence,
Tears and strong passion, swear by The Name.

Lo, from the wreck of the world's conflagration,
After the tears that we shed in our night,
Wakes a new morning, when nation by nation
Shall live, and deal justly, and walk in the light.