

WHEN WE RETURN.

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When we return will the Homeland dear
Be the same as it was in the yester-year?
Shall we find forgotten the words you said,
And the noble deeds of our noble dead,
As we strive once more for our daily bread
When we return?

In our sojourn here we have learned anew
To love the land we have left to you.
We have learned to see through tear-dimmed
eyes
The green of her woods, the blue of her
skies,
And to value the peace that beneath them lies,
When we return.

We see with eyes that are clear and cold
A-many things missed in the days of old.
By duty shirked, or by lack of power,
We yielded our birthright's bounteous dower,
So we vow new vows for the day and hour
When we return.

The world has called in her hour of need,
And who shall say we were slow to heed?
For not the masters of tongue nor pen,
Nor learned seers were needed then.
The call was plain—'Twas a call to men
And men alone.

And the great were small and the right were
wrong,
And the strong were weak and the weak were
strong,
Strong in their sense of new-found power,
Strong in their Pride, no pain could lower
Strong in the fight—and for the hour
When we return.