

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred
And every nation, that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear forever more the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease,
And like a bell with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace!"

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of war's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.
