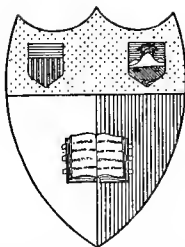


THE BUILDING
OF THE ORGAN

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

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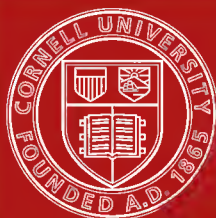
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**THE BUILDING OF THE ORGAN
ONWARD**

THE
BUILDING OF THE ORGAN
ONWARD

TWO SYMPHONIC POEMS

BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

Author of "The Hawthorn Tree and Other Poems"

MDCDVI

MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY

NEW YORK

62 E

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FOREWORD

WAR, as a means of settling international difficulties, is the stupidest as well as the most costly relic of barbarism. There are no valid arguments in its favour. It appeals only to the cruel and brutal instincts and passions of mankind, as do bull-fights and cocking mains, which are interesting as exhibitions of a certain kind of skill and a high degree of physical courage. The mechanical ability displayed in firing a cannon-ball and accurately demolishing a house or a man at a distance of eight or ten miles must arouse admiration. The marching and countermarching of well-trained regiments, the deploying of platoons of cavalry, the flashing of sunlight on polished rifles and sidearms, "the squeaking of the wry-necked fife," or the full splendour of the military band, have a picturesque value which tends to blind unthinking men as to the actual significance of it all.

On the other hand, War unbridles all ferocious passions; it makes men perform actions which they would blush even to contemplate in times of peace; it wastes immeasurable treasure; it sacrifices precious lives, generally the best and strongest part of the manhood of a Nation, and when what is called the

arbitrament of arms has been decided, the great questions at issue are not settled in consonance with eternal Justice, but only arbitrarily and by chance. Often they are not settled at all, but are temporarily dropped, to be discussed in the same senseless fashion again, as two dogs would quarrel over a dry bone, neither getting any advantage.

Less than a century has passed since dueling with its code of unethical ethics was abolished in every decent society. It was once supposed to carry at least an incitement to correct and chivalric behaviour. "Honour" was its watchword. Where a question arising between two gentlemen was decided not on philosophic or legal grounds but rather by the incidental advantage which the one or the other possessed in quickness and strength of sword play, in practice with pistols, in weight or slimness of figure, it was evident to any thinking mind that dueling decides nothing. Indeed the innocent party was the one most frequently sacrificed and the growing Common Sense of Mankind put an end to it.

War is only dueling on a larger scale. The recent controversy between Russia and Japan might have been settled with reasonable fairness at the Court of the Hague, by insignificant concessions on either side. A child might have pointed out a compromise that would have carried no dishonour and left both sides satisfied. It was therefore a needless, wasteful, cruel, wicked war, in which, as in all wars, the majority of those participating had no quarrel with their actual opponents and were engaged in a death-struggle for a cause in which they did not know what the issue was.

The time is surely coming — and there is no reason

why it should not come soon and suddenly — when International Dueling with its monstrous code will be forbidden by International Law, when the Lands shall be freed from the incubus of standing armies, when the fearful waste represented in billion-dollar fleets shall be stopped and the seas shall be patrolled by a small police force sustained by the cooperation of the Powers.

A few isolated voices were at first heard pleading for the enfranchisement of the slave. Vested interests combined to stifle these pleas in behalf of simple Justice. But at last the Right prevailed and now there is no civilized Nation that upholds or permits the “Institution” which the Masters once arrogantly asserted was in accordance with the law of God. In less than half a century the miracle was accomplished. Slavery was abolished in Russia and in Brazil by the stroke of an autocratic pen, in America by Public Opinion after a million lives had been sacrificed and a colossal debt had been loaded on the shoulders of generations still unborn.

War is to be abolished as Feudalism and Slavery have been. All indications make this a safe prophecy.

It is therefore a splendid and stirring subject for poetry and song. The Dawning of an age of Peace is the ruling motive of the two poems included in the present volume. Peace and Harmony are almost synonymous and Music must be the daughter of both. The Organ is the highest popular expression of serious Music, and the Cathedral typifies the very center of the festal life of a Nation: here are celebrated all the great events of its history — birth, marriage, death,

deeds of glory. The Organ seems a natural medium for expressing the mighty concepts contained in the word Peace. The poem is somewhat more than a lyrical description of "The Building of the Organ"; the structure of the instrument is merely hinted in the separate songs of the Prologue; the word "building" is subjective rather than objective. The climax, reached in the movement devoted to a description of War and its horrors and the prophetic Vision of Universal and Perpetual Peace, and the movements that lead up to it, may perhaps justify the qualifying adjective Symphonic.

A Symphony is a piece of music consisting of four or more parts, the Minuet or Scherzo generally preceding the last and most brilliant rapid movement. In its form the Poem is a superficial copy of a Symphony, the various themes suggested by the subject corresponding to the motives or airs developed by the composer. The Italian tempo marks prefixed to each of these themes may savour of affectation, but were adopted after due hesitation as carrying out the general idea of a Symphony in words. The possibilities embodied in such a form of poetical composition are immense, the chances which it offers to the poet are inspiring! It seems to give to English Verse a new medium of expression, plastic and elastic, capable of infinite variety, and as well adapted to the genius of the Language as the classic Ode was to Greek in the hands of a Pindar.

The present poem, which perhaps has the faults of a prototype, was primarily intended as offering a basis for a musical composition to be called "The Cathe-

dral," the text to be selected from the body of the work. For any piece intended to be sung the essential element is a distinct simplicity of syllabification and vocable. Much of the very loftiest poetry is unsuited for musical composition because the thought is too subtle, the expression too complicated. A definite simplification of the poetry results in a certain bareness of poetical content. It would have been easy, indeed far easier, to infuse into the verse a higher degree of subtlety because it would have given access to a richer vocabulary. There are many words in English which cannot be sung.

This simplification has perhaps made "The Building of the Organ" rather unusually well adapted for public reading. It has been presented to all sorts of audiences, from one made up of Organ-builders in the rough precincts of an Organ factory to men's clubs and women's clubs, and it has seemed to make itself easily understood. One old man, who had been employed in building organs for nearly a third of a century, after hearing it read exclaimed to his employer, "I liked that poem, it gave me new respect for my art."

But it is offered to the public with the hope that it may interest the people in this most pressing and important of the causes left to be settled, — that of Universal Peace. If the Common People, if the Women of any country, will make a firm stand against War, there will be no more War. If those who take upon their lips the religion of Jesus of Nazareth will only in this respect follow the teachings of their Master, there will be no more War. Then countries calling themselves Christian will be Christian and not till then.

Any mere literary or temporary success which the two Peace Poems here presented may achieve is absolutely of no consequence provided only they stir in the hearts of their readers a desire to do away with the costly, extravagant, useless paraphernalia of War, and so help bring about that state which is so beautifully expressed in the words "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Although written almost at a single breath, the idea and thought of the Cathedral poem were for a decade the cynosure of daily consideration, and its forms of verse are for the most part spontaneous expressions of the ideas embodied.

The second poem, "Onward," was in part used as the poem delivered before the Tufts College Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society in June 1904. It is from a musical analogy more like a Rhapsody, or rather what some composers entitle a Symphonic poem, meaning not a poem in four formal movements but a series of Tone-pictures. In both cases Music and Poetry go hand in hand.

The volume was first printed in private form, entitled "Peace and Progress," in a limited edition, on Japanese vellum and also on handmade paper. It bore a dedication to Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose manifold gifts of organs to churches and other institutions, and whose munificent establishment of a Palace for the Court of the Hague, seemed to call for some expression of recognition in connection with a poem commemorating both Music and Peace.

The present edition is meant for a wider audience and is dedicated to Humanity at large.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE.

January 29, 1906.

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THE LEADING MOTIVES

*Peace in Religion and Music — Peace in Love —
Peace in Death — Peace in Brotherhood —
Peace Universal*

**THE
BUILDING OF THE ORGAN
A SYMPHONIC POEM
IN
FIVE MOVEMENTS**

PART FIRST. PROLOGUE

SONG OF THE PINES

1

HIGH on the mountain side
Sturdily planted,
Lifting our heads in pride,
Spreading our branches wide,
Ever green, ever young we abide,
Old and undaunted.

2

Storm-winds around us roar,
Tempests assail us;
Thunder-clouds flash and score
Scars on our brows; we soar
Undismayed o'er the chasm evermore:
Nothing can quail us.

[9]

3

Lured by our balmy crests
 Dreamily swaying,
 Eagles their eyrie-nests
 Build: they are welcome guests
 Winging home from their far-sweeping quests,
 Weary of slaying.

4

Down on the horizon's bound
 Gleams the old Ocean.
 Hark! hear the solemn sound
 Thrilling the air around,
 Like the chant of the cherubim crowned
 Bowed in devotion!

II

VOICE OF AN ANCIENT PINE

1

Oft at Midnight's marvellous hour,
 When in the zenith the Stars are in flower,
 Voices prophetic sweep thro' the Skies,
 Deep undertones from the Ocean arise.

2

They tell of Mysteries known to the Few —
 Only the Wisest can follow the Clue!
 Changes impending: earthquakes and storms,
 Death and Destruction in manifold forms.

3

New Order grows from the tumult of Strife;
 Death gives way ever to perfecter Life,
 Forests must fall that Cities may grow —
 Mountains be levelled that Rivers may flow.

4

Over the Sea even now come the Sails
 Borne by the breath of Beneficent Gales.
 Woodsmen with axes will level our Pride —
 Miners will delve for the Treasure we hide!

5

Yet we rejoice in the Grief and the Pain,
 Turning our loss into cosmical Gain;
 Bend to the Steel and welcome the Fire —
 Thus rise to God, whither all things aspire.

III

SONG OF THE BENEFICENT GALES

1

We are Daughters of the Sky
 And on viewless wings we fly,
 Swooping low or sweeping high
 On the mighty errands we are chosen to fulfil.
 Now we bring the fruitful rain
 To the parcht and thirsty Plain;
 Now we grind the golden grain
 By our tireless breathing on the wide vans of the Mill.

2

We dispel the sullen Clouds
 Piling up in massive crowds
 When the Fog the horizon shrouds,
 And we bring the cheerful Sun again to glad the World;
 Swifter than the albatross
 Drive we gallant fleets across
 Boundless Deeps whose billows toss,
 Vying with us till they reach the Port where sails are furled.

3

Wild æolian symphonies
 Play we on the Forest-trees,
 While the deep bass of the Seas
 Booms on every beach and headland of the echoing Main.
 Then we bend the feathery reeds
 Where the crested Heron feeds,
 And a weird, faint tone succeeds
 Like the sighing of a Lover dying of his pain.

4

Laden with the scent of Flowers,
 Comrades of the sunny Hours,
 Yet we hold unbounded powers:
 Full of joy we sing, and yet if barriers stir our wrath,
 Then in phalanx vast we rise
 Roaring thro' the shuddering Skies
 And whatever Foe defies
 Him we hurl in ruin from our devastating Path!

IV

SONG OF THE PROSPECTOR

1

Thro' trackless leagues of Wilderness
With steadfast purpose on I press.
At Night my lone, unsheltered camp
Is lighted by the Fire-fly's lamp.
With stern Privation at my side
I follow Fortune as my guide.

2

A thousand disappointments cheat
The wanderings of my weary feet.
What gleams from far like yellow gold,
When hardly won, is turned to mould.
Yet tho' by wild Illusion tried
I follow Fortune as my guide.

3

Ravines I scan with practist Eye
Where stores of buried wealth may lie.
The mountain Bear, the treacherous Pard,
Those hidden hoards may watch and guard,
From me no longer shall they hide:
I follow Fortune as my guide!

4

On yonder Height, above those Pines
The beckoning Star serenely shines.

At last the dreamed-of goal is won!
The splendid Era has begun!
Come, Wealth, come, Glory, like a Tide!
Hail, Fortune, my inspiring Guide!

V

SONG OF THE WOODSMEN

1

We are come from afar with our axes and saws;
Like an Army we move on the forest-crowned Height.
They must fall — the proud Pines that have stood
there for Ages.

For the World hurries on without respite or pause
And the darkness gives way to the Kingdom of Light
Long foretold by the Sages!

2

Lay the ax at the root of the tall, stately tree!
Cut the gash in the flesh of the white, fragrant wood.
With a crash it will sink on the brink of the Valley,
It will glide from the side of the Mount to the Sea,
And the Town shall abound where the Wilderness stood,
Where the deep Rivers dally!

3

Into houses and vessels, for tapering masts,
Into manifold use for the Children of Men,
Shall the shadowy Forest be changed by our labour.
There is nothing on Earth that infallibly lasts;
It is life and new life and then new life again,
'T is the Plowshare from Saber!

And the Wind that plays now on the harps of the
 Trees
 Shall make melodies sweeter and richer accords,
 When it comes at the Master's sublime invocation,
 As his Spirit awakes from the answering keys
 Thoughts too deep to be uttered in words, like the
 Lord's
 Silent breath of Creation!

VI

SONG OF THE MINERS

1

Down, down, down! into the depths of the Earth!
 In dark, in mirk, we work, we toil.
 Down, down, down! There is little of gladness or mirth
 In endless days of gloomy toil.

2

Toil, toil, toil! Far from the light of the Day,
 Like moles we bore thro' beds of ore.
 Moil, moil, moil! For the long, weary hours, scanty pay!
 Must we be Serfs for evermore?

3

More, more, more! That is the order we hear!
 We bend, we pick, we drive, we blast!
 More, more, more! New demands for us ever appear!
 And this must be while Time shall last!

VII

SONG OF THE FOREMAN

1

Thro' subterranean caverns hollowed,
Thro' long, black galleries shored with beams,
Has Nature's clue discreetly followed
Led us to wealth beyond our dreams.

2

But not for us the splendid Treasure,
With small meed must we be content.
The worth of Life 't is hard to measure;
The coin of Joy is quickly spent!

3

In faithful service rendered duly,
In simple pleasures, work well done,
Is sweeter comfort reckoned truly
Than grows from wealth unjustly won!

4

I hear thro' these low, sombre arches
A deep and solemn organ-tone!
The Van of Progress upward marches
And Man is coming to his own!

VIII

CHANTY OF SAILORS

1

We are off, we are off on our homeward course.
(Take a pull on the weather main-brace!)
The Captain's voice thro' his trumpet sounds hoarse
(O bowse in the sheets and flatten her face!)
"Set up the halyards!" he calls.
Each tar is at work in his place
And the bark springs her luff and is ready to race
And to meet whatever befalls.
(Take a pull on the weather main-brace!)

2

She is tearing along with a bone in her teeth!
(Take a pull on the weather main-brace!)
There is pale blue above and dark blue beneath.
(O bowse in the sheets and flatten her face!)
The wind is piping a song
Crowd all the kites on! By God's grace
We will lower the record by mending our pace!
And the voyage will not seem very long.
(Take a pull on the weather main-brace!)

3

Oh, clew up your royals and down with the jib!
(Down top gallants and staysails! avast!)
In the harbor we ride on a rollicking tide!
Up with your courses! Lay topsails to mast!

Let go the anchor! haul taut and belay!
Our voyage is over at last!
With ore for our ballast and lumber all fast.
So off for the Shore and away!
Hurray!

IX

THE SONG OF THE ORGAN BUILDER

1

Seasoned long is the mountain-pine,
Close the grain and white and fine,
Saw it, plane it, bevel it well!
Now the promist time is ripe.
Now it shall live as an Organ pipe —
Thro' it the breath of the Wind shall swell!

2

Perfectly fashioned, row on row,
Tuned to the gamut that Singers know —
Thousands of voices uniting in one: —
Thread of sound like the sigh of a bird —
Thunder of bass by the pedal stirred —
Now 't is completed — the Work is done!

3

Elephant's tusk from the Tropic brought,
Creamy white and carefully wrought.
Ebon from far Honduras' strand,
These shall adorn the banks of the Keys;
From them shall arise the harmonies
That soon shall obey the Master's hand!

4

The Case shall be barred with fretted gold —
 Carved in black oak a millenium old: —

Singing choirs of angelic boys,
 Seraphs winding their trumpets and shawms,
 Virgins breathing on clustered haulms,
 Cymbals and drums making plastic noise!

5

To the great Cathedral it shall be sent —
 The perfect and glorious Instrument.

It shall lead in laud and in choral song.
 The hearts of men it shall ever sway
 On Sabbath and on Holy Day,
 And unto God shall the Praise belong.

X

CHORUS OF ORGAN FINISHERS

1

Our masterpiece is now complete
 Of precious wood and tin and gold.
 A thousand Voices strong and sweet
 These ranging diapasons hold!

2

The melting tones of harp and flute,
 The sighing of the sylvan reed,
 The arpeggios of the Poet's lute
 Are to these full stops deftly keyed.

3

Here shall the great Magician sit,
And fill the Fane with waves of sound.
Here fugues of pathos infinite
With holy symphonies shall abound.

4

Glory to God for such a power!
Forever more His Name be praised!
High in His Temple vast shall tower
The immortal Fabric we have raised.

PART SECOND
THE CONSECRATION OF THE ORGAN

I
THE CATHEDRAL

I *Andante maestoso*

Above the City's proudest mansions towering,
 Its double spires sublime, cross-crowned, cloud-
 high,
The Century-plant of Art reveals its flowering
 In yon Cathedral bulked against the sky.

2

The flying buttresses, the arches glorious,
 The grand, clear-story rising o'er the nave,
The Campanile like a shaft victorious
 That Life has raised above the conquered grave;

3

The mullioned windows filled with pictured histories:
 Stern Prophets, grave Apostles, Angel Choirs,
The Dove and Lamb and Lamp—the symbolled Mys-
 teries,
 That glow in jewelled glass like living fires:—

4

At last the wondrous whole is fairly finishèd: —
 From corner-stone to finial it has grown.
 Oh, may its Splendour never be diminishèd,
 Its perfect Beauty never be o'erthrown!

5

Heart-weary Pilgrims from far lands slow wandering
 Shall feel a quickened pulse to see this shrine.
 Low-bowing, on each marvel solemn-pondering,
 They know the Glory here is all divine!

6

The golden Flame that fires each Orient oriel
 At morn shall first kiss that resplendent Rose,
 A radiant Sign from ages immemorial
 That Light from Darkness ever surely grows!

II

THE DRUID GROVE

1

Allegro

Out of the Darkness Day is born —
 Night is Mother of the Morn!
 So from the mirk of Ignorance
 The Sun of Knowledge must advance;
 So from Superstition's night
 Leaps Religion's kindly light.

On this temple-flowering height
 Thro' the misty ages stood,
 Druid-tenanted, a Wood.
 Chief or tribesman came not near
 Save with awe or pallid fear.
 Underneath the sacred Oak
 Scarred by many a lightning-stroke,
 Rose the Altar stained with gore,
 Carved with mystic Runic lore.
 At Midnight wild, barbaric chants,
 Sung by white-robed hierophants,
 Echoed thro' the cloisters aisled
 Cruel tho' the Summer smiled.

III

CHANT OF THE DRUIDS

1

Allegro con brio

On the Oak-bough hanging low
 Grows the pale green mistletoe:
 Cut it with the golden knife!
 Offer up the precious life
 Of the two white bulls that low
 Prescient of the coming woe!
 Bring the Prisoners — man and wife —
 Captives from the bloody strife: —
 They shall learn, yea, they shall know
 Mighty is our great God Selago!

On the Altar virgin Fire
 Rises higher, ever higher!
 It was sleeping in the ash,
 But the hard wood's rasping clash
 'Gainst the soft pine woke Desire,
 And it leapt forth for the pyre
 With a swift, o'mastering flash.
 Beat the cymbals with a crash,
 To the world the Fire shall show
 Mighty is our great God Selago!

IV

ARRIVAL OF THE ROMANS

1

Presto

Hark, what means that brazen blare
 Shattering thro' the tremulous air?
 Hark, those frenzied shrieks, those cries!
 Hoarse, exultant shouts arise!
 'T is the Roman legions dread
 By their fierce Pro-consul led!

2

Did not Druid Sorcerers know
 There would come a deadlier foe
 Than the Germans hot for war —
 Mars be mightier than Thor,
 Mightier than Vasio?

3

What then meant that conflict dire
 'Twixt the red Blood and the Fire!
 When the Hawk swooped on the Dove
 What appeared from high above?
 'T was a wide-winged Eagle flew
 Straight from Southward thro' the blue!
 Hawk and Dove alike he slew!

4

Were not the Omens clear to read?
 Could they not the warning heed?

5

Vainly, vainly, Druidesses,
 Do ye tear your tangled tresses,
 All in vain ye call your Gods:
 They are deaf as frozen clods!
 Hide behind the cromlech gray!
 Never will you ride away
 On the swift steeds of Epona!
 Never will the bright Dumona
 Bring you aid this fatal day!
 Adder-stone and herb All-heal
 Will not heed your wild appeal!

6

Un poco piu lento

Already thro' the shadow-haunted glades
 Rush the Roman Foot with dripping blades;
 Javelins with brazen points are hurled.
 There where the smoke of Sacrifice up-curved,

Heapt in stark ghaſtlineſs the Druids lie,
Surrounded by the ruins of their world,
Too happy thus to die!

V

THE ROMAN TEMPLE

1

Allegro moderato

Where once grew the Druid's Grove
Riſes now the Fane of Jove;
Monolithic columns grand
Carved with marble garlands ſtand,
As once ſtood the tall oak trees
Guarding well the entrances.

2

Crowned with olive leaves the Priests
Celebrate the ſolemn feaſts,
Sacrificing milk-white kine,
Pouring out the mellow wine,
To the God who ſends the thunder,
Filling men with ſpeechleſs wonder.
They perform the myſtic rites,
Lifting high the belemnites
Which the Arch-Druid thought were hurled
By Taranis when the cloud
Hung blue-black above the World,
And the Foreſts by the dazzling bolt were plowed.

3

Hark! the ſtately Hymn reſounds
Thro' the holy Temple's bounds.

VI

HYMN OF THE PRIESTS OF JUPITER

1

Maestoso

Jupiter Omnipotent
Hurler of dread thunderbolts,
Seated on thy mighty throne,
Heed our Libations!

2

Lord of this World thou art
Ruling all the Gods by fear
What can thy Integrity
Shake or diminish?

3

Here where barbarian Bands
Sacrificed to thine Enemies
Now thy great white Temple stands
Ever inviolate!

VII

DAWN OF CHRISTIANITY

1

Duo: cantabile

FIRST PEASANT:

Say, who is yonder grave and reverent Stranger
With calm, benignant face?
He tells us of a King born in a Manger —
A Saviour for our Race!

2

SECOND PEASANT:

He was a slave at Rome: his cruel Master
Kept him for years in chains.
At last compelled by pressure of disaster
He freed him from his pains.

3

FIRST PEASANT:

He teaches us that all the ancient Stories,
That we believe, are lies.
His Peasant God in whose dark Death he glories
He calls All-Good, All-Wise!

4

SECOND PEASANT:

In Rome this new Faith came to him like healing;
New Life to him it brought;
And now he wanders thro' the world revealing
The Lessons he was taught.

VIII

THE PROPHECY OF THE PEASANTS

Allegro

The Temple of Jove shall be swept away.
We see the Dawn of a happier Day.
Freedom and Love shall rule over Life;
An end shall come to Hatred and Strife.
We welcome our new beneficent Lord!
Long have the cruel old Gods been abhorred.

The poor and the slave shall find relief:
Comfort shall dry the tears of Grief.
Christ is our King! we herald His Name.
All over the land the tidings proclaim!

IX

THE CATHEDRAL

1 *Recitativo: adagio*

Long centuries past; the Forest disappeared.
The rich, black soil for golden grain was cleared.
A village clustered round the sacred well;
The Roman temple into ruins fell.
Its columns quarried for foundation stones
Lay mutilated; statues, altars, thrones
Of polisht marble where the Flamens sate
Suffered the same rude, ignominious fate.
The grave God Jupiter, the cloud-Compeller,
Followed the Druid Deities; the Queller
Was quelled; the pipes that Pan the Friendly played
Were heard no longer in the shadowy glade.
The homely Cult the rich and great despised,
By ragged slave and boorish peasant prized,
Was now the only Faith men recognized.
From lowest bondman up to Emperor
The Christ-Religion all now battled for!

2

Then as the village to a city grew
The Temple site was consecrate anew.

The abundant wealth that Trade and Conquest gave
In generous tithes built arch and architrave,
The ornate chapel and the vaulted nave.
High rose the Towers with foliated spires —
Perpetual semblances of Altar fires.
Pride of the Nation the Cathedral stands
A shrine of Pilgrimage from distant lands.

X

THE ORGAN

1

Allegro

Gift of the Faithful, the eloquent Organ,
Gracing the loft that faces the Transept,
Waits for the Master to waken the Spirit
Forth from the marvellous heart of the Instrument.

2

Silent as yet are the tall golden bourdons,
Motionless lie the powerful bellows;
Closed are the stops, all inert are the pedals:
They will respond at the hour of the Festival.

3

Come, O Breath of the Gale from the Ocean,
Come from the far distant murmuring Forest,
Come from the reeds that sigh by the River:
It is your music the Master makes manifest.

Songs of the warblers, the soughing of branches,
 Waterfalls, mountain-brooks, silverly tinkling,
 Echo of lakes when the Ice shouts his pæan —
 All these mellifluous voices you bring with you!

XI

DEDICATION OF THE ORGAN

Allegro animato

'T is Saint Cecilia's festal Day:
 November's sky is cold and gray,
 But o'er the Cathedral's vaulted aisles
 The light from countless tapers smiles.
 There is no hidden nook of gloom
 In that Basilica's spacious room.
 A waft of incense clouds the air
 With delicate perfumes everywhere.
 In purple robes of 'broidered gold
 The Priests their silent stations hold;
 The mitred Bishop devoutly kneels
 Before the Altar which reveals
 A rare, resplendent, dazzling blaze
 Of starry candles maze on maze.
 Then with a lofty mien he stands
 Holding the Crucifix in his hands,
 And turning to the expectant throng,
 Intones the *In Nomine Domini*
 In quavering notes which full and strong
 Break into strains of Poesy: —

XII

CARMEN SACRUM

1

Allegretto

*Nos in hac Praesentia stantes
Iesum Christum adorantes,
 Salvatorem Dominum,
Ut decentius colamus
Nunc laetantes consecramus
 Hoc pulcherrimum Organum!*

2

*Semper in hac aede gaudens,
Semper sacrum nomen laudens,
 Dulcem dabit musicam:
Sacrificio arcanorum
Cantus mollis angelorum
 Ei comitantur iam!*

XIII

Allegro

Then from the choir bursts forth a Hymn
Such as the blessed Seraphim
Might sing before the Almighty's throne,
When up to Heaven's bright Courts hath flown
An angel bearing in his arms
A soul redeemed from earthly harms: —

XIV

GLORIA

1 *Allegro con fuoco*

Glory, glory, unto the Lord of the Universe,
Throned on high amid Light more bright than the
disc of the Sun!
Infinite ages of time 'twould take for our tongues to re-
hearse
All of Thy marvellous attributes, O Thou Infinite
One!

2

Glory, glory, glory! Sing Hallelujahs, sing!
Praise and Honour and Glory unto our Lord be-
long!
Let our harmonious voices now with the Organ ring.
Chant the homage of Man in clear antiphonal
Song!
Amen! Amen!

XV

THE FUGUE

1 *Andante maestoso*

Hark! like a golden thread of sound aerial
A plaintive cadence from the Organ steals:
It trembles, rises, floats away ethereal!
The Soul in silent prayer devoutly kneels.

2

Then comes a change: a crash of chords rolls thundering
And shakes the windows in their leaded panes;
It thrills the throng who listen breathless-wondering,
To hear the splendour of the sequent strains.

3

From out the chaos of the weird prophetical
Emerges like the crystal Light of Life
A fervid theme, spontaneous, poetical,
That sings of strenuous Victory won from Strife.

4

With deeper tones the same great theme euphonious
Ensues enmesht in woof of woven sounds,
Thus grows the Fugue: a splendid web harmonious
With a whole world of Beauty in its bounds.

XVI

APOSTROPHE TO JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH

1

Prestissimo

Some who hear are rapt away
From the environment of clay,
Borne on wings of Rapture
From Earth's trifling toys,
Ready to recapture
Something of Heaven's joys
Which they long had lost
At such bitter cost —

Borne beyond the Evening Star
Infinitely far
 To the pearly gates
 Where the Flame-guard waits
Each with his flashing scimeter!

2

Oh, the Soul's attuned ear
Songs of heavenly Choirs may hear
Praise to God forth-pouring,
 Set to harps of Gold
Struck by rapt adoring
 Angel hosts white-stoled,
While the crystalline
Harmonies divine
Of the far-revolving spheres,
Carrying golden years,
Swell like Organ-notes,
And above all floats
Love's Eternal Hymn of Joys and Tears.

3

Allegretto

Master Bach, this was thy Power!
 Before thine Organ seated
Didst thou make music flower
Like radiant many-prismed blossoms
In sterile human bosoms!
 Oh, miracle repeated
A thousand times in thy dear life;
 When men defeated
Undone by strife

New courage gained,
 New hopes conceived;
When hearts sin-stained
 Once more believed
That Purity might be attained!
When Love, heart-banisht
 Exile with broken wings,
Mourning her Eden vanisht
 Once more to Hope's hand clings!
And sees a beauteous Vision
Of Joy elysian,
 Crowned with immortal rays,
And with an infinite yearning
Beholds the sweet returning
 Of Paradisal Days!

4

Tender-hearted Master
 Kindly, patient, mild,
 Simple as a happy child,
Brave amid Disaster,
 Sweet when Fortune smiled,
A most rapturous fire
 Burned in thy spirit undefiled!
To what didst thou aspire?
Celestial harmonies awoke in thee!
The Voice of Yahveh spoke in thee!
In thee the sentient chord
Vibrated 'neath the finger of the Lord!

Thou didst interpret for the unknowing
 The sounds of jocund Rivers flowing,
 The roar of snow-encumbered Tempests blowing,
 The fitful, dreamy sighing
 Of lake-reflected willows,
 When the first Spring-green beguiles;
 The murmur of the Forest,
 Harp-like faint replying
 To the gentle summer Zephyr dying;
 Where the light and shadows morrised,
 Make a checkered pavement,
 As for Gothic minster aisles.
 The thunder of Aegean billows
 Plunging into azure caves
 When the wild Mistral raves;
 The weird, mysterious,
 Vast, imperious,
 Midnight Music of the Mountains;
 The Voice of vernal Fountains
 Bursting into brief existence,
 The gurgling calls of rapturous birds
 Darting to join their mates
 Thro' long, translucent leagues of liquid distance,
 The Robin's gay arpeggios
 The Bobolink's solfeggios,
 The bell-notes of Thrushes
 Amid the Forest's hushes,
 The songs of Nightingales,
 In vine-abounding Grecian vales;
 The maddening ecstasy of Mocking-birds,
 Telling the Texan prairie lover's tales;

The marriage of the Poet's words
That sing of loves and hates,
Of joyous and of desolate Fates,
Of Death and Birth
Upon our night-and-daylight alternating Earth.

XVII

FINALE: THE TE DEUM

1

Andante

O, mighty-dowered Instrument!
All passions that in human Souls are blent
Dost thou respond to when thy Keys
Are reverently bent
To sincere harmonies;
But in God's Worship is thy Service chiefly spent.

2

When Man before his Maker bows,
His weakness and his faults confessing,
Renews his childhood's fervent vows
And asks his Heavenly Father's blessing,
Then the *Te Deum* rolls
In most majestic tides of glory,
That lift men's guilt-freed souls
Above the trivial and the transitory!
And leave them inly-fired
And awe-inspired
Before God's throne,
Each with his secret thoughts, alone!

PART THIRD
SCHERZO: THE WEDDING

I

JUNE

1

Allegretto

June is returned with her garlands of Roses;
Every breeze is a Perfume-wafter.
Even the Lily her heart discloses;
Joy is dancing with crystalline laughter,
Light white Clouds o'er the azure chasing,
Meet with sweet and gladsome embracing!
All things around and below and above
Allure to Love!

2

Human hearts are thrilled with futurity,
Young hearts eager to find their affinities;
Temples of Purity
Held in security,
Perfumed to please their enshrined Divinities.

3

Vows attested by faithful Service
Now shall bring to the dear reward,
Like as the carved, elaborate pervis
Leads into the minster of the Lord.

June is returned and the Earth rejoices!
 Songs awake on the lips of the Dumb.
 Woods and meadows are jocund with Voices;
 Over the clover the honey-bees hum!
 Sweet looks Life as she temptingly beckons;
 Youth presses onward and never reckons;
 All things around and below and above
 Inspire to Love!

II

WAITING FOR THE BRIDE

Andante

Like a Garden full of Flowers
 Glow the vast Cathedral spaces,
 Gay with radiant, eager faces;
 While the Master at the Organ seated
 Scatters melodies in pearly showers:
 In each theme is Love repeated.

III

THE PRINCESS

1

Adagio

Now it tells a piteous story
 Of fond lovers long ago:
 He, — a Knight who fought for glory,
 She — a Princess pure as snow.

2

Grew their passion shy and tender,
Like a Violet by the stream;
Dared he his heart's key surrender?
Dared she breathe her waking Dream?

3

But their Idyl soon was broken:
He was sent to foreign lands,
And their Love was never spoken,
Priest ne'er joined their mutual Hands!

4

She became a Queen sad-hearted;
He for glory fighting died;
Happier they by Fate so parted:
She could ne'er have been his Bride!

IV

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

1

Piu animato

A new and cheerful Theme
Comes like a golden gleam
Out of a Summer cloud,
That drifts across the Sun
Lighting its Summit proud
When Day is just begun:
The searching melody
Sings in clear major key: —

Two Strangers pass along the street:
 For one brief second glance they meet.
 Yet tho' they part
 Each answering Heart
 Knows now the circle is complete.

Years glide away. In some far land
 Again they meet. Hand clasps with hand.
 Their eager eyes
 Swift recognize
 The kinship which their souls had spanned.

LOVE POSTPONED

Un poco meno mosso

Then a strange Theme broken
 Tells of Love once spoken,
 Vows once fondly plighted:
 Dark misapprehensions,
 Cruel interventions,
 Letters lost,
 Threads of Fate
 Tangled, crost; —
 Years by Sorrow blighted.
 Then at length, but ah, too late,
 Lovers reunited!

VI

FORBIDDEN LOVE

1

Moderato

Sombre chords, the woof of Dirges
 Out of which emerges
 Like a golden thread
 A vibrating measure,
Haunting in its plaintive Beauty,
 Signifying
 Love that yields to Duty,
 Self-denying,
Choosing Pain instead of Pleasure,
 Starving lest it should be fed
 On forbidden bread!

2

Two that love their Love confess,
 Knowing well 't is vain to hide
What their greeting Eyes express,
 What their meeting Hands confide.

3

Face to face and heart to heart,
 In glad sorrow, in sad bliss,
They have chosen Honour's part,
 Sealed with one long Farewell kiss.

4

One is free but one is bound
 By the sacredest of ties,
Is a slave to Life uncrowned,
 Having missed Life's rarest prize.

Yet their joy in Sacrifice,
 In Renunciation's pain,
 Makes their Love beyond a price,
 For 't is Love without a stain.

VII

THE OLD, OLD STORY

1

Animato

The Music clarifies:
 A strain of doubly-blended themes
 Born of a Poet's rapturous dreams
 Tells of the Love that never dies:
 That holds thro' all Eternities.

2

Two spirits fresh and youthful
 Draw near and blend in union,
 So pure, so clear, so truthful
 That Heaven's most rapt Communion
 Can know of nothing sweeter,
 No orbèd Love completer.

3

It is the dear old story:
 How Life is turned to splendour,
 And Spring-time spreads her glory
 In hues so soft and tender
 That Earth an Eden seemeth,
 Thro' which all Rapture streameth!

VIII

LOVE'S MYSTERY

In the souls of those who listen,
 Kindred chords awaken,
Jewel-tears in bright eyes glisten;
 On the Tree of Memory shaken,
Unforgotten leaves are fluttering!
 Each heart with its own life history
Hears the organ-voices uttering
 Love's ineffable mystery!

IX

THE BRIDAL PROCESSION

1

Tempo di marcia

Here comes the Bride!
 Now Organ peal!
Loud speak the joy and the pride
 All hearts feel!

2

Slow 'neath the arches
Of woven roses,
 Now flusht, now pale,
 Under the veil
The Chosen One marches
By her stately Father's side,
And the gay Procession closes
With a throng of radiant girls: Each Maiden
 With a garland laden.

X

THE LOVER

1

Agitato

In the Chancel the Lover waits
With trembling calm, with modest pride.
For him, unworthy, the pearly Gates
Of Paradise are opening wide!

2

Thro' distant lands he had been a ranger;
On fields of carnage he had fought.
To him had Danger
Seemed no stranger,
And yet a simple girl his soul had taught
That he was not immune to Fear.
He who a score of Foes had captured
Meekly at sight his heart surrendered,
And now a Prisoner enraptured
His firm allegiance he tendered!
Ah, Fate austere!

XI

THE CEREMONY

1

The hands are joined, the rings exchanged:
The brave responses cleave the air.
The Reverend Father gives his Blessing.
Oh, may their hearts ne'er be estranged
May they Life's trials nobly bear,
Love's magic Talisman possessing!

2

Love so pure
Shall endure!
For all cares and griefs it is a cure!
All of worth
On the Earth
From such union of two Hearts has birth.
This the Organ in its final Benediction tells
And the Hymn of Love Eternal swells: —

XII

HYMN OF ETERNAL LOVE

1

Allegro con fuoco

When the first primordial atoms in space commingled
Each was drawn to each by a strange Desire,
From out the nebulous haze each the other singled
And they grew to an Orb more dazzling than Fire.

2

It was Love, it was Love divine which the worlds
created;
God is Love: up to Him all Existence flows.
Throughout the vast Universe all things are finally
mated,
In satisfied Love must the Cycle close!

3

'T is the conflict of sound makes the ultimate Concord
the sweeter,
Perfect Harmony out of Discord resolves;
Pain and Strife build Life ever richer, nobler, completer;
Into higher forms the unfinished evolves.

4

There is nothing lost in the mighty scheme of Creation;
 The Star that falls and the broken arc;
 The Flower that fades and the perisht unchronicled
 Nation,
 And the spark that is swallowed up in the Dark:

5

They have all their part in the cosmic Order symphonic;
 Even Sin and Shame into Beauty grow:
 It is Love that resolves the Discord harsh to harmonic;
 It is Love's sweet themes that thro' all things flow.

6

The Love of the Mother who gives all her Heart without
 measure,
 Or who dies with joy that her offspring may live;
 The Love of the Father who counts privation a pleasure,
 If so more life to his own he may give;

7

The Love of the Man who shields his Friend from
 Disaster,
 Who marches to death that his Land he may save;
 The Love of the Saint who to serve his Heavenly Master
 Counts martyrdom bliss and is true, to the grave.

8

The Love of the Sailor who plunges to rescue the
 Stranger,
 Of the Hero who offers his life for his Foe;
 'T is the Love of the God who deigns to be born in a
 manger,
 That the Children of Men Salvation may know.

Yes, the Earthly Love is the type of the Love that
forever

Creates and upholds and unites and absorbs;
There is one Purpose serves all the infinite urge and
endeavour;

There is one Law that rules all the Heavenly orbs!

At last when the Stars in their flight cease from marking
the æons,

When the Circle of Time on the Dial shall cease,
Then shall dawn a new Cosmos proclaimed in raptur-
ous pæans,

And over God's All reign an infinite Peace!

XIII

FINALE

LOVE IS KING

1

Allegro

This is the message
The Organ tells!
Marvellous presage
It vibrates and swells;
And as it dies
Like the fragrant sighs
Of a Summer breeze,
Suddenly rise

The melodies,
Sung by the chime
Of the Wedding Bells,
High in the steeple
Thrilling the air,
Greeting the people
Everywhere,
To all Time: —

2

Love is crowned,
Love is King;
The whole world round
The Tidings bring!
Below and above
Everything
Breathes of Love!

PART FOURTH

THE DEATH OF A NATIONAL HERO

I

THE GLOOM

1

Adagio

The City thoroughfares are hung with crape;
The Nation's banners every building drape,
 Hang half-mast high on all the Ships,
Droop, as if conscious of some fateful Doom;
The air is heavy with inexpressible gloom;
 Sorrow makes eloquent all lips!

2

In the remotest hamlets in the Land
Men of the most discordant Creeds are clanned
 By reason of this common Grief.
Far alien tongues their keen regret rehearse;
A hundred Poets into heartfelt verse
 Breathe sorrow for the fallen Chief!

3

In the Cathedral Chancel lies in State
The Conqueror conquered by the Bolt of Fate.

On a high Catafalque he lies.
Carved as from Alabaster is his Face
Haloed by Death's calm and pathetic Grace:
Death's sleep broods o'er his eagle eyes.

4

Pausing for one slow, deep, and reverent glance
Upon that stern, majestic countenance,
The mournful throng all day move past.
The tapers blaze; the incense clouds the air;
The attendant clergy kneel in silent prayer;
O'er all the Pall of Gloom is cast!

5

Gloom in the House of God! Is Death a bane?
Have Heroes, Saints, and Martyrs died in vain?
Is Faith delusion, Hope a snare?
Too far the Pagan dread of Death still holds!
Too deeply black the funeral shroud enfolds!
A solemn joy such Grief should wear!

6

And now the Requiem, to commemorate
The Virtues and the Service of the Great,
Fills the Cathedral to its bounds.
All minds the Master of the Music stirs;
Of Anguish and of Bliss interpreters,
Speak now the Organ's awesome sounds:—

II

DEATH

1

Death never spares: inexorable Death,
 He summons all — the least — the mightiest,
The moth whose life is compast in a breath,
 The Infant on its Mother's breast,
 The Monarch whose imperious behest
A thousand servants hasten to perform,
The Sun whose bulk enorm
 Centres a universe of earths
A million fold more populous than ours,
 The Hopes of countless births,
The beauty of the Summer's loveliest Flowers: —
 All doth he claim,
King of the viewless Realm
 Monarch of sombre name,
All doth he overwhelm!

2

With ponderous shattering chords
Death's Song of Triumph rolls,
 And sable hordes
 Of Horrors and of Fears,
 Of inextinguishable, burning Tears
Invest Men's midnight-darkened souls.

III

DEATH'S TRIUMPH SONG

I

I am the Lord of Life! All living things
Are mine and have been mine since Life began.
Mine, beasts and birds, and mine their Master,
Man.

'Gainst me no strength prevails; no speed of wings
Can save. My overtaking Angel flings
The fugitive back within the fated ban.
Destruction is the sum of all my plan: —
God's Universe to naught my Sceptre brings!

2

Yet am I most beneficent: in my realm
All Cares and Sorrows, all Earth's miseries cease.
Men mourn because my arrows overwhelm;
They mourn tho' only thus they find release.
Swift sails the Ship with Death's hand on the helm,
But at the end the Port it makes is Peace.

3

I am the Lord of Life! All systems die.
The Universe is one engulfing Tomb!
The great white Suns rush ever to their Doom,
Wan, lifeless Moons thro' lifeless spaces fly,
Wasting their pallid light on orbs that lie
A prey that I insatiably consume.
In all the Infinite what waste of room,
How little Life! King of the Dead am I!

4

Yet am I merciful: when Time is done,
 When Memories, when Records all have perisht,
 And every Hope is gone that Mortals cherisht,
 When in the sky revolves no glowing Sun
 And God and I alone are left, at last
 The Sleep of Peace shall brood above the Vast!

5

I am the Lord of Life! Behold my Way!
 Upon the magic Mountain sunny bright
 With fertile Terraces my wiles invite
 The Vine-rejoicing Sons of men to stay.
 They toil and when their tasks are done they play;
 They build them palaces and find delight
 In glorious prospects over vale and height;
 They thrive and multiply; they live their day.

6

And then I shake the Mountain! Far and wide
 The marble many-pillared palaces fall!
 Down flows the boiling lava; crimson-dyed
 The snow of ashes settles like a pall.
 The stricken towns in vain for succour call!
 I bring to naught all Splendour and all Pride.

7

The Lord of Life am I! Again men build
 Their Habitations on the Intervales
 Beside the stately River, where the sails
 Of Commerce by the prosperous gales are filled.

The humming Hive of Traffic is never stilled,
Wealth vaunts herself superb! Nor Science fails —
Nor Art; and Beauty's gracious smile regales
With every wile wherewith the Mind is skilled!

8

Men live, love, prosper, multiply. —
And then I melt the Snow among the Mountains.
The Waters gather from their sudden Fountains.
Houses and marts and splendid temples crumble.
Alike in one mad maelstrom Great and Humble
Perish. There is no Power to heed their cry.

9

The Lord of Life am I. Along the Plain
Which stretches level like an emerald Lake
The scattered flocks of Men their dwelling make.
What golden harvests of the generous grain
Are coined for Luxury's ever-widening Reign!
What teeming Cities into splendour wake!
What Pride the builders in their labour take!
But soon I show them that their Vaunt is vain.

10

A cloud of purple blackness fills the South,
Shot thro' with jagged lightnings! Lurid Shape
It waxes monstrous: from its yawning mouth
It roars in triumph. There is no escape,
Rich cities, populous fields, to Death are hurled,
As swift it passes with vast wings unfurled.

11

I am the Lord of Life. In hearts of Kings
 I sow black seeds of War. Nor long I wait
 Or ere I reap the harvesting of Hate.
 Nation at Nation insolently springs:
 They battle like Scorpions armed with poisoned stings,
 Fierce armies face fierce armies all-elate
 With passion of conflict, heedless of their Fate.
 Red Carnage riots and my triumph brings: —

12

Thousands of Heroes stript of lusty life;
 Heapt piles of gallant war-steeds, stiff in gore;
 Sackt cities black with piteous deeds of strife;
 The butchered child, the stark, dishonoured Wife.
 And still the Hate engendered calls for more.
 War is my Master-stroke since Days of Yore.

13

I am the Lord of Life. I smite the Lands
 With scourge of Pestilence, and like the grass
 When thro' dry Fields red Flames in fury pass
 Men perish — and beasts. I call: gaunt Famine stands
 Ready to reap my grain with skeleton hands
 From Countries widowed of Water: skies of brass
 Hang pitiless. The elements amass
 My prey; the Dead are countless as the Sands.

The Ocean and his raging Storms are mine;
 Nowhere is living thing I do not claim.
 Mine are the tiniest motes of Life that shine;
 Mine are the Worlds that shrivel up in flame.
 I ruin — I destroy: — DEATH is my name.
 God made me and His work is all divine!

IV

LIGHT FROM DARKNESS

1

Allegro moderato

Yet not for long
 Triumphs Death's insolent, o'erweening Song.
 A clear imperious Trumpet-call
 With sudden lustihead puts all
 The clouds of sullen gloom to flight
 As Tropic Day o'erwhelms the Night.

2

There is no strife:
 Death yields at once to his great Conqueror, Life.
 Exulting rise the harmonious notes
 In vast Arpeggios: then there floats
 The Banner-theme of Deathless Joy
 Like liquid gold without Alloy: —

TRIUMPH SONG OF LIFE

1

Allegro con brio

Tho' the Winter the face of the Meadow may freeze,
 Tho' the leaves may all fall from the sorrowing Trees,
 Tho' the Fountains may cease and the Rivers be bound,
 And the Snow may lie deep on the bloom-widowed
 ground,

Death may rejoice,
 But the World shall awake at the Spring's thrilling
 Voice!

2

Tho' the Worm may live only the brief Summer hour,
 Tho' the petals be blown from the heart of the Flower,
 The Butterfly floats from the chrysalis left
 And the Fruit grows in place of the blossoms bereft.

Death gets no prize,
 For a new Grace is born when the old Beauty dies.

3

Tho' the Babe may be torn from the Mother's fond
 arms,

Tho' the Maiden be lost with her sweet budding charms,
 Tho' the Youth, howe'er strong, howe'er gallant and
 brave,

May descend, in despite of his pride, to the grave,

Death nothing wins,
 For a new Life forever with dying begins!

4

And tho' cities may perish and nations consume
 And tho' stars rush together in flame to their Doom,
 It is only a part of God's marvellous plan,
 And his Love rules the world from the atom to Man.
 Death is no foe,
 It is only thro' Death that the new orders grow!

5

'Tis thro' Death that Life lives: both are servants of God
 And the path thro' the Vale of the Shadow when trod
 Leads to measureless fields of fine Service afar
 Where there's no loss of Love or of Friendship to mar:
 Death brings the gain,
 And the infinite Joy shall atone for the Pain!

6

Meno mosso

The Flower must die that the Fruit may gladden men;
 The Corn be reapt that the grain be stored;
 The loss of the Great for the moment may sadden men,
 But there's naught in their death that should be
 deplored.

They are only called to a higher career
 As Captains to far-off posts are promoted;
 They will find new work in their unknown sphere;
 Whether there or here
 Their best to the Service of Life is devoted.

7

The personal note thro' the Organ wells:
 Of the varied life of the Chief it tells,
 And above all swells
 The solemn tolling of funereal Bells: —

VI

ELEGY

1

Moderato

Now the Head and Hero of the Nation
Falls a victim to the Assassin's steel;
Maddened Envy strikes amid the Ovation,
To o'erwhelm the Commonweal.

2

All too well the sharp blade is directed;
In the hour of Triumph Death awaits;
Thus forever, sombre, unexpected,
Toll the Doom-bells of the Fates.

3

He, the Hero, is secure in glory;
He has done his work and won his meed;
He has built his name and fame in Story,
Twenty million Slaves he freed!

4

But the sudden blow so grim and tragic
Brings discordant Parties into one;
Sorrow's ancient feuds are solved by magic
As the snows melt in the Sun.

5

Every tongue the Hero's mastery praises,
All his Virtues glow with haloed flame;
His success in multitudinous phases
E'er will stir to rival aim.

6

He was lowly born, reared mid privation;
 As a child he worked beyond his powers;
 Eager, snatcht the crumbs of Education
 From the surly, grudging Hours.

7

Books were few, but those of royal standard:
 Shakespeare's Bible, Shakespeare did he know.
 Naught he learnt of Literature that pandered
 To the passions of the low.

8

In the firelight, flickering, rising, sinking,
 Lived for him the Characters of old;
 He grew wise in their high modes of thinking;
 His thoughts took their mighty mould.

9

When he spoke, his words, with Wisdom weighted,
 Sank into his Hearers' inmost hearts;
 Unto Service was he consecrated;
 Destined to play foremost parts.

10

Calm in judgment, strong, impassioned,
 Swift and rapier-keen in argument;
 All his weapons from the Truth were fashioned,
 And his face was eloquent!

11

In his ready speech gleamed lambent humour;
 Homely wit flasht ever from his tongue;
 Echoes of his deeds were spread by Rumour;
 Everywhere his Praise was sung!

12

When before the ermined Court he pleaded
 For the life or fortunes of the wronged,
 He was shrewd to apply the Logic needed,
 Fact with fact where each belonged.

13

He was forward to befriend the Friendless —
 Sympathetic, gracious, innocent;
 And his deeds of Kindliness were endless;
 Joy was spread where'er he went.

14

High he lived above the storms of Faction,
 Like a Mountain-peak above the clouds,
 Heeding not the thunder of Detraction
 Or the sullen snarl of crowds.

15

When the world's Arena first he entered
 As a Champion of Freedom's cause,
 All the shafts of Malice on him centred,
 Yet he did not shrink or pause.

16

Stern, erect, untrammelled, simple, fearless,
 With the shield of Faith, the blade of Truth,
 He was greeted as the Leader peerless;
 Round him thronged all generous Youth.

17

Like a Rock when Winter hurls the Ocean,
 In a maddened welter, at the Shore,
 Stood he — Type of Duty's grand Devotion
 While the surges round him tore.

18

Threats of Vengeance, weapons fiercely pointed,
 Nothing swerved him from the clear-seen Right;
 Like the Shepherd King with chrism anointed
 He was clad in matchless might.

19

And this might he nobly used for others,
 To protect, uplift, encourage, aid,
 Humbly counting all men as his Brothers,
 Of the self-same Spirit made.

20

Sons of God the Serf and Slave he reckoned:
 Should the Sons of God be Serfs and Slaves?
 Equal-born are all men: Justice beckoned
 Pointing to a million graves: —

21

Equal-born and equal in their ending,
 King and Clown alike must leave the Day,
 To the same Unknown and Dark descending
 To the same uncouth Decay.

22

Equal in their right to Joy and Sorrow,
 To the Sunshine, to the Earth, and Air;
 So he signed the Edict: "From To-morrow
 Freedom shall reign everywhere!"

23

Fetters fell from black limbs scarred and broken;
 From dwarfed Souls the chains of Bondage fell;
 Not since God's "*Let there be Light*" was spoken
 Had Love worked a mightier spell!

24

What a shout of boundless exultation
 From the Ocean to the Ocean ran!
 Man is henceforth free! Emancipation
 Is the Watchword given to Man!

25

He, unspoiled, unmoved by blame or praises,
 Gave to God the Glory of the Deed,
 Knowing well it is the Tide that raises
 Stranded Ships, the Sun wakes seed!

26

So he reached the zenith of his Shining
At his Apogee to leave our skies —
Happy to be spared the slow declining
Of the Light that wanes and dies.

27

Every Darkness has its phase of brightness,
Good evolves from ill, however dire;
As the fragrant Water-lily's whiteness
Rises from the noisome mire!

28

Here we see the threads all knotted, tangled;
But the warp and woof make patterns rare.
To our ears the bells of Earth are jangled;
They will blend in concord there!

29

Lives whose circling Arcs are not completed
Fill the service they were meant to fill.
Victory's crown may halo the Defeated:
Death can never be an ill!

30

Mourn not that the Life so rich, so splendid,
From your yearning Eyes is rapt away!
Tho' the Sun sink by dark clouds attended
Yet there dawns another Day!

[66]

31

As the notes that thro' the light float sparkling, —
 Float from gloom and into gloom again, —
 Are the same notes whether bright or darkling,
 So in Life and Death are men!

32

Men depart and others take their places,
 And the endless Work of God is done!
 See the radiance shining in their Faces
 From the mighty central Sun!

33

Mourn not therefore! Banish grief and sorrow;
 Wipe away your bitter, blinding tears.
 We shall meet in Death's sublime To-morrow,
 In the Land of Timeless Years!

VII

EASTER SONG

1

Gioioso

After Winter's seeming frozen Death
 Comes the Spring's revivifying Breath: —
 Waken, O, ye beauteous Flowers,
 Now dawn golden hours, it saith.

2

From the Southland throug the Choirs of Birds,
 Love their music turns to glowing words: —

“God is Love: He fills the worlds with Light,
Beauty follows Winter’s blight.”

3

Love alone this wondrous change performs,
Love gives joyance after dreary storms.
Nature lauds her great Creator
Life bestowing in a myriad forms!

4

Praise the Lord! Give God the Glory!
Tell in song the wondrous Story,
Grief and Death are transitory,
God is Love!
Amen!

VIII

FINALE

1

Andante

As the Music swells and minishes
Throbs and wells and sighs,
As the tear-wrought minor finishes,
As the major replies,
As the brave and hearty dominant
With its wealth of surprise
Makes the Life-idea prominent
And the Death-thought dies,

As the mournful, funereal
 Storm of sorrow flies,
As the solemn, imperial
 Stars of joy arise,
In the memory of the mourners,
Glow the story of the Hero
And the Organ seems to tell it,
With its struggles, labors, triumphs,
Breathing forth its high ideals,
Pouring comfort, consolation,
Spurring on to high Endeavour,
Blending alien hearts in Union,
Quenching Flames of angry Passion.
Thus the mortal Life tho' ended
Lives more vitally than ever,
And its power no man may measure.

2

'Thro' the lofty pointed arches
Of the glorious old Cathedral
Rolls the thunder of the Organ,
Breathes the whisper of the Music.

3

'Thro' the world will roll forever
Echoes of the Hero's glory,
Of his sweet, unselfish nature,
Of his democratic spirit,
Of his struggles, labors, triumphs,
Of his last and noblest message:
"All men are born free and equal";

Of his dying mid his Triumph;
Of the great Regeneration
Which his Life and Death accomplisht,
In the nation which he cherisht
 In the Thought of all Mankind!

PART FIFTH

END OF A GREAT WAR FOR FREEDOM AND INAUGURATION OF ERA OF UNIVERSAL PEACE.

I

INVOCATION

1

Moderato

Harpy-faced Passions of War — Rapine, Destruction,
and Slaughter,

Cruelty, Hatred, Despair — spread your wings
and depart!

White-robed Angel of Peace — God's Star-crowned
merciful Daughter,

Come and dwell in the Earth; throne thyself in
its Heart!

2

Clear the seas of the Cruisers! Let the Battleships
perish!

Turn the Forts into Parks! Melt the great Guns
into Bells!

Spirit of Love and of Joyance fulfil the Hopes that men
cherish,

Bring them the Golden Age such as the prophet
foretells!

II

THE FESTIVAL OF PEACE

1

Why is the vast Cathedral crowded with jubilant throngs?
Why are the Streets hung with Banners, resounding with shouts and with songs?
Tidings have come that the War is ended, that Peace has been signed.
Hence the shouts of Joy and the Banners that wave in the Wind.

2

Long had the War been waged, with the forces of Freedom arrayed,
Desperate-battling with Tyranny armed with his scabbardless Blade,
Each aware that the Conflict was final, the end of the Strife
Never would come till One or the Other lay stript of his Life.
Thus had the Old and the New, face to face, fought the fight, as they say,
Fought Ahriman with Ormuzd, as the Night fights ever with Day.
Evil must yield, at the last the Good must rule over the World.
Now it has come! the broad white Banner of Peace is unfurled.
This is the Festival Day: a service of thanksgiving Song
Pæans the triumph of Freedom, the absolute Downfall of Wrong!

THE ORCHESTRA

Now shall the Organ be roused to its utmost passion of
 power;
 All the Winds of the Sky shall grant it their opulent
 dower!
 Other Instruments, too, shall join in the Symphony's
 maze: —
 Flutes with melodious warble learned amid bird-
 haunted ways;
 Sylvan Clarinets, the Hautboy beloved of the Swain;
 Passionate Violins with hearts keyed to joy and to pain;
 Soulful Violas with Voices for pathos and yearning
 Desire;
 'Cellos with generous thoughts as of noble young men
 that aspire;
 Horns whose mellow, deep call sets the Huntsman's
 blood all afire;
 Trumpets that ring for strife and animate languishing
 hearts;
 Drums and Cymbals and Harps — all fill their eloquent
 parts.

THE CHORUS

Ranged like a pyramid, high sits the Chorus row upon
 row,
 Ready to start at the nod of the Leader the tones that
 shall flow
 Deep as a River and full as the Fountains that fall in
 the Spring;
 Praise and Thanksgiving and Joy are wrought in the
 Anthem they sing.

THE POET

Nor shall the Poet fail! When the heart of the People
 beats high
 Surely he must not fail; with the fire of the Seer in his eye
 He will stand forth to sing in verse that never shall die.
 Freedom's glorious triumph, the Deeds that were done
 in her name,
 Winging the words of his dear mother-tongue with
 pinions of Flame.
 Happy the Bard on whose brow the Laurel-wreath so
 is entwined!
 Kings pass away and the breath of their Power is the
 breath of the Wind;
 Dynasties fade from the Earth and leave no remem-
 brance behind;
 But the Verse of the Poet, inscribed on the heart of
 Mankind,
 Lives forever, forever is prized above jewels and gold.
 Tho' he may die in despair yet his name in the Stars is
 enrolled!

III

THE HYMN OF PRAISE

1

Recitativo

Hush! Hark! Like a vast wave that breaks
 Against a caverned coast,
 When the wild sullen Ocean makes
 His immemorial Boast

To overwhelm the steadfast Land,
So rise the vocal Host
And waiting stand
To heed their trusted Leader's mute Command.

2

Hush! Hark! A mighty flood of sound
Eursts from a thousand throats,
Overleaps the Earth's defiant bound
With full, harmonious notes,
Whereon the Hymn of fervent Praise,
Borne high, majestically floats,
And mounts, and lays
Its Homage down before the King of Days!

3

Corale: andante

Thy children come, O Lord,
Before Thy Heavenly throne,
To give Thee thanks with one accord
For countless mercies shown.

4

By blind and thorny ways,
Thro' Deserts bleak and wan,
Thro' stormy Nights and dreary Days
Thou'st led us safely on.

5

Tho' Foes our march assailed
We heeded not their darts;
Thro' Thee our Courage never failed,
Thy Love made strong our hearts!

6

And now the Victory 's ours;
 We reach the Promised Land,
 Around us bloom Hope's gracious Flowers,
 Sweet Waters are at hand.

7

All War is at an end,
 All cruel Passions cease,
 The former Foe shall be a Friend,
 The Earth shall smile with Peace.

8

To thee, dear Lord, we owe
 The good that we possess;
 With love and joy our hearts o'erflow:
 Thy name we praise and bless!

.

Allegro

Organ and orchestra
 Join with the choralists
 Lifting the harmonies
 Into the loftiest
 Heaven of devotion,
 While the thrilled auditors
 Keyed into unison
 By the great Victory
 Won over Tyranny
 Sob with emotion!

IV

THE SYMPHONY MARTIAL

INTERLUDE

Allegretto

Now swells a Martial Symphony,
Wherein the speechless ecstasy
Of Genius wrought to whitest heat
Finds its expression so complete
That blended Wood and Brass and Strings
And the great Organ's cadencings
Lift men and bear them far away,
As in the old, miraculous day
King Solomon's magic Carpet bore
From town to town, from shore to shore,
From Palestine to Turkestan,
 From Ispahan to Candahar,
 Nay, even to the evening star,
Whoever knew its talisman!

I

THE PARADE

Now, as the pulsing rhythms beat,
You seem to see a long, wide street,
Wherethro' a host of Volunteers —
 Brave youths who strike for Freedom's cause
 Surge onward without rest or pause
Mid clapping hands and shouts and cheers.
In fair alignment on they go,
Each stern face lighted by the glow

Of pride in conscious Sacrifice,
Where Honour wins at any price,
And Life itself is given to Duty.
 The Sunlight flashes on the steel
 Of polisht rifles that conceal
The baleful purpose of their beauty.
The silken Banners flaunt the air;
The shrill heart-stirring Trumpets blare.
On, in bright billows, on they pass!
Oh, the brave spectacle! But, alas!
When the dark web of War is spun
Mayhap from all that host not one
Unscathed will reach his home again.
The "Now" will scarce compensate then!
The memory of the great parade
Like midnight visions soon will fade.
How many will fill nameless graves!
How many roll 'neath mocking waves!
Those Banners, now so proudly borne,
Will droop begrimed, blood-stained, and torn!
The glorious, soul-enthraling strain
Will end in dirges for the slain:
Here are War's pomp and circumstance
That cheat the superficial glance.

II

THE CAPTURE OF THE REDOUT

Now the Reality comes!
Hark to the roll of drums!
Hark! the Bugle's blast!
Angels and Men, stand aghast!
It is the call for the charge!

As on the threatening marge
Of the wild Ocean men wait
Watching the dubious fate
Of a brave life-boat that saves
Ship-wreckt crews from the waves,
So (to set large things with large)
Watches the world in amaze,
While with drawn weapons that blaze,
While with a deafening shout,
Forward against the redout
Dashes the Death-courting line
Filled with a valour divine.

Nearer and nearer they dash!
Then, like a lightning flash,
Then, with a terrible crash —
Omen and prophecy dire
Opens the welcoming Fire: —
Mitrailleuses in whose breath
Regiments shrivel in death,
Melt as the flakes of the snow
When the Sirocco-winds blow
Bringing the sand-laden heat;
 And in continuous rattle
Mausers and Krag's that repeat
Death with each feverish beat
 Join in the slaughterous Battle.
Heapt on the ground in grim piles
 Lie the maimed and the dead.
Reckless the fast-melting Files
 Forge with fierce Daring ahead.

Never would mortal emerge
Out of that merciless surge,
Did not the huge, hurtling shells
Fall with a thunder that swells
Louder and louder! They burst
Where most incessant the curst
Hail of the bullets defies.

Sudden the musketry dies,
And in the silence that follows,
Over the mounds and the hollows,
Gathering impulse again,
Dash the War-maddened Men!
Lo! they have gained the Redout!

Hark! the hoarse, triumphing shout!
Freedom her battle has won!
Ah! but the cost in young lives!
Mourning in hearts of fair wives.
Mother, now weep for thy Son!
Fatherland, all that survives
Rests on these deeds nobly done!
Solely that Liberty now
Gleam as the Star on thy brow!

III

THE PROVINCE OF MUSIC

(Interlude)

I

It is thy Province, O Music, — not to describe or to
picture,
Not to imitate Life but to quicken and move!

Rapt away by thy strains, the Soul sees the Past and the
Future —
Sees and hears and retains, not with corporeal Powers.

2

Some may catch only the sounds — may know they
have pathos or beauty,
Missing whatever they mean under the sensuous mask;
But for the true Adept arises the bright glowing Vision;
Now of march and assault, now of fierce battling
Ships.

IV

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE CITY

1

As the lair of the Lion
Is assailed by the Tiger,
Who destroys the young princes
While the King, their protector,
Is not there to defend them,
But returning discovers
The havoc and ruin,
And burning for vengeance
Meets the striped marauder
And defies him to battle,
And the furious combat
Fills the jungle with terror,
Stains with gore the bamboo!
So the beautiful City
With its opulent palaces,
With its cloud-reaching towers,
With its treasures incomparable

Of Art and of Science,
By a failure of foresight
Falls a prey to the Foe.

2

The insolent monitors
With turrets impregnable,
The solid steel battleships,
The brine-cleaving cruisers
With their dread, bristling cannon,
Combine and concentrate: —
They silence the earthworks,
They dash by the fortresses;
And then on the City
The huge floating batteries
Pour death and destruction!

3

The works on which peaceable,
Industrious Artisans
Had lavisht their labors: —
The intricate carvings
Of wood and of marble,
The pride of the City —
The columns and arches,
The picturesque towers,
The statued memorials
Of Heroes departed,
Of Scholars and Poets,
The Schools and the Colleges,

The world-famed Museums
Where the Art of past ages
Is kept for men's marvel,
All crumble to powder!

4

Like the Djinns of the Orient
Released from Captivity,
And maddened by memory
Of cycles of Servitude,
Rise the Flames from the ruins!
Conspiring to ravage,
They spread and commingle
To sweep crackling and roaring
In a mad conflagration: —
There is no one to cope with them!

5

With cries of lamenting,
With moanings of anguish,
The wretched inhabitants
Seek in vain to escape:
They are crusht, they are mangled,
Flames clutch them and strangle them.
The dead and the dying —
Fair women dishevelled,
Sweet, innocent children,
The gray-haired whose counsel
Was heeded with reverence,
The stalwart and strenuous,
Entrapt unescapably, —
Even Sisters of Charity

In their errands of Mercy
Encumber the pavements,
Lie in heaps in the highways,
Stain with blood their dear Homes.

Oh! the Tiger has ravaged
The lair of the Lion!

V

THE BATTLE OF THE SHIPS

1

But not long is the chastisement,
The stern retribution —
Delayed in its striking: —
From the Southward and Northward
To the aid of the City,
Come flying the Warships
The angels of Nemesis
All fierce for the vengeance!
From their black, raking funnels
Pours the smoke as from Craters
Of bursting Volcanoes.
The green, foaming billows
From their beaks, like a cataract,
Dash hissing away.
They close round the harbor,
They bear down on the Enemy.

2

The Lion and Tiger
Grapple now in the fray!

3

Cold guns against heated guns,
 Fresh crews against weary crews,
 Wrathful hearts steeled to vengeance!
 What will the issue be?

4

As in far fields of ether
 Suns darting thro' spaces
 Unmeasured by Fancy
 Meet in sudden collision:
 Across the vast Universe
 Flares the flame of their conflict,
 So the steel-bulwarkt warships
 Rush together in onset
 So desperate furious
 That the crash of their impact,
 That the clash of their ramming
 Make the very Air shudder.

5

Then with deep, sullen rumble,
 With a thunder crescendo,
 With an outspirt and uprush
 Of wallowing water,
 Jetting high like the Jötuns
 That leap from abysses,
 Boom the bursting Torpedoes!

6

As the Shark, when the Swordfish
 Thrusts his terrible weapon
 Up from under his enemy,
 Sinks paralyzed, death-doomed,

So the might-compast warships
That had vented their cruelty
On the opulent Capital,
One after the other
Meets the woe that was waiting them.

7

Diving down thro' the water,
Gliding close, unsuspected,
The stealthy assassins
Apply the Torpedoes
Heavy loaded with lyddite,
That with ravage resistless
Rake the Ships to their vitals.
Down they sink as if maelstroms
Had swallowed them under.
Oh, their Crews and their Captains,
Their Boatswains and Gunners,
Their Pilots and Stokers,
With a horrible gurgle
As of Souls in last agonies,
Are drawn under and vanish
From the life of the World!
The costly equipment,
The wonderful Engines
So swift and obedient,
The great rifled Cannon
All polisht and beautiful,
Lie silent and useless
In the black, slimy depths.
Nevermore may they rise again
Save with blessings for Man!

THE HORROR OF WAR

1

Agitato

Oh, the horror of War, and the waste!
 Fair Countries deflowered and defaced!
 Brave lives cut off in their prime.
 Noble steeds ript open and maimed,
 Foul passions of Fiends — every crime!
 From the dimmest beginning of Time
 The War-Gods' altars have flamed
 The War-Gods have triumpht unshamed,
 The Valkyrior have not ceased
 To bear to Valhalla's red feast
 The Souls of heroes death-tamed!
 Never once on this globe for a day
 Has Peace universal held sway!

2

Wars of Conquest, Ambition, and Greed,
 Of Jealousy, Envy, and Hate,
 Thro' the ages of History succeed
 As if forever decreed
 By the cruel arbiter, Fate;
 Wars of Freedom, enkindled by Need,
 As when Bolivar, Winkelried,
 Rienzi, heedless of meed,
 Girt on the implacable sword
 And swore that their Race should be freed,
 And, followed by Heroes, out-poured
 Their lives for the Land they adored!

When Tyranny blasts with his curse
 The weak and the lowly, enslaves
 The lofty of mind, if Man saves
 His cowardly life, it is worse,
 Yea, 't is a million times worse,
 Than to fight for the Right, tho' he braves
 The Death that he knows may await!
 So War has his glories and praise,
 And the Freeman who fights and who falls
 Is worthy of living in Lays
 Sung by Nations in Liberty's Halls!

VI

ENCOMIUM OF HEROES

1

Moderato

Hail! ye Sons of Glory
 Thro' the crowding ages
 Shining on the pages
 Of your Nation's story!
 Who with hearts defiant
 Took the desperate chances,
 Faced the serried lances
 Of the tyrant giant,
 Gladly, grandly perisht
 With a Faith unshaken
 In the Sword once taken
 For the Cause they 'd cherisht.

2

Hail! ye unknown martyrs,
 Dying unrewarded,
 Your names not recorded,
 Ye won Freedom's charters!
 Ere the Day star mounted,
 While the East still darkened,
 Duty's Voice ye harkened;
 Forth ye came uncounted,
 Courting posts of Peril,
 Doing deeds of daring,
 Life and love not sparing,
 For a Promise sterile!

3

Con fuoco

Hail! thrice hail with pæans,
 Freedom's rising Sun!
 Let the coming æons
 Chant the Victory won!
 Tyranny is ended,
 War, the Demon dread,
 All his spite expended,
 From the Earth is fled!

4

Bells with melodious clangour
 Ring out the Era of Pain,
 Selfishness, Cruelty, Anger,
 Arrogance, Pride, and Disdain!
 Ring in the era predicted
 Often of yore by the seers: —
 Joy for the sad and afflicted,
 Laughter for sighing and tears;

Brotherhood, Kindness, Devotion,
 Sympathy, Patience, and Love!
Peace on the Land, on the Ocean —
 Peace with the wings of the Dove!
Organ — instruments — voices
 Blend in ecstatic accord!
Chant of the Peace that rejoices,
 Chant of the Love of the Lord!

VII

THE REIGN OF PEACE

1

Animato

In the ruthless Reign of Peace
 When War's red flag is furled,
When all Armies find release
 Around the waking World,
When the battle-scars are healed,
 War's wicked waste redeemed,
Nobler powers shall be revealed
 Than ever Prophet dreamed.

2

Fabled tales of Paradise,
 The Poet's Age of Gold,
Which in Fancy took their rise,
 Shall be surpast tenfold.
Gold that winged Destruction's blasts,
 That idle armies fed,
That provided Death's repasts
 Of men untimely dead,

Turned to use beneficent
Will change the face of Earth,
Bring about, when wisely spent,
The end of Plague and Dearth;
Lay smooth roads across the land,
For traffic and for pride,
Where broad Rivers shall be spanned
With Bridges strong and wide;
Found Museums where shall glow
The richest stores of Art —
Schools where happy youth shall grow
In grace of Mind and Heart,
Colleges where Wisdom's Fount
Shall flow serene and pure —
Libraries where fast shall mount
The books that will endure,
Noble Theatres where plays
Worthy of worthiest stage
Show how the Thespian art can raise
The standards of an age,
Where a school of Song shall claim
Great Operas that shall lift
Their composers into fame,
By reason of their gift.

3

Sun-scorched, arid Wastes shall smile,
With flowers and fruits and grain;
Water led by many a wile
Thro' leagues of sandy plain

Shall awake the wilderness
 To Beauty and to Gain,
Hosts of men to cheer and bless
 Who once had toiled in vain.

4

Cities shall be beautified
 With all that Art and Wealth
From the broad World can provide
 For comfort, pleasure, health :—
Parks where every tree and flower
 Shall yield the eye delight,
Fountains where the crystal shower
 Shall cool the Summer night;
Groves where joyous birds shall sing
 And raptured lovers rove;
Halls where Eloquence shall bring
 Her power to thrill and move;
Statues cast from richest bronze,
 From purest marble hewed;
Splendid arches whose carved stones
 With voices are endued,
Telling of the glorious lives
 Heroic yeomen led
Thro' whom Liberty survives,
 And Happiness is spread.

5

Music shall sound everywhere,
 Like founts of generous Wine,
Lightening human grief and care
 With harmonies divine.

Poverty will be a name,
 For Work shall hold for all;
Sweet Philanthropy shall flame
 Where'er mischance befall;
Bitter rivalries of Trade,
 Shall yield to saner ways;
Strikes shall cease with Justice made
 The measurer of men's days,
Arbitration sit on high
 To settle feud and broil;
Wise Co-operation's tie
 Shall bind the sons of toil.

6

Education's flower shall bloom,
 In Childhood's freshest time;
Children shall not meet their doom
 By drifting into crime,
When the hand of Sympathy
 Can lead them safe along
In the path of probity
 And leave them wise and strong.

7

Prisons shall be tactful schools
 Where weaker men may learn
Life's inexorable rules —
 The power and will to earn!
Wealth — the unearned increment —
 Shall be a public trust,
Ne'er for selfish pleasure spent
 Or kept for Lucre's lust.

8

When the Golden Rule shall gain
The Sanction of mankind,
When the Son of God shall reign
O'er Heart and Soul and Mind,
Saints will not have prayed in vain
Nor Martyrs life resigned.

VIII

THE PROPHETS

1

Allegro

This was the glory the Prophets foretold,
Shadowed forth in the legends of old: —
Garden of Eden and Age of Gold.

2

Some looked back and beheld it there:
Splendid Vision seductive and fair
Beckoning men its blessings to share.

3

Hebrew Isaiah saw it shine from afar,
Dazzling and bright like the Morning Star,
Harbinger true of Day's hastening car.

4

Vergil beheld it with eyes of a seer:
Still it was far but to him it seemed near,
So was the glory triumphant and clear.

5

Christ, on the cross, knew its Beauty would rise —
 Looking aloft with Pain-clarified eyes,
 Seeing the Promise in cloud-darkened skies.

6

John, in his Mediterranean Isle,
 Saw the Peace Angel's enrapturing smile
 Beam as he poised his flame-pointed style.

7

Paul, with his fiery, unquenchable zeal,
 Paused in his orbit one glimpse to reveal
 Light that should lift, Heavenly Hope that should heal.

8

Dante, in exile's disconsolate Hell,
 Suffered his woe with more calm that there fell
 Clear from the Vision the ineffable spell.

9

Huig van Groot, Jurist, Statesman, and Bard,
 Prophesied joy for all Lands evil-starred,
 Mourning that Kings should the blessing retard.

10

Others unnamed saw the same golden gleam
 Radiantly forth from the Star blaze and stream,
 Wondering; were they deceived by a dream?

11

Brighter and brighter it shone in the East,
 Day's lusty fire slowly spread and increast;
 Zendiks and scoffers their cavillings ceast!

12

Loudest outspake a Bavarian Jew: —
 "War is barbaric! conditions are new;
 Nations a peaceable life must pursue."

13

He was upheld by the great white Tsar:
 "Bring all disputes to the Judgment-Bar.
 Reason shall rule as men's guiding Star.

14

"Let us our standing armies disband,
 Let us all join the friendly hand!
 Then shall Peace reign in every land."

15

Why was not heeded the solemn call?
 Why was the gauntlet of Discord let fall?
 Why were the War-steeds released from the stall?

16

So it was fated: ere Storms should assuage
 Fiercer than ever the Winds should rage,
 Giant forces in conflict engage.

Now it is finisht : the Tempest is done.
 High in the East the Jubilant Sun
 Shines on the Victory Freedom has won!

IX

EXULTATION

1

Presto

Ring out, exultant Bells!
 Shout thro' the echoing streets!
 The joyous jargon swells;
 Each tongue the note repeats:—

2

“The War is ended!
 Peace plumes her wings!
 The Victory splendid
 Makes beggars Kings!

3

“War never more
 In wrath shall soar
 Above the lands!
 And Foes of yore
 Strike friendly hands!”

X

Un poco meno mosso

In the Cathedral, the Orchestra, Organ, and Chorus,
 Yea, and the Congregation,
 Chime in a patriot Hymn sublime and sonorous,
 Voicing their adoration.
 Up thro' the arches the volume of Harmony rolling
 Swells like the chant of the Ocean,
 Hearts of the sad and bereaved relieving, consoling,
 Bowing the Proud in devotion.

XI

THE PATRIOT HYMN

1

Grandioso

Oh, Country, fair and grand,
 Our glorious Fatherland,
 Superb, star-crowned —
 By Freedom's breezes fanned,
 Firm in thy mountain band,
 That guard on every hand
 Thy sacred ground!

2

Thy children come to-day
 A wreath of love to lay
 Before thy feet.
 In festival array,
 With jocund hearts and gay,
 Our homage pure we pay;
 With song we meet!

3

In War's hard Wilderness,
 With bitter storm and stress,
 We've tarried long.
 Now Peace thy sons shall bless!
 As on and up they press,
 Freedom and Righteousness
 Shall make them strong!

4

Strong in the cause of Right
 To aid the weak with might
 Born of the Truth;
 Strong as the hosts of Light
 Arrayed against the Night,
 To put all wrong to flight
 With zeal of Youth!

5

We are thy Sword and Shield!
 To thee our all we yield
 At thy Command.
 But when War's wounds are healed,
 In workshop and in field,
 Our love is best revealed,
 Dear Native Land!

XII

IT IS NO DREAM

1

Andante

Is it a dream — a poet's fanciful dream?
Must the old World go on forever
Catching only the Glory's vanishing gleam,
Mocking its blind and pathetic endeavour
As with the Cynic's laugh of derision?
Is there no truth in the Vision?

2

Art gives the answer! Dignified, glorious Art,
Seeking forever for Truth in expression,
Picturing Beauty and Grace to every Heart,
Holding the Universe in his possession: —
“Yea, it shall dawn, the new Era superb,
Which no War shall disturb.”

3

Music the answer gives, Music, the Heavenly Maid,
Daughter of Deity, Soother of Passions,
When on the sounding keys her fingers are laid,
Gives she the promise in manifold fashions: —
“Discord shall surely resolve into Beauty,
Harmony ever be Duty!”

4

Love gives the answer — Love, the Spirit divine,
Swinging the worlds in cosmical order,
Ruling wherever a mote of Life may shine

Even to Space's remotest border: —
“Yes, it is coming, my reign is at hand,
Blessing every land.”

5

Also the Poet, with far-seeing eyes, ne'er deceived,
Looking beyond the sombre curtain,
Gives the reply. It must be by all men believed:—
“Law is the Truth and the Truth is certain.
Yea, it is coming — the Age men have sighed for,
Patriots and Martyrs have died for!”

XIII

EPILOGUE

1

Presto

In the vast Cathedral
Filled with twilight shadows,
Empty of the people,
Sits the Master-Poet
At the conscious Organ,
Dreamily improvising;
And the tones in billows,
Swelling, dying, rising,
Hint the deepest feelings
Mortal Heart may cherish —
Subtle, strange revealings
As from men that perish,
Once for all confiding
Secrets they were hiding;

2

Lo, before his Fancy,
 By weird necromancy,
 Glow the Past and Future: —
 Pictures which the Music
 Colors and interprets: —

3

Woodsmen in the mountains
 Felling ancient forests;
 Miners darkly delving
 In the noisome caverns
 Hollowed by their mattocks;
 Sailors on the ocean
 Battling with the tempests;
 Artisans in workshops
 Voicing dulcet organs,
 Fitting and contriving;
 Poets — being makers —
 Builders of Cathedrals;
 Painters giving canvas
 Life in blended colours,
 Recreating Nature
 With a God-like impulse;
 Sculptors hewing marble
 Into shapes of Beauty
 Which the world shall treasure;
 Architects whose triumphs
 Fill the soul with wonder;
 Zealous scholars searching
 Into God's arcana.

In the vision enter
Weddings, consecrations,
Wars among the nations,
Armies marching, melting
'Neath the hail of bullets;
Festivals, rejoicings,
Funerals of Statesmen,
Obsequies of heroes,
Dying for their fellows;
And the dawning Era
With its certain changes,
With its perfect Freedom
Reconciled with Service,
With its hope for Woman
Last emancipated
From the chains of Bondage,
From Convention's thralldom,
With its joy for Childhood
Given scope and training,
With its recognition
Of the rights of Labour,
With its Law of Beauty
Everywhere prevailing, —
Make the mighty motive
In the woven concord
Of the final pæan
Swelling from the Organ.

FINIS

ONWARD

PROGRESS

1

THE Glacier, gray with star-dust, sifted down
Thro' immemorial time, no change displays,
It fills the gulf where snow-clad Mountains frown,
And lifeless mid a living Nature stays.

2

Illusion! 'T is alive with ceaseless Flow —
The gauge of Science marks the onward trend
In that majestic stream of ice and snow
Whose sources from the Alpine heights descend.

3

Its gravitating masses slowly march
With irresistible impulse toward the Sea;
And in the valley from a crystal arch
Bursts forth a new-born River, full and free!

4

So to the narrow vision oft appears
Inert and barren, to all progress barred,
Thro' long succession of monotonous years
Mankind's pathetic story, evil-starred.

5

Widen the outlook! Find a broader range!
Measure by centuries! Behold! Compare!
Beneath the frozen mass is endless Change;
The World progresses, foul grows into fair.

6

Glance back across the centuries: — At what time
 Should we prefer to set the term of life?
 The Reign of Saturn with its joy sublime
 Was never known in those stern days of strife.

7

The Now forever beckons from the Past,
 In spite of dim Traditions, Legends old;
 To-day's attainment also will not last;
 The Future holds the fabled Age of Gold.

8

We gain contentment from a calm survey
 Of vanisht epochs, great, tho' less than ours;
 But Hope still promises a better day
 When Peace shall reign among the rival Powers.

9

That Day is surely coming! Prophets strewn
 Like watchmen thro' the Night have had their eyes
 Fixt on the Orient, where when Night has flown
 That blessed dawn upon the World shall rise.

10

I sing of Progress: from the gloomiest mirk
 Of Savagery, where human thought's faint germ
 Might hardly in its embryo seem to lurk,
 Yet waiting, like all births, its fruitful term;

11

Thro' great sporadic outbursts of the Mind,
 In Civilizations, passing rich and grand,
 When godlike Wisdom came to crown Mankind
 And Intellect the Universe outspanned;

Then reaching forward with prophetic glance,
 We see the better Eras still to be;
 We recognize that it is God, not Chance,
 That weaves the mystic web of History.

II

THE CAVE DWELLERS

1

Thro' the slow evolution of ages,
 Since the first cosmic vortex was whirled,
 With a wondrous succession of stages
 Came Man to the heart of the world.

2

He swam as a fish in the Ocean,
 He flew in the air as a bird;
 He crept with a serpentine motion;
 He was scaly, and feathered, and furred.

3

He hung by his tail from the branches
 Of forests of palm and of fern;
 He sat like a bear on his haunches;
 Oh, the æons it took him to learn!

4

At last his vertebræ strengthened;
 On his legs, and upright, he could walk;
 The list of his vocables lengthened —
 He was Man: he could think, he could talk!

5

And one day when he tremblingly cowered
 In the clammy gloom of his cave,
 When the Thunder-cloud threat'ningly lowered
 And he heard the fierce winds madly rave,
 He beheld the God of the Thunder
 Ride by in his chariot of flame;
 And he knelt in worship and wonder,
 And he called the God by his name.

6

About him the lightnings were flashing;
 The air was red as with wrath,
 And the trees fell cracking and crashing
 Along the Hurricane's path.

7

But when the tumult was ended,
 Behold a stump was on fire:
 Prometheus to earth had descended
 To teach Mankind to aspire.

8

The stump was a primitive Altar;
 The Temple a grove on the hill;
 Henceforth the Faith should not falter,
 The sound of the worship grow still.

9

From the fire grew Civilization;
 The metals were worked into tools —
 Into weapons for nation 'gainst nation,
 Into gyves for knaves and for fools.

10

To the men that lived in those ages,
The ages of Iron and Brass —
To even the Priests and the Sages —
How slow seemed abuses to pass.

11

But still there was Gain; we detect it
From the vantage of distance and time;
Wars and barbarous creeds may have checkt it;
But the Race was beginning to climb.

12

The Potter and Sculptor and Painter
Evolved new forms for their Art;
Crude colours grew softer and fainter,
And Poesy rose from the heart.

13

Those primitive tribes had their glory;
But 't is buried in mounds and in mould;
Long and tragic their terrible story;
Not as yet dawned the Era of Gold.

III

THE EGYPTIANS

I

Along the valley where the Nile
Forever makes the Desert smile,
A mighty population flourisht
On the great River's bounty nourisht.

Vast hordes of slaves rich gardens tilled;
They worked the cumbrous pumps and filled
The ditches with the slimy flood;
The whip-lash stained their backs with blood.
They quarried blocks of syenite
On distant Sinai's laboured height,
And rolled them over leagues of sand,
By blasts of fierce Sirocco fanned;
And piled the giant Pyramid
'Neath which their mummied Kings were hid;
They carved the Sphinx whose mystic eyes
Look forth so solemn, calm, and wise;
They built them temples gray and grand
Thro' countless centuries to stand —
Where even now the Black and Red
Glow rich as when they first were spread;
Their priests were verst in magic lore
And taught what Gods men should adore.

2

The dynasties of Hyksos Kings
Grew haughty with their harvestings.
The few by power and wealth were cherisht;
The wretched millions, toiling, perisht.
Where now is that swart Pharaoh
Whose hieroglyphics, row on row,
Relate his titles and his name,
The realms he conquered and their fame?

3

He and his haughty Court are dust;
His treasures food for moth and rust;

But while they lived their Power seemed solid;
Their slaves obeyed with patience stolid;
They bowed to Fate and acquiesced
Unquestioning if that way were best.
It seemed as if that realm would last
As thro' the ages of the Past;
But none the less the Fatal Stroke
Boomed on the Doom-bell: Men awoke.

4

The Gods of Egypt slunk away —
Dog-headed idols made of clay,
Disgusting monsters, vulture-beaked
With glaring colors pied and streaked.
New Faiths arose; new prayers were said;
Closed was the dread Book of the Dead,
Forgotten and no longer read.

5

Known is the mystery of the Nile;
His flood has swallowed Philæ's isle;
But still the Fellahîn are bowed
Beneath the yoke of masters proud.
Not yet has Freedom's glorious dream
Inspired the slaves that ply that stream;
But they shall sometime catch the gleam
That shines as from a rising Star
On happier nations, near and far.

IV

THE HELLENES

What is the story of Hellas, throned by her wine-coloured main —

Hellas, whose glory was Athens, a glory that dazzled in vain?

There were the mountains of marble as glittering-white as the snow,

Quarried for shrines of the Gods, for statues with beauty aglow.

There was Genius, ever awake to build and to carve — to create;

Why from those quarried states could they never fashion a State?

Sparta was jealous of Athens and Thebes was drunken with pride;

Each little town stood alone and aloof without Wisdom to guide.

Oh, the splendour of Athens, the Acropolis, Parthenon-crowned;

Chryselephantine altars with olive and myrtle wreaths bound!

Beauty, the chrysm of the Gods that worked its ineffable spell!

Could they not see Aphrodite borne o'er the Sea in her shell,

Lovely of limb and face, with her bosom's ravishing swell,

Beckoning men to the rapture of Love and the passion of Lust,

Ever to find that the apples they longed for were ashes
and dust?
Had not a huntsman been blinded when by chance he
espied
Artemis ringed by her nymphs and striving vainly to
hide?
Had not Apollo mingled with men and taught them to
sing,
Touching his tortoise-shell harp with fingers skilled to
the string?
Had not Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom, dwelt on
their Mountain,
So that the Liquid gold of their Genius flowed like a
fountain —
Poetry, Music, and Art became as the air that they
breathed,
Grace was the only robe required for the dances they
wreathed?
Pan, too, the old God of Nature, whom Poets still call to
their aid,
Did he not lurk mid the reeds and answer the prayers
that were prayed?
Then was the glorious Drama a power, and Festivals
brought
Thousands to listen and judge and learn from the les-
sons she taught.
Progress surely was there! Have we not looked back to
that day
Ever with deeper regret for the treasures of Art swept
away?
Only the torsos are left, the temples are shattered and
crumbled;

Cracked and splintered the columns, the friezes in rubbish-heaps tumbled:

Here the breast of an Amazon, there the hock of a steed.
Scarce can we read the inscriptions that told of the
memoried deed;

Most of the poems are lost and the Poets are only a
name,

Leaving a broken line to base the shaft of their fame.
Still do we bend our Youth to drink from that Well-
spring of learning;

Still the flame of Poesy pure on those altars is burning.
Yet is the Hellas of old a lesson of what to avoid:

Still was the noble and true by the false and unworthy
alloyed.

Foolish ambition to lead, to grasp imperial power: —
That was the worm in the heart of the bud that cankered
the flower.

Fair like a gem in the Sea lay the far Trinacrian isle;
Athens would make it her own by force of arms and by
guile;

Hence in a few short years lay the City shorn of her
strength;

Low in the murderous quarries of Syracuse perisht at
length

Athens' generous Youth and the Glory of Hellas was
quenched:

Shame that the loveliest soil in the world by blood
should be drenched!

V

THE ROMANS

1

Rome arises on our vision,
 Seated on her seven-fold hills;
On her haughty face derision
 At the fear her glaive instills.

2

She has won thro' seas of slaughter
 She is mistress of the World;
Yet success has never taught her
 How her war-flags might be furled.

3

She has seized the wealth of cities;
 She has drained the power of Kings;
Hers the heart that never pities,
 Hers the voice that never sings.

4

Gems pour in from Persia plundered;
 Statues come from ravisht Greece;
Cynic Gods from Egypt sundered
 Jealous, watch her might increase.

5

Crafty, treacherous, splendid, cruel,
 Recognized by all as Queen,
On her brow a blood-red jewel,
 Fierce and terrible her mien;

6

Never yet of conquest sated,
 Distant nations she subjects,
 She is feared, distrusted, hated,
 And she slays whom she suspects.

7

Yet these victories bring their dangers;
 Wealth and Luxury undermine;
 Virtue, Honor, scorned as strangers
 Cease their influence benign.

8

Once there were such men as Cato
 To reprove the waxing shame;
 Cicero to thunder *veto*,
 When with plunder Verres came.

9

Once the private house was simple
 And the soldier unadorned;
 Splendour shone in public temple
 And the Persian pimp was scorned.

10

But the Roman Empire splendid,
 Built by force, maintained by might,
 Over all the Earth extended,
 Had to meet its hopeless night.

11

Fierce barbarian hordes assailed her,
 Rottenness was rife at home;
 Men and means, when needed, failed her;
 Numbered were the days of Rome.

12

Yet how slow the culmination,
How insensible, decay;
To the casual observation
Life was changeless day by day.

13

Slaves, once princes, toiled and languisht,
Praying to their Gods in vain;
Christian virgins, martyr-anguisht,
Hopeless bore the pain and stain.

14

We who live in later ages,
We who doubt, lose faith, distrust,
Turn those dark and bloody pages,
Filled with cruelty and lust;

15

Learn the lesson, hard and painful,
See how Progress wins at last.
All the grievous steps were gainful:
Man from out the desert past!

VI

THE RENAISSANCE

1

With a burst of crescent Splendour, like the dawning of
a day in June,
Came the waking of the Ages from their seeming hope-
less, deathlike swoon.

[119]

Art now found a new expression, Christian Faith a
myriad Hearts inspired,
And the faces of Madonnas deep Devotion's emulation
fired:
Martyrdoms of Saints and Virgins, Crucifixions, Resur-
rections, scenes
From the ancient Legends borrowed, glowed on ceil-
ings, walls, and screens.
Colours that have never faded, spread by Piety's exul-
tant hand,
Made Religion seem a Passion, showed how Beauty
might uplift a land.
Botticelli, Guido, Rafael, Leonardo, Titian, Angelo —
Mighty host of reverent Workers spent their lives that
men more joy might know.

2

Splendid Minsters, proud Cathedrals, dominated every
bustling town
With their foliated towers on the feudal Castle looking
down.
Arching forests carved in marble bent above the tesse-
lated aisles;
Statues wrought in alabaster heavenward gazed with
their enraptured smiles;
Altars blazed with gold and jewels lavisht by the Faith-
ful in their zeal;
Mullioned windows flashed and sparkled with the sacred
Story's mute appeal;

Music caught the strains of Heaven — Harp and
Organ, Viol, Lute and Voice —

Wove the harmonies celestial, making saddened hearts
of men rejoice.

All the Sister Arts reviving new and glorious rivalries
began:

What achievement! what fulfilment! what a promise!
what a Hope for Man!

Grecian Poets rediscovered after lying Ages all un-
known,

Brought the world fresh inspiration, taught a richer,
fuller, grander tone.

Aristotle lent Religion help to mount and gain new
views of God;

History found forgotten pathways where the feet of
Kleio erst had trod.

Then the Language of the People, once despised as
boorish, crude, and low,

Fitted to a lyric utterance, with a magic charm began
to flow.

Even Dante, sombre scholar, used the mellow Tuscan
tongue to tell

Of his weird and fearful journey thro' the gruesome
circles into Hell.

And the sluggish Masses listening, who for centuries
had like cattle borne

Toil's dull burden, Slavery's whiplash, felt the shackles
from their spirits torn.

5

Learning's wingèd Coadjutor, Literature's ten-million-
 handed Djinn —
 Rose the Press to scatter broadcast treasures which the
 Priests before kept in.
 So the Poet had his audience tho' in tongue unknown
 and strange he sang,
 And the Preacher's ardent Gospel thro' a hundred dis-
 tant cities rang.
 Never had a Power so mighty bent itself to mortal
 Man's control,
 Spreading Knowledge, teaching Wisdom, widening
 outlook for the Mind and Soul!

6

Plunging Westward with his shallows built for skim-
 ming o'er the Midland Sea,
 Trusting to the veering Compass, heeding not com-
 plaint or mutiny,
 Steered Colombo, fondly hoping soon to find the clue to
 far Cathay;
 And from Kingdom unto Kingdom flew the tidings of a
 World that lay
 Decked with gold and gems and beauty, waiting like
 a virgin Queen unstained
 Ready for supreme surrender to the Hero who her heart
 had gained.

7

Here was room for Europe's children, for the Young,
 Adventurous, and Strong,
 Here was field for fresh beginning, chance to purge
 away the ancient Wrong;

Here Democracy, firm-rooted, might extend its blessings o'er the Earth,
And the glorious boon of Freedom be to Man as primal Right of birth.

8

Rivers rolled their balmy waters, longing to be turned to human gain;
Prairies swept to dim horizons pregnant with the myriad-bushelled grain,
Where the wandering herds of Bison multiplied without a Master's care;
Fruits and flowers in lavish Beauty dropt untasted, wasted everywhere.
Splendid-harboured Lakes extended farther than the Eagle's eye could see,
Dreaming of the teeming Cities that in fuller days should surely be;
Mountains swelled with hidden treasures, royal-rich Golcondas beckoning: —
“Come, explore us, rob us, use us — wealth is here beyond your reckoning!”

9

Many-marvelled Age portentous! Climax in the drama of the World!
Pink of dawning! Sunrise glory! Love-light on the Eastward Sky impearled!
Those that watched it hailed its Beauty, crying: —
“Lo! at last the Day has come;
We have reacht Time's culmination, now begins the Christ's Millennium!”

Woe! the storm-clouds swiftly gathering, shut the peaceful-beaming Sky from sight.
'T was a False Dawn! overpowering lowering Blackness brought again the Night!
Once again the same old Story! Slavery — War —
Rapine — Self-seeking — Caste
Deluged the New World with anguish; streams of blood flowed deep as in the Past.

10

Still 't was Progress! Vast improvement marked the Epoch; nevermore should men
Fail among the rival Nations, that should teach by deed and voice and pen
Peace and Love and true Religion, high Democracy and Brotherhood:
Failure should not hide the Promise: Final perfect triumph of the Good!

VII

THE PRESENT DAY

1

The tide lifts up and the tide sinks back,
And how foolish were that man
Who, when he saw the waters slack —
How the channels outward ran,
How the boats were aground and the flats were bare
Should curse the Moon in a shrill despair.

2

In the vaster Ocean of human life,
 There are strange, mysterious tides;
 There are years of torment, destruction, strife,
 Where naught that is fair abides,
 And the weary watcher is tempted to curse
 As if God had abandoned his Universe.

3

There are times when this beautiful Land of ours,
 With its stores of marvellous wealth,
 With its promise of vast beneficent powers,
 With its glory of Youth and Health,
 Seems to have reacht its summit of gain,
 And its Star of Triumph were destined to wane.

4

We have harnest the Lightning, tamed the Sea;
 We travel on wings of the Wind;
 We have conquered the Plague, the Slave is free;
 We have taught the knife to be kind;
 Education flows so that all may drink,
 And the humblest boor is encouraged to think.

5

But the sterling simplicity served by our sires
 Gives way to Luxury's vaunt;
 Died down are Religion's altar fires;
 Too many still perish of want;
 There are Pride and Conceit and Hatred and Caste,
 Injustice and Jealousy as in the Past.

6

Not yet indeed is the Promised Time;
 We are far from the destined goal;
 Desire for Wealth still tempts to crime;
 The lust of Power kills the Soul.
 'Twixt the Rich and the Poor a gulf is fixt,
 And the aims of men are tangled and mixt.

7

Our cities are ruled by thugs and thieves;
 Dishonor is paid with place;
 The official shares what he receives
 As the price of his disgrace;
 The Legislature is the Lobby's prey
 And the People are robbed in every way.

8

The Virtue of Reverence stands aloof;
 The young, grown selfish and vain,
 Despise grave Wisdom's mild reproof
 And the life that is lofty and plain;
 Relaxt are the sacred laws of Marriage,
 And Justice too often meets miscarriage.

9

Democracy hardly trusts her powers;
 She resigns her will to the few;
 The Negro still bends his back and cowers
 Uncertain what path to pursue;
 There are fearful problems and dangers ahead;
 But the Spirit of Liberty is not dead.

10

We have given Cuba her Queenly Crown,
 The Isles of the West shall have theirs.
 The White shall not crush the Black or the Brown.
 All Nations are Freedom's heirs!
 We cannot hide the glorious news.
 No tribe of men can the gift refuse.

11

Oh, never before in the story of Man
 Was life more truly worth living,
 Nor so far advanced the Spirit's van,
 Nor more of helping and giving.
 Yet the Drama of Progress is slowly unrolled;
 Not yet indeed is the Age of Gold.

VIII

THE FUTURE

1

Prophet Vision sees a better day
 In the future, maybe far away,
 Yet the promise of it certain:
 Might I only lift the curtain!

2

Wars of every stripe shall surely cease;
 There shall dawn the happy reign of Peace,
 Guaranteed by Arbitration,
 Reverenced by every Nation.

All the Millions' waste in needless war
(Foolish trifles men have battled for!)
Spent in costly armoured-cruisers
(Brutal Hates their only users!)
Spent in cruel, polisht, rifled guns,
Wasting smokeless powder, tons and tons,
Spent in forts and standing armies
(Slow men are to learn where harm is!),
Shall be utilized for human good
When the Law of Love is understood.

3

Foolish tariff-walls shall crumble,
All such mockeries shall tumble;
Liberty of Trade shall bring mankind
Whatsoever Wit and Will may find,
Men across the wide world ranging,
Every sort of wealth exchanging.

4

Strife of Capital and Labour ends;
Enemies no longer — helpful friends,
Joined in common enterprises
Seize advantage as it rises,
Yet with public Spirit in control,
Proving Corporations with a soul.

5

Cities, purified and splendid,
With good taste and wealth unended,
Served by citizens of ablest mould
For high Service' sake and not for gold,
Will be free from slums and hovels,
Where a pauper Misery grovels.

6

Glorious buildings shall adorn the heights
Claimed for Genius' most exalted flights.
Money shall be spent unstinted
For the public welfare minted.

7

Old Age shall no longer terrify,
Zealous Youth shall labour and lay by;
Genius shall not know the sorrow
Of an unprovided morrow;
There will always be enough to spare
If each person do his proper share;
Every one shall have in measure
Of Life's infinite zest and pleasure.

8

Art and Music shall for all abound;
Peace and comfort everywhere be found.
Earth shall bloom with wondrous beauty;
Service be Man's dearest Duty.
Thus will come the happy Golden Age
Promised Man on Love's Prophetic Page!

IX

THE VISION OF PEACE

O, beautiful Vision of Peace,
 Beam bright in the eyes of Man!
The host of the meek shall increase,
 The Prophets are leading the van.

Have courage: we see the Morn!
 Never fear, tho' the Now be dark!
Out of Night the Day is born;
 The Fire shall live from the spark.
It may take a thousand years
 Ere the Era of Peace hold sway.
Look back and the Progress cheers
 And a thousand years are a day!
The World grows — yet not by chance;
 It follows some marvellous plan;
Tho' slow to our wish the advance,
 God rules the training of Man.

FINIS

