



*The Clarion Song*

O'er field and city a deathless ditty is echoing down  
 the wind,  
 And far and near all they who hear shall leave their  
 tasks behind,  
 And shall rise to the swelling chorus that shakes the  
 cloud-hung sky,  
 And hand and hand as brothers stand, with foreheads  
 lifted high.  
 For this is the deathless ditty, this is the battle song  
 That the new world flings at the old world kings whose  
 hands are red with wrong:  
 "For God, for Truth, come these my youth, to pledge  
 their lives therefor,  
 And Goth and Hun, ere this day's done, shall know  
 we're one in war."

On street and meadow the world-wide shadow lies  
 ominous and dun,  
 So songs must cease that deal with peace until that  
 peace is won,  
 And there shall be one song for all, and one voice  
 unafraid,  
 For they who sing must love the thing whereof the  
 song is made.  
 For this is the deathless ditty, this is the battle song  
 That the new world flings at the old world kings whose  
 hands are red with wrong:  
 "For God, for Truth, come these my youth, to pledge  
 their lives therefor,  
 And Goth and Hun, ere this day's done, shall know  
 we're one in war."

T. A. DALY.

