

Dictators and their like shall pass,
Some live a year and some a day;
To few, those in the long lived class,
Remember! Ye too, shall pass away.

And when at last the casket lowered,
Or shattered corpse, on battle's field;
The dust that once with life empowered,
To dust again shall life-blood yield.

The spirit wings it's thought-swift way,
No power can halt it now:
To it has come the Judgement Day,
The verdict, only it shall know.

Of Empire shorn, of loud applause,
Alone in fearful dread and pain:
The God he spurned in glory's cause,
Demands the soul's account again.

Ah weakling spirit, ye that cower,
Before the Heavenly Throne:
A Judge, whose hands hold life's own power,
Shall pass your verdict down.

Unhappy soul, unwanted here,
Too dear a price you have to pay:
Useless now the pen'tant tear,
It should have run long ere today.

For it is lost in a flood of tears,
Shed from eyes too aged and dim;
From out the roll-call of the years
No tear can bring the vanished "him".

Where thousands in their manhood lie,
Earth's fragrant flowers are nodding o'er:
Dead, that no more as such may die,
Mute headstone to Dictators power.

Then hark ye! In your pomp and pride,
Loud speech and boastful tongue:
Comes swift as light, death's cleansing tide,
The curtain of thy night is hung!

*stand paused before thy flight
The great unknown shall not you
And lowly bow the throne before
Shall judgement first bid him and on*

Dictators and their like shall pass,
Some live a year and some a day;
To few, those in the long lived class,
Remember! Ye too, shall pass away.

Beware

And when at last the casket lowered,
Or shattered corpse, on battle's field;
The dust that once with life empowered,
To dust again shall life-blood yield.

The spirit wings it's thought-swift way,
No power can halt it now:
To it has come the Judgement Day,
The verdict, only it shall know.

or prayer

Of Empire shorn, of loud applause,
Alone in fearful dread and pain:
The God he spurned in glory's cause,
Demands the soul's account again.

Ah weakling spirit, ye that cower,
Before the Heavenly Throne:
A Judge, whose hands hold life's own power,
Shall pass your verdict down.

*Bring down bright
In his light shall ye see the light*

Unhappy soul, unwanted here,
Too dear a price you have to pay:
Useless now the pen'tant tear,
It should have run long 'ere today.

*Remorse
For earthly things as long lived
ye should have spurned long in
for earthly things, which
ye should not be*

For it is lost in a flood of tears,
Shed from eyes too aged and dim;
From out the roll-call of the years
No tear can bring the vanished "him".

*Entirely
10/10/10*

Where thousands in their manhood lie,
Earth's fragrant flowers are nodding o'er:
Dead, that no more as such may die,
Mute headstone to Dictators power.

Transposed

Then hark ye! In your pomp and pride,
Loud speech and boastful tongue:
Comes swift as light, death's cleansing tide,
The curtain of thy night is hung!

Boastful

Rapping

I Dictators and thine like shall pass
Some live a year and some a day
To others, in the long tried class
Remember, ye too, shall pass away.

II And when at last the casket lowered
Or shattered corpse, on battle's field
The dust that once with life impow'ed
To dust again shall lifeless yield.

Oh weakening spirit, that ye cower
Before the ^{Heavenly} Awful Throne
A Judge, whose hands hold life's own power
Shall hand your credit down

III The trembling spirit see it cower!
Could it ere boast a man's disguise?
Soon, soon, to meet its judgment hour
None need, Dictators bold empiric!

IV Of Empire shorn, of loud applause
Alone in fearful dread and pain
The God he spurned in glory's cause
Demands the souls account again.

V The scoffer and the atheist dread,
The Christian, waving sword and plume
All, all, combine in one short year
To drive the world, swift to its doom

With thundering guns, lung rearing gas
Behold, behold, the Christian comes
A ^{living} brother ^{flocks} ~~leads~~ in the pass
While ~~flashing~~ ^{flocking} rattles pick the bones.

A million lives, life's poorest power
These all are lost can it atone

Unhappy soul unwanted here
Too dear a price you have to pay
Useless now the penitents tear
~~The~~ should have run long ere today

For it is lost in a flood of tears
Shed from eyes too aged and dim
From out the well call of the years "
No tear can bring the vanished them

Where thousands in their manhood lie,
Earth's fragrant flowers are withering;
Dead, that no more as such may die
But backstone to Dictator's power.

~~IV~~ The spirit wings its thought-swift way,
~~III~~ No power can halt it now
So it has come its judgement day
The verdict only it shall know

If on earth it worked for good
And nobly served its fellow men

Last Then hark ye in your pomp and power
Loud speech and boastful tongue
Comes swift the marked freedom's hour
The world's own anguish from their wrong.

I Dictators and their like shall pass;
Some live a year and some a day.
To few, those in the long bird class;
Remember, ye too; shall pass away

II And when at last the casket lowered
Or shattered corpse, on battle's field
The dust that once with life empow'ed
To dust again shall lifeless yield

III The spirit wings its thought-swift way
No power can halt it now
Is it has come the judgement day
The verdict, only it shall know

IV Of Empire's storm, of honor's applause
Alone in fearful dread and pain:
The god he spurned in glory's cause,
Demands the soul's account again

V O weakling spirit, ye that cower
Before the heavenly throne
Judge whose hands hold life's own power
Shall lend your verdict down.

VI Unhappy soul, unwanted here
Too dear a price you have to pay
Useless now the penitents' tear
It should have run long ere today.

VII For it is lost in a flood of tears
That from eyes too aged and dim
From out the roll call of the years
No tear can bring the vanished him

VIII Where thousands in their manhood lie,
Earth's fragrant flowers are swelling o'er;
Dead, that no more as such may die
Mute headstone to Dictator's Power

IX You hark ye, in your pomp and pride
Proud speech and boastful tongue
Comes swift, ^{in light,} death's cleansing tide
The curtain of thy night is hung!

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