

When Hatred Dies



When Hatred dies, then War shall die,
And Greed no more shall crucify
 The multitudes with toil and pain,
 Upon the cross of gold and gain,
The Lords of Conflict raise on high.

The coming of the Day is nigh,
And though the clouds enshroud the sky,
 Their threatening shades are all in vain,
 For Hatred dies!

The watchmen on the heights now cry.
"The hosts of Mars break ranks and fly;
 They reel in terror on the plain;—
 Let Peace and Love forever reign!"
The nations echo back reply,
 "All Hatred dies!"

—R. F. Eberhart