

# THE HESPERIAN.

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## HOSANNA AND HUZZAH.

Ere even the guns were silenced,  
Ere even the mandate, Peace!  
Shall fall on the raging nations,  
Shall bid all their warfare cease;  
Ere even the lamb in slumber  
Lies safe 'neath the lion's paw,  
We will cry to the East: Hosanna!  
We will call to the West: Huzzah!

A hymn to the God of battles,  
Who giveth the conq'ring sword,  
Who harks to the cry of justice,  
Who bends for the weak one's word;  
A hymn for the grandest triumph  
E'er given the world to cheer,  
We will lift that the East may harken,  
We will sing that the West may hear.

Far over the waving banners,  
The foundry's flame-plumes swirl;  
And over the stoker blazons  
The flag which he helped unfurl.  
But if o'er our hearth-stone hovers  
The glory of sacrifice--  
We will make to the East no moanings,  
We will make to the West no cries.

The fires of conquest kindle;  
The clang of our sword sounds far;  
The lion purrs as he watches  
His whelp at the game of war.  
But ere we forget in our triumph,  
And lest we grow faint in our cause,  
We will cry to the East: Hosannas!  
We will shout to the West: Huzzahs!

—Grace Duffie Boylon.