These things shall be: a loftier race



These things shall be: a loftier race Than e'er the world hath known shall rise With flame of freedom in their souls And light of knowledge in their eyes. They shall be gentle, brave, and strong To spill no drop of blood, but dare All that may plant man's lordship firm On earth, and fire, and sea, and air.

Nation with nation, land with land, Inarmed shall live as comrades free; In every heart and brain shall throb The pulse of one fraternity. Man shall love man with heart as pure And fervent as the young-eyed throng Who chant their heavenly psalms before God's face with undiscordant song. New arts shall bloom of loftier mould, And mightier music thrill the skies, And every life shall be a song, when all the earth is paradise. There shall be no more sin, nor shame, Though pain and passion may not die; For man shall be at one with God In bonds of firm necessity.

J. Addington Symonds