

**THE CREED OF
CONSTANTINE: OR,
THE WORLD NEEDS
A NEW RELIGION**

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The Creed of Constantine: Or, The World Needs a New Religion by Henry M. Tichenor

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HENRY M. TICHENOR

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THE EMPEROR CONSTANTINE

The Creed of Constantine; Or the World Needs a New Religion

By
HENRY M. TICHENOR,
Author of *The Life and Exploits*
of Jehovah

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I Look Far Down the Reddened Road

*I look far down the reddened road that reaches 'round the
earth,
All strewn along with mangled men, and ask, What is it
worth?
The ones that have been idolized as though surpassing
great—
What are they worth—what glory marks these lauded
lords of state?
What of the empires that are built on beds of dead men's
bones—
What of the piles of princely pomp—the palaces and
thrones—
What of the plunderers' proud power, and all their blood-
bought things—
The curse and infamy of war—the pageantry of kings?

Such stuff as this is worthless trash to build a better
world—
Far wiser that from every throne the last crowned king
were hurled!
With none to blow the bugle blast to call the dogs of war,
Who, then, would march to murder those they never met
before?
And all the retinue of priests, that say their God ordains*



*The crown that rests upon the brow of every brute that
reigns—*

*Let these go, too, and take their myths, their goblins and
their hell,*

*And give this tortured world of ours a longed-for breath-
ing spell!*

*One peasant lad that plows the field where grows the
golden corn,*

*Is nobler breed than all the whelps that wolves of war
have borne;*

*One song sung by some genial soul, along some sheltered
glade,*

*Shall hush some day the savage shock that madmen's
guns have made;*

*One gleam of love that suckling babe in mother's eyes
beheld,*

*Shall silence all the threats of doom that insane priests
have yelled;*

*One word of brotherhood and peace—one breath from
fragrant flowers—*

*These be the only things of worth, in this old world of
ours!*

