

ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649174201

Ode to the Russian people by John William Scholl

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL

**ODE TO THE
RUSSIAN PEOPLE**

ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

BY

JOHN WILLIAM SCHOLL

Author of "The Light-Bearer of Liberty, and other poems," "Social Tragedies, and other verse," etc.



BOSTON
The Poet Lore Company
Publishers
1907

Copyright 1907 by John William Scholl

All Rights Reserved

The Gorham Press, Boston

*Shall we whose fathers bravely fought and well
To make our Freeman's heritage secure,
Shall we, the sons of Freedom's lineage pure,
Hedged in with good dear-bought by those that fell,
Forget in ease and comfort those that dwell
In harsher bonds and harder to endure?
Alas, we cannot reach a hand to cure
The crying evil or the curse dispell!*

*But we whose money-bags are loosed to send
Quick comfort round the world to human need
When earthquake, famine, fire, or flood has
wrought,
Shall we not loose our heart-strings, nobly spend
The hoarded sympathy and cry 'God speed'
When men grow free whom our example taught?*



ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

I

God's march across the ages
Is sometimes marked with blood.
Where righteous battle rages
For Freedom and the Right,
There God stands in His might
To bless the purple flood.

II

Whilom a figure rose
Colossal mid the snows
With scepter and crown
Of old renown,
And ruled a mighty realm
With counsels firm and iron hand
No subject millions could overwhelm,
Nor yet withstand,
But they fell on their knees and worshiped rather
The crook that guided, the rod that smote,
And gathered from conquered lands remote
To kiss the hand of their 'little Father'
In loyal love.
All lords above,
God's vicar absolute,

6 ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE

Resistless to do his people good,
And strong in good repute
To save the multitude
From barren dreams and wild desires,—
The fatal madness that aspires
To grasp the wheel of its own fate
And guide the storm-tossed Ship of State,—
The nations, gazing from afar,
Hailed him with one accord the Great White Czar.

III

A challenge came to all the world:
“ Let your battle-flags be furled.
Stop your cannon’s brutal thunder
And undo the fatal blunder
Of the sword’s supreme appeal.
Justice stronger is than steel
To protect the commonweal.
Trust is more than thickest armor,
Truth than sharp diplomacy.
Let our peoples’ love grow warmer,
Knit by noble courtesy.
Cast aside your armaments,
Meet in solemn parliaments,

ODE TO THE RUSSIAN PEOPLE 7

And war shall cease,
And olive-branched peace
Shall wing her blessings over all the lands;
For every throne that lofty stands
On piles of human skulls
Must totter and fall at last
When the God of hosts annuls
Its charter with trumpet blast."

So spake the Great White Czar.
The nations heard afar,
And good men dreamed that the hour had come
To muffle the turbulent, jubilant drum,
To forge all swords into pruning-hooks,
To fashion spears into shepherds' crooks,
Remand the warrior to the fields
Where honest toil to the eater yields
Life-giving bread
And not death's harvest red.

And seers unrolled the splendid vision
Of worlds redeemed beneath the banner
Of him who stood in the snows
Colossal and white
With imperial might
And godlike manner,