

**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  
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of Jehovah

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## *I Look Far Down the Reddened Road*

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*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!*

