

**ALAS! I AM A PRUSSIAN;
THE SOLILOQUY OF A
GERMAN IN AMERICA**

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Alas! I am a Prussian; The soliloquy of a german in America by Anonymous

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ANONYMOUS

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I am a Prussian

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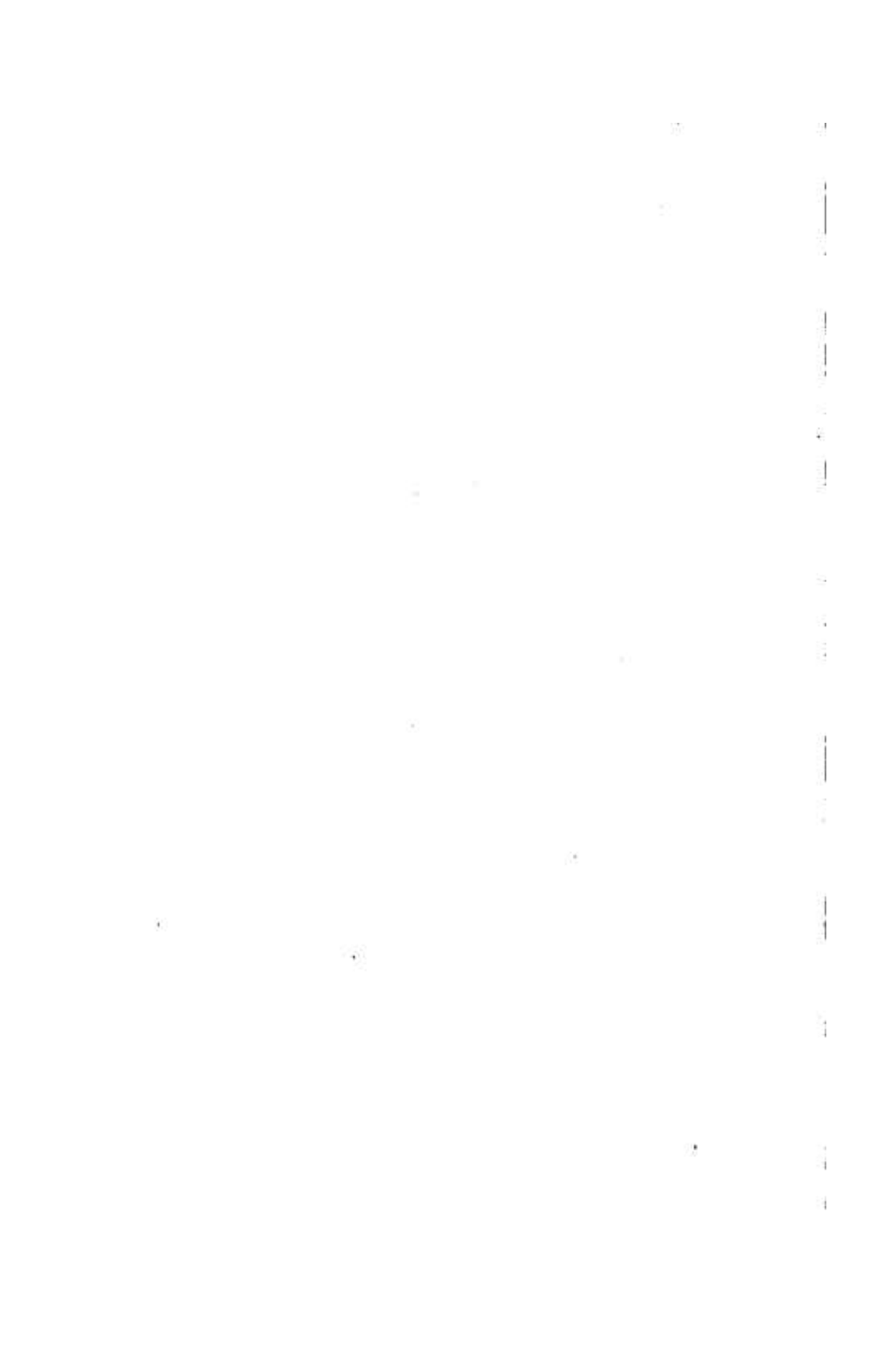
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*O judgment!
Thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!*

—SHAKESPEARE.



Alas!
I am a Prussian

**THE SOLILOQUY
OF A GERMAN
IN AMERICA**

**J. A. J. TIBBALS
NEW YORK
M C M X V I**

Alas!

I am a Prussian

I see about me naught but hatred,
Scorn, distrust and fear.
Where, yesterday, I held my head erect,
Enjoying high esteem
And conscious of my standing with mankind,
To-day I turn it sadly from the throng.
Beloved by none save them of my own blood,
A blood now being freely shed, alas,
With little credit to my native land.
The finger of contempt is levelled straight
At me, from every compass point,
Because I am of those who send a thrill
Each hour, of day and night,
Throughout a mirthless world,
At some new hideous act,
Done for the sake of a decaying dynasty.

Alas! I am a Prussian

And since, by accident of birth,
I am of them who throttled Truth;
Threw Honor to the swine,
My every step betrays the tightening coil
Of human execration to my soul,
The narrowing circle within which I move.
I cannot see a mother and her babe
Without there coming to my blurring eyes
The mirrored picture of the Innocents,
Done to their death
By Prussia's ruthless hand.
In vain I dwell upon the wond'rous Fame
That was my country's rightful heritage;
So great on land, such gallantry at sea.
First, always, when a dread catastrophe
Demanded succor. For that, brave hearts
Of that brave land were ever to be found.
Her economic worth; her splendid rise
Above all other nations in the care
And conservation of the home;
Her schools, than which none in the world