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The League

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MUSIC BY
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Words by F. D. FOSTER.

Music by HECTOR RICHARD

Moderato con spirito

mp

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There lived an old mon-ster And War was his name, For
The death-blow has fal-len, The mon-ster is done, His
O Sen-ate pos-sess-ing A pow-er sub-lime De-

half the world's sor-row He mer-its the blame. He
fierce cru-el crush-ing Has had its full run. Hu-
dar-ing for war or For peace for all time. Do

fed and he fat-tened On this and on that, Till
man-i-ty quiv-ered, Hu-man-i-ty moaned, As
give us the e-ra Of or-der and law, The

noth - ing was like him For size and for fat. Re - li - gion and race Were his
 fall - ing and writh - ing He struggled and groaned. Cre - a - tions foun - da - tions Are
 peace u - ni - ver - sal That Ten - ny - son saw. In eu - lo - gy's measure The

meat and his bread With ig - norance on them By dem - a - gogues spread. On
 trem - bling his dirge Through League of the na - tions The na - tions do merge, While
 fu - ture shall read The names of the Sen - ate Per - forming this deed, And

a tempo
 fear and on hate He was feed - ing his face, While preach - ers and bis - hops Were
 pro - phets la - ment And sly schemes de - ride Mil - len - i - al blessings For
 do we be - hold Precious pearl be - fore swine, Or see we a Se - nate Pre -

say - ing the grace, While preach - ers and bis - hops Were say - ing the grace.
 which we have signed, Mil - len - i - al bless - ings For which we have sighed,
 par - ing to shine, Or see we a Se - nate Pre - par - ing to shine.

