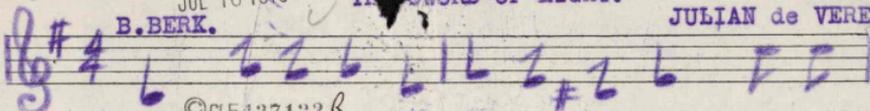


JUL 10 1918

THE SWORD OF MIGHT.

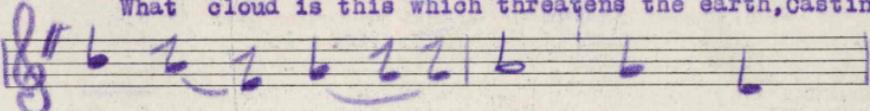
JULIAN de VERE.

B. BERK.

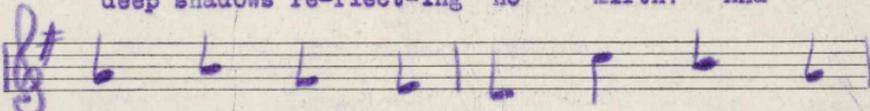


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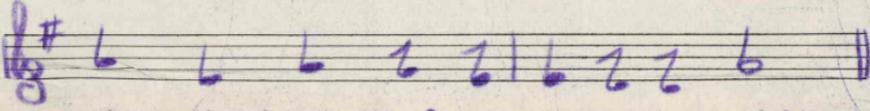
What cloud is this which threatens the earth, Casting



deep shadows re-lect-ing no mirth? And



who dared thrust the swoed of might In



to the heart of hu-man-i-ty's right.

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MAR

'Tis the monster of hate, of woe and guile,  
Who lay lands waste yet basks in a smile,  
'Tis he whose soul is wrought with desire  
To scourge the earth and throw life in the mire.

But hilt! A ray of light is ramming the mist  
Till once again will earth be sun-kist,  
For we cross stormy seas to restore peace sublime  
But not till we banish all cohortd of crime.

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