

March Twentieth

Many Happy Returns

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BOLD prophet of the glorious To-be!
Slayer of Gods! Son of the living Morn!
All hail! We circle you about, and we
Will shield you from the chill of the world's scorn!

A million greetings from the men unborn
Resound through us; the lying priests shall know
The echo of your thund'ring battle-horn
In days that lie beneath the present's snow!

Days warm with love, and brilliant with the light
That Science bears around her radiant head,
Shall put the darkly-vested priests to flight,
When the false gods lie still, and cold, and dead!

Brave-hearted Chief! We, of the younger men,
Bow low in reverence to that mighty sword!
We kiss the hand that wields the drastic pen;
We love the smiter of the tyrant Lord!

To you we bow! To you, with one accord,
We chant the saga of the conquered God:
What nobler chief can this old world afford
Than Saladin, who broke before Jehovah's rod?

Greeting to Saladin! Priest-hated Chief,
Noble and true, take this unworthy lay!
O hater of the lying, sham, Belief,
Joyous and keen be this, your natal day!

And we who watch, and aid in the great fray
That's waged betwixt red gods and earth, sweet green
Come forward with a wreath of living bat,
And cry "Long life! All hail to Saladin!"