

# 'Walters Hymn'

Wilhelm Hermanns  
arr. Nicholas Saacs (7/2/82)

Go Fourth, youth raise your hands and vow. We march No more with flag unfurled, We change the swords to plowshares now, One human head one world. Our foes are who pro-claim the law. We Stranger have the right to tell Who is our e-qual, who is not they're the Al-lies of Hell, Youth shall in Hell your consciences Burn? Use it and over-turn.

T h e   W a l l e n b e r g   H y m n  
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Go forth, youth, raise your hands and vow:  
We march no more with flags unfurled.  
We change the swords to plowshares now,  
one humanhood, one world.

Our foes are who proclaim the law:  
We stronger have the right to tell  
who is our equal, who is not.  
They're the allies of Hell.

Youth, shall in Hell your conscience burn?  
Use it and overturn.

The armament, the battlefield,  
the prison cells, Siberia's graves--  
the history of the ruling few  
is that of lords and slaves.

Come, youth, give a new heart to man.  
Make conscience scuddle greed and hate  
and watch with awe the cosmic law--  
too long we called it fate.

Let's move that better life above  
to earth through selfless love.

The flag of greed has waved too long  
for misfits of reality.  
Who works the land shall own the land;  
man is created free.

The Wallenberg Hymn, continued

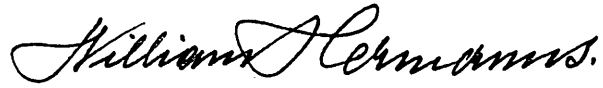
Youth, rise and stop the human beast.  
The apocalyptic bell it tolls.  
Hell closes in. O youth, arise,  
let conscience feed your souls.

Come, youth, think of your sacred vow,  
the Spirit needs you now.

Come, youth, and vibrate holy wrath  
against the supermen of power  
who sell your blood and purchase bombs.  
Youth, rise, this is your hour.

The cries of children who were gassed  
shall build a temple in each heart.  
Our humanhood knows no subhumans,  
of us they are a part.

We'll save the earth from cosmic scorn,  
save children not yet born.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, reading "William Hermanns".

William Hermanns