

XXXIV.

And what of her who sat in silent grief,
And listened vainly for the step of him
Whose coming only could afford relief,
And stay the tears in which her eyes will swim ?
Ah ! History has nought to say of her,
Nor speaks it of the sorrow she must bear.

XXXV.

The full extent of war's resulting curse
Is never known : the country's gain or loss
Is reckoned by its victory or reverse,
The dead are numbered—but the heavy cross
Of suffering, which womankind must bear,
Is reckoned not among the deeds of war.

XXXVI.

Nor can it be : while war is arbiter
Between the nations, private suffering
Must count for nought ; affection must defer
To duty, whatso'er the pain it bring.
The soldier must obey the bugle call ;
The wife must weep, and pray he may not fall.