

In Time of War

Not all of justice lives in any cause,
However pure; some grossness taints the best.
Our idols are all flawed, nor stand the test
Of Heaven's keen trial. This should give those pause
Who arrogate sanction of eternal laws
To fancies bred of impulse, whose behest
Makes these their servant-lords the mock and jest
Of passion which their judgment overawes.

Not thus may we, who combat for great things,
Shape our desire to action; nor go forth
With a loud, fierce, and unconsidered cry
To this our battle. Victory's shining wings
O'erarch those legions whose admitted worth
Is proved, by judgment, and humility.
