

Priceless churches laid in ruins, that age could not  
decay.  
Though "the Mill of the Gods grind slowly, they  
grind exceedingly small."  
Tyrant, even now thy strength is failing, thou art  
tottering to thy fall.

"PRO PATRIA"

Who at the sound of duty's call,  
Leaving his loved ones, wife and all,  
Went forth to battle, perhaps to fall,  
My Husband.

Who also went and firm of will,  
Said, "Mother do not take it ill,  
Your other boys are with you still,"  
My Son.

Who, trusting in the God above,  
In Christ, and blessed holy love,  
Gave cheerfully of those she loved?  
Their Mother.

Who caused this bloodshed, war and strife,  
Who made a hell of peaceful life,  
Who'd slaughter husband, son and wife?  
The Kaiser.