

INTERCESSION

They are blind, as we are blind,
Urged by duties past reply.
Ours is but the task assigned;
Theirs to strike us ere they die.
Who can see his country fall?
Who but answers at her call?
Who has power to pause and think
When she reels upon the brink?
Hear, O hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Shield them from that bitterest lie
Laughed by fools who quote their
mirth,
When the wings of death go by
And their brother shrieks on earth.
Though they clamp their hearts with
steel,
Conquering *every* fear they feel.
There are dreams they dare not tell.