

WILL THE LINES HOLD

They make them guns of might,
Devise foul poisons scorned of honest fight,
Batter the crowded town and shell the sick,
And o'er the carnage battle-smoke hangs thick.
Whom shall we ask whether the lines will hold?

Yonder sits one intent on dividend,
How to gain more and less and less to spend:
Marked he if pots were full or fires were fanned?
Yet all he has must stand or fall by the might of the poor man's hand.
Go ask him, therefore, if the lines will hold.

Go ask of him who sent the false supplies;
He is not worse nor better than his mates.
Nay, ask us all—we built the house of lies,
We worship greed, we write our foul ideals in our states.
Whom shall we ask whether the lines will hold?

Let us go up and lift our hearts to God.
Pray him assoil our greed and spare the rod,
Giving us joy of noble deeds and worth,
So that His kingdom come and peace return upon the earth.
Come, let us ask of God will the lines hold?