

BLOOD DROPS OF HEROES.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
And the vines are like blood on the wall;
I dream of the faces, all pallid and cold,
Of our brave ones who answered the call:
Like the bright autumn leaves,
Or the rich, garnered sheaves,
Our truest, our greatest, our all;
For my heart beats in Belgium, or far France's wold,
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
I see but the beauty of God,
Not the small ways of men, and the mean faiths they hold,
Like the blind worm under the clod;
But the brave and the true,
Who knew but to do,
Like those glorious banners of God,
Arrayed on His hills, or at rest on His mold,
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
There's another dread harvest afar;
Where our greatest, our truest ones struggle to hold
Back the modern world's Juggernaut car;
And my heart only sees
In the pageant of trees,
That horrible pageant of war,
Where God's men, for righteousness, strive, as of old—
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.