

GOD'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT

WHAT shall the coming year bring forth,
O Lord, who rulest the land?
For the navies of the sea and air
Are but stubble in Thy hand.
The battalions in the field go forth;
They arm in mighty line;
Do they kneel to know Thy holy will?
Have they asked from Thee a sign?

The kings invoke Thy holy name,
In their carnage and their strife;
But the purple gift it was Thine to give
Recks not of pity nor life:
For they're drunk with the wine of lustful power,
And seared with the sins of earth;
And their prayers and preachments now mock
Thy name,
And make of Thy laws but mirth.
January 1, 1916.

For Duncan Campbell Scott.