

PILGRIMS

*But never, oh! never come sighing,
For ours was the Splendid Release;
And oh! but 'twas joy in the dying
To know we were winning you Peace.
So come when the valleys are sheening,
And fledged with the promise of grain;
And here where our graves will be greening,
Just smile and be happy again.*

And so when the war will be over,
We'll seek for the Wonderful One;
And maiden will look for her lover,
And mother will look for her son;
And there will be end to our grieving,
And gladness will gleam over loss,
As—glory beyond all believing!—
We point . . . to a name on a cross.