

When love sows seed? Hush! let us keep our souls
 In silence—Words of comfort, words of cheer,
 But mock the senses when the war-cloud rolls
 Black 'twixt the eyes and all the heart holds dear.

What can we give them? Prayers?
 Shall not the God of battles work His will?
 He guards, He smites. Our strength is to be still
 And wait His word; to cast aside our cares
 And trust His justice. Strife
 And peace are in His hand. They who shall see
 Victorious days, and in the time to be
 Shall share again the toils and joys of life
 Are His—but not less His are they who fall,
 (Sealing their soul's devotion with their breath)
 And not less loved that, true to duty's call,
 Their crown of honor comes to them in death.

What shall we give them? Tears?
 Tears least of all! Shame not their valor so—
 Honor and manhood call them; let them go,
 Nor make farewell twice parting by your tears.
 O, woman-heart, be strong!
 Too full for words—too humble for a prayer—
 Too faithful to be fearful—offer here
 Your sacrifice of patience. Not for long
 The darkness. When the dawn of peace breaks bright
 Blessed she who welcomes whom her God shall save,
 But honored in her God's and country's sight
 She who lifts empty arms to cry, "I gave!"

AFTER THE BATTLE

AY, lay them to rest on the prairie, on the spot
 where for honor they fell,
 The shout of the savage their requiem, the hiss of the
 rifle their knell.