

Our times are known before thee—
Lord, grant us strength to die !

“ For those who kneel beside us
At altars not their own,
Who lack the lights that guide us,
Lord, let their faith atone.
If wrong we did to call them,
By honor bound they came :
Let not thy wrath befall them,
But deal to us the blame !

“ From panic, pride, and terror,
Revenge that knows no rein,
Light haste and lawless error,
Protect us yet again ;
Cloak thou our undeserving,
Make firm the shuddering breath,
In silence and unswerving
To taste thy lesser death !

“ Ah, Mary ! pierced with sorrow,
Remember, reach, and save
The soul that comes to-morrow
Before the God that gave !
Since each was born of woman,
For each at utter need—
True comrade and true foeman—
Madonna, intercede.

“ E'en now the vanguards gathers,
E'en now we face the fray—
As thou didst help our fathers,
Help thou our host to-day.
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,
In life, in death made clear—
Jehovah of the thunders,
Lord, God of battles, hear !”

The religion of these lines is essentially racial. The poet makes common cause with God against the enemies of his country. Britain's enemies are also Jehovah's enemies. The Puritan warriors might have chanted these lines along with their Old Testament battle cries:—"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon."—"Let God arise and let his enemies be scattered." They breathe the same sentiment as the closing words of Deborah's magnificent battle ode :