

THE STRETCHER-BEARER

In dripping darkness, far and near,
All night I've sought them woeful ones.
Dawn shudders up and still I 'ear
The crimson chorus of the guns.
Look! like a ball of blood the sun
'Angs o'er the scene of wrath and wrong—
"Quick! Stretcher-bearers on the run!"
O Prince of Peace! 'ow long, 'ow long?