

Humbly we trespass the Splendour—
How long, O little Lord,
Shall Earth red tribute render
To the red, usurping Sword?
By the Queen of all mothers, O Baby tender,
Make manifest THY Word!

Couzelette Sunken Road, France.

A LITANY OF LITTLE THINGS

Only they who walked with us
A tempestuous trinity
Of years that God made luminous
In Heaven's heraldry,
Know why one sings of the simple things
A grateful litany.

We had our fill of the big things when,
Their feet in the muddy ways
But their eyes sky-clean of vision, men
Challenged the furnace rays
Of Honour's sun ere the sands were run
In the glass of the Wonderful Days

Now we dream of where the pretty things are,
Loving of colour and form,
In a land of houses and children, far
From the scream of the dying storm;
And none shall rail if we follow our Grail
Amid things that are clean and warm.

A rose-red damask curtain hung
At the cosy hush of day;
A fairy khalif's carpet flung
By a lantern's foolish ray
Through the rainbow stain of a window-pane
On a cobbled city-way;

A bit of brass that was dead, but glows
On a cottage mantel-board;
Buried four years and more. Who knows
How the panting housewife's hoard
Of homely things found flustered wings
In the breath of the nearing sword?