

L'ENVOI

*Oh! spacious days of glory and of grieving!
Oh! sounding hours of lustre and of loss;
Let us be glad we lived you, still believing
The God who gave the cannon gave the Cross.
Let us not doubt amid these seething passions,
The lusts of blood and hate our souls abhor:
The Power that Order out of Chaos fashions
Smites fiercest in the wrath-red forge of
War
Have faith! Fight on! Amid the battle hell
Love triumphs, Freedom beacons, all is well.*