

THE SHELLS

O MY brave heart! O my strong heart! My
sweet heart and gay,
The soul of me went with you the hour you marched
away,
For surely she is soulless, this woman white, and
still,
Who works with shining metal to make the things
that kill.

I tremble as I touch them,—so strange they are, and
bright;
Each one will be a comet to break the purple night.
Grey Fear will ride before it, and Death will ride
behind,
The sound of it will deafen,—the light of it will
blind!

And whom it meets in passing, but God alone will
know;
Each one will blaze a trail in blood—will hew a road
of woe;
O when the fear is on me, my heart grows faint and
cold:—
I dare not think of what I do,—of what my fingers
hold.

Then sounds a Voice, "Arise, and make the weapons
of the Lord!"
"He rides upon the whirlwind! He hath need of
shell and sword!
His army is a mighty host—the lovely and the
strong,—
They follow Him to battle, with trumpet and with
Song!"