

ARMISTICE DAY

11 A.M.

Silence!

'Tis Armistice Day.

"Peace, be still!"

The guns—your cruel rancor cease!
This is the hour—the hour of Peace.
His Angel, "Peace," to us draws near.
His still small voice is what we hear.

And close, a Presence we can feel.
His Presence—bow your heads and
kneel,
For "Ours"—their earthly path have
trod.
Think not they sleep 'neath foreign
sod.

They are not there, they too rejoice;
They too obey that still small voice—
In solemn silence, Armistice Day:
Not one of them is far away.

This is the hour deliverance came;
This is the day we rightly name
Armistice Day—of joyous Peace
Forerunner. Let the guns now cease.

The guns of hatred, malice, wrong;
The guns of envy, spite. And long
Live Right and Kindness—Love!
Hear ye the Angel of Peace above.

The battle tumult and the roar
Of everyday civilian war;
Above the rancor, greed and pain
Hear ye the still small voice again.

Give heed! Obey! and help all
others!
For loving—war begotten hatred
smothers.

Today, of all days, bow your knee;
Thank God, our Empire still is free.

List to the "Voice"—the Prince of
Peace!

Let post-war guns their firing cease!
And stand, bareheaded, in the sun;
An era new of Peace is begun—

Silence!

'Tis Armistice Day.

"Peace, be still!"

—Kilbee Gordon.