

INVOCATION.

Turn from the world, O Sun, and hide thy face---
Thy fields are red.
If life be sacrifice, we know the doom of race---
The blood is shed.

Come down dear moon, and stay the hand that wields
Thy reddened sword.
The tender heart of motherhood has bled
To redeem the word.

Dear God, sweet founts of love and pity lie
In human breast.
These paid the price; O sheathe thy sword on high---
All we ask is rest.

WHITE ROSE.

White Rose! In virgin womb thy grace was born,
Psyche loved thee in life's fair morn,
Cupid pierced thy lone breast with bow and dart,
Blood-red, he stained thy snow white heart.

White Rose! Fair Emblem of the Aryan man,
True Knight's sweet gift since love began!
Sin pierced thy tender soul with bow and dart,
Blood-red, it stained thy snow white heart.

Dear heart, spread thy white petals o'er the snow,
A mother's heart has bled below.
Dear heart, spread thy white petals o'er the ground,
The heart of God is mystery profound.

