

WHEN STRIKES THE HOUR

Not with great shout of triumph may the hour
That strikes for Liberty be hailed. It e'en
Might be—on fields so vast—unheard, unseen,
The solemn stroke, the hand that points when power
Has weighed the balance true, when blackest lower
Clouds of defeat o'er foes whose hopes would lean
To victory long after they had been
The destined prey their own dark deeds devour.
Yet were the moment marked, so great the cause,
So great the cost; the boldest heart would feel
Not pride but awe; nor weak elation mar
The sacred sense of duty, nor the applause
Of a world watching the event should steal
The strength retrieved from waging righteous
war.

THE COMING PEACE

Soon, at a word, the roar of guns may cease
Or, muttering like a summer storm subside
With fitful flashes as in unspent pride
Of power whose ebbing forces find release.
The furtive smoke wreaths' torn and scattered fleece
From a fierce flock that long the field defied
Denote the fight is near its end, descried
In the near future is the coming peace.
O hope sublime that in that happy hour
Mankind in the searchlight of God may see
A chance supreme to shape a common wealth
From a world's elements in flux; devour
No more each others substance; each land, free,
A guarantee of peace within itself.