

ROUGE CROIX

BEFORE the wayside shrine we fall
While yet the hours are terror-free,
A while to pray, a while recall
The blood-red Cross of Calvary—

O Christ! In hours of sharp alarm—
In dark defeat or triumph's thrill—
Grant us to feel Thy strengthening arm,
To know that Thou art with us still;

Alike within the quiet room,
In that dim hush that bides the dark,
Or 'mid the raging shock of doom,
Be Thou our Light and Guiding Mark

From craven fear that bids us flee,
From vengeful hate that seeks its vent,
From pride that holds aloof from Thee
And rebel guilt impenitent,

From our unnumbered ancient sins,
From all our petty, sordid dross,
Cleanse us, O Christ, ere battle dims
The vision of Thy Crimson Cross.

So let our humble hearts atone,
As in Thy presence now we bend,
That in Thy strength, and Thine alone
We may endure unto the end.

54 C. C. S., Merville,
August 17th, 1917.