

England, could this awful hour,
Dawning on thy long renown,
Mark the purpose of thy power,
Crown thee with that mightier crown!
Broadening to that purpose climb
All the blood-red wars of Time . . .
Set the struggling peoples free,
Crown with Law their Liberty!
England, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Speed, O! speed, what every age
Writes with a prophetic hand.
Read the midnight's moving page,
Read the stars and understand:
*Out of Chaos ye shall draw
Deepening harmonies of Law
Till around the Eternal Sun
All your peoples move in one.*
Christ-God, hear,
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Alfred Noyes.

From "A Belgian Christmas Eve." By special permission
of Frederick A. Stokes Co.