

And homelier were the feel of woven stuff
To thy soft breast than iron corselet rough.
But oh, when Conscience, like a clarion, spoke,
And on thy soul the voice of duty broke,
Obedient, in meek, unquestioning faith,
To rise and leave all these and march to death,
This—surely this—were sweet for country's sake ;
Yea, welcome e'en the dungeon and the stake.
Or through the fierce Gethsemany of fire
To snatch the martyr's laurel from the pyre.
But oh, to fall and have his country doubt

His innocence ; or, worse,
When flash the flames, above his murderers' shout
To catch his country's curse,
This is the patriot's crowning pang,
More poignant than the poisonous foeman's fang.

Yet not in vain

Didst thou the bitter dregs of anguish drain,
And pledge to Christ and France thy virgin veins.
Where now are grasping England's chains ?
No smallest link upon thy land remains ;
Gone with thy judges and thy murderers,

And *they* were hers.

Yea, many a cause and many a leader since
Have bowed the head to Death, the sov'reign prince.
And where they rose shall others yet arise
And with ephemeral fancies snare men's eyes
And have their little day and pass again.

New hours demand new men,

And wise is he indeed

Who sees and shapes new ends to meet new need.
But all shall be as grass of yesterday,
While France is greater far than they ;
And France remains and suppliant seeks thine aid
With hands outstretched to thee, O Martyr Maid !

For ancient feuds, old passions and old hates
Watch at her walls and prowl about her gates.
And deadlier foes and subtler shapes of sin
Lurk at her hearth and plot her ruin within.
Sons recreant, devising blight and curse,
With wiles insidious would her heart divorce