

The organ's pealing note breaks out in praise,
The white-robed choristers their voices raise
To sink again, when falls the hush of prayer
On all who bend in lowly reverence there.

And we, with breaking hearts, crush back the pain;
Nor grudge our dear ones ; giving not in vain ;
For self sinks lost in love of Right and Truth,
Withholding not our fairest flower of youth,

Who go, not clad in helm and coat-of-mail,
Yet, like the knights of old who sought the Grail,
In loyal honour to a high behest,
That holy vision lives in every breast.

Words full of comfort fall upon the ear,
Old words, familiar, telling them "Draw near ;"
The lifted chalice, gleaming, bids them rise,
Rememb'ring now the Eternal Sacrifice.