

Shield them from that bitterest lie,  
    Laughed by fools who quote their mirth,  
When the wings of death go by,  
    And their brother shrieks on earth.  
Though they clamp their hearts with steel,  
Conquering *every* fear they feel,  
There are dreams they dare not tell.  
Shield, O! shield their eyes from hell.  
    Father, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Where the naked bodies burn,  
    Where the wounded toss at home,  
Weep and bleed and laugh in turn,  
    Yes, the masking jest may come.  
Let him jest who daily dies,  
But O! hide his haunted eyes.  
Pain alone he might control.  
Shield, O! shield, his wounded soul.  
    Master, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Peace? We steel us to the end.  
    Hope betrayed us, long ago.  
Duty binds both foe and friend.  
    It is ours to break the foe.  
Then, O God! that we might break  
This red Moloch for Thy sake;  
Know that Truth indeed prevails,  
And that Justice holds the scales.  
    Father, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.