

III.

Fleeing maids, with their cut bare feet,
The rush of hoofs in the street,
Driven at the point of swords,
Wild laughter of pillaging hordes.
Hopeless anguish drew tears of blood,
Blaze of homesteads, the reek of smoke,
A kingly Kaiser's joke.
Ruined—life's work undone,
By moonlight toil won,
Death like a mighty flood.

IV.

God! may the guns ring in
Through all this shame and sin,
Vengeance is thine, great Lord,
Grant after fire and sword,
A new age of charity.
Their devilish system hushed,
Brutal materialism crushed,
The whirlwind that Thou has sent
Is but for salvation meant,
For our posterity.