

IN THE TRENCHES

ALL day the guns belched fire and death
And filled the hours with gloom;
The fateful music smote the sky
In tremulous bars of doom;
But as the evening stars came forth
A truce to death and strife,
There rose from hearts of patriot love
A tender song of life.

A song of home and fireside
Swelled on the evening air,
And men forgot their battle line,
Its carnage and dark care;
The soldier dropp'd his rifle
And joined the choral song,
As high above the tide of war
It swept and pulsed along.