

AT MARQUEVILLERS

Against the ancient wall the dear Christ lay
Upon His rood; when sudden came a shell
Bursting the vault away, and it befell
That all the Cross was shattered. There today
Hangs the freed God, high-poised as in some
great

Stayed moment of ascension far above;
The Crucified, delivered by men's hate,
Becomes the Resurrected, lord of love!

Oh France! Thine arms are, too, held wide
in sorrow,

Thy nailed arms from Flanders to Alsace,
And Christ His lot shall be thy lot tomorrow
When the vain Hatred of the Horde shall pass.
Its fury will but resurrect thy might,
Giving thee, as to Christ, immortal flight!

From Boutrel