

Thou whose wounded hands do reach  
Over every land and sea,  
Thoughts too deep for human speech  
Rise from all our souls to Thee ;  
Deeper than the wrath that burns  
Round our hosts when day returns ;  
Deeper than the peace that fills  
All these trenched and waiting hills.  
Hear, O hear !  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Pity deeper than the grave  
Sees, beyond the death we wield,  
Faces of the young and brave  
Hurled against us in the field.  
Cannon-fodder ! They *must* come,  
We must slay them, and be dumb,  
Slaughter, while we pity, these  
Most implacable enemies.  
Master, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

They are blind, as we are blind,  
Urged by duties past reply.  
Ours is but the task assigned ;  
Theirs to strike us ere they die.  
Who can see his country fall ?  
Who but answers at her call ?  
Who has power to pause and think  
When she reels upon the brink ?  
Hear, O hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.