

Dedication
To The Daughters of the Empire

by
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It was not yours to throw the Amalekite
 When that World's Enemy laid waste all lands;
But when the Mother pleaded from the height
 It was your strength that stayed Her failing hands.
'Twas you who led your lovers to Her fight,
 With your heart's blood they quenched the burning
 brands;
Your dear eyes beckoned through the North sea night,
 You gave the battle to their brave young hands.
And, when at last Love's sacrifice be paid,
 A woman's broken heart will there be laid.

CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY.