

HEARTS IN EXILE

BY

JOHN OXENHAM

O Exiled Hearts—for you, for you—
Love still can find the way!

Hear the voices of the women on the road!

O Shadowed Lives—for you, for you—
Hope hath not lost her ray!

Hear the laughter of the children on the road!

O Gloomy Night—for you, for you—
Dawn tells of coming day!

Hear the clink of breaking fetters on the road!

O Might sans Right—for you, for you—
The feet of crumbling clay!

Hear the slow, sure tread of Freedom on the road!

TORONTO

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