

Of the busy street a part —
'Twas the eloquent sign of the shop for wine —
The sign of a broken heart.

Not far away was a cheerless hut
By time and tempest scarred,
Where barefoot children wearing rags
Were playing in the yard;
The faces of those little ones
Were telltale like a chart,
They showed the sign of the shop for wine —
The sign of a broken heart.

I as aroused by the signs of the sad, sad eyes
Of children and mother and wife —
I knew they were made at the shop with the sign
Of the broken core of life;
And then and there in my heart I swear
As a man to do my part
Till no shop for wine could make such a sign —
The sign of a broken heart.

A HYMN OF EMPIRE.

Lord, by whose might the Heavens stand,
The Source from whence they came,
Who holdest nations in Thy hand
And call'st the stars by name.
Thine ageless forces do not cease
To mould us as of yore, —
The chiseling of the arts of peace,
The anvil-strokes of war.