

LYRICS

OF THE DREAD REDOUBT

WILFRED CCAMPBELL

OTTAWA, CANADA
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Ven. Archdeacon Cady,

& Mrs Cady,

with New Year's greetings

from

Wilfred Campbell

✓

THE FIGHT GOES ON.

The fight goes on; though slower than men thought;
But still it goes; and Britain works her way,
With her great-hearted allies; unsullied, unbought;
Toward that true dawn which ushers freedom's day.

The fight goes on; but God demands of all,
Heroic patience and heroic trust,
Never to swerve from that first bugle call,
Which woke the hero in our patriot dust.

The fight goes on; though oft in darker hours,
Faint hearts would compromise with freedom's foe;
But unto such, though traitor cowardice cowers,
Each blooddrop of our slain ones answers, No!

In this grim strife, where Crime and Judgment meet,
And earth's great flags for freedom's cause unfurled,
Better go under in some dread defeat,
Than compromise with what would crush this world.

BLOOD DROPS OF HEROES.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
And the vines are like blood on the wall;
I dream of the faces, all pallid and cold,
Of our brave ones who answered the call:
Like the bright autumn leaves,
Or the rich, garnered sheaves,
Our truest, our greatest, our all;
For my heart beats in Belgium, or far France's wold,
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
I see but the beauty of God,
Not the small ways of men, and the mean faiths they hold,
Like the blind worm under the clod;
But the brave and the true,
Who knew but to do,
Like those glorious banners of God,
Arrayed on His hills, or at rest on His mold,
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
There's another dread harvest afar;
Where our greatest, our truest ones struggle to hold
Back the modern world's Juggernaut car;
And my heart only sees
In the pageant of trees,
That horrible pageant of war,
Where God's men, for righteousness, strive, as of old—
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold,
And the vines are like blood on the wall;
I hear on the winds o'er the wood and the wold,
A bitter, insistent call.

'Tis the cry of our slain,

Appealing in vain,

For help where the brave hearts fall;
And its tragic demand doth the whole world hold,
When the woods at Kilmorie are scarlet and gold.

*Kilmorie House,
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