

Awhile

Call off the hounds of battle,
Put by the sword and gun:
Vacate the awful trenches
Where blood of nations run.
Stop slaughter in the heavens,
And slaughter on the sea
Awhile—to hear the message
Of Christ's nativity.

Oh! cover up the bloodstains
Before His angels come;
Hush all the martial music
And silence every drum.
Send greetings to the foeman,
Awhile—your warring cease,
To hear the angels singing
Their Christmas song of Peace.

LUCY GERTRUDE CLARKIN.