The Powers

The powers of Europe and the powers of Hell

Join hands once more; let foolish men who dare

To stand for right in days like these beware!

Diplomacy has done its duty well;

A nation’s soul is now a thing to sell,

With clever arts the strong the weak ensnare,

While Public Honour grows a thing so rare

That where it may be found no man can tell

Yet, as we watch the flaming war clouds break

In woe and rain on a far-of land,

Our troubled hearts some little joy may take

That not by hate alone those fires are fanned,

That somewhere men can fight for justice’ sake,

And welcome Death at Duty’s stern command!

Winifred Patton

Miss Winifred Patton

~~H~~~~13~~ ~~Grand Parade~~

~~Highgate~~