

“THE TOOLS”

MYRTLE CORCORAN WATTS

Give us the Tools—The Tools so badly needed.
How can we win, if this plea goes unheeded?

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Can we forget “Our Boys”, in sand and sleet,
The heavy pack—the tired, dragging feet,
Or frightened Refugees, their wagons filled
With children, chattels,—their land left untilled,
The peaceful church, which, with its tolling bell,
Is shattered by the bomber’s bursting shell?

Can we forget that women bravely stood
Beside their cottage doors—gave what they could,
A cooling drink, a loaf of bread, while we
Dwell safe at home, in our security?
The wooden crosses must be with us yet,
They surely cannot let us long forget.

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So let us Give the Tools, so badly needed.
How can we win, if this call goes unheeded?