

## PASSOVER.

BLOOD on the lintel! On the outer side  
Death stood with wing implacable, with sword  
Steeped in the furnace cruel and abhorred  
Of Hell, in Styx well tempered. Far and wide  
Its adamant smote out, a full fierce tide  
Of vengeance and destruction from the Lord,  
While past yon door with blood well overscored  
Safety and Peace and Passover abide.

Blood on the lintel! But within our gates  
Spilt our own blood lies curdling on the ground,  
Crying to God from each envenomed wound  
While the fierce combat yet no whit abates,  
And though protected, confident, unspent,  
Sighs for relief with battle-cries are blent.