

RESISTANCE

CARL ROLAND

My land is free
Its boundaries
Are small, but they contain
A roof to shield
And fruits to yield
And earth to catch the rain.

The winds of war
Rage from afar
And tyranny stands near
But God save all
Within these walls—
We will not yield to fear.

The pontiff sways
All men betray
But we are safe within.
The world cannot
Befoul or blot
Our haven with its sin.

Until we fall
As we must fall
We love and laugh and sing.
We will not 'wait
The stroke of fate
Or dread death's severed sting!

What matter if
The time goes swift
Toward the final doom?
We revel now!
Refuse to bow!
Defiance 'gainst the gloom!