**ZION**

 by Rudyard Kipling

The Doorkeepers of Zion, they do not always stand

In helmet and whole armor with halberds in their hand,

But being sure of Zion and all her mysteries,

They rest awhile and in Zion,

Sit down and smile in Zion.

Ay, even jest in Zion, in Zion, at their ease.

The Gatekeepers of Baal, they dare not sit or lean,

But fume and fret at posture and foam and curse between,

For being bound to Ball, whose sacrifice is vain,

Their rest is scant with Baal.

They glare and pant for Baal.

They mouth and rant for Baal, for Baal in their pain.

But we will go to Zion, by choice and not through dread

With these our present comrade and those our present dead

And being free of Zion, in both the fellowships,

Sit down and sup in Zion, stand up and drink in Zion

Whatever cup in Zion is offered to our lips!