

## Abortion: Rachel's Lament

Our nation drowns in baths of blood  
God send us saints to stem this flood

Two thousand years of infamy  
Attest to Herod's butchery

One minute's slaughter in our time  
Surpasses by far his monstrous crime

To save his worldly power he slew  
So ruthlessly a numbered few

For mere convenience or wealth to gain  
Millions of innocent Lambs are slain

As Rachel's child from grasp was torn  
In desolate weeping those mothers did mourn

Those mothers mourned but Betty and Bea  
So willingly offer the butcher's fee

Small doubt the martyred Judean boys  
Helped their mothers to heavens joys

In spite of their sorrow and misery  
At least they had final victory

O recreant mothers will you appear  
Before your judge in awful fear

And will He in stern majesty  
Say - where thy child to plead for thee

And bringing from limbo a child or three  
Say - was this woman Thy mother to be

Will that child in his honesty  
Say - Lord I had not chance to see

Delinquent fathers your turn must come  
To answer for the things you've done

Taking to yourselves a mate  
Leaving your children to their fate

Proud judges of our highest court  
What think you the last report

For the cruelty that you've caused  
By tampering with Our nation's laws

And what of we brave citizens  
Complacent in our cozy dens

No voice to raise - No time to care  
Will we then escape our share

Of punishment and recompense  
That's justly due for our offense

Doctors, merchants, men of law  
Mothers, husbands, people — all

Have you the price to pay the toll  
He will exact to save your soul

Or lacking will the Riches - gains  
Serve to quench Eternal flames

Please God send those Can stilt the tide  
Of unremitting Infanticide

By William Harrod