

Two idle kings with a fancied wrong,  
Hurried by passion or pride along ;

Two flags by prince and prelate blest ;  
Two armies in scarlet splendor drest ;

Two farewells spoken in sighs and tears ;  
Two shots—and life has settled arrears ;

Two days and nights have passed away,  
The kings are the old-time puppets of clay,  
Grinning approval or looking askance,  
Bestowing a favor or forging a lance ;  
But two armies lie out on the frozen ground,  
With naught but the night and the raven round !

The kings play on, the dead men lie  
By thousands, beneath the cold, gray sky ;  
The monarchs smile with a courtly grace,  
They see not the leer on the dead man's face ;  
The widows, the sisters, the orphans weep,  
While the shadows fall and the sleepers sleep.  
The seasons may come, the seasons may go,  
The currents of feeling may ebb and flow ;  
But never shall sound from their thresholds again  
The echoing steps of the slumbering men,  
That lie in the night when the bleak wind blows  
O'er the crimson stains in the drifted snows,  
By the broken sword and the banner blest,  
By the tangled locks no more caress'd,  
By the strength outworn and the soul outpriced,  
In the name of fame and the cause of Christ !

A. H. MORRISON.

