



To face a madly charging foe
Demands a courage bold,
But more than that is needed to
Combat insistent cold.

One day we found a French platoon ;
No wounds—no blood was shed ;
The poison-gas had done its work ;
The whole platoon was dead.
I remember cogitating
As among that group I stood,
“ If hell is anything like war,
Thank God ! my life's been good.”

But go, my boy ! Off to the front,
And let no tongue dissuade.
Go, for war's proficiency,
With rifle and with spade.
God speed you, boy ! I envy you,
As chained to a wooden peg,
I, crippled, sit with a broken life,
One hand, and half a leg.