

## THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

There's a glory gold never can buy to yearn and  
to cry for;  
There's a hope that's as old as the sky to suffer  
and sigh for;  
There's a faith that out-dazzles the sun to martyr  
and die for.

Ah, no! it's my dream that War will never be  
ended;  
That men will perish like men, and valour be  
splendid;  
That the Flag by the sword will be served, and  
honour defended.

That the tale of my fights will never be ancient  
story;  
That though my eye may be dim and my beard be  
hoary,  
I'll die as a soldier dies—on the Field of Glory.

*So give me a strong right arm for a wrong's swift  
righting;  
Stave of a song on my lips as my sword is smiting;  
Death in my boots, maybe, but fighting, fighting.*