

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell,  
Have grasped the higher lessons that endure.  
The gallant Private learns to practise well  
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made  
A mighty music solemnly, what time  
The oratorio of the cannonade  
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,  
The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,  
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,  
The just—recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,  
The duty that brings no nation's thanks,  
The Ama Nesciri\* of some grim and grey  
À Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,  
The patient strength that is too proud to press,  
The duty done for duty, not reward,  
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,  
Taking their path of duty high and higher,  
What do we deem that they, too, may have learned  
For that baptismal fire?

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\* The heading of a remarkable chapter in the "De Imitatione Christi."