

Weeks, long weeks of waiting, watching for succor to
come;
To burrow in earth like rabbits, to wake to the thunder
of drum;
Through months, long months, life-eating nights of
fever and pain,
Days of watching and hunger borne with a brave
disdain;
Bodies disease-racked, deathward, lips firm, fixed to the
foc,
To send to the traitor's "Surrender" the Briton's
thundering "No!"
To answer them back with their cannon to the last gun's
last grim round,
As Britain has answered ever, afloat or greatly aground.
These be thy soldiers, O England! Care for them,
honor them, thine!
Greater than bulwarks of granite or iron, thy bulwarks
from brine to brine!

Months that eked out slowly, as long-drawn miseries
go;
Inside hunger and care and pain, outside the angering
foe;
With grim death treading daily the streets of the little
town,
Where gaunt-eyed sorrow in woman's guise went
patiently up and down,
While near in the woman's laager the children's grave-
yard grew,
Headstone after headstone, till the toddling feet were
few;
And hope deferred grew paler, as under the Afric sky,
Moment by moment, as drowning men sink, they
watched their loved ones die.