



A group of laughing comrades—then a shell ;
A flash of belching smoke—a stifled yell ;
Then on the brain a picture sears, that shames
The torture-chamber of the lowest hell.

A village sacked ; a town in raging flame—
The army-wasted trail tell—how they came.
And when this war-mad riot shall have ceased,
No earthly hand could make it look the same.

Ah ! fill the cup, another yet to drown
The memory. But to the glitt'ring crown
Of every soldier's effort let us quaff,—
Victory, glory, honour, and renown.

We know that when the battle flag is furled,
And God's own peace is settled on the world,
Forgot will be the slaughter, gone the dream,
The hurricane of war in which we whirled.

Aye, seated once again in peaceful chair,
Forgotten be the torches' ruddy flare ;
Remembered only are the just rewards—
A cross for valour ; for the dead, a prayer.

Ah ! drink that day when Earth alone by laws
Is ruled—the consummation of our cause ;
When War is banished, and his gorgon face
The ready sword will, frightened, make to pause.