

Over the Line

ONLY a shadowy, slender thread
Running to God Knows Where,
Caught on a cross-arm overhead,
Shining like silver there,
Stretching as far as the eye can see,
Tiny and tant and fine—
Oh, but the things that have come to me
Over the line—

Word of the foe in a wild retreat;
Victory won and lost;
Triumph, close-snatched from a black defeat—
Tales of the red, sad cost—
Stories of grim gannt men at bay,
Speeding with wings divine,
Tell all the world how they fought that day—
Over the line.

Only a silvery strand, it sings
Ever its cheery song,
Thrilling and throbbing with wondrous things,
Passing the word along,
Speeding the message on swifter wing,
Bringing the longed-for sign—
Victory lives in the words that ring
Over the line.