

L'ENVOI

Here is something that goes right to the point,
eh?

It's exactly what I am trying to be and do.

A TRENCH LITANY

God of Sabaoth, I but ask
Humbly to bear whate'er befalls —
The dreary, uninviting task,
The sight that sickens and appals,
Ear-rack of never-silent guns,
Burden of bars vicissitude,
Losses of comrades — cherished ones —
To suffer all with fortitude.

If fate vouchsafe me safe return
To firesides of my fond desire,
Grant me the grace never to spurn
The lessons learned in lines of fire —
Chivalry, love, and noble aims,
Knowledge of things undreamed within,
And this — that Private What's-his-Name's
The same as I beneath the skin.