

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

Then you will call me and claim me, because you
will need me;
Cheer me and gird me and into the battle-wrath
speed me . . .
And when it's over, spurn me, and no longer heed
me.

For guile and a purse gold-greased are the arms
you carry;
With deeds of paper you fight, and with pens you
parry;
You call on the hounds of the law your foes to
harry.

You with your: "Art for its own sake," posing
and prinking;
You with your: "Live and be merry," eating and
drinking;
You with your: "Peace at all hazard," from
bright blood shrinking.

Fools! I will tell you now,—though the red rain
patters,
And a million of men go down, it's little it mat-
ters . . .
There's the Flag up-flung to the stars, though it
streams in tatters.