

LXII

Another said: "The Crown Prince,—Idiot—
Had Power and Friends—not good, but quite a lot;
Shall he who killed his army in pure Pride,
Retain his Power and Friends? I fancy not."

LXIII

None answered this; but after Silence spake,
A Lee-Enfield of very modern make:
"They sneer at me for having no Cut-off,
Why has not Northcliffe one for Goodness' sake?"

LXIV

Said one "Folk o' a handy Conscience tell,
And scream Objections in the Press as well;
They'd sooner die than fight for Freedom—pish!
They've got to toe the Line—all will be well."

LXV

Then said another with a long drawn Sigh:
"This conscientious Stuff is all my Eye;
Let's make him keep our Britain's Conscience first,
And talk about his Conscience bye and bye."

LXVI

And while the Rifles one by one were speaking,
One spied the Break of Day the World was seeking,
And then they jogged each other "Brother, Brother,
The Heavens are full of Light—Look, some is leaking."

LXVII

Lord, with Thy Light my fading Life provide,
And let it shine from Heaven far and wide;
Let Murder, such as this War, blindly grope,
Nor find a Virtue under which to hide.

LXVIII

That all our buried Soldiers, such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
That stinking War shall show for what it is,
And fragrant Peace shall flourish everywhere.