

III.

O the lion's young, they forth have sprung
At the sound of the lion's roar,
To defend the lair they once did share
By the far-flung ocean's shore.
With eye aflame and ruffled mane,
They greet the approaching fray.
Let the foe beware who roused that lair,
For list to the lion's bay.
"We have heard on the air the bugle's blare
And the roll of the muttering drum;
To the surging beat of ten thousand feet,
We come! We come! We come!"

A SONNET ON WAR

Written by Major J. M. Langstaff for the Regimental Paper shortly before his death.

I never thought that strange romantic war
Would shape my life and plan my destiny;
Though in my childhood's dreams I've seen his car
And grisly steeds flash grimly thwart the sky.
Yet now behold a vaster, mightier strife
Than echoed on the plains of sounding Troy,
Defeats and triumphs, death, wounds, laughter,
life,
All mingled in a strange complex alloy.
I view the panorama in a trance
Of awe, yet colored with a secret joy,
For I have breathed in epic and romance,
Have lived the dreams that thrilled me as a boy.
How sound the ancient saying is, forsooth!
How weak is Fancy's gloss of Fact's stern truth!
—J. M. L.