

IS WAR THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NO
GOOD IN IT?

THEY say that "War is hell," the "great accursed,"
The sin impossible to be forgiven;
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span,
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of Man,
Victorious over death.

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
Have won a fiery and unequal fray,
No infantry has ever done such deed
Since Albuera's day!