



Ah ! bustling warrior, but a moment yield
To prayer, as did the knight before his shield.

Then don the armour of your faith in arms,
Against the nerve-racked hardship of the field.

Make haste ! for lying eager on the tide
The transport strains the groaning wharf beside.

Make haste ! for, in the war zone, vandal
hands
Are wreaking devastation while ye bide.

Then breaks at last that awful morn of hell
Let loose—as grizzled veterans tell—

The soldier's baptism, and after that
The boom of guns his lullaby—his knell.

The scream of shrapnel, and the whining wail
Of bullets, drenching earth as with a hail ;

The hustling fragments as they, mocking, howl
The *finis* to a crumpled soldier's tale.

The ploughing shell that bursts with stifling
stench,

Or cuts huge chasms in the cluttered trench ;

The unit-clods that, with their gushing life,
The sodden mounds of sullen earth-clods drench.

The breathless rush ; the charge ; the tingling
thrill,

As bloodhounds leapt upon their prey to kill ;

The wine of slaughter, which intoxicates
The lip that touched the brim, nor drank its fill.

The flash of bayonet ; the blood-dripped knife ;
The maelstrom of this never-ending strife ;

The crowding souls a-hustling from the field ;
The groans and screams of mutilated life.