



THE SONG OF THE AIRMAN.

Earth, send forth a hero who by strength may vie
 In mortal fight with the sacred might of eagles in the sky;
 Far I fling my challenge,
 Laws and oceans ring;
 Rise from the moil of the reeking soil,
 Come! behold your King.
 Set in the sunset's dying gold, poised on the wings of pride,
 In black relief on a misty reef,
 Over a crimson tide.

Earth, send forth a hero; mountain, plain and sea,
 Search your vale for the tempered mail that shall clash in the lists with me:
 Comes there then a champion,
 Bred by sea or land?
 Stay your lance at my burning glance,
 Die beneath my hand!
 Fools, ye have heard a mocking word, and gripped your feeble sword,
 Ye have dared to rise in the shrieking skies,
 To battle with your Lord!

Even in peace I rule you, high o'er the hills in flight.
 In lives I bid, for nought is hid from the range of my eagle sight.
 Mine is the nation's conquest,
 Mine is the ocean's fame;
 Mine the control of flesh and soul
 By the burning heat of flame.
 By day I have flown thru the wide unknown, in sunshine's golden dew,
 Taking my fare from the swirling air,
 In a wave of glinting blue.

Yet war and strife is the only life that breathes in the hissing wind,
 As I speed for light thru the smoking height, leaving the hills behind.
 I have been born an eagle,
 An eagle's death to die,
 Seeking a joy that will not cloy,
 Seared by the burning sky,
 Till, flung with a speed so great indeed I can draw no parting breath,
 I crash from the void, my wings destroyed,
 And fall in an airman's death.