

THE SONG OF THE SOLDIER-BORN

*Give me the scorn of the stars and a peak defiant;
Wail of the pines and a wind with the shout of a
giant;
Night and a trail unknown, and a heart reliant.*

Give me to live and love in the old, bold fashion,
A soldier's billet at night, and a soldier's ration,
A heart that leaps to the fight with a soldier's
passion.

For I hold as a simple faith, there's no denying,
The trade of a soldier's the only trade worth
plying;
The death of a soldier's the only death worth
dying.

So let me go, and leave your safety behind me;
Go the spaces of hazard, where nothing shall bind
me;
Go till the world is War, and then you will find
me.