



What soldier yet has felt no thrill of pride
Who holds his lovèd rifle to his side,
Or oils his bayonet with a tender care,
Who in his arms lets confidence abide ?

Oh ! what envigored ecstasy in store
For he who never heard the throaty roar,
Or swept in keen exhilarating charge,
If only in the game of mimic war.

The throbbing, measured tread of marching feet;
The unison in which the pulses beat ;
The camaraderie of common bond,
Whenever and wherever soldiers meet.

But training and the drudgery of drill
Are but a school, and he a pupil ; till
The day shall break, and of war's heady cup
The soldier sups, and supping drinks his fill.

Then quaff with me a cup of liquor cold,
That, when the tale of battle is unrolled,
We may as British sons acquit ourselves—
The honour of our regiment uphold.

Hark to the cry that booms across the square !
Feel the electric tenseness of the air !
'Tis war ! Red war ! The altar flame of Mars
Leaps up and stains us with its ruddy glare.

Each eye aflame ; each hand aquake in haste ;
The burnished steel as yet of virtue chaste.
How long ? How soon may this resounding
blade
The drunken cup of war-mad bloodshed taste ?