

“And He said ‘Fight On’.”

(Tennyson.)

Time, and its ally, Dark Disarmament
Have compassed me about,
Have massed their armies, and on battle bent
My forces put to rout,
But though I fight alone, and fall, and die,
Talk terms of Peace? Not I.

They war upon my fortress, and their guns,
Are shattering its walls,
My army plays the cowards' part and runs
Pierced by a thousand balls,
They call for my surrender, I reply
“Give quarter now? Not I.”

They've shot my flag to ribbons, but in rents
It floats above the height.
Their Ensign shall not crown my battlements
While I can stand and fight.
I fling defiance at them as I cry
“Capitulate? Not I.”

E. PAULINE JOHNSON

—TEKAHIONWAKE