

## ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR

THE great, good heart is still,  
The Earl in France is dead;  
The aged gentle warrior, stern of will,  
His task accomplished, found a soldier's bed.  
His dirge the baleful drone of wailing shell,  
His firing-squad a million enemies!  
Ah! who shall tell  
The count of aching hearts that England sees,  
To know him gone through sacrifice, in war—  
Roberts of Kandahar.

Not death with pomp and bruit!  
Simply, thy service gave  
To waning force the final stroke, and mute  
Thou liest on the battle's hem, close to thy country's brave.  
O soldier of strong souls, thou wast so near. . .  
Marshal and man we mourn. An army weeps,  
Turning its grief to strength before thy bier,  
Indian and British son waking to war  
Because a father sleeps,  
Roberts of Kandahar.

You knew him, or you knew him not—  
And still your eyes are wet  
To hear the valour of his willing life,  
To learn the kindness that he kept in strife,  
To read the well-won victories he got.  
England has found her debt  
Too large to pay with honours—more was due,  
(Tribute for which a hundred sue  
Self-consciously in vain when few approve)  
Ah! "Bobs," unasked we brought thee more than honour's  
jewelled star;  
We brought thee love, we bring thee love,  
Roberts of Kandahar.

MARY LINDA BRADLEY