

Hush! Those green fields melt away!

All the air is still with doom!

Darkness falls upon the day,

Shapes and shadows crowd the gloom!

One and all, take your rebuke!

Silence! 'Tis the *Iron Duke*!

"Eton's fields and Waterloo!

Still the ancient watch-fires burn!

Fletcher's, Flanders', France's—you,

Well I know, will take your turn!

Change the name, or change the game!

Still the blood you boast's the same!"

Yours perhaps it may not be

Death on battle-fields to dare;

Lo, another shade I see

By the *Iron Duke* stand there!

"Judge ye, then, if ye be fit

Sons of me, the *Younger Pitt*!