

QUO VADIMUS.

(A free translation of verses found on the body of
an unknown German soldier.)

Sing of the glory of battle,
Praise ye the pride of war,
The blood of the millions fallen,
The ruin of millions more.

Sing of the courage our heroes
Show each stricken field,
In the glory of king and country
Death reapeth a bountiful yield

Sing of the honours that pay them
For the chances they took with a smile;
Are the medals and crosses of iron
Really the things worth while?

Many rewards hath the battle
For the man who fights as he should,
But death knoweth no distinction
When awarding the cross of wood.

Hero or coward, he gains it
Who giveth his life in the fight.
Ah! See in the fields of Flanders
How they paint the greensward white.

Can a man have heart in the fighting
When his children are starving behind?
Surely we're reaping the whirlwind,
We who have sown the wind.

Babes of the mothers of Belgium,
Slain in our drunken pride,
Babes of the Lusitania,
Sobbing beneath the tide.