

The Road to Arras

A LONG the road to Arras we were swinging
through the gloom
Ere the morning stars grew pale to greet the
light,
And the dawn-mist wrapped the valley in the
silence of the tomb,
And the road before our eyes lay long and white.
We were gray with dust and weary; we were
hungry, worn and parched,
And from our lagging steps the spring had gone,
But our hearts were strong and singing as along
the road we marched—
Along the road to Arras in the dawn.

Never breath of wind was stirring through the
towering poplar tops,
Never sound save our own footsteps crunching by
Till we reached the last grey hilltop where the
roadway turns and drops,
As the first dim ray of daylight flushed the sky;
Then a lark's song broke the stillness with a
joyous melody,
Till its little throat seemed bursting with its lay,
And a breeze blew up the valley, laden sweet and
heavily
With the perfume of the flowers along the way.