

The Noble Army of Martyrs Praise Thee

They lie, whom love had found so fair,
Each mouldering heap some mother's care;
Life called; they answered; they lie there,
In No Man's Land.

Who cries: "The day of dreams is fled,
The vision vanished, all is sped"?
Turn thou, and look upon our dead,
In No Man's Land.

What brought these here who huddled lie
In shapeless heaps beneath the sky,
From all the world called here—to die
In No Man's Land.

The eternal dream that lives in man,
Despised, contemned, still leads the van,
To find, how oft, since Time began,
Its No Man's Land

From age to age, adown the vast
Long vistas of the storied past,
The martyr dead their ranks have massed
In No Man's Land.

Patriot and poet, seer and sage,
The foremost files of every age,
Found, as a certain heritage,
Their No Man's Land.

Ye shadowy hosts, so faithful found,
See! moving softly, with no sound,
Your latest legion takes its ground
In No Man's Land.