


WAR

I can feel the modern thunder
Of the cannon beat and blaze,
When the lines of men go under
On your proudest battle-days ;
Through the roar I hear the lifting
Of the bloody chorus drifting
Round the burning mill at Valmy—
Marseillaise !

I can see the ocean rippled
With the driving shot like rain,
While the hulls are crushed and crippled,
And the guns are piled with slain ;
O'er the blackened broad sea-meadow
Drifts a tall and titan shadow,
And the cannon of Trafalgar
Startle Spain.



Still the tides of fight are booming,
And the barren blood is spilt ;
Still the banners are up-looming,
And the hands are on the hilt ;
But the old world waxes wiser,
From behind the bolted visor
It descries at last the horror
And the guilt.