

## 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.