

And he who has taken a mortal hurt in the
strenuous battle of life,
Let him creep away from the dust and din,
from the arduous toil and strife,

Let him go as a wounded animal goes, alone,
and with glazing eye,
To the depths of the silent fastnesses, in silence
there to die.

For the prow of the ship rides high and free
that baffles the savage gales,
And the wind and rain is a requiem for the
wreck of the ship that fails.