

L'ENVOI

*And once again I seek Hill Sixty-seven,
The Hun lines grey and peaceful in my sight;
When suddenly the rosy air is riven—
A "coal-box" blots the boyou on my right.
Or else to evil Carnoy I am stealing,
Past sentinels who hail with bated breath;
Where not a cigarette spark's dim revealing
May hint our mission in that zone of death.*

*I see across the shrapnel-seeded meadows
The jagged rubble-heap of La Boisselle;
Blood-guilty Fricourt brooding in the shadows,
And Thiépal's château empty as a shell.
Down Albert's riven streets the moon is leering;
The hanging Virgin takes its bitter ray;
And all the road from Hamel I am hearing
The silver rage of bugles over Bray.*

*Once more within the sky's deep sapphire hollow
I see a swimming Taube, a fairy thing;
I watch the angry shell flame flash and follow
In feather puffs that flick a tilted wing;
And then it fades, with shrapnel mirror's flash-
ing;
The flashes bloom to blossoms lily gold;
The batteries are rancorously crashing,
And life is just as full as it can hold.*