
Lest in the shock of battling days
I lose my will and go with them :
Do not my violent wish condemn ;
Beat down my soul to suit thy ways !

High Duty, calling some to die,
Thou givest unto them a name,
Thy noblest ; to the end their fame,
Their deeds, endure, bright for ay :

Oh, set our wills to mate with them
In stirring conflict undismayed,
By such high purpose kept and stayed
They will not in the end condemn.