

THE DEFEATED

CHEER if you will the brave deed done, with laurels the victor crown,
But keep one leaf of your wreath of bay for the men who lost and are down—
For the fight in vain, for the cankered grain that in blood and tears was sown.

Honour the strong of heart and hand, the sure of will and of sight,
But what of the stumbling feet, the eyes that strain in vain for light?
Is there no gain for the tears and pain of the men who fell in the fight?

Beaten—baffled—with standards lost—knowing no rallying cry,
Struggling still, but with failing strength, while stronger men pass by:—
Keep ye your bays; I give my praise to the men who lose and die.