

XV

TO THE BRITISH SLAIN

WE mourn thy loss, O sons of Albion,
The ensanguined shreds of war borne on
the wind

Have stained our cheeks with tears, and eyes are
blind

With grief; we see thy manhood's gracious dawn
Snatched back into the night, thy mighty brawn
Become the prey of Death, whose red dews bind
Thy fearless eyes. Within our hearts enshrined
Thy names shall live till stars are all withdrawn.
Ye hurled into the battle at the cries
Of sister nation bleeding neath her wrongs;
Mocking laughter rang through alien skies—
For answer came the thunder peal of Mons.
O, ye heroes, Europe sown with thee
Shall flame to heaven her harvest—Liberty!

A. M. W.