

WOUNDED

Well, that's the charge, and now I'm here alone.

I've built a little wall of Hun on Hun;
To shield me from the leaden bees that drone;

(It saves me worry, and it hurts 'em none.)

The only thing I'm wondering is when

Some stretcher-men will stroll along my way?
It isn't much that's left of me, but then

Where life is, hope is, so at least they say.
Well, if I'm spared I'll be the happy lad,

I tell you I won't envy any king.
I've stood the racket, and I'm proud and glad;
I've had my crowning hour. Oh, War's the
thing!

It gives us common, working chaps our chance,
A taste of glory, chivalry, romance.

Ay, War, they say, is hell; it's heaven, too.

It lets a man discover what he's worth.

It takes his measure, shows what he can do,

Gives him a joy like nothing else on earth.

It fans in him a flame that otherwise

Would flicker out, these drab and sordid
days;

It teaches him in pain and sacrifice

Faith, fortitude, grim courage past all praise.