

THE MEN BEHIND THE GUNS.

A Simple Song for Decoration Day.

Oh, had I Homer's gift to sing
The Iliad of a later day,
I would not tune my voice for them
Who drank delight from bloodiest fray.

For those who fought for Freedom's cause
And falling died without renown:—
For those I sing a simple song
And weave a plaintive lyric crown.

Not theirs to lead the martial line
Or watch the fearful forces rock:
But theirs to form the weltering ranks,
And meet the battle's sanguine shock.

They fell when young and full of Hope
That Lust and Strife might cease:
They dared to die when Life was sweet,
To bring to earth the fruits of Peace.