

Margaret Hilda Wise

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THE ANGELS AT MONS

THE silent legions of the Lord
Came riding by—
The blinding flash of the flaming Sword,
Under the flaming sky.

A handful passed from the jaws of death,
And stumbled by,
But a host was quelled by a fiery Breath,
Under the flaming sky.

THE HEROES OF GALLIPOLI

NO epitaph is theirs—yet need they none;
But in some future time their flag unfurled,
Shall float above them, and a British sun
Shall warm this newest corner of its world;
And comrades' cheers with British bugles blent—
This, this shall be their greatest monument!

THE TWO TRANSPORTS

IDREAMT I saw a ship go by,
A ship go by—
With cheering men and flags a-fly.
It made me sigh—
And you know why, and I know why.

I dreamt I saw a ship go by,
A ship go by—
Come in from sea so silently;
And this time I did more than sigh—
And you know why, and I know why.