

I heard of their long, hot marches,
Their fights with the ambushed foe
Who crouched in his rock-built fortress
And smote on the ranks below.

And then when the Death passed over,
The peoples had ceased to slay,
When the few who had dared an Empire
Were broken and swept away;

I joyed in my children's triumph
As homeward they came in pride;
I gave for the living welcome
But tears for the ones who died.

I weep for the ones who come not,
Whose faces in vain I seek,
Who sleep by the blood-stained Modder,
Or hard-by the snow-capped peak.

But whether they met in battle
The death that was quick and hard;
Or whether they writhed in fever
And died in the long, white ward,

And whether in sodden trenches
Or confined and sheeted bed,
They lie in their dreamless slumber,
My faithful, my forfeit dead;

This, this is my boast and solace
That the Lion's whelps were brave;
That the sons I sent were worthy
As the best the Old Land gave.

For this is their New Land's glory,
And thus for their Old Love's sign
They swing to their place appointed
Close rank in the long-drawn line,