

## A SONG OF THE VANQUISHED

WHEN the standard falls where the foe assails—  
The flag we held at our life-blood's cost ;  
When the night prevails, and the last star fails,  
And the cry goes up that the field is lost ;  
When we pass from the fight that was fought in vain  
To the jeers of those that we fought it for,  
With an inner wound, and a bitter pain,  
And a stifled groan, at the heart's deep core ;  
When the cause we trusted as heaven's indeed  
Has fallen and failed like the hopes of men,  
And Truth seems a riddle that none may read—  
What comfort then ?

Why, then we think of the men who fought,  
And failed, and fell, in the days long dead,  
Whose light, like ours, through a cloud was sought,  
Who had hearts as reckless and wounds as red.  
And we snatch a hope from our last despair,  
And shout in defeat as the victors do ;  
We can live and bear, we can do and dare,  
Be the storm above or the cloudless blue.  
Like the hero of old we are unperplexed :  
“ We just lie down ” with our loss and pain,  
And bleed for an hour, and are up the next  
To fight again !

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