

The Message

*(Written by a young lieutenant to his wife a few weeks before he
was killed in France.)*

WHAT shall I bring you, wife of mine,
When I come back from the war,
A ribbon your dear brown hair to twine,
A shawl from a Berlin store?
Say, shall I choose some Prussian knack,
When the Uhlans we overwhelm;
Shall I bring you a Potsdam goblet back
And a crest from a Prince's helm?

Little you'd care what I lay at your feet,
Ribbon or crest or shawl,
What if I bring you nothing, sweet,
Nor maybe come home at all?
Ah, but you'll know, brave heart, you'll know,
Two things I've kept to send—
Mine honor for which you bade me go
And my love—my love to the end.