

OVER THE LINE

ONLY a shadowy, slender thread
Running to God knows where,
Caught on the cross-arm overhead,
Shining like silver there,
Stretching as far as the eye can see,
Tiny and taut and fine—
Oh, but the things that come to me
Over the line :

Word of the foe in a wild retreat ;
Victory won and lost ;
Triumph, close-snatched from a black defeat—
Tales of the red, sad cost—
Stories of grim, gaunt men at bay,
Speeding with wings divine,
Tell all the world how they fought that day—
Over the line.

Only a slender thread, it sings
Ever its cheery song,
Thrilling and throbbing with wondrous things,
Passing the word along,
Spreading the news on a swifter wing
Bringing the longed for sign—
Victory lives in the words that ring
Over the line.