


OUR DEAD

 UR dead, they are ours and the Empire's
Till the last red sun doth set—
And may God, in His terrible justice, deal with us,
If we forget.

Till that which we sent them to die for,
Till that dread struggle be won;
Though the traitor and idiot cry out for peace,
There can be none.

We are either on God's side or evil's,
We are either perjured or true—
And that, which we set out to do in the first place,
That must we do.

If we lie now unto our highest,
Prove traitorous unto our best,
And soften the hand, which set out to conquer
At God's behest;

If we fail in our vows in the slightest,
Our pride to dishonour is thrall—
For we stand to win all in this conflict—
Or else lose all.

There are many side-roads to oblivion,
But only one straight to the dawn—
And thrusting aside all paltering, faltering thought,
We must push on.

Not fearing, nor doubting, nor halting,
But iron-souled, centred as one
On the one grim work in this war-gripped world,
Which must be done.

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