

But when the signal rockets flare
He strains his eyes the void to scan ;
When sounds of battle fill the air
In face of death he plays the man.

He stays where duty bids him stay,
The boldest when he fears the most ;
And Rounds, come whensoever they may,
Find him alert and at his post.

Unnumbered now the moments fly
By him whose thoughts are set upon
Each moment's task. The eastern sky
Brightens with dawn. The night is gone.

And hark, at last he grows aware
Of footsteps his release that tell.
Clear rings his challenge, "Who goes there?"
"Relief!" "Advance, Relief, all's well!"

1913.