

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

We had made and hidden away such a safe, warm nest;
Oh, gallant lover of mine, oh, man of men,
We shall not find any such port or haven of rest
From the world storm again.

Where now are the wandering feet and errant heart?
By what far seas, in what desert places vast.
Surely the night will o'ertake us two apart,
And we be lost at the last.

Bitter the scourge of greed and the waste of war,
Sundering lovers and friends, but bitterer yet
Are the alien faces that crowd on thine, and the scar
That burns, lest I forget.

Then let it burn, let it blaze, since it must in a soul
Not born to the lust of gold or the lure of the eye;
Let it wax with the years and return as the seasons roll,
Like a god who will not die.

Fall down dull, leaden tears in the empty nest,
Lose count, oh heart, of the heavy nights and days,
But the lips that were laid to his sword be accounted blest,
Keeping the faith always.