

COMRADES

O MIGHTY men of England
Who sleep on land and sea,
How swiftly you would join our ranks
If Death could set you free!

How gladly would they greet you,
The young—the brave—the gay,—
If you came from your long-sealed graves,
To march with them to-day.

O you would know each other,—
And meet as friend, with friend,—
And fight, and smile, and jest at Death,
Until the battles end!