

## An Allegory

The fight was over, and the battle won  
A soldier, who beneath his chieftain's eye  
Had done a might deed and done it well,  
And done it as the world will have it done—  
A stab, a curse, some quick play of the butt,  
Two skulls cracked crosswise, but the colours saved—  
Proud of his wounds, proud of the promised cross,  
Turned to his rear-rank man, who on his gun

Leant heavily apart. 'Ho, friend!' he called,  
'You did not fight then: were you left behind?  
I saw you not.' The other turned and showed  
A gapping, red-lipped wound upon his breast.  
'Ah,' said he sadly, 'I was in the smoke!  
Threw up his arms, shivered, and fell and died.