

'a Hero'

Sept. 1914

He was so foolish, the poor lad,
He made superior people smile
Who knew not of the wings he had
Budding, growing all the while;
Not that the laurel wreath was made
Already for his curly head.

Silly schoolboys in his ways;
They said "His future comes to naught."
His future! in the dreadful days
When in a toil his feet were caught.
He hacked his way to glory high,
Before his day went down in night.

It matters little how we live
So long as we may greatly die,
Fashioned for great things, & figures
One dullness in the days gone by.
Now story wraps you like a cloak
From us, O all such common folk

K. T. Shaw