"Oh! who would fight?"

"OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT."

Oh! who would fight and march and countermarch, Be shot for sixpence in a battle-field, And shovell'd up into some bloody trench Where no one knows? but let me live my life.

Oh! who would cast and balance at a desk, Perch'd like a crow upon a three-legg'd stool, Till all his juice is dried, and all his joints Are full of chalk? but let me live my life.

Who'd serve the state? for if I carved my name Upon the cliffs that guard my native land, I might as well have traced it in the sands; The sea wastes all: but let me live my life.

Oh! who would love? I woo'd a woman once, But she was sharper than an eastern wind, And all my heart turn'd from her, as a thorn Turns from the sea: but let me live my life.

OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT AND MARCH.

W. G. CUSINS.



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(1)

OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT AND MARCH.



(2)

OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT AND MARCH.



OH! WHO WOULD FIGHT AND MARCH.









(4)