

Kitchener, George Orwell

Kitchener

No stone is set to mark his nation's loss
No stately tomb enshrines his noble breast;
Not e'en the tribute of a wooden cross
Can mark his hero's rest.

He needs them not, his name untarnished stands,
Remindful of the mighty deeds he worked,
Footprints of one, upon time's changeful sands,
Who ne'er his duty shirked.

Who follows in his steps no danger shuns,
Nor stoops to conquer by shameful deed,
An honest and and unselfish race he runs,
From fear and malice freed.

1916

THE END