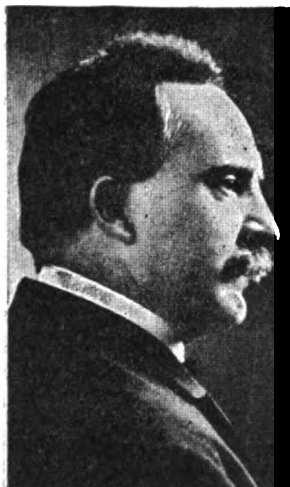


In The Fight.



Inscribed to Clarence S. Darrow.

By Dr. John Byers Wilson.



No laurel wreath e'er falls upon
The cringin', coward looker-on;
On none but those who boldly don
Their armor bright,
And fired by valor, backed by brawn,
Rush in the fight.

With duty aye their first regard,
The joys o' service their reward,
They firmly stand the right to guard,
And press the foe;
Nor budge nor yield, however hard
The thrust or blow.

To dare the public's frown and hate,
To stand for virtue in the state,
To champion truth what'er thy fate,
And faults forgive,
'Tis this that makes the humblest great,
The dead to live.

What tho' the scowling bigot sneer,
The purse-proud, narrow-minded jeer,
And creed and custom count him queer,
His soul's his own;
No craven he to shrink or fear,
He fights alone.,

Alone he nears the shining goal
Where high inscribed on Honor's scroll,
The deeds of the undaunted soul
Are blazing bright;
For they whose names the fates enroll,
Come thro' the fight.

Or else, in Freedom's holy name
They fall; or unsubdued, proclaim
From dungeon dim the tyrant's shame,—
The truth 'gainst error;
Ah! ne'er hath cannon, sword or flame
Had half the terror.

To lift the lowly to the height,
To lead in thickest of the fight,
To stand, blood-dripping in thy might,
In battle gory;
To live or die for human right,
Aye, there's the glory.