

# War Is Kind

By Stephen Crane

Do not weep, maiden, for war is kind.  
Because your lover threw wild hands toward the sky  
And the affrighted steed ran on alone,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Hoarse, booming drums of the regiment  
Little souls who thirst for fight,  
These men were born to drill and die  
The unexplained glory flies above them  
Great is the battle-god, great, and his kingdom  
A field where a thousand corpses lie.

Do not weep, babe, for war is kind.  
Because your father tumbled in the yellow trenches,  
Raged at his breast, gulped and died,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.

Swift, blazing flag of the regiment  
Eagle with crest of red and gold,  
These men were born to drill and die  
Point for them the virtue of slaughter  
Make plain to them the excellence of killing  
And a field where a thousand corpses lie.

Mother whose heart hung humble as a button  
On the bright splendid shroud of your son,  
Do not weep.  
War is kind.