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I Have a Rendezvous with Death

Replying to N. A.:—All we know about Alan Seeger is that he was an American, who gave his life to France, being killed in battle, says B. L. T., in the Chicago Tribune. His verses, "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," if not the finest that the war has evoked, are to us the most haunting. They may be worth printing again:—

(Alan Seeger.)

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade
When spring comes round with rustling shade
And apple blossoms fill the air.
I have a rendezvous with Death
When spring brings back blue days and
fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into this dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath;
It may be I shall pass him, still,

I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow flowers appear.
God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear.
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.