

# Pippa Passes—1940

Betty Bice

The year's at the spring—  
(The world's at war.)  
The lark's on the wing—  
(The bomb planes soar.)  
Morning's at seven—  
(At dawn a nation fell.)  
God's in his heaven—  
(And men in their own hell.)

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## The Hero

Dick McCarthy

Johnny Downs wanted to be a hero;  
So he practiced for a hero's role—  
Thrust sharp jabs at a burlap bag  
With the bright steel of his bayonet;  
Fired endless rounds at the black orb  
On the official fifty-meter target;  
Marched long miles under a full pack,  
And marched and turned and wheeled  
Until he became lean and hard and quick,  
And poised for battle.

Then he was ready.

Johnny Downs was gloriously slain  
By a precise mathematical formula  
Scientifically applied to a long-range gun  
By a stoop-shouldered technician  
Twenty miles behind the lines.