**The Man He Killed by Thomas Hardy**

Had he and I but met   
By some old ancient inn,   
We should have set us down to wet   
Right many a nipperkin!   
  
But ranged as infantry,   
And staring face to face,   
I shot at him as he at me,   
And killed him in his place.   
  
I shot him dead because--   
Because he was my foe,   
Just so: my foe of course he was;   
That's clear enough; although   
  
He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,   
Off-hand like--just as I--   
Was out of work--had sold his traps--   
No other reason why.   
  
Yes; quaint and curious war is!   
You shoot a fellow down   
You'd treat, if met where any bar is,   
Or help to half a crown.