

Poetic "high diction" before the war:

A friend is a	<i>comrade</i>
Friendship is	<i>comradeship, or fellowship</i>
A horse is a	<i>steed, or charger</i>
The enemy is	<i>the foe, or the host</i>
Danger is	<i>peril</i>
To conquer is to	<i>vanquish</i>
To attack is to	<i>assail</i>
To be earnestly brave is to be	<i>gallant</i>
To be cheerfully brave is to be	<i>plucky</i>
To be stolidly brave is to be	<i>staunch</i>
Bravery considered after the fact is	<i>valor</i>
The dead on the battlefield are	<i>the fallen</i>
To be nobly enthusiastic is to be	<i>ardent</i>
To be unpretentiously enthusiastic is to be	<i>keen</i>
The front is	<i>the field</i>
Obedient soldiers are	<i>the brave</i>
Warfare is	<i>strife</i>
Actions are	<i>deeds</i>
To die is to	<i>perish</i>
To show cowardice is to	<i>swerve</i>
The draft-notice is	<i>the summons</i>
To enlist is to	<i>join the colors</i>
Cowardice results in	<i>dishonor</i>
Not to complain is to be	<i>manly</i>
To move quickly is to be	<i>swift</i>
Nothing is	<i>naught</i>
Nothing but is	<i>naught, save</i>
To win is to	<i>conquer</i>
One's chest is one's	<i>breast</i>
Sleep is	<i>slumber</i>
The objective of an attack is	<i>the goal</i>
A soldier is a	<i>warrior</i>
One's death is one's	<i>fate</i>
The sky is	<i>the heavens</i>
Things that glow or shine are	<i>radiant</i>
The army as a whole is	<i>the legion</i>
What is contemptible is	<i>base</i>
The legs and arms of young men are	<i>limbs</i>
Dead bodies constitute	<i>ashes, or dust</i>
The blood of young men is	<i>"the red/Sweet wine of youth"—R. Brooke.</i>