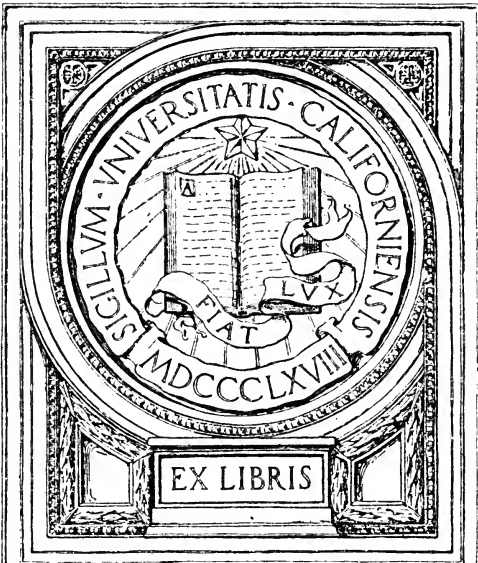


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THE COUNTRY'S CALL

A Short Selection of Patriotic Verse

CHOSEN AND EDITED BY

E. B. AND MARIE SARGANT

UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON.

1915

Price Twopence

11526
223

PREFACE

THIS short selection of patriotic verse has been prepared for the Victoria League at a time when the thoughts of all British subjects must inevitably turn, on the one hand to their unforgettable history, and on the other to the still only partly discerned future of the Empire. To none, as to our poets, has it been given to weld together these diverse thoughts in one eager, undying flame of patriotism.

E. B. SARGANT.
MARIE SARGANT.

Victoria League,
Millbank House, 2 Wood Street,
Westminster, S.W.

NOTE OF ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Editors tender their grateful thanks to the following authors who have been so good as to allow the inclusion of copyright poems :—

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RUDYARD KIPLING.
HENRY NEWBOLT.²

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LIONEL JOHNSON (Mr. Elkin Mathews).
BRUNTON STEPHENS (Messrs. Angus and Robertson).⁴
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (Messrs. Chatto and Windus).
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE (The Executors of the late Mr. Watts-Dunton).

¹ Poem from *The Times* of August 20th, 1914.

² Two Poems from "Poems: New and Old," published by Mr. John Murray, London, 1912.

³ Poem from "Edmund Garrett: A Memoir," by E. T. Cook.

⁴ Poem from "The Poetical Works of Brunton Stephens," Sydney, 1912.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL :

A SHORT SELECTION OF PATRIOTIC VERSE

THIS DEAR, DEAR LAND.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war ;
This happy breed of men, this little world ;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall,
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands ;
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this
England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
Fear'd by their breed and famous by their birth,
Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
For Christian service and true chivalry,
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry,
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son :
This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land.

SHAKESPEARE.

GOING TO THE WARS.

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL :

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first foe in the field,
 And with a stronger faith embrace
 A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
 As you too shall adore :
 I could not love thee, Dear, so much
 Loved I not Honour more.

LOVELACE.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL.

Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
 And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
 And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
 And Worcester's laureat wreath ; yet much
 remains

To conquer still ; peace hath her victories
 No less renowned than war : new foes arise,
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains :
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw
 Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

MILTON.

BANNOCKBURN.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
 Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;
 See the front o' battle lower ;
 See approach proud Edward's pow'r—
 Edward ! chains and slaverie !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
 Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
 Wha sae base as be a slave ?
 Traitor ! coward ! turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's King and law
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa' ?
 Caledonian ! on wi' me !

By oppression's woes and pains !
 By your sons in servile chains !
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they *shall* be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
 Tyrants fall in every foe !
 Liberty's in every blow !
 Forward ! let us do, or die !

BURNS.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 The birthplace of valour, the country of worth ;
 Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
 The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

B 2

Farewell to the mountains high covered with
 snow ;
 Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
 Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
 Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
 A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
 BURNS.

RULE BRITANNIA.

When Britain first at Heaven's command
 Arose from out the azure main,
 This was the charter of her land,
 And guardian angels sung the strain :
 Rule Britannia ! Britannia rule the waves !
 Britons never shall be slaves.

The nations, not so blest as thee,
 Must, in their turn, to tyrants fall,
 Whilst thou shalt flourish, great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to hurl thee down
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous flame,
 And work their woe—but thy renown ;
 Rule Britannia, &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore encircle thine :
 Rule Britannia, &c.

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest isle ! with matchless beauty crowned
 And manly hearts to guard the fair :
 Rule Britannia, &c.
 THOMSON.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

I.

Ye Mariners of England
 That guard our native seas,
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze—
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe !
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow,—
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

II.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave !
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave.
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell

Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow,—
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

III.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep ;
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak
 She quells the floods below,
 As they roar on the shore
 When the stormy winds do blow,—
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

IV.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn,
 Till danger's troubled night depart
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow,—
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
 The main-mast by the board ;
 My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
 And love well stored,

Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
 The roaring winds, the raging sea,
 In hopes on shore
 To be once more
 Safe moored with thee !

Aloft while mountains high we go,
 The whistling winds that scud along,
 And surges roaring from below,
 Shall my signal be,
 To think on thee,
 And this shall be my song ;
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night when all the crew
 The memory of their former lives
 O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
 And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
 I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee ;
 And as the ship rolls through the sea,
 The burden of my song shall be—
 Blow high, blow low, &c.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

HEARTS OF OAK.

Come, cheer up, my lads ! 'tis to glory we steer
 To add something more to this wonderful year ;
 To honour we call you, not press you like slaves ;
 For who are so free as the sons of the waves ?
 Hearts of oak are our ships,
 Hearts of oak are our men,
 We always are ready ;
 Steady, boys, steady !
 We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

We ne'er see our foes but we wish them to stay,
 They never see us but they wish us away ;
 If they run, why, we follow, or run them ashore ;
 For if they won't fight us we cannot do more.

Hearts of oak, &c.

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes !
 They frighten our women, our children and beaux ;
 But should their flat bottoms in darkness get o'er,
 Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.

Hearts of oak, &c.

Britannia triumphant, her ships sweep the sea ;
 Her standard is Justice—her watchword, " Be
 free."

Then cheer up, my lads ! with one heart let us
 sing,

" Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and
 king."

Hearts of oak, &c.

GARRICK.

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there ; one is of the Sea,
 One of the Mountains ; each a mighty Voice :
 In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but has vainly
 striven :
 Thou from thine Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-souled Maid, what sorrow would it be
 That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

WORDSWORTH.

“ IT IS NOT TO BE THOUGHT OF.”

It is not to be thought of that the Flood
 Of British freedom, which, to the open sea
 Of the world's praise, from dark antiquity
 Hath flowed, “with pomp of waters, un-
 withstood,”

Roused though it be full often to a mood
 Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
 That this most famous Stream in bogs and sands
 Should perish ; and to evil and to good
 Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
 Armoury of the invincible Knights of old :
 We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals
 hold

Which Milton held.—In everything we are sprung
 Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

WORDSWORTH.

CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy Warrior ? Who is he
 That every man in arms should wish to be ?
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :

Whose high endeavours are an inward light
That makes the path before him always bright :
Who, with a natural instinct to discern
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn ;
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,
But makes his moral being his prime care ;
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train !
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;
Is placable—because occasions rise
So often that demand such sacrifice ;
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,
As tempted more ; more able to endure,
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still
To evil for a guard against worse ill,
And what in quality or act is best
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,
He labours good on good to fix, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows :
—Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means ; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire ;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim ;
And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state ;

Whom they must follow ; on whose head must
fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come at all :
Whose powers shed round him in the common
strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace ;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a Lover ; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a Man inspired ;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw ;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need :
—He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes ;
Sweet images ! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart ; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve ;
More brave for this, that he hath much to
love :—

'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye,
Or left unthought-of in obscurity,—
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not—
Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won :
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray ;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast :

Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
 For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
 Or he must fall, to sleep without his fame,
 And leave a dead unprofitable name—
 Finds comfort in himself and in his cause ;
 And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause
 This is the happy Warrior ; this is He
 That every Man in arms should wish to be.

WORDSWORTH.

IRELAND'S VOICE.

A nation's voice, a nation's voice—
 It is a solemn thing !
 It bids the bondage-sick rejoice—
 'Tis stronger than a king.
 'Tis like the light of many stars,
 The sound of many waves ;
 Which brightly look through prison bars
 And sweetly sound in caves.
 Yet is it noblest, godliest known,
 When righteous triumph swells its tone.

A nation's flag, a nation's flag—
 If wickedly unrolled,
 May foes in adverse battle drag
 Its every fold from fold.
 But in the cause of Liberty,
 Guard it 'gainst Earth and Hell ;
 Guard it till Death or Victory—
 Look you, you guard it well !
 No saint or king has tomb so proud
 As he whose flag becomes his shroud.

A nation's right, a nation's right—
 God gave it, and gave, too,
 A nation's sword, a nation's might,
 Danger to guard it through.
 'Tis freedom from a foreign yoke,
 'Tis just and equal laws,
 Which deal unto the humblest folk
 As in a noble's cause.
 On nations fixed in right and truth
 God would bestow eternal youth.

May Ireland's voice be ever heard
 Amid the world's applause!
 And never be her flag-staff stirred
 But in an honest cause!
 May freedom be her very breath,
 Be justice ever dear;
 And never an ennobled death
 May son of Ireland fear!
 So the Lord God will ever smile,
 With guardian grace, upon our isle.

THOMAS OSBORNE DAVIS.

ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the Chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of Thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL :

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

BYRON.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT
 AVAILETH.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been, things remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
 It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
 Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
 And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
 Seem here no painful inch to gain,
 Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
 Comes silent, flooding in, the main ;

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light ;
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA.

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-
west died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into
Cadiz Bay ;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar
lay ;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned
Gibraltar grand and gray ;
“ Here and here did England help me : how can
I help England ? ”—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to
praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over
Africa.

ROBERT BROWNING.

SOLDIERS ALL.

Thronging through the cloud-rift, whose are they,
the faces
Faint revealed yet sure divined, the famous ones
of old ?
“ What ”—they smile—“ our names, our deeds, so
soon erases
Time upon his tablet where Life's glory lies
enrolled ?
“ Was it for mere fool's-play, make-believe and
mumming,
So we battled it like men, not boylike sulked or
whined ?
Each of us heard clang God's ' Come ! ' and each
was coming :
Soldiers all, to forward-face, not sneaks to lag
behind !

“ How of the field's fortune ? That concern'd
 our Leader !
 Led, we struck our stroke nor cared for doings
 left and right :
 Each as on his sole head, failer or succeeder,
 Lay the blame or lit the praise : no care for
 cowards : fight ! ”

Then the cloud-rift broadens, spanning earth that's
 under,
 Wide our world displays its worth, man's strife
 and strife's success :
 All the good and beauty, wonder crowning wonder,
 Till my heart and soul applaud perfection,
 nothing less.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE LAST THREE FROM TRAFALGAR.

In grappled ships around The Victory,
 Three boys did England's Duty with stout
 cheer,
 While one dread truth was kept from every ear,
 More dire than deafening fire that churned the sea :
 For in the flag-ship's weltering cockpit, he
 Who was the Battle's Heart without a peer,
 He who had seen all fearful sights save Fear,
 Was passing from all life save Victory.
 And round the old memorial board to-day,
 Three greybeards—each a warworn British Tar—
 View through the mist of years that hour afar :
 Who soon shall greet, 'mid memories of fierce fray,
 The impassioned soul which on its radiant way
 Soared through the fiery cloud of Trafalgar.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

ENGLAND.

England, queen of the waves, whose green inviolate
 girdle enrings thee round,
 Mother fair as the morning, where is now the place
 of thy foemen found ?
 Still the sea that salutes us free proclaims them
 stricken, acclaims thee crowned.
 Times may change, and the skies grow strange with
 signs of treason and fraud and fear :
 Foes in union of strange communion may rise
 against thee from far and near :
 Sloth and greed on thy strength may feed as cankers
 waxing from year to year.

Yet, though treason and fierce unreason should
 league and lie and defame and smite,
 We that know thee, how far below thee the hatred
 burns of the sons of night,
 We that love thee, behold above thee the witness
 written of life in light.

Life that shines from thee shows forth signs that
 none may read not but eyeless foes :
 Hate, born blind, in his abject mind grows hopeful
 now but as madness grows :
 Love, born wise, with exultant eyes adores thy
 glory, beholds and glows.
 Truth is in thee, and none may win thee to lie,
 forsaking the face of truth :
 Freedom lives by the grace she gives thee, born
 again from thy deathless youth :
 Faith should fail, and the world turn pale, wert
 thou the prey of the serpent's tooth.

Greed and fraud, unabashed, unawed, may strive
 to sting thee at heel in vain ;
 Craft and fear and mistrust may leer and mourn
 and murmur and plead and plain :
 Thou art thou : and thy sunbright brow is hers
 that blasted the strength of Spain.

Mother, mother beloved, none other could claim
 in place of thee England's place :
 Earth bears none that beholds the sun so pure of
 record, so clothed with grace :
 Dear our mother, nor son nor brother is thine, as
 strong or as fair of face,
 How shalt thou be abased ? or how shall fear take
 hold of thy heart ? of thine,
 England, maiden immortal, laden with charge of
 life and with hopes divine ?
 Earth shall wither, when eyes turned hither behold
 not light in her darkness shine.

England, none that is born thy son, and lives, by
 grace of thy glory, free,
 Lives and yearns not at heart and burns with hope
 to serve as he worships thee ;
 None may sing thee : the sea-wind's wing beats
 down our songs as it hails the sea.

SWINBURNE.

AUSTRALIAN ANTHEM.

Maker of earth and sea,
 What shall we render Thee ?
 All things are Thine !
 Ours but from day to day
 Still with one heart we pray,
 " God bless our land always,"
 This land of Thine.

Mighty in brotherhood,
Mighty for God and good,
Let us be Thine.
Here let the nations see
Toil from the curse set free,
Labour and Liberty
One cause—and Thine.

Here let glad Plenty reign ;
Here let none seek in vain
Our help and Thine—
No heart for want of friend
Fail ere the timely end,
But love for ever blend
Man's cause and Thine.

Here let Thy peace abide ;
Never may strife divide
This land of Thine.
Let us united stand,
One great Australian band,
Heart to heart, hand in hand,
Heart and hand Thine.

Strong to defend our right,
Proud in all nations' sight,
Lowly in Thine—
One in all noble fame,
Still be our path the same,
Onward in Freedom's name,
Upward in Thine.

BRUNTON STEPHENS.

THE TOOLS OF GOD.

It is not yours, O mother, to complain,
Not, mother, yours to weep,
Though nevermore your son again
Shall to your bosom creep,
Though nevermore again you watch your baby
sleep.

Though in the greener paths of earth,
Mother and child, no more
We wander ; and no more the birth
Of me, whom once you bore,
Seems still the brave reward that once it seemed
of yore ;

Though as all passes, day and night,
The seasons and the years,
From you, O mother, this delight,
This also disappears—
Some profit yet survives of all your pangs and
tears.

The child, the seed, the grain of corn,
The acorn on the hill,
Each for some separate end is born
In season fit, and still
Each must in strength arise to work the almighty
will.

So from the hearth the children flee,
By that almighty hand
Austerely led ; so one by sea
Goes forth, and one by land ;
Nor aught of all man's sons escapes from that
command.

So from the sally each obeys
 The unseen almighty nod ;
 So till the ending all their ways
 Blindfolded loth have trod ;
 Nor knew their task at all, but were the tools of
 God.

And as the fervent smith of yore
 Beat out the glowing blade,
 Nor wielded in the front of war
 The weapons that he made,
 But in the tower at home still plied his ringing
 trade ;

So like a sword the son shall roam
 On nobler missions sent ;
 And as the smith remained at home
 In peaceful turret pent,
 So sits the while the mother well content.

R. L. STEVENSON.

BIVOUAC ON A MOUNTAIN SIDE.

I see before me now a travelling army halting,
 Below a fertile valley spread, with barns and the
 orchards of summer,
 Behind, the terraced sides of a mountain, abrupt,
 in places rising high,
 Broken, with rocks, with clinging cedars, with
 tall shapes dingily seen,
 The numerous camp-fires scatter'd near and far,
 some away up on the mountain,
 The shadowy forms of men and horses, looming,
 large-sized, flickering,
 And over all the sky—the sky! far, far out of
 reach, studded, breaking out, the eternal stars.

WALT WHITMAN.

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS.

What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
 What of the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye
 Who watch us stepping by,
 With doubt and dolorous sigh ?
 Can much pondering so hoodwink you !
 Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
 Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see—
 Dalliers as they be !—
 England's need are we ;
 Her distress would set us rueing :
 Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see !

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,
 March we to the field ungrieving,
 In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
 To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
 Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away.

THOMAS HARDY.

WHAT THE BULLET SANG.

O Joy of creation
 To be !
 O rapture to fly
 And be free !
 Be the battle lost or won,
 Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
 I shall find my love—the one
 Born for me !
 I shall know him where he stands,
 All alone,
 With the power in his hands
 Not o'erthrown ;
 I shall know him by his face,
 By his god-like front and grace ;
 I shall hold him for a space
 All my own !
 It is he—O my love !
 So bold !
 It is I—All thy love
 Foretold !
 It is I. O love ! what bliss !
 Dost thou answer to my kiss ?
 O sweetheart ! what is this
 Lieth there so cold ?

BRET HARTE.

WAYS OF WAR.

A terrible and splendid trust
Heartens the host of Inisfail :
Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,
A lightning glory of the Gael.

Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,
And Tara the assembling place :
But each sweet wind of Ireland bears
The trump of battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donegal,
From Howth to Achill, the glad noise
Rings : and the heirs of glory fall,
Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

A dream ! a dream ! an ancient dream !
Yet, ere peace come to Inisfail,
Some weapons on some field must gleam,
Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,
Fair for the treading of an host :
That field in realms of thought be won,
And armed minds do their uttermost :

Some way, to faithful Inisfail,
Shall come the majesty and awe
Of martial truth, that must prevail,
To lay on all the eternal law.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

RANK AND FILE.

(SOUTH AFRICA, 1900-1.)

O undistinguished Dead !

Whom the bent covers, or the rock-strewn steep
Shows to the stars, for you I mourn,—I weep,
O undistinguished Dead !

None knows your name.
Blacken'd and blurr'd in the wild battle's brunt,
Hotly you fell . . . with all your wounds in front :
This is your fame !

AUSTIN DOBSON.

DRAKE'S DRUM.

Drake he's in his hammock an' a thousand mile
away,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide
dashin',

He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the Devon
seas,

(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
" Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o'
Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed
them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great Armadas
 come,
 (Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
 Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the
 drum,
 An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
 Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
 Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
 Where the old trade's plying an' the old flag flyin'
 They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they
 found him long ago !

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE GAY GORDONS.

(DARGAI, OCTOBER 20TH, 1897.)

Who's for the Gathering, who's for the Fair ?
 (*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
 The bravest of the brave are at dead-lock there,
 (*Highlanders ! march ! by the right !*)
 There are bullets by the hundred buzzing in the
 air ;
 There are bonny lads lying on the hillside bare ;
 But the Gordons know what the Gordons dare
 When they hear the pipers playing !

The happiest English heart to-day
 (*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
 Is the heart of the Colonel, hide it as he may
 (*Steady there ! steady on the right !*)
 He sees his work and he sees the way,
 He knows his time and the word to say,
 And he's thinking of the tune that the Gordons
 play
 When he sets the pipers playing !

Rising, roaring, rushing like the tide,
 (*Gay goes the Gordon to a fight*)
They're up through the fire-zone, not to be denied ;
 (*Bayonets ! and charge ! by the right !*)
Thirty bullets straight where the rest went wide,
And thirty lads are lying on the bare hillside ;
But they passed in the hour of the Gordons' pride,
 To the skirl of the pipers' playing.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

(REWRITTEN.)

God save our gracious King,
Nations and State and King ;
 God save the King !
Grant him the Peace divine,
But if his Wars be Thine
Flash on our fighting line
 Victory's wing !

Thou in his suppliant hands
Hast placed such Mighty Lands :
 Save thou our King !
As once from golden Skies,
Rebels with flaming eyes,
So the King's enemies
 Doom thou and fling.

Mountains that strike the stars
Held by heroic wars
 Save to our King :
Dawn lands for Youth to reap,
Dim lands where Empires sleep,
And all that dolphined Deep,
 Where the ships swing.

THE COUNTRY'S CALL :

But most the few dear miles
 Of silver-meadowed Isles,
 Thy Dale of Spring ;
 Thy Folk who by the marge
 Where the blank North doth charge,
 Hear Thy voice deep and large
 Save, and their King !

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

WHERE SHALL ENGLAND FIND HER OWN

Where shall England find her own ?
 The desert-places are her sanctuaries ;
 The five lands and the seven seas
 Shall answer for her when the trump is blown.

Some with neither shroud nor stone
 Lie solitary, or by twos and threes ;
 Their thought was not of obsequies
 Nor asked they if the sacrifice were known.

Some in serried ranks lie strown ;
 But with her patient eyes the sower sees
 The slow, maturing centuries
 Whiten to harvest where that seed was sown.

The parching veld, immense and lone,
 Low graves among the lean acacia trees ;
 Yet England shall remember these
 In that day when she numbers up her own.

EDMUND GARRETT.

TO WOMEN.

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts
 That have foreknown the utter price,
 Your hearts burn upward as a flame
 Of splendour and of sacrifice.

For you, you too to battle go,
 Not with the marching drums and cheers,
 But in the watch of solitude
 And through the boundless night of fears,

Swift, swifter than those hawks of war,
 Those threatening wings that pulse the air,
 Far as the vanward ranks are set,
 You are gone before them, you are there !

And not a shot comes blind with death,
 And not a stab of steel is pressed
 Home, but invisibly it tore
 And entered first a woman's breast.

Amid the thunder of the guns,
 The lightning of the lance and sword,
 Your hope, your dread, your throbbing pride,
 Your infinite passion is outpoured

From hearts that are as one high heart
 Withholding naught from doom and bale,
 Burningly offered up—to bleed,
 To bear, to break, but not to fail.

LAURENCE BINYON.

RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
 The captains and the kings depart :
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire :
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget, lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
 All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard ;
 For frantic boast and foolish word—
 Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

FROM "MILTON."

And did those feet in ancient time
 Walk upon England's mountains green ?
 And was the holy Lamb of God
 On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among these dark Satanic Mills ?

Bring me my Bow of burning gold !
Bring me my Arrows of desire !
Bring me my Spear ! O clouds, unfold !
Bring me my Chariot of fire !

I will not cease from Mental Fight,
Nor shall my Sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

BLAKE.

ISAIAH 41, 1-10.

Keep silence before me, O islands ;
And let the people renew their strength :
Let them come near ;
Then let them speak :
Let us come near together to judgment.
Who raised up the righteous man from the east,
Called him to his foot,
Gave the nations before him,
And made him rule over kings ?
He gave them as the dust to his sword,
And as driven stubble to his bow.
He pursued them, and passed safely ;
Even by the way that he had not gone with his
feet.

Who hath wrought and done it,
Calling the generations from the beginning ?
I the Lord, the first, and with the last ;
I am he.

The isles saw it, and feared ;
The ends of the earth were afraid, drew near, and
came.
They helped every one his neighbour ;
And every one said to his brother, Be of good
courage.
So the carpenter encouraged the goldsmith,
And he that smootheth with the hammer him that
smote the anvil,
Saying, It is ready for the sodering :
And he fastened it with nails, that it should not
be moved.
But thou, Israel, art my servant,
Jacob whom I have chosen,
The seed of Abraham my friend.
Thou whom I have taken from the ends of the earth,
And called thee from the chief men thereof,
And said unto thee, Thou art my servant ;
I have chosen thee, and not cast thee away.
Fear thou not ; for I am with thee :
Be not dismayed ; for I am thy God :
I will strengthen thee ;
Yea, I will help thee ;
Yea, I will uphold thee
With the right hand of my righteousness.

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