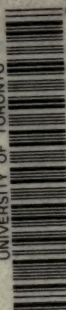


UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



3 1761 01010929 6

# FIFES AND DRUMS



Poems  
of America at War



*Presented to the*  
LIBRARY *of the*  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO  
*by*  
Desmond Neill

A. J. Bell 50  
Victoria Col



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2007 with funding from  
Microsoft Corporation







**FIFES AND DRUMS**

*The* VIGILANTES *Books*

FIFES AND DRUMS. A Collection of Poems of  
America at War. 12mo. 142 pp. \$1.00.

**THE VIGILANTES**

A NON-PARTISAN ORGANIZATION OF AUTHORS,  
ARTISTS AND OTHERS

PURPOSES

To arouse the country to a realization of the importance of the problems confronting the American people.

To awaken and cultivate in the youth of the country a sense of public service and an intelligent interest in citizenship and national problems.

To work vigorously for preparedness; mental, moral and physical.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Porter Emerson Browne	Monroe Douglas Robinson
Ellis Parker Butler	Julian Street
Irvin S. Cobb	Augustus Thomas
Thomas C. Desmond	Charles Hanson Towne
Hermann Hagedorn	Robert J. Wildhack

CHARLES J. ROSEBAULT,  
*Managing Editor.*

For further information apply to

**THE VIGILANTES**

505 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY



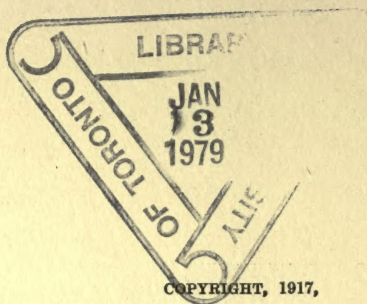
The VIGILANTES Books

# FIFES AND DRUMS

A COLLECTION OF POEMS  
OF AMERICA AT WAR



NEW YORK  
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY



COPYRIGHT, 1917,  
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

D-526  
.2  
V5

## FOREWORD

These poems, written under the immediate stress of great events by those who have banded themselves together under the name of The Vigilantes, furnish a striking record of the emotional reactions of the American people during the fortnight preceding and the six weeks following the declaration of war. They are presented to the public in the belief that men and women in every corner of the Union will find reflected in them some of the love and aspiration they themselves are experiencing for their re-discovered country.



## CONTENTS

	PAGE
AMERICA UNAFRAID . . . . <i>Charles Hanson Towne</i> . . .	13
THE ULTIMATE ARGUMENT . <i>Arthur Guiterman</i> . . . .	16
THE SONG . . . . . <i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> . . .	18
PEACE WITH A SWORD . . . <i>Abbie Farwell Brown</i> . . .	22
THE PACIFIST'S LAMENT . . <i>Don Marquis</i> . . . . .	24
AT ANY PRICE . . . . . <i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i> . . . . .	25
THE ANSWER . . . . . <i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> . . .	29
IN TIME OF DANGER . . . <i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . .	31
TO AMERICA . . . . . <i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i> . . . . .	33
ODE TO TONSILITIS . . . . <i>Wallace Irwin</i> . . . . .	35
APRIL 2ND . . . . . <i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . .	37
THE FLAG GOES UP . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . .	38
FALL IN! . . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	40
BLACK FLAG! . . . . . <i>Edith M. Thomas</i> . . . . .	42
A SONG OF DEMOCRACY . . <i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i> . . . . .	44
OUR AIM . . . . . <i>Louis How</i> . . . . .	47
THE BINDING OF THE BEAST <i>George Sterling</i> . . . . .	49
THE FLAG . . . . . <i>George E. Woodberry</i> . . . . .	53
TO ALL AMERICANS . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . .	55



	PAGE
WAR SONG OF AMERICA . . . . .	<i>Grantland Rice</i> . . . . . 57
PROCESSIONAL . . . . .	<i>Cale Young Rice</i> . . . . . 59
OMNISCIENT MR. FALL . . . . .	<i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i> . . . . . 61
THE STARS AND STRIPES . . . . .	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . . 64
THE GERMAN-AMERICAN . . . . .	<i>Katherine Lee Bates</i> . . . . . 66
OUR BARGAIN . . . . .	<i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . . 68
BLOW, O YE BUGLES . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . . 70
AMERICA IN ARMS . . . . .	<i>Percy MacKaye</i> . . . . . 71
TO THE ALLIES . . . . .	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> . . . . . 74
OF KINGS . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . . 76
THE KAISER . . . . .	<i>Florence Earle Coates</i> . . . . . 77
THE RETURN OF THE EXILES	<i>George E. Woodberry</i> . . . . . 79
MESSENGERS . . . . .	<i>Florence Mary Bennett</i> . . . . . 80
SHOULDER TO SHOULDER . . . . .	<i>Clinton Scollard</i> . . . . . 82
THE ROUNDABOUT COMMIT- TEE AND THE CIRCUMLOCU- TION BOARD . . . . .	<i>Wallace Irwin</i> . . . . . 84
AMERICA . . . . .	<i>Lee Wilson Dodd</i> . . . . . 88
AMERICA, TO ARMS! . . . . .	<i>Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff</i> 91
A LESSON IN MANNERS . . . . .	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . . 92
COME TO THE COLORS . . . . .	<i>Laura E. Richards</i> . . . . . 94
OUR FLAG IN FRANCE . . . . .	<i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> . . . . . 96
THE AMERICAN FLAG . . . . .	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . . 98
THE YOUNG BLOOD SPEAKS	<i>Mary Farley Sanborn</i> . . . . . 100

	PAGE
MARCHING WITH PAPA	
JOFFRE . . . . . <i>Percy MacKay</i> . . . . .	102
IT IS BETTER . . . . . <i>Louis How</i> . . . . .	105
ENLISTED . . . . . <i>Willard Wattles</i> . . . . .	107
CURRENCY . . . . . <i>M. E. Buhler</i> . . . . .	110
TO OUR WOMEN . . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	111
TO THE MOTHERS . . . . . <i>Marion Couthouy Smith</i> . . . . .	113
THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BE-	
HIND THEM . . . . . <i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . .	115
A FRENCH CAPTAIN . . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	117
THE RECRUIT . . . . . <i>Reginald Wright Kauffman</i> . . . . .	119
PRAYER DURING BATTLE . . . . . <i>Hermann Hagedorn</i> . . . . .	121
THEY ALSO SERVE . . . . . <i>Faith Baldwin</i> . . . . .	122
HIS JOB . . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	124
CONCERNING PLANTING . . . . . <i>John Curtis Underwood</i> . . . . .	126
SPADES ARE TRUMPS! . . . . . <i>John Kemble</i> . . . . .	130
THE WAR OF BREAD . . . . . <i>Edith M. Thomas</i> . . . . .	132
COLUMBIA'S SHOP . . . . . <i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . .	134
THE CHILDLESS . . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	136
THE TEST . . . . . <i>Amelia Josephine Burr</i> . . . . .	138
A SONG OF CONFIDENCE . . . . . <i>Theodosia Garrison</i> . . . . .	139
"RIDE, VIGILANTES!" . . . . . <i>Edith M. Thomas</i> . . . . .	141



*Surely the time for making songs has come  
Now that the Spring is in the air again.  
Trees blossom though men bleed; and after rain  
The robins hop; and soon the bees will hum.*

*Long was the winter, long our lips were dumb.  
Long under snow our loyal dreams have lain.  
Surely the time for making songs has come  
Now that the Spring is in the air again.*

*The Spring!—with bugles and a rumbling drum!  
Oh, builders of high music out of pain,  
Now is the hour with singing to make vain  
The boast of kings in Pandemonium!*

*Surely the time for making songs has come!*

H. H.





# FIFES AND DRUMS

AMERICA UNAFRAID

## I

AMERICA will wake

To the stern task before her. She will break

The bonds of Sloth and dull Indifference,

And, with the soul of Lincoln in her eyes,

Dare to be great and wise;

Dare to be valiant with the valor still

That echoes from the crest of Bunker Hill;

The valor that gave Grant and Lee their fame

After the battle-flame;

The valor that has kept our country whole

While the clean years unroll;

The valor that has giv'n us all body, and heart,  
and soul!

## II

America will be

As one in her old love of Liberty.

She will remember naught of party and creed

In her great hour of need;

But one in spirit, one in high accord,

Her people will await the final word

That bids them strike for Justice. Her keen  
sword

Will never be unsheathed, save in the name of  
Christ, our Lord!

## III

There is a fear

Running through our broad country, far and  
near;

A rumor that foul traitors at our gate

Whisper, and plan, and wait;

A rumor that beneath us crawls the hostile worm  
    . . . of hate. . . .

It may be so! But I believe that now  
Each man can disavow  
Old enmities, and, loyal to the end,  
Count it his privilege to be his country's friend;  
Count it his right to suffer for the land  
That hailed him, and stretched forth a welcoming  
    hand

When he, heart-broken, from an alien shore,  
Came as a stranger to our open door.

#### IV

America, beware!  
Lest, knowing the red burden you must bear,  
You falter now! We pray for Peace—white Peace;  
Yet if soft days must cease,  
We shall go forth, fearless, and as one,  
Until our task for Liberty is done.

*Charles Hanson Towne.*

## THE ULTIMATE ARGUMENT.

BEFORE the high court of King Lion the Strong  
The wily Hyena appeared with a throng  
Of Jackals as witnesses, charging the Ass  
With wronging him foully by eating the grass.

“This rogue,” the Hyena indignantly cried,  
“Without any warrant express or implied,  
Devours the herbage so luscious and sweet  
And cruelly leaves me with nothing to eat.  
I pray the Court, therefore, to grant me relief,  
Including permission to dine on the thief.”

The Ass pleaded humbly with down-hanging ears,  
(Addressing a Jury composed of his peers):  
“Dear friends, that I graze in the meadow is true,  
But not without warrant. My course I pursue

By right of a Document sealed with a Seal—  
King Solomon's firman which none may repeal."

"Ha!" snarled the Hyena; "but where is your  
proof?"

"My warrant is writ," said the Ass, "on my hoof."

"Indeed!" sneered the Plaintiff; "then show it, I  
beg."

"Look well!" brayed the Ass, as he drew up a leg.  
Close peered the Hyena. The Ass gave a snort  
And kicked the Conspirator clean out of Court.

### *L'Envoi*

While Patience is praiseworthy, even in Gath,  
And Sweetness may possibly turn away Wrath,  
The mildest can have but one answer to give  
Oppressors who question their title to live.

*Arthur Guiterman.*



## THE SONG

ALONG the misty beaches, where the great wind-  
voices cry,

Where the sea's reverberant thunder sends its chal-  
lenge to the sky,

And its deeper echoes lure us, from the countries  
where they die—

A song is sounding on!

I can hear it, clear and urgent, over all the break-  
ers' rage;

It is pleading for the memory of a noble heri-  
tage;

'Twas a woman's voice that sang it, in a past  
heroic age—

Its call is sounding on.

*Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the Lord;*

*He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes  
of wrath are stored.*

*He has loosed the fateful lightning of His terri-  
ble swift sword;*

*His truth is marching on.*

It is calling with the sea-winds far across the  
troubled wave,

Where Belgium in her beauty lies all one trampled  
grave,

And still her proud defenders lift the pæan of the  
brave—

Her soul is marching on!

It cries along the bloody fields, from Russia back  
to France,

Where the great united nations hold the savage  
foe's advance;

Where the stars above the trenches meet the soldier's dying glance—

Its call is sounding on.

*I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows  
of steel;*

*“As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My  
grace shall deal;*

*Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent  
with his heel,*

*Since God is marching on.”*

My country—oh, my country! Clear-sighted then  
and strong,

A shield for the defenceless and a flame against  
the wrong,

True to the ringing echoes of that mighty march-  
ing song

That still is sounding on—

My country—oh, my country! The old brave call  
has come;

Too long your steps were lagging, too long your  
soul was dumb;

Tune now your wakening pulses to the throbbing  
of the drum,

While God is marching on.

*He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never  
call retreat;*

*He is sifting out the hearts of men before His  
judgment seat;*

*Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! Be jubi-  
lant, my feet!*

*Our God is marching on.*

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

## PEACE WITH A SWORD

PEACE! How we love her and the good she brings  
On broad, benignant wings!  
And we have clung to her—how close and long,  
While she has made us strong!  
Now we must guard her lest her power cease,  
And in the harried world be no more peace.

Even with a sword,  
Help us, O Lord!

For us no patient peace, the weary goal  
Of a war-sickened soul;  
No peace that battens on misfortune's pain,  
Swollen with selfish gain,  
Bending slack knees before a calf of gold,  
With nerveless fingers impotent to hold

The freeman's sword—  
Not this, O Lord!

Not peace bought for us by the martyred dead  
Of countries reeking red;  
No peace flung to us from a tyrant's hand,  
Sop to a servile land.

Our Peace the State's strong arm holds high and  
free,

The "placid Peace she seeks in liberty,"

Yea, "with a sword."

Help us, O Lord!

Bring out the banners that defied a king;  
Then tattered colors bring  
That made a nation one from sea to sea,  
In godly liberty.

Unsheathe the patriot sword in time of need,  
America! Forth, forth your armies lead!

"Peace, with a sword!

Help us, O Lord!"

*Abbie Farwell Brown.*



## THE PACIFIST'S LAMENT

THE world is so full of a number of thugs,  
I'm sure we should all be as humble as bugs.

*Don Marquis.*

## AT ANY PRICE

DE PUYSTER JONES at twenty-three  
Is not a pleasant sight to see;  
Although his duds cost many dollars,  
From silken socks to five-ply collars,  
Though shaved and bathed and deftly scented—  
One feels he should have been prevented.  
His lips hang loose, his chest caves in,  
His face is minus brow or chin;  
And when one hears the creature chatter  
Somehow it simply doesn't matter.  
Yet young De Puyster Jones has money,  
And when his money talks—it's funny  
(Or sad) to note that many listen;  
His brain is slime, and slime *will* glisten.  
In fact, the moron, more's the pity,

Is sometimes spoken of as witty;  
And though obscenely idiotic,  
His ancient anecdotes erotic  
Are often greeted with guffaws;  
And his *views* meet with wild applause.

Now what—I ask in thunderous tones—  
*What are the views of D. P. Jones?*

“Patriotism’s just an ism!

A fellah ought to be

Above the lingo

Of the Jingo;

Flags don’t appeal to me.”

“If a chap’s rational, he’s international;

He knows there’s nothing in

The stuff that’s local;

I’m not a yokel

To cheer when the bands begin.”

“And politicians who yap of missions,  
Ideals, and all that junk—  
Just let 'em gab, brag,  
And hold the grab-bag;  
But don't fall for their bunk!”

“You take this crisis! A glance suffices  
To wise you what it means;  
Munition makers  
And journalist fakers  
Stuffing millions in their jeans!”

“We're safe and happy, so why get scrappy?  
Say, what's the *sense* in war?  
For God's sake chuck it!  
The whole show's muck! It  
'S not what I'm living for!”

“Not this little Willy! I'm not that silly—  
No drums and guns for mine!

What's the odds if they rat us?

They *can't* get at us.

Georgie's fleet is doing fine!"

Such—I repeat in thunderous tones—

*Such are the views of D. P. Jones.*

*Lee Wilson Dodd.*

## THE ANSWER

THERE is one answer to all dreams of ease—

Belgium!

One answer to the Teuton's cunning pleas—

Belgium!

One test and touchstone for all hearts that feel;

One word that is a stroke of steel on steel,

A stroke whose clangor sets a long note ringing

That falls upon our ears like distant singing.

One word for you who say the strife must cease—

Belgium!

Justice to her must hold the key of peace—

Belgium!

And you who clamor that our cry should be

Not love of country, but Humanity.

Have you not heard it, as you pass unheeding?  
Humanity! In her the world lies bleeding!

Not she alone the dark decree must know—

Belgium!

The first in that great sisterhood of woe,

Belgium!

She speaks, my Country, with your own lost dead;  
She brings one answer to your shrinking dread;  
Draw now your sword, and set the clear stroke  
ringing

That falls upon our hearts like mighty singing!

*Belgium!*

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*



## IN TIME OF DANGER

BLIND to danger we have been,  
Walking on our wonted ways  
Through the drifting of the days,  
In and out, and out and in,  
To our patriot duty stranger,  
Wandering as in a maze,  
Blind to danger!

Deaf to danger, and our need,  
We have drunken to the lees  
Of the druggèd wine of ease;  
To our honor given no heed,  
Paltered, played the money-changer;  
Cast aside old memories,  
Deaf to danger!

Blind and deaf to danger? Nay!—

Fling the call from shore to shore!

Wake! the slothful hour is o'er!

Wake! be gone with base delay,

To our trust no longer stranger!

Freemen, rouse, and be no more

Blind to danger—

Deaf to danger!

*Clinton Scollard.*

## TO AMERICA

YES, Mother, it is true;

Bad daughters and worse sons we've been to  
you—

Taking all, giving naught—

Till we have brought

You down to this. . . .

You need

A starker breed

To cherish you and guard,

Keep watch and ward,

Or strike if strike they must!

Mother, our shameful heads are in the dust—

Abject—

Before you. . . .

Too mild, too patient!—yet once more forgive  
Our faithless greed, young folly, old neglect!  
For though we perish from you, you shall live—  
Mother!—through humbled daughters who respect,  
Through chastened sons who serve you and adore  
you.

*Lee Wilson Dodd.*

## ODE TO TONSILITIS

SINCE Senatorial Rules decree once more—

Even while Prussia threatens us with slaying—  
That one wild donkey still may hold the floor  
And block an entire nation with his braying;

Yea, since the chin is mightier than the sword,  
The lung and larynx deadlier than reason  
And Robert spurns the Flag beneath the Ford  
In one continuous honk of windy treason;

Ah! then come forth, thou dread but welcome one,  
Nymph of the swollen throat, fair Tonsilitis!  
Go gulping to the Sage of Madison,  
Woo him with wreaths of asthma and bronchitis!

Snuggle beside his Senatorial seat,  
Lure him with kisses sneezy, damp and reckless

Until the cold which now afflicts his feet

Climbs to the place where Mabel wore the neck-  
lace.

Then must that rare trombone grow fogged and  
cease,

That wealth of words lie fallow in his wallet;

There'll be no more Atrocities of Peace

Committed then by Robert M. La Follette.

Then will the eagle o'er the rostrum shriek

While patriots clasp hands in satisfaction,

“The gentleman from Wisconsin cannot speak—

Rejoice, ye nations! Now we'll get some ac-  
tion!”

*Wallace Irwin.*

APRIL 2nd.

WE have been patient—and they named us weak ;  
We have been silent—and they judged us meek.  
Now, in the much-abused, high name of God

We speak.

Oh, not with faltering or uncertain tone—  
With chosen words we make our meaning known,  
That like a great wind from the West shall shake

The double throne.

Our colors flame upon the topmost mast,—  
We lift the glove so arrogantly cast,  
And in the much-abused, high name of God

We speak at last.

*Theodosia Garrison.*



## THE FLAG GOES UP

WHETHER we gave him doubts or praises,

That is a thing of yesterday.

We rally to the flag he raises,

We go the inevitable way,

But not with pageantry or shouting—

We're done alike with boast and doubting.

We take the trail that duty blazes

Be the issue what it may.

Brave are the words that he has spoken,

The words that we have made our own.

Our blood and sweat shall be the token

We fight for righteousness alone.

O God, who knowest all the making

Of noble vows—and all their breaking—

Grant that our word be never broken,  
Our banner never overthrown.

Give us to keep without misprision  
The truth our souls have understood,  
Clean above hatred and derision,  
Strong through our evil days and good.  
To love life's worth, not life's preserving,  
More than success to honor serving,  
Faithful forever to our vision  
Of liberty and brotherhood.

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## FALL IN!

WE thought that reason had mastered men,  
That peace of the world was lord,  
That never the roll of the drum again  
Should quicken the thirsty sword—  
But our bubble broke with a sudden blow,  
And we heard like the trumpet's din  
That levelled the walls of Jericho  
The old stern cry—“*Fall in!*”

We were numb, amazed, we were sick and dazed  
With a horror past belief.  
Silent we stood while Belgium blazed  
In her martyr's glory of grief.  
Then it came so near that we needs must hear,  
For the cry of our murdered kin

Drove in our heart like a searching spear

The call of the hour—"Fall in!"

Not in the flush of a barren thrill

Do we come to our deed at last.

We have weighed our will, we must do our will,

For the doubting-time is past.

We have faced our souls in the sleepless night,

And what shall we fear but sin?

Not for love of the fight, but for love of the right,

In the name of our God—"Fall in!"

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## BLACK FLAG!

Run up your Black Flag,  
Skull and crossbones display!  
Why should you palter—why should you lag?—  
For never was freebooting crew,  
From Heligoland to Cathay—  
And the Coast of Barbary, too,  
So deserved the foul ensign as you!

Yes, run up the Black Flag,  
Too long have your colors been hid!  
Make good your insolent brag,  
Who have staked off the waters at will,  
And the honored sea-law have defied,  
Going forth to plunder and kill!  
You have staked off the waters at will—

What! You yet think to forbid?  
Sea-way for other Flags, too—  
Way for the Red-White-and-Blue!

But it's down with your Black Flag—  
Down, in the end, it must be,  
In the depths where you lurk let it drag—  
Down to the charnelled abyss . . .

You hearken the World's decree?—  
*Pirates were hunted ere this,*  
*And you shall be swept from the sea!*

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## A SONG OF DEMOCRACY

It isn't just because some ships were lost,  
And children drowned, and women, and strong  
men.

That's bad enough, God knows!

But the Prussians were our foes  
Long before their cruel wolf-pack left its den.

It isn't just because their hunting pack  
Tore at Belgium's throat to reach the throat of  
France.

No, by Heaven! It's because

They are traitors to all laws  
Made by God to curb the Devil's arrogance.

They are traitors to humanity, no less!

They acknowledge nothing nobler than their will



To conquer and subject

All peoples who respect

The Holy Vow man struggles to fulfil.

For man has dreamed a dream and sealed a

Vow,

Yea, man has sealed a Vow before the Lord

Of Righteousness and Peace:

He has sworn that war shall cease

And the reign of Reason triumph o'er the Sword!

He has sealed a Holy Vow that privilege

Shall perish from an Earth where all are free;

That his children shall not fight,

As he must, the Huns of Night,

But be brothers in the Light of Liberty.

God save us from all traitors to that Dream;

God shield us from all traitors to that Vow!

God give us strength to smite

All traitors to that Light—

Lord God of Man United, aid us now!

*Lee Wilson Dodd.*

## OUR AIM

WE have been patient: we have been ashamed,  
Through dismal days and weeks and months and  
years  
Insulting hands have cuffed our burning  
ears. . . .

Our patience crumbled, and our anger flamed.  
The spirit of the Union, never tamed,  
Jumps to the cannon 'mid a nation's cheers,  
And marches to take part among its peers.  
We aim as straight as we have always  
aimed.

England and Russia, Montenegro, France,  
Rumania, Serbia, Belgium, Italy,  
Japan,—we come to join in your advance!

Your foe is ours, our friend becomes your friend.

And to you all, and to our sons, say we:

We hate this hateful war, and it shall end!

*Louis How.*

## THE BINDING OF THE BEAST

HE plotted in the den of his lordship over men;  
He wrought his grim array and he hungered for  
the Day.

Then the loosing-word was spoken; then the seal  
of Hell was broken;

Then its Princes were assembled for the feast;  
But against the Vandal night rose the star of  
Freedom's light,

And a world was called together for the binding  
of the Beast.

They have seen it for their star; they have come  
from near and far;

From the forges of the North go the men and  
young men forth,

Having found the holier duty, found the true, the  
final beauty,

As their brothers of the South and of the East.

In the forests of the West they have given of  
their best,

With strong hands and patient for the binding of  
the Beast.

For his treason unto man in the War that he be-  
gan,

For the rapine and the flame, for the hissing of  
his name,

Have the hosts gone up against him and with  
swords of judgment fenced him,

With his coward clutch on woman and on priest.

For the children he has maimed, for the maidens  
he has shamed,

The nations gird their harness for the binding of  
the Beast.

Now frothing in his rage, a scourge to youth and  
age,

Caked with blood he stands at bay, with his feet  
upon his prey.

Ringed with surf of guns resounding, raw and  
fetid from the hounding,

Smites he still in baffled fury and the roar of hate  
releas;

But the huntsmen of the ranks, with their steel  
at breast and flanks,

Give no truce nor sign of respite at the binding  
of the Beast.

He is cunning, he is strong, and the war shall yet  
be long,

Where the seven thunders wake and the walls of  
heaven shake.

He is cruel, blind and ruthless; he is boastful, sly  
and truthless;

By his will the Powers of Darkness are increast;  
But the shackle and the chain shall avenge the  
hurt and slain,

Who have broken bread with heroes at the binding  
of the Beast.

For his pact with Death and Hell, let us bind the  
monster well,

That the world go free indeed from his arrogance  
and greed!

By the pact he dared to sever make we treaty with  
him never,

Till the murder-venom in his blood has ceast!

By his trust in force and war, end we those for-  
evermore,

As the nations sit in council for the binding of  
the Beast!

*George Sterling.*



## THE FLAG

Kiss the loud winds, O darling of all hearts,  
And shoot o'er land and sea thy beams world-  
wide!

How many thousands in thy light have died,  
Radiant and sweet! now from our banners darts  
A greater glory! in our bosoms starts  
A deeper joy: so swells the long-pent tide  
Of full devotion to thy sacred side,  
And from impatient millions doubt departs.

Advance thy colors in the captain-files  
That vanward lead the many-languaged host  
Like mighty waves that lift an angry sea,—  
And break the German! miles on headlong miles

Drive him from churchless land and shipless  
coast

Till law again for right be sanctuary!

*George E. Woodberry.*

## TO ALL AMERICANS

*(Tune: Maryland, My Maryland)*

OUR answer to the great appeal,

Americans, Americans,

Shall prove if we are clay or steel,

Americans, Americans.

Strike manfully for liberty,

Stretch helping hands across the sea,

And keep your own hearts clean and free,

Americans, Americans!

Clean of the pettiness of hate,

Americans, Americans,

Free to the love of all things great,

Americans, Americans.

Clean of untruth and fear and greed,

Free faithfully to serve the need  
Of God, wherever He may lead,  
Americans, Americans!

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## WAR SONG OF AMERICA

WE are on our way back Home—

Home where the high flag flies;

We are on our way from the rut

With the flag lust in our eyes;

So those of you in the van,

Hark to our warning song—

“Give us the open road

Till we land where we belong.”

Soft we had grown and fat—

Watching the Shadow creep;

Soft with the dull content

Of those who are half asleep;

But the Eagle's place is the peak,

And now, by her lands and seas,

Flung to the world-wide winds

Old Glory goes to the breeze.

We are on our way back Home—

By the trail we have come before;

By the trail that leads from the depths

Through the swirl of the Winning Score;

So those of you in the way

Hark to the chant we've spun—

“Give us the open road

Till we find our place in the sun.”

*Grantland Rice.*

## PROCESSIONAL

Not for a flaunted flag, O God,  
    Not for affronted power,  
Not for a scurrile hope of gain,  
    Not for the pride of an hour,  
Not for vengeance, hot in the heart,  
    Now do we swing to war;  
Not for a weak mistrust lest peace  
    Is a shame strong men abhor.  
Not for glory—for oh, to kill  
    Should be a sacred wrath;  
Not for these! But to war on war  
    And sweep it from earth's path!

Patient has been our creed, till now,  
    Patient, too, our hope,

Patient for long our lothful deed,  
For the just in doubt must grope.  
But with a foe at last arrayed  
Against the whole world's right,  
You, O soul of the universe,  
Your very self must fight.  
You yourself; so but one prayer  
Need we to lift—but one,  
That by our battle shall all war  
Be utterly undone.

*Cale Young Rice.*



OMNISCIENT MR. FALL  
OR  
THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT THE WAR

MR. FALL, who reads *The Call*,

Knows it all.

He can tell you in a minute

Why we're in it.

Moneyed men who make big guns

Bribed the Huns;

And when Belgium was invaded,

It was they did

Stir up Belgians to resist,

Just to twist

The Lion's tail—till "War!"

He must roar.

Then the millionaires of France

Saw their chance  
To make millions making shells!  
—Fall excells  
In explaining all away  
From this fray  
Save the money coalitions  
Of munitions-  
Makers make—ghouls, full fed on  
Armageddon!  
So, of course, he now declares,  
Our affairs  
Have been run for us by schemers  
Who sent steamers  
Out, and U-boats out as well  
To raise Hell!  
Wall Street knew if we came in  
'Twould begin  
To grow richer that much faster  
From disaster.

It's so simple.—Can't you see

It must be

Just as Mr. Fall asserts!

Yellow dirt's

(Both as cause, and as effect)

Why we're wrecked.

How about it? Do you doubt it?

*Can* you doubt it—

When Fall, who reads *The Call*,

*Knows it all?*

*Lee Wilson Dodd.*

## THE STARS AND STRIPES

WE who in the old days—the easy days of pleasuring—

Loitered in the distant lands—we know the thrill  
that came

When in far, foreign places, above the stranger  
faces,

The sight of it, the might of it, would wake us  
like a flame.

Our own flag, the one flag, it stirred our blood  
to claim.

We who in these new days—these days of all confusion—

Look upon it with the eyes of one long blind  
who sees.

We know at last its beauty—its magnitude of  
duty—

Dear God! if thus it seems to us, what will it  
mean to these

Who stay for it, who pray for it, our kindred  
over seas?

These who face the red days—the white nights of  
fury,

Where death like some mad reaper hacks down  
the living grain—

They shall see our flag arise like a glory in the  
skies—

The stars of it, the bars of it, that prove it once  
again

The new flag, the true flag, *that does not come  
in vain!*

*Theodosia Garrison.*

## THE GERMAN-AMERICAN

HONOR to him whose very blood remembers  
The old, enchanted dream-song of the Rhine,  
Although his house of life is fair with shine  
Of fires new-kindled on the buried embers;  
Whose heart is wistful for the flowers he tended  
Beside his mother, for the carven gnome  
And climbing bear and cuckoo-clock of home,  
For the whispering forest path two lovers wended;  
Who none the less, still strange in speech and man-  
ner,  
With our young Freedom keeps his plighted  
faith,  
Sides with his children's hope against the wraith  
Of his own childhood, hails the Starry Banner

As emblem of his country now, to-morrow;

A patriot by duty, not by birth.

The costliest loyalty has purest worth.

Honor to him who draws the sword in sorrow!

*Katherine Lee Bates.*

## OUR BARGAIN

Is all our world upon a counter laid?

That is their taunt who say they know us well.

Then, like true merchants, let us to our trade;

What wares has God to sell?

A world at liberty, a path made clear

For steadfast justice and enduring peace,

Nations released forever from the fear

Of evil days like these—

A sound investment! but . . . the price is high.

Long-hoarded wealth in ruin, flame and steel,

Death lurking in the sea and in the sky—

What say you? Shall we deal?



Shall we know terror, shall our strong ones fall  
That others' children, fearless in the sun,  
May see our visions and accomplish all  
That we must leave undone?

We take thy bargain, Master of the Mart.

Though we may flinch, we cannot turn away.  
Send thy resistless fire upon our heart  
And make us strong to pay.

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## BLOW, O YE BUGLES

BLOW, O ye bugles, bugles of the morn!

Blow, O ye bugles of the sunset, blow!

Sound your clear notes, your ringing notes of  
scorn,

Against the embattled legions of the foe!

Tell them in clarion accents that we stand

For freedom, and the birthright of the free;

No bloody tyranny upon sea or land,

But the inalienable truths of Liberty!

Acclaim your triumph pæan over Might,

Your call for justice, and the overthrow

Of all the hordes that fight against the Right!—

Blow, O ye bugles, valiant bugles, blow!

*Clinton Scollard.*

## AMERICA IN ARMS

WE have not willed this war,  
Nor heaped for man this monstrous pyre,  
But we have sought on hell's wide shore  
To quench the awful fire.

This war was willed to be  
By one who sprang on a world asleep,  
And now his talons out of the sea  
Have drawn us in to the deep:

In to the deep and the dark  
Where his blood is drunk with the splendor  
of ships,  
As he lies in lair with a steel-gray shark—  
The mad foam on his lips.

No more, then, now no more

'Tis ours to watch by the burning lake,  
But ours, thank God, to wage this war,  
Thank God—for freedom's sake,

Till freedom shall be strong

Through hell her heavenly work to do;  
For force is neither right nor wrong  
But the use we put it to.

So this is the pledge we plight:

That we can fight, who do not hate,  
And we for freedom's love will fight  
In the venom'd teeth of fate.

Gird, then, our hearts to blaze

Once more through battle's black alarms,  
God of our fathers, and upraise  
America in arms!

So *her* free soul may live,

Then ours—to win Thy grail or grave—  
Are an hundred million lives to give,

But only one to save.

*Percy MacKaye.*

## TO THE ALLIES

HANDS across the sea, brothers!

Hands across the sea!

Here's a flag to fly with yours,

The emblem of the free.

Holy hands of freemen gave it,

Heart and life we pledge to save it,

At your side we lift and wave it,

Now for Liberty!

Hands across the sea, brothers!

Hands across the sea!

Here's a sword to draw with yours,

'Gainst monstrous tyranny.

Valiant hearts have beat beneath it,

Deathless laurels still enwreath it.

Sadly, sternly, we unsheathe it,  
Now for Liberty.

Hands around the world, brothers!

Hands around the world!

Fling the married colors out,

Never to be furled;

Till the power of Light prevailing,

Vict'ry's heights in triumph scaling,

Sees the power of Darkness, failing,

Down in ruin hurled.

*Laura E. Richards.*

## OF KINGS

YE kings, upon your gilded thrones,  
Hear ye not how the death-wind moans?  
Can ye not see that naught atones  
    For what your hands have done?  
Hark! how a stricken people's groans  
    Mount up against the sun!

The innocent, they starve and bleed;  
And do ye list, and do ye heed,  
Wrapt in your dreams of power and greed,  
    The hastening end of all?  
Hapsburgs and Hohenzollerns, read  
    The writing on the wall!

*Clinton Scollard.*



## THE KAISER

HE stood alone, in sovereignty sublime,  
Uniquely great,—the Kaiser! They that feared,  
Yet honored him, who to the world appeared  
Lofty in courage, wise, above his time,  
The Monarch of the hour!—  
Using his strength destructive things to bind,  
Serving the Fatherland—and, so, mankind,  
Safe-guarding Peace with Power.

He stood alone? How lone today he stands,  
The eyes of all fixed wondering on him!  
His throne ensanguined, his bright ægis dim,  
The murderous sword clutched in his lawless  
hands!

What spectacle more sad  
Than Might by its own folly wounded so?  
Are the Gods jealous now, as long ago,  
That thus they make ambitious mortals mad?

*Florence Earle Coates.*

## THE RETURN OF THE EXILES

THE gates of the Siberian waste stand wide;  
Great joy has thrilled the mighty wilderness;  
The message of the Lord has come to bless  
The souls in bondage: broken is the pride  
Of the invincible tyrant who doth ride  
On human hearts, and thrones him on distress!  
Fallen he is! his victims numberless  
Fill the long roads by steppe and mountain-side.

So when our Lord descended into hell  
And broke the fetters of the spirits in prison,  
A glorious company to heaven made way.  
What triumph more divine doth history tell  
Than Truth from her captivity arisen,  
And Faith rejoicing in her holy ray!

*George E. Woodberry.*

## MESSENGERS

*(Tune: The Russian Hymn)*

LORD GOD Omnipotent, forth Thou art sending

Us, as Thy messengers, blessed with Thy Word,  
Souls rich endowed, and inspired with hope un-  
ending.

Shout we, America hath girt on her sword!

Sword of Democracy, tempered and glowing,

Sword of the Union—Free States in accord—

Sword of high righteousness, wrong overthrowing!

Shout we, America hath girt on her sword!

Clear, brave, the echoes dart! Our message is  
sounding:

Safe be the Rule of the People, O Lord!

Safe through the world, all injustice confounding!

Shout we, America hath girt on her sword!

*Florence Mary Bennett.*

## SHOULDER TO SHOULDER

SHOULDER to shoulder! Each man in his  
place!

Shoulder to shoulder, and "right about! face!"  
We've a duty to do ere we grow a day older,  
And the way we can do it is—shoulder to shoul-  
der!

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in the line!  
Shoulder to shoulder! The Flag for a sign!  
Yes, let us not weaken, but let us grow bolder,  
And rally and sally with—"shoulder to shoul-  
der!"

Shoulder to shoulder! Each man in his might!  
Shoulder to shoulder! We fight for the right!

The land of our love—may our courage enfold  
her!

May we work—and not shirk—for her, shoulder  
to shoulder!

*Clinton Scollard.*

THE ROUNDABOUT COMMITTEE AND  
THE CIRCUMLOCUTION BOARD

A NATION went to war against a rather ruthless  
foe;

It hadn't any army, so it wondered who would  
go

To do the deeds of valor which the crisis did re-  
quire,

To help the French to take the trench and do it  
under fire.

So Congress got together and the Senate did the  
same

To raise a million soldiers who would put the foe  
to shame,



And they quickly passed the matter up, with one  
complete accord,

To the Roundabout Committee and the Circum-  
locution Board.

Now the Roundabout Committee sat and talked  
for weeks and weeks

On Methods of Preparedness among the Ancient  
Greeks

While the Circumlocution Board it scratched its  
thoughtful double chin,

And lingered late in wise debate on "Where Shall  
We Begin?"

A Patriot rushed in and cried, "The Foe is at our  
gate!"

But the Circumlocution Board replied, "Just tell  
him, please, to wait.

We're listening to an Army Plan devised by Sen-  
ator Drool

To raise nine million soldiers through his Correspondence School."

Then the Patriot, who was hasty, raged and stamped upon his hat.

"You're really doing nothing and you're taking years at that."

Whereat the wise Committee bobbed its head and answered, "True.

Take note of that, stenographer. That's what we're here to do."

A Military Training Bill the President did advise They set upon with pencils and reviewed with hostile eyes.

"It is much too plain and simple. Let's revise it so and thus;

We can jumble any issue, if you'll leave the job to us."

So at last the land grew weary and implored with  
shrieks and sobs,

“Let our welfare be conducted by some men who  
know their jobs.

Are our railroads run by poets? Or do cobblers  
harvest hay?

Then in military matters why should windmills  
rule the day?”

But the question was so pointed and its moral so  
direct

That it could not thread the labyrinthine hallways,  
we suspect,

Leading to the Inner Sanctum of the Crooked  
Wooden Sword,

Of the Roundabout Committee and the Circumio-  
cution Board.

*Wallace Irwin.*

AMERICA  
(TWO PORTRAITS)

I

“For all her busyness and prate,  
Too easy-going to be great,  
She wastes her soul and winks at Fate:

Poor foolish virgin who'll not trim  
Her lamp, even when its light grows dim;  
Capricious, ruled by chance and whim.

Her soft good-nature cannot brook  
The anguish of a steady look  
Upon Time's hourly posted Book:

Time's Book, wherein is written plain  
The loss that follows slothful gain,  
The doom of all who shrink from pain.

Lax, optimistic, indolent,  
On momentary joys intent,  
She counts as saved all she has spent.

And when God's ruthless Questions come  
Before her with Truth's Speculum—  
She slouches, simpers and chews gum!"

## II

No portrait that! You libel with your pen  
This anxious Mother of unhasty men.

Her heart is quick and true; her courage sure,  
She has the strength to suffer and endure.

God's ruthless Questions will not find her dumb;  
Her Answers will be noble. Let them come.

*"Are you for ease or honor?" "I am for  
The rights of living men, in peace or war."*

*"Will you make good that boast through days of  
gloom?"*

*"—Yes. Though my breast become my children's  
tomb."*

*Lee Wilson Dodd.*

## AMERICA, TO ARMS!

SHE stands, a guardian of the endless sea,  
Her garb is golden, and her lips are flame,  
She is the portal of Eternity  
And Beauty is the realm from whence she came!  
She is the voice of many bleeding lands—  
America, she calls! To Arms! Arise!  
For like a shimmering sabre in the skies  
In scarlet glow she stands  
A guardian of the earth and sea—

*Liberty!*

*Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff.*

## A LESSON IN MANNERS

WE have neglected certain obligations,  
Albeit in a purely social way,  
One *should* return a neighbor's salutations  
And make a party call a certain day.  
America has failed in manners. Is it  
A trifle that we lack in etiquette?  
Surely 'tis time that we returned the visit  
Of Lafayette.

Our social calendar is much neglected,  
And "busy" is not always an excuse;  
Some adequate return might be expected,  
And courtesy may rust for lack of use.



Suppose, in manner, both polite and hearty,

Before this suitable occasion goes,

We manage to return that little party

Of Rochambeau's.

*Theodosia Garrison.*

## COME TO THE COLORS

(Air: *Russian National Hymn*)

SONS of America, come to the colors;

Gather in arms round the Red, White and Blue!

Far over land and sea a bugle note is ringing;

Sons of America, it sounds for you!

Long have ye stood apart, the conflict grim be-  
holding,

Safe in your distance and calm in your might;

Now, in the hour of need, your banner proud un-  
folding,

Sons of America, uphold the right!

Kingdoms may pass away in tumult resounding,

Thrones and dominions may crumble and fall;

Now, while Humanity the great *Advance* is  
sounding,

Sons of America, obey the call!

*Laura E. Richards.*

## OUR FLAG IN FRANCE

UP with the flag in France, lads, up with the flag  
in France!

As the dawn-rays rising oversea, so be its bright  
advance;

The dawn-rays flaming on the sea, the morning  
round the world—

Long and dark was the night to us, while the  
Stars and Stripes were furled!

Out with the sword in France, lads, out with the  
sword in France!

As the sudden gleam of a twilight star, so be its  
flashing glance;

A star that brings a mighty hope to a people worn  
and pressed;

Glad were they for the kindly word, but the helping hand is best.

Follow the guns in France, lads, follow the guns in France!

Take with those on the foremost line the brave man's fighting chance;

There's a people here behind you, whose dreaming hours are past,

Who will send you forth with a swelling heart, and back you to the last.

Fight for the world's defence, lads, as your fathers fought before,

For truth and right against ruthless might, for freedom's cause once more!

Though the way be long and the hazard strong, for glory or mischance,

Up with the flag in France, lads, up with the flag in France!

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

## THE AMERICAN FLAG

THEY wait the flag—These men who hold their  
OWN

Against that beast (blood-mad and madly blind)  
Who seeks to poison all of human-kind,  
And snarl above a ravaged world alone.

*They wait the flag*—that sign that shall be shown  
To prove that with them—one in might and mind—  
Their mates from over-sea, long held behind  
Strive with them where the foremost lines are  
thrown.

Dear God, to see that day when France shall turn,  
Like some brave mariner who fought the gale  
The live-long night, to see against the dawn

Like one great glory in the sunrise, burn  
The spread, white wonder of a nearing sail  
That signals "*We stand by—Sail on, sail on!*"  
*Theodosia Garrison.*

## THE YOUNG BLOOD SPEAKS

*Bon jour*, Marcel! Your hand.

At last our stars

Have come to join your triple bars;

We're here to fight with France—

By God, give us the chance!—

We heard the cries

Of helpless children; saw the frightened eyes

Of women shrinking from the maddened crew

That swept their land; we felt

The quiver of the tortured sod, and smelt

The smoke of burning villages; we knew

You needed us, that's what we're coming for—

To *stop* this war.

*Dis donc*, Emile! We couldn't stand their cant:

"God and the Fatherland." And trampling



Your tender soil for that! We're here to fling  
Their words back in their teeth. For us, we want  
Nothing that is our neighbor's; we have come  
To lead our stricken brothers and their women  
home,

To smooth the scarred and broken earth, and plant  
The fields again. But—if we must—  
We'll deal first with those war-lords, break  
Their knees and bring them to the dust.

For France's sake

We'll fight until we drop.

We're here to make them *stop*.

*Allons!* Leon, Gaspard!

We'll help you win this war.

*Mary Farley Sanborn.*

## MARCHING WITH PAPA JOFFRE

A SONG TO FIFES AND DRUMS

MARCHING!—What are they marching, there, for?

*Rin-rin!—Ran!—Pata, pata, plan!*

Papa Joffre he's coming from the war:

*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Blue jacket and red breeches and mustachios  
gleaming white,

With a Tommy on his left hand and a Johnny on  
his right,

He has come to give America his Godspeed for  
the fight:

*Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France!*

*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Fighting!—What are they fighting, there, for?

*Eho!—Eho!—Pata, pata, plan!*

To make men free men, now and evermore:

*Vive la—Vive la France!*

The Kaiser and his kaiserlings they guessed that  
they would go

And ring the Paris Christmas bells, a-laying  
churches low;

But Papa Joffre beside the Marne stood up and  
said: *No, no!*

*A bas les Boches! Vive la France!*

*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Cheering!—What are they cheering, there, for?

*Hurrah!—Hurrah!—Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!*

Red, white, blue flags—flaming for the war:

*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Jack Poilu he's a true lad, as Papa Joffre has  
tried;

John Bull he is another, and he marches Jack  
beside;

And Yankee Doodle joins with them—three  
brothers, God for guide:

*Vive l'Amérique! l'Angleterre! la France!*

*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Praying!—What are they praying, there, for?

*Dieu! Seigneur! A ton Esprit la gloire!*

The Peace of Justice reign forever more!

*Vive l'Esprit de la France!*

We are marching in alliance that our faith may be  
restored;

We are fighting, we are cheering, for a nobler  
world-accord;

We are praying, through the tempest, unto Lib-  
erty, our Lord:

*Vive l'Alliance! Vive la France!*

*Vive la victoire de la France!*

*Percy MacKaye.*

## IT IS BETTER

THE khaki lads with drum and fife

March down Fifth Avenue.

Their eyes are eager for the strife

That moulds the world anew . . .

And you—and what of you?

*It is better to travel a bloody track*

*And come home dead or maimed—*

*It is better to go and never come back,*

*Than to stay and die ashamed.*

The lads in khaki sweep on past,

All straight and straight aligned.

When the rattle of drums is gone at last,

What is there stays behind?—

Not a thing remains behind.

*'Twas our country's very self marched by.*

*And many a man may fall—*

*But it's better to live the hour you die*

*Than never to live at all.*

*Louis How.*

## ENLISTED

HAVE you heard the shiver of bodies hurled

Chest on crashing chest,

When thigh-bones snap like pistol shots

And men meet breast to breast?

Have you seen the feet of a maddened horse

Red-wet with the wine of war

And wondered in crushing a comrade's face

What you had killed him for?

Ever the sweep of the wave of men

On the reef of jagged death,

And frozen faces like cockle-shells

Where the breaker billoweth,

The out-flung arms of a down-lipped boy

With his throat shot through—

Perhaps his shoulder brushed your own  
Or he slept last night by you.

My fathers followed Washington  
Into the forests dim,  
The blood of Warren at Bunker Hill  
In my veins runs from him,  
When Perry crossed from ship to ship  
They bent their arms to row,  
They faced the Mexicans' livid hail  
In the shattered Alamo.

The Susquehanna knew their tents,  
They perished at Bull Run,  
Shenandoah saw our dead  
Staring at the sun;  
We marched with Sherman to the sea,  
Starved at Andersonville,  
And one of us died by the barbed-wire fence  
Under San Juan Hill.



You cannot change the written scroll  
Nor alter the charted plan,  
Ever must moaning women quail  
And man make war on man;  
Out of strength must sweetness come—  
Out of sacrifice  
We melt the metal and forge the key  
To enter Paradise.

I thank my fathers for what they paid  
On the altar of the years,  
I thank the women who gave me birth  
In agony and tears;  
I could not wish that life should ask  
One payment less from me,  
And the bugle-call of the arming hosts  
Sets their old passion free.

*Willard Wattles.*

## CURRENCY

*"Let us pay with our bodies for our soul's desire."*—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

---

O, HIGH of soul, flesh doth not overwhelm,  
But is the means wherewith all things to buy!  
It is the coin current of the realm  
Wherein we live and die.

Upon our far strange journey to that Home  
From which we are astray,  
The Providence that destined we should roam  
Gave us wherewith to pay.

We shall arrive if nobly we aspire,  
And spending flesh to buy the spirit free,  
Pay with our bodies for our souls' desire  
For perfect liberty.

*M. E. Buhler.*

## TO OUR WOMEN

*(Adapted from the French of Paul Déroulède)*

WOMAN, if the man to whom your heart you give  
Gives you all his heart, to you alone is true—

If, American, a stranger he can live

To America, his only country You—

If without despising himself and you alike

He hears his duty call and lifts no hand to strike—

*Woman, your clinging hands have bent his soul  
awry.*

*You knew not how to love him if he knows not how  
to die.*

Mother, if your boy grows man in years alone,

Loving self so well, he has no heart to hear

The voice of higher hopes, if he has never known

The steadfast will that faces and overpowers fear,  
If in the perilous hour of Freedom's mortal fight  
He fails to dare his all for God and for the right—  
*Mother, your love has crippled the soul it strove  
to shield.*

*You knew not how to give the life he knows not  
how to yield.*

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## TO THE MOTHERS

MOTHERS of men, do you not know  
What you gave to the world in your hour of woe?  
Born of courage, and doomed to stress,  
A man for the tasks of men—no less!

Mothers of women, can you not feel  
What all the signs of your life reveal?  
You have brought forth love, with its sword and  
    **fire,**  
And love's high crown is the lost desire.

Mothers of men, have you not known  
That the soul of the child is not your own?  
If God has sealed him for palm and cross,  
To hold him close were your bitter loss.

Mothers, mothers, will you not see  
All that your gift to the world may be?  
These who must fight a wrong abhorred  
Are Michael's angels, who bear the sword.

Mothers of men, then loose your hold!  
Love grants more than your arms enfold;  
Under the Cross you stand apart,  
With Mary's sword in your dauntless heart.

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

## THE GIRLS THEY LEFT BEHIND THEM

WE are the girls that they left behind them

And this is the pride that we wear today.

We had no will to hinder or bind them,

To bid them hesitate, wait or stay.

We bade God-speed to them on their way,

Not with the sadness of hearts resigned

But glad of the call they must needs obey.

We are the girls that they left behind.

We are the girls that they left behind them,

Not as of old but to weep and pray,

But with ready hands and with wit to find

them

Service fit for the part we play.

And this is the pride that we wear today

(We who are one with them heart and mind)

That they loved us and left us and marched away.

We are the girls that they left behind.

*Theodosia Garrison.*



## A FRENCH CAPTAIN

THREE wounds . . . he was so weak . . . just to  
let go

The grip of will on torn and weary flesh—

For then would come a silence . . . and long  
sleep . . .

And when he waked—if waking was for him—

Then he could fight again . . . but now—O God!

Only to slip to earth a little while

And lose the shattering tumult of the guns!

But something in his heart would not let go,

Something that thudded in his ringing ears

“For France! For France! For France!” He  
struggled on

Bleeding, unconquered—and unconquerable,

For when the bullet struck him in the breast

He shouted to his men as he went down,  
"Never fall back! It is my last command!"

That was one soldier's death. You who can sneer  
(God pardon you!) at him and at his like,  
Walking so proudly in your nobler ways—  
Are you as faithful to humanity  
As he to France? Do the stern tests of peace  
Awake the God in you, as war in him?  
If it were so—there were an end of war.

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## THE RECRUIT

GIVE me to die when life is high:

The sudden thrust, the quick release,  
Full in the front, in harness, not  
A slow decay in timorous peace.

There is not any way but this!

I would not shirk the joy of strife,  
Nor lose one flash of perfect death  
For sluggard years of coward life.

My breath, which is God's gift to me,  
Exulting waits His high behest;  
My heart, which moves at His command,  
At His command will gladly rest.

For who would tarry when He calls,  
To haggle at the heavy toll,  
And render to ungrudging God  
The insult of a niggard soul?

*Reginald Wright Kauffman.*

## PRAYER DURING BATTLE

LORD, in this hour of tumult,  
    Lord, in this night of fears,  
Keep open, oh, keep open  
    My eyes, my ears.

Not blindly, not in hatred,  
    Lord, let me do my part.  
Keep open, oh, keep open  
    My mind, my heart!

*Hermann Hagedorn.*

## THEY ALSO SERVE——

BEYOND the soaring thrill that lifts the heart

To martial music and to marching feet,

Beyond the thin call of the fife—apart

From brave emotion, and the sudden heat

Of young enthusiasm, and the cheers

Of crowds which weep and rally at a word—

Beyond the Fire and the Wind and Tears

The still small voice of Sacrifice is heard!

The cripple in his chair who does his bit—

The bent old woman in her garden-plot—

By such small flames the holy Lamp is lit—

And who can say the Country needs them  
not?

Not for us all the right to rise and go

To unknown Terror over haunted seas—

*Yet all shall reap as We-At-Home shall sow—*

*And thus we serve—unto the least of these!*

*Faith Baldwin.*

## HIS JOB

"I DIDN'T raise my boy to be a soldier—

The nations *ought* to arbitrate, I say—

But I couldn't face my son if I made him leave  
undone

His bit to help America to-day.

Though I couldn't bear to think of him in battle,

And it's terrible to trust him to the sea,

I'll give him with a will where he doesn't have to  
kill

Is there nothing for my boy and me?"

There's a call for him that's louder every minute;

There's a hungry world that he can help to feed.

There's a fight without a gun that is waiting for  
your son

Where the enemy's the vermin and the weed.



If you didn't raise your boy to be a soldier,

If you didn't raise your boy to be a shirk,

Here's a job for head and hand—send him out  
to till the land;

What's the matter with a farmer's work?

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## CONCERNING PLANTING

FRIEND Kipling wrote some lines long since that  
ended "Pay, Pay, Pay!"

And he helped to clean up Africa. That war was  
children's play

With this that has to sift the sea, that's playing  
hide and seek

And prisoners' base with submarines that scuttle  
life. Last week

I heard a pure-food specialist stand up and start  
his chant

With "The way to beat Berlin is just to 'Plant,  
Plant, Plant!'"

They say all nature's short of crops this year and  
next may be.

The world is shy of ships beside. It spills grain  
in the sea.

The answer's wider acreage. The farmer'll do his  
share.

If you want to beat those butchers of babies in the  
air

You'll tell your wife's relations and the uncles of  
your aunt

And your seventh cousin twice removed to "Plant,  
Plant, Plant!"

Now I have a gift for gardens and I've dug my  
trenches there.

I've planted seeds instead of shells and made the  
neighbors stare.

I've ranged my ranks of carrots, and beets, and  
beans, and peas,

With pinks and roses round the sides as pretty as  
you please.

This year the flowers will have to go. My wife  
says that we shan't

Steal one more Belgian baby's life. So "Plant,  
Plant, Plant!"

This year the game is gardens. This year the fad  
is food.

Gad, if they plow their golf links up I'd cheer  
the multitude

That have the money habit. If all would take  
their turn

The butlers and the ladies' maids to weed and hoe  
might learn.

Say, that's some Cubist picture. My kids declare  
they can't

Slice up their tennis court. But Ma says "Plant,  
Plant, Plant!"

Canal sides in New York will bloom. Beside our  
railroad tracks

We're going to turn the Germans out. Around the  
rusty shacks

Where we used to do our dumping, and on every  
vacant lot

I've a picture of a planting worth tons of steel  
and shot.

Though pacifists may preach and doubt and fools  
may rave and rant,

We are going to knock the Kaiser out. So "Plant,  
Plant, Plant!"

*John Curtis Underwood.*

## SPADES ARE TRUMPS!

"CLUBS are trumps!" the soldier shouts,  
"By might alone we win today;  
For over all the world of men  
The strength of arms holds eager sway."

*"Nay, SPADES are trumps!" speaks Mother  
Earth,*

*"The might you boast would soon be gone  
Without the harvest that they yield  
To lend you strength and feed your brawn."*

"Diamonds are trumps!" the merchant cries,  
"They build your navy, ship by ship;  
Place guns within your soldiers' hands,  
And give your fighters swords to grip."

*"Nay, SPADES are trumps!" speaks Mother  
Earth,*

*My workers share the richest spoil:  
Where would your boats and armies be  
Without the fruitage of the soil?"*

*"Hearts are trumps!" the women sigh,  
"We give our husbands and our sons,  
To sail your ships across the seas,  
To bear your flags and man your guns."*

*"Nay, SPADES are trumps!" speaks Mother  
Earth,*

*"The guns may roar on land and sea.  
And swords may flash and hearts may break—  
But SPADES shall have the victory!"*

*John Kemble.*

## THE WAR OF BREAD

*“There shall be no unwarranted manipulation of the nation’s food supply by those who handle it on the way to the consumer.”—President Wilson.*

---

OF all the wars that waste this world,

Where the life of man has bled,

This is the war I most abhor—

The theft of the people’s bread!

They who hold back what the kind Earth gave

In the billowing fields of grain,

Are the cowardliest foe—for their secret blow

Strikes for their own base gain.



Arm of the law, reach forth in your might,  
And the hidden stores unbind,  
And defeat their power who, at this hour,  
Wage dastardly war on their kind!

*Edith M. Thomas.*

## COLUMBIA'S SHOP

COLUMBIA has opened shop,  
(Come buy, good folk, come buy!)  
None may despise her merchandise,—  
Her price is far from high.  
Your parcels shall be neatly tied  
With red and white and blue,  
And Liberty (most charming, she)  
Shall hand them out to you.

Columbia has opened shop  
As any lady may,  
No better ware is anywhere,  
(Come buy, good folk, and pay!)  
For whosoever buys of her  
Shall have her thanks the while

And Liberty shall take the fee  
And give the change and smile.

Columbia has opened shop,  
(The foreign trade's astir)  
Pray step inside—the door stands wide—  
And buy a bond from her.

*Theodosia Garrison.*

## THE CHILDLESS

THEY give the savings of their life—the dreams,  
The hopes of youth, the care of yearning years,  
The tender fostering, the love austere  
That served by chastening, the prayers unheard  
Except by God—all, all the priceless hoard  
Of love that goes to make a son, a *man*,  
They give all this—with sorrow, yet with joy.  
It may be they shall have their gift again  
In time to come; it may be they shall have  
For their one comfort that they gave their all  
To help God's Kingdom come. . . .

And we—(O God,  
Thou knowest why!) who have no sons to give,  
We lend our gold that shall be paid again

With interest. So small a thing it seems!

And yet—these are the savings of our life,

And there is nothing petty in Thy sight.

Accept, O God, our offering—'tis to Thee.

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## THE TEST

MONEY you have, though children none,  
Who say that you would give your son  
To help dear Liberty to live,  
If you had a son to give.  
Remember, words are not the price  
At which the wares of God are sold.  
Your own flesh would you sacrifice  
Who will not even lend your gold?

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

## A SONG OF CONFIDENCE

WE have not compelled them, urged them, nor ca-  
joled them—

Of their own need they came to us, their own  
want and will.

We but opened wide the door, bade our walls en-  
fold them,

Gave them of our plenitude, as we give them  
still.

Surely we may never fear lest these should wish  
us ill.

We have broken bread with them, lit the flame that  
warmed them,

Bade them share our children's place at hearth  
and bed and board.

We have bound the ancient wounds—unhealed  
wounds that harmed them—

Shared with them our freedom from fear and  
over-lord.

Surely these shall aid us when our hand is on  
the sword.

Not with misplaced confidence, not in foolish  
blindness,

Do we trust these guests today who have known  
our best,—

These who wrought with us in peace, walked with  
us in kindness,

These shall never fail us when men's souls are  
at the test,

These shall guard the honor of the House that  
gave them rest.

*Theodosia Garrison.*



“RIDE, VIGILANTES!”

RIDE through the land, Vigilantes, ride!

From this bound of the East where the inrolling  
tide

With more than the red of the sunrise is dyed,  
As crimson the foam is borne to our strand!

Ride!

Draw not the rein, and make not your stand,  
Till ye come to the slumbering heart of the land:  
Tell them who sleep—so loth to awake,  
All unprepared for the storm that must break—  
Tell them, Humanity's all is at stake!  
Tell them, “'Tis Freedom that falls in the  
breach!”

If they murmur, adream, "Our peace, we beseech—

The peoples at war—they speak not our speech!"

Ye will say, "If ye sleep, then sleep—to your shame!

*Freedom's no alien, but one and the same;*

Wake ye, and arm ye, in her great name!"

---

Ride, Vigilantes, lifting your light,

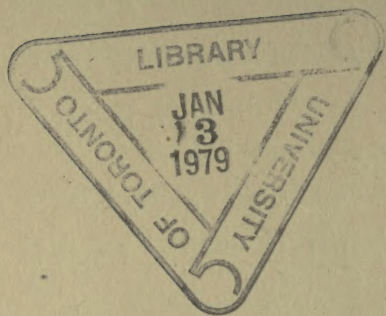
Ride through the day, and ride through the night,

Searching out Men of Valor and Might!—

**Ride!**

*Edith M. Thomas.*





**PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE  
CARDS OR SLIPS FROM THIS POCKET**

---

**UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO LIBRARY**

---

D  
526  
.2  
V5

The Vigilantes  
Fifes and drums

