

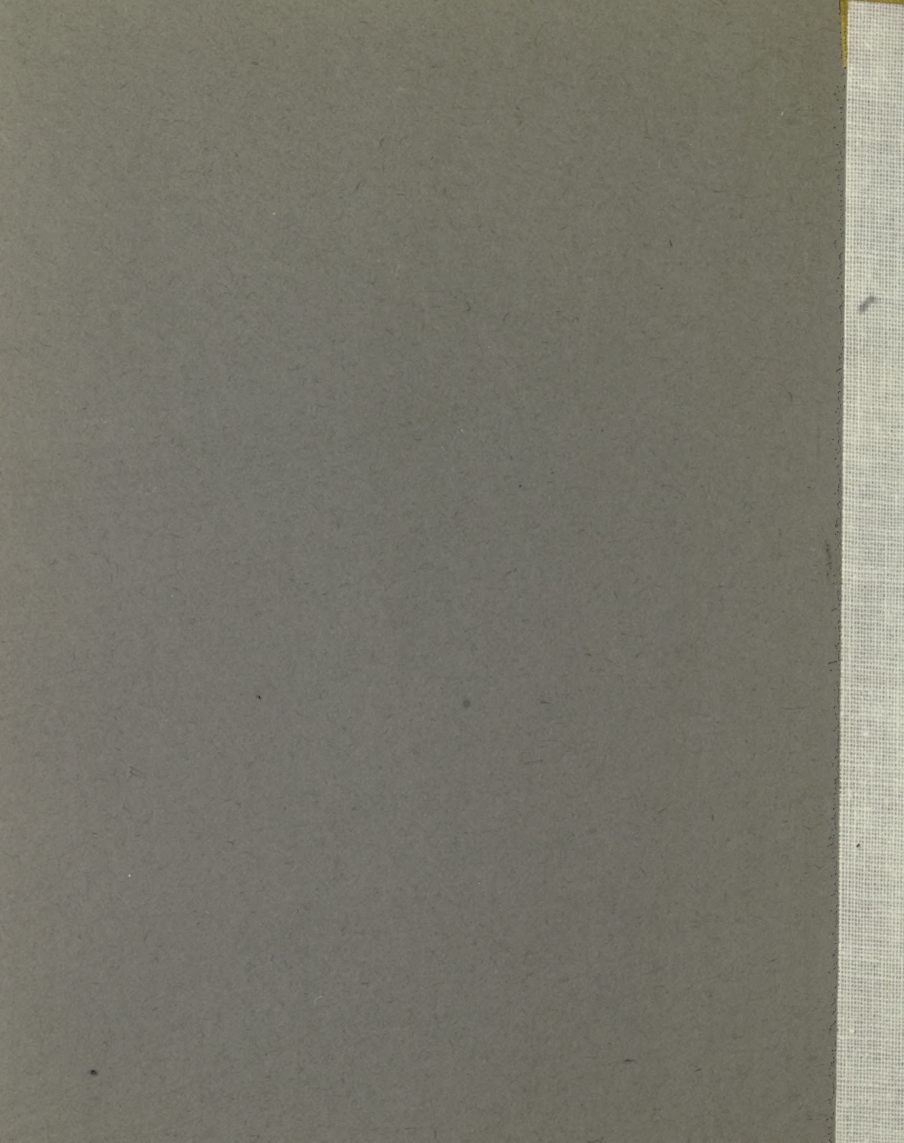
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Fighting men

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FIGHTING MEN

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

SONGS IN SAIL. Second Thousand

SAILOR TOWN : SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

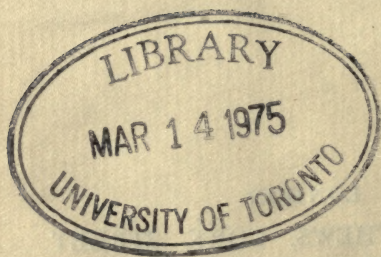
THE NAVAL CROWN : BALLADS AND SONGS

# FIGHTING MEN

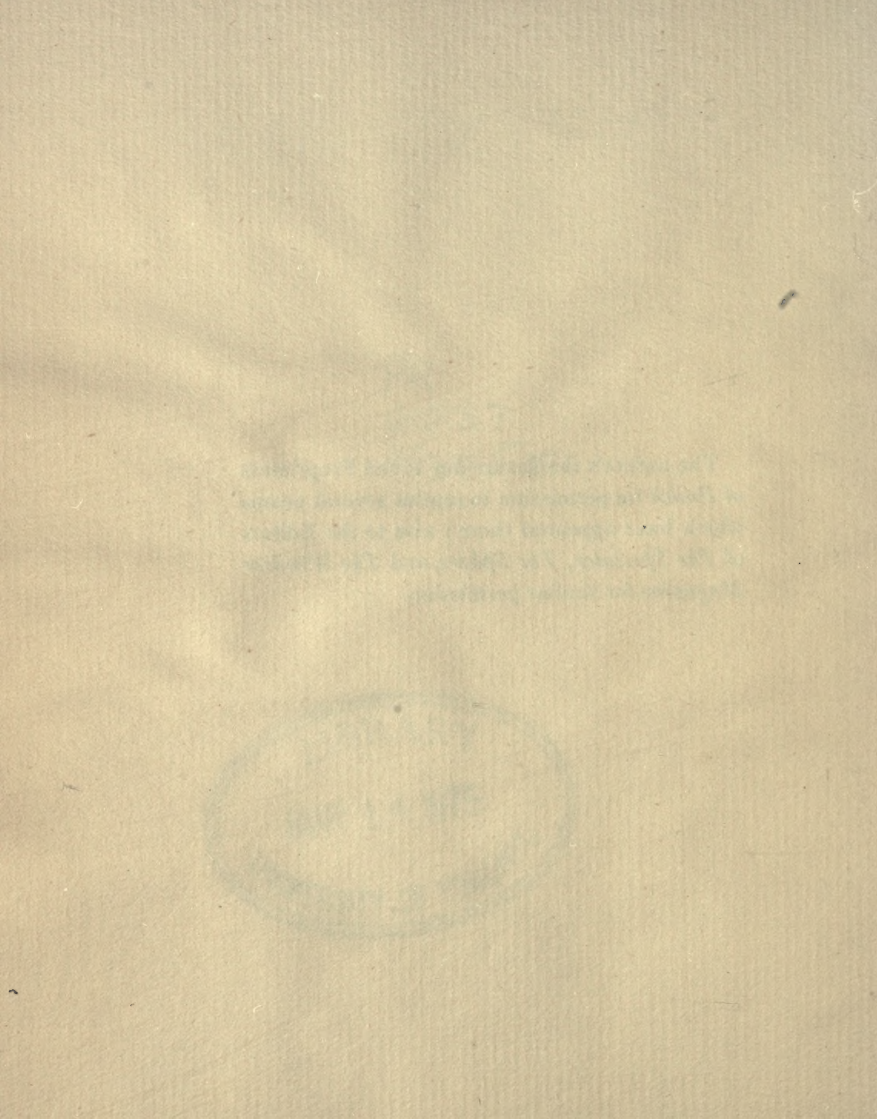
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C. FOX SMITH

LONDON  
ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET  
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## CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL" . . . . .	9
THE BALLAD OF THE RESURRECTION PACKET . . . . .	15
THE SILENT NAVY . . . . .	19
"LIGHT CRUISERS (OLD)" . . . . .	22
TORPEDO BOATS . . . . .	25
HOME ALONG . . . . .	28
THE CONVALESCENT . . . . .	30
THE ROUTE MARCH . . . . .	33
STEW . . . . .	35
THE CONVERSATION BOOK . . . . .	37
MULES . . . . .	40
THE GRAND TOUR . . . . .	43
SPEED THE PLOUGH: A COUNTRY SONG . . . . .	46
HOMeward . . . . .	48
FAREWELL TO ANZAC . . . . .	51
SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND . . . . .	53
FULFILMENT . . . . .	56
SPRING IN HAMPSHIRE: 1916 . . . . .	58
FLANDERS' WOODS . . . . .	60
THE YEOMAN'S SON . . . . .	61
HAY HARVEST: 1916 . . . . .	63

## CONTENTS

i	PREFACE
1	THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES
2	THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES
3	THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT
4	THE STATES
5	THE LOCAL GOVERNMENTS
6	THE JUDICIAL BRANCH
7	THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH
8	THE LEGISLATIVE BRANCH
9	THE SUPREMACY OF THE CONSTITUTION
10	THE RIGHTS OF CITIZENS
11	THE RIGHTS OF STATES
12	THE RIGHTS OF INDIVIDUALS
13	THE RIGHTS OF PROPERTY
14	THE RIGHTS OF LABOR
15	THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN
16	THE RIGHTS OF CHILDREN
17	THE RIGHTS OF THE DEAF
18	THE RIGHTS OF THE BLIND
19	THE RIGHTS OF THE MENTALLY DISABLED
20	THE RIGHTS OF THE ELDERLY
21	THE RIGHTS OF THE YOUNG
22	THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR
23	THE RIGHTS OF THE RICH
24	THE RIGHTS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS
25	THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKING CLASS
26	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNEMPLOYED
27	THE RIGHTS OF THE MARGINAL
28	THE RIGHTS OF THE OUTFER
29	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERCLASS
30	THE RIGHTS OF THE POOR
31	THE RIGHTS OF THE VERY POOR
32	THE RIGHTS OF THE PROLETARIAT
33	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUBPROLETARIAT
34	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERPROLETARIAT
35	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPERPROLETARIAT
36	THE RIGHTS OF THE PROLETARIAT
37	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERPROLETARIAT
38	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPERPROLETARIAT
39	THE RIGHTS OF THE PROLETARIAT
40	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERPROLETARIAT
41	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPERPROLETARIAT
42	THE RIGHTS OF THE PROLETARIAT
43	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERPROLETARIAT
44	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPERPROLETARIAT
45	THE RIGHTS OF THE PROLETARIAT
46	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERPROLETARIAT
47	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPERPROLETARIAT
48	THE RIGHTS OF THE PROLETARIAT
49	THE RIGHTS OF THE UNDERPROLETARIAT
50	THE RIGHTS OF THE SUPERPROLETARIAT

# FIGHTING MEN

## The Rhyme of the "Inisfail"

LIMEHOUSE way, the other day, as I did chance  
to be, .

I met with a hairy sailorman was shipmates once  
with me,

With his short black pipe between his teeth, and his  
tarry dungaree.

I gripped him by the elbow then, he swung upon his  
heel

(And oh! that deep-sea speech to hear, that rope-  
hard hand to feel,

It brought once more the younger years, the look-out  
and the wheel,

## THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL"

The way of a ship in the great waters where the  
flying fishes are,  
A creaking block, and the reef-points tapping, and a  
high Southern star,  
And the smell of nitrates, and new lumber, and paint  
and Stockholm tar.)

And "What's the news now up and down?" and  
"Where's your ship?" I cried.  
"Greenland Basin or Martin's Wharf?"—He turned  
and spat aside—  
"She's dockin' far from here this night, on a late,  
long tide.

"An' I came home in steam" (he said), "I never  
thought to do—  
In a sooty, smeary cargo-tank, with a greasy steam-  
boat crew;  
An' if you'd know the why of it, I'll tell ye plain an'  
true.

"I sailed in June from Carrizal—no call to tell the  
tale  
Of every bit of a blow we had an' every Cape 'Orn  
gale—  
In an old-time Clyde-built packet that was called the  
'Inisfail.'

## THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL"

"One o' them ships with painted ports that Gow of  
Glasgow had  
In the great old days of the wool-clippers when I was  
but a lad—  
An' she was one o' the best o' them ; their worst was  
never bad.

"All full-rigged ships in them days too, I've heard  
old shellbacks say ;  
The 'Inisfail' was near the last, an' she had had her  
day,  
When they cut the half of her sail-plan down, an' her  
mizen-yards away."

"Why, well I knew the 'Inisfail'" (I said) "and  
well should know ;  
She lay with us in Taltal once, and once in Callao,  
The time I sailed in the nitrate trade, a sight o' years  
ago.

"A woman with a harp she had by way of figure-  
head,  
And shamrocks all about her dress like golden stars  
were spread,  
A bonnier thing was never carved."—"That's her,"  
Mike sighed and said.

THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL"

"Ay well, she's gone, the 'Inisfail'; her split and  
broken hull,  
It doesn't lie by the Seven Stones, the Brisons or the  
Gull,  
Where many a bumpin' cargo lies, an' many a dead  
man's skull.

"But fifty miles from Fastnet Light, in the wide and  
open sea,  
Where the seagulls meet the homeward bound, through  
the rollers plungin' free,  
It's there I left the 'Inisfail' in the place where she  
left me.

\* \* \* \*

"A shadow like a shark, I saw the damned torpedo  
glide;  
Like a sunken reef it jarred her ribs—it ripped her  
loaded side  
As the killer rips the mother whale in the red Behring  
tide.

"We did not need the sounding rod to try the depth  
below,  
By the feel of her beneath our feet we could not help  
but know  
She'd never fetch a port no more, an' 'twas time for  
us to go.

## THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL"

"So we cast the long-boat's lashin's loose, we hove  
her over the rail  
(An' we thanked our luck as we tumbled in it wasn't  
blowin' a gale),  
An' we stood off an' on to see the last o' the  
'Inisfail.'

"We had not got the sail off her—with all her cloths  
agleam  
She looked as lovely as a bird, as peaceful as a  
dream,  
As she lay with her mainyard aback an' liftin' on the  
stream.

"We could see the smoke from the galley-fire in  
little puffs that blew,  
An' the brasswork winkin' in the sun, an' the gilt  
vane flashin' too,  
An' the shark's tail at her bowsprit end, an' a score  
o' things we knew.

"We sat and watched for the end of her—we hardly  
spoke or stirred ;  
'She'll maybe float,' said someone then—he scarce  
had shaped the word  
When she shivered an' lurched like a melting berg,  
an' sank like a wounded bird.

## THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL"

"An' no one 'll ever be cold or hungry, battered or sore,  
Or do a job o' work aboard of her any more,  
Or lift a stave at the halliards the same as they used  
of yore.

"She won't know the wind an' the stars no more, the  
sun an' the blue,  
Never the kiss of the 'Trade again—never the sound  
o' the crew  
An' they chanteyin' up the anchor in one of them  
ports she knew.

"No one 'll sleep in the black shadows when the  
moon's yellow as corn  
Or sing songs in the dog-watches—or wish he was  
never born,  
Fistin' them big courses of hers, down there off the  
pitch o' the Horn.

"Nor they won't sell her or scrap her now, when  
workin' days are done;  
She won't rust in the breaker's yard, nor lie and rot  
in the sun  
Like an old broken sailorman whose yarn is nearly spun.

"For she lies deep, the 'Inisfail'—ay, deep she lies  
an' drowned,  
Farther'n ever a wave 'll stir, deeper'n a lead can sound,  
Fifty mile from Fastnet Light, an' homeward bound."



## The Ballad of the Resurrection Packet

OH, she's in from the deep water, she's safe in port  
once more

With shot-'oles in 'er funnel which were not there  
before ;

Yes, she's 'ome, dearie, 'ome, an' we've 'alf the sea  
inside !

Ought to 'ave sunk, but she couldn't if she tried !

An' it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh she'll bring us  
'ome some day,

Rollin' both rails under in the old sweet way !

Freezin' in the foul weather, fryin' in the fine,

The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line !"

If she'd been built for sinkin' she'd 'ave done it long  
ago ;

She's tried 'er best in every sea an' all the winds that  
blow ;

## THE BALLAD OF THE RESURRECTION PACKET

In 'urricanes at Galveston, pamperos off the Plate,  
An' icy Cape 'Orn snorters which freeze you while  
you wait.

She's been ashore at Vallipo, Algoa Bay likewise,  
She's broke 'er screw shaft off Cape Race an' stove  
'er bows in ice,  
She's lost 'er deck-load overboard an' 'alf 'er bulwarks  
too,  
An' she's come in with fire aboard, smokin' like a flue.

But it's "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh she gets there just the  
same,  
Reekin', leakin', 'alf a wreck, scarred an' stove an'  
lame ;  
Patch 'er up with putty, lads, tie 'er up with twine,  
The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line !"

A bit west the Scillies the sky was stormy red ;  
" 'To-night we'll lift Saint Agnes Light if all goes well,"  
we said ;  
But we met a slinkin' submarine as dark was comin'  
down,  
An' she ripped our rotten plates away an' left us there  
to drown.

A bit west the Scillies we thought 'er sure to sink,  
There was 'alf a gale blowin', the sky was black as ink ;

## THE BALLAD OF THE RESURRECTION PACKET

The seas begun to mount an' the wind begun to  
thunder,  
An' every wave that come, oh we thought 'twould roll  
'er under!

But it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, an' she gets there  
after all—  
Steamin' when she can steam, an' when she can't  
she'll crawl,  
This year, next year, rain or storm or shine,  
The resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

We thought about the bulk-'eads, we wondered if they'd  
last,  
An' the cook 'e started groanin', an' repentin' of the  
past;  
But thinkin' an' groanin', oh they wouldn't shift the  
water,  
So we got the pumps a-workin', same as British sea-  
men oughter.

If she'd been a crack liner she'd 'ave gone like a stone,  
An' why she didn't sink is a thing as can't be known;  
Our arms was made o' lead, our backs was split with  
achin',  
But we pumped 'er into port just before the day was  
breakin'!

THE BALLAD OF THE RESURRECTION PACKET

An' it was "'Ome, dearie, 'ome, oh she'll bring us  
'ome some day,

Don't you 'ear the pumps a-clankin' in the old sweet  
way?

This year, next year, rain or storm or shine,  
She's the resurrection packet of the Salt 'Orse Line!"

## The Silent Navy

OH, it is not in the papers and we cannot always know  
Where to find the Silent Service whose address is  
"G.P.O."

And to-day you can't be certain where to-morrow it  
will be  
Which yesterday was "somewhere" and the day  
before "at sea."

You will find the Silent Navy under every star that  
shines ;  
It may be hunting submarines, it may be sweeping  
mines ;  
From Cocos Isle to Dogger Bank, the Falklands to  
the Bight,  
You will find the Silent Navy when it gets the chance  
to fight.

You'll find it in the wintry seas, making heavy  
weather  
When the wind and the waves are playing larks  
together ;

## THE SILENT NAVY

You'll find it cruising up and down and coming in to  
coal,  
Then out again in mist and rain to keep its long  
patrol.

You will find the Silent Navy where the ships come  
in from sea  
With wheat and meat and fighting men and sugar for  
our tea,  
You'll find it seizing contraband in narrow seas and  
wide,  
You'll find it near, you'll find it far, and in between  
beside.

It may be on the Danube, or among the Belgian  
dunes;  
Annexing South Sea Islands or blockading hot  
lagoons;  
Escorting armies overseas or starting out in buff  
To hand a Turkish railway-line a friendly pinch of  
snuff.

It's here and there and everywhere, an unexpected  
guest  
That is not always welcome, be its manners of the  
best;  
You'll meet it in the Baltic and again in Riga Bay,  
Or landing with its guns in Equatorial Africa.

## THE SILENT NAVY

It is not in the papers, for the Censor deems it best ;  
But we sometimes hear a little, and we sometimes  
    guess the rest,  
And where there's any risk to run, or any death to  
    dare,  
You may seek the Silent Navy . . . and be sure you'll  
    find it there !

## “Light Cruisers (Old)”

(*Vide* Naval Expert's Classification)

WHEN you've marshalled your navies and gloried your  
fill

In the latest they show of invention and skill—  
The lion in strength and the lizard in speed,  
The watchful in waiting, the present in need—  
The great Super-Dreadnoughts gigantic and grim,  
The thirty-knot cruisers both subtle and slim,  
The weight and the range of each wonderful gun—

Remember the cruisers, the out-of-date cruisers,  
The creaky old cruisers whose day is not done,  
Built some time before Nineteen Hundred and One !

You may look to the South, you may seek in the North,  
You may search from the Falklands as far as the  
Forth,



“LIGHT CRUISERS (OLD)”

From Pole unto Pole all the oceans between,  
Patrolling, protecting, unwearied, unseen,  
By night or by noonday the Navy is there,  
And the out-of-date cruisers are doing their share !  
Yes, anywhere, everywhere under the sun,

You will find an old cruiser, an off-the-map cruiser,  
An out-of-date cruiser whose work's never done,  
Built some time before Nineteen Hundred and One !

It may be you'll meet with her lending a hand  
In clearing a way for the soldiers to land ;  
Escorting an army, and feeding it too,  
Or sinking a raider (and saving her crew) ;  
Blockading by sea or attacking by dry land,  
Bombarding a coast or annexing an island,  
Where there's death to be daring or risk to be run

You may look for the cruiser, the out-of-date cruiser,  
The creaky old cruiser that harries the Hun,  
Built some time before Nineteen Hundred and One.

In wild nights of winter when warmly you sleep,  
She is plugging her way through the dark and the deep,  
With death in the billows which endless do roll,  
And the wind blowing cold with the kiss of the Pole ;

“ LIGHT CRUISERS (OLD) ”

While seas slopping over both frequent and green  
Call forth on occasion expressions of spleen,  
Of all the old kettles awarding the Bun

To the out-of-date cruiser—the obsolete cruiser—  
The creaky old cruiser whose work's never done,  
Built some time before Nineteen Hundred and One !

And when the Day breaks for whose smoke-trail afar  
We scan the grey waters by sunlight and star,  
The day of great glory—the splendour, the gloom,  
The lightning, the thunder, the judgment, the doom,  
The breaking of navies, the shaking of kings,  
When the Angel of Battle makes night with his wings,  
Oh somewhere, be sure, in the thick o' the fun

You will find an old cruiser, a gallant old cruiser,  
A creaky old cruiser whose day is not done,  
Built some time before Nineteen Hundred and One !

## Torpedo Boats

THERE be poets in plenty have sung in the praise  
Of the famous old names out of Old Navy days,  
Of "Victory," "Temeraire," "Ajax," "Orion,"  
"Colossus," "Calliope," "Tiger" and "Lion";  
But it's hard, you'll acknowledge, to rhyme you the  
fame

Of a craft that has never so much as a name,  
But simply appears on the tale of the sea  
As—"H.M. Torpedo Boat (One, Two, or Three)!"

Likewise our destroyers have names to suggest  
Their fierceness, their fleetness, their daring, their  
zest,

The Insects, the Rivers, the Tribes and what not—  
Not to mention selections from Shakespeare and  
Scott;

## TORPEDO BOATS

But though they should ransack the poets all through,  
And exhaust every creature that's known at the Zoo,  
Not a name would there be in the whole bag o' tricks  
To spare for Torpedo Boat Four, Five or Six !

But it matters not greatly when work's to be done  
If they call you " Ark Royal " or Nought-Forty-One ;  
If you sound like a flagship of ancient renown,  
Or more like the knapsack once worn by John Brown.  
And whether your portion be number or name,  
There are some things, you'll find, which are always  
    the same,  
And sisters in Duty, at risk of the sea,  
Are Dreadnought, destroyer, and humble T.B.

There be sea-fogs to blind her and tempests to batter,  
There be shoals to decoy her and lee shores to  
    shatter,  
There be seas which engulf her and billows which  
    roll,  
With spray dashing high as a Dreadnought's control ;  
While to keep her from dulness are mines not a  
    few  
(And she knows just a bit about submarines too !),  
Such lesser distractions as fall to the lot  
Of H.M. Torpedo Boat—please yourself what !

## TORPEDO BOATS

And though scant be her portion on History's page,  
Recounting great battles where fleets did engage,  
Though the end of her day be to perish alone,  
Her deeds unrecorded, her glory unknown ;  
Come lightning or tempest, come gale or come sleet,  
She must stick at her job on the fringe of the Fleet,  
Patrolling our coast round from Harwich to Humber,  
H.M. Torpedo Boat—known by a number !

## Home Along

WHEN days are gettin' short an' cold, an' the long  
nights begin,  
With waves like mountains rollin' high, an' the  
norther blowin' thin,  
Oh, then my thoughts do stretch their wings an' fly  
across the sea,  
Home along, home along, to the place where I would  
be !

Home along, home along, there's deep an' leafy  
lanes,  
Where kind an' warm's the summer sun an' soft the  
autumn rains ;  
An' many a ship to harbour comes, an' sailor home  
from sea,  
Home along, home along, in the West Countrie !

I wonder how they're farin' now, the young folks an'  
the old,  
An' if they think at all o' me, when winter nights are  
cold ;

## HOME ALONG

An' what's the tale on Market Strand, the news on  
Fish Strand Quay,  
Home along, home along, in the West Countrie !

Home along, home along, 'tis maybe not the same  
Wi' no one left but old men there, the faint 'earts an'  
the lame ;  
Who'll pull my oar to lifeboat now, when the blue  
lights burn at sea,  
Home along, home along, in the West Countrie ?

I wish that 'Igh Kiel fleet would come, the waitin's  
cruel slow,  
An' when I get my bit o' leave, oh, I know where I  
will go,  
To sit me down beside the fire, or stroll beside the  
quay,  
Home along, home along, in the West Countrie.

Home along, home along, an' I'd like to see it now,  
The ruddy furrow white wi' gulls behind my father's  
plough—  
A friend to greet, an' a girl to meet, an' a score o'  
folks to see,  
Home along, home along, in the West Countrie !

## The Convalescent

WE'VE billards, bowls an' tennis courts, we've teas  
an' motor-rides ;  
We've concerts nearly every night, an' 'eaps o' things  
besides ;  
We've all the best of everything as much as we can  
eat—  
But my 'eart—my 'eart's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.

I'm askin' Sister every day when I'll be fit to go ;  
“ We must 'ave used you bad ” (she says) “ you want  
to leave us so ” ;  
I says, “ I beg your pardon, Nurse, the place is 'ard  
to beat,  
But my 'eart—my 'eart's at 'ome in 'Enry Street.”

The sheffoneer we saved to buy, the clock upon the  
wall,  
The pictures an' the almanac, the china dogs an' all,



## THE CONVALESCENT

I've thought about it many a time, my little 'ome  
complete,  
When in Flanders, far away from 'Enry Street.

It's 'elped me through the toughest times—an' some  
was middlin' tough—  
The 'ardest march was not so 'ard, the roughest not  
so rough ;  
It's 'elped me keep my pecker up in victory an'  
defeat,  
Just to think about my 'ome in 'Enry Street.

There's several things I'd like to 'ave which 'ere I  
never see,  
I'd like some chipped potatoes an' a kipper to my tea ;  
But most of all I'd like to feel the stones beneath my  
feet  
Of the road that takes me 'ome to 'Enry Street.

They'll 'ave a little flag 'ung out—they'll 'ave the  
parlour gay  
With crinkled paper all about, the same as Christmas  
Day,  
An' out of all the neighbours' doors the 'eads 'll pop  
to greet  
Me comin' wounded 'ome to 'Enry Street.

## THE CONVALESCENT

My missis—well, she'll cry a bit, an' laugh a bit  
between ;

My kids 'll climb upon my knees—there's one I've  
never seen ;

An' of all the days which I 'ave known there won't be  
one so sweet

As the one when I go 'ome to 'Enry Street.

## The Route March

WE'VE got our foreign service boots—we've 'ad 'em  
    'alf a day ;  
If it wasn't for the Adjutant I'd sling the brutes  
    away ;  
If I could 'ave my old ones back I'd give a fortnight's  
    pay  
    An' chuck 'em in the pair I got this mornin' !

We've marched a 'undred miles to-day—we've 'undreds  
    more to go,  
An' if you don't believe me, why, I'll tell you 'ow I  
    know,  
I've measured out the distance by the blister on my  
    toe,  
    For I got my foreign service boots this mornin'.

We've got our foreign service boots—I wish that I  
    was dead ;  
I wish I'd got the Colonel's 'orse an' 'im my feet  
    instead ;

## THE ROUTE MARCH

I wish I was a nacrobat, I'd walk upon my 'ead,  
For I got my foreign service boots this mornin'.

We're 'oppin' an' we're 'obblin' to a cock-eyed rag-  
time tune,  
Not a soul as isn't limp'in' in the bloomin' 'ole  
balloon ;  
But buck you up, my com-e-rades, we're off to  
Flanders soon,  
For we got our foreign service boots this mornin' !

## Stew

IF you 'ave lost your 'aversack, your kit-bag or your  
pipe,  
Your 'ousewife, soap or oily rag with which you clean  
your 'ipe,  
Your belt or second pair o' socks, your lanyard or  
pull-through,  
Oh, do not be dispirited, you'll get 'em in the stew !

If from the transport lines you miss a face you used  
to know,  
With stick-up ears and yellow teeth all in a smilin' row,  
'E is not gone for evermore, though seemin' lost to view,  
The late lamented Army mule, you'll meet 'im in the  
stew.

We get it 'ot, we get it cold, we get it in between,  
We get it thick, we get it thin, we get it fat an' lean ;  
We get it for our day-joo-nay, our tea and luncheon too,  
An' when the long day's march is done we top it up  
with stew.

## STEW

As we go through the countryside, route marchin' in  
the sun,  
With bandy-rolls an' clobber on, which weighs about  
a ton,  
Oh, this is what the people shout as we go marchin'  
through,  
“'Ere come the Loyal Whatdyecalls—I'm sure I  
smelt the stew!”

When we are bound for foreign shores, an' 'arf across  
the water  
The transport starts a-rollin' like a transport didn't  
oughter,  
To cheer our faintin' spirits up when we are feelin'  
blue,  
They'll get the dixies goin' an' they'll serve us out  
some stew.

\* \* \* \* \*

So when the wicked war is done an' peace is 'ere  
again,  
We won't forget the chaps as toiled to please our  
inner men,  
We'll call to mind the favourite dish we found on our  
menu,  
An' think of our Battalion cooks—an' drink their  
'ealths in—Stew!

## The Conversation Book

I 'AVE a conversation book, I brought it out from  
'ome ;  
It tells the French for knife an' fork, an' likewise  
brush an' comb ;  
It learns you 'ow to ast the time, the names of all the  
stars,  
An' 'ow to order hoysters, an' 'ow to buy cigars.

But there ain't no shops to shop in, there ain't no  
grand hotels,  
When you spend your days in dug-outs, doin' 'olesale  
trade in shells ;  
It's nice to know the proper talk for theatres an'  
such,  
But when it comes to talkin', why, it doesn't 'elp you  
much !

## THE CONVERSATION BOOK

There's all them friendly kind o' things you'd naturally  
say

When you meet a feller casual-like an' pass the time  
o' day—

Them little things as breaks the ice an' kind o' clears  
the air,

Which, when you turn the phrase-book up, why, them  
things isn't there.

I met a chap the other day a-roosting in a trench,  
'E didn't know a word of ours nor me a word o'  
French ;

An' 'ow it was we managed, well, I cannot under-  
stand,

But I never used the phrase-book, though I 'ad it in  
my 'and.

I winked at 'im to start with ; 'e grinned from ear to  
ear ;

An' 'e says " Tipperary " an' I says " Sooveneer " ;

'E 'ad my only Woodbine, I 'ad 'is thin cigar,

Which set the ball a-rollin', an' so—well, there you  
are !

I showed 'im next my wife an' kids—'e up an' showed  
me 'is,

Them little funny Frenchy kids with 'air all in a  
frizz ;



## THE CONVERSATION BOOK

“Annette,” ’e says, “Louise,” ’e says, an’ ’is tears  
begun to fall ;

We was comrades when we parted, but we’d ’ardly  
spoke at all.

’E’d ’ave kissed me if I’d let ’im, we ’ad never met  
before,

An’ I’ve never seen the beggar since, for that’s the  
way of war ;

An’, though we scarcely spoke a word, I wonder just  
the same

If ’e’ll ever see them kids of ’is—I never ast ’is  
name !

## Mules

I NEVER would 'ave done it if I'd known what it  
would be ;  
I thought it meant promotion an' some extra pay for  
me,  
I thought I'd miss a drill or two with packs an'  
trenchin' tools,  
So I said I'd 'andled 'orses—an' they set me 'andlin'  
mules.

An' 'orses they are 'orses—but a mule 'e is a  
mule  
(Bit o' devil, bit o' monkey, bit o' bloomin' boundin'  
fool !).  
Oh, I'm usin' all the adjectives I didn't learn at school  
On the prancin', glancin', rag-time dancin'  
Army Transport Mule !

## MULES

If I'd been Father Noah when the cargo walked  
    aboard  
I'd 'ave let the bears an' tigers in an' never spoke  
    a word ;  
But I'd 'ave shoved a placard out to say the 'ouse  
    was full,  
An' shut the Ark up suddent when I saw the Army  
    mule.

They buck you off when ridden, they squish your leg  
    when led ;  
'They're mostly sittin' on their tails or standin' on  
    their 'ead ;  
They reach their yellow grinders out an' gently chew  
    your ear,  
An' their necks is indiarubber for attackin' in the  
    rear !

'They're as mincin' when they're 'appy as a ladies'  
    ridin' school,  
But when the fancy takes 'em, they're like nothin' but  
    a mule,  
With the off-wheels in the gutter an' the near wheels  
    in the air,  
An' a leg across the traces, an' the driver Lord knows  
    where !

## MULES

They're 'orrid in the stable, they're worse upon the  
road,  
They'll bolt with any rider, they'll jib with any load ;  
But soon we're bound beyond the seas, an' when we  
cross the foam  
I don't care where we go to, if we leave the mules  
at 'ome !

For 'orses they are 'orses, but a mule 'e is a mule  
(Bit o' monkey, bit o' devil, bit o' bloomin' boundin'  
fool !)  
Oh, I'm usin' 'eaps of adjectives I never learned at  
school  
On the rampin', rawboned, cast-steel-jawboned  
Army Transport Mule !

## The Grand Tour

I ALWAYS wished to see the world, I 'ad no chanst  
before,  
Nor I don't suppose I should 'ave if there 'adn't been  
no war ;  
I used to read the tourist books, the shippin' news  
also,  
An' I 'ad the chanst o' goin', so I couldn't 'elp but go.

We 'ad a spell in Egypt first, before we moved  
along  
Acrost the way to Suvla, where we got it 'ot an'  
strong ;  
We 'ad no drink when we was dry, no rest when we  
was tired,  
But I've seen the Perramids an' Spink, which I 'ad  
oft desired.

## THE GRAND TOUR

I've what 'll last me all my life, to talk about an  
think,  
I've sampled various things to eat an' various more  
to drink ;  
I've strolled among them dark bazaars, which makes  
the pay to fly  
(An' I 'ad my fortune told as well, but that was all  
my eye !)

I've seen them little islands too—I couldn't say their  
names—  
An' towns as white as washin'-day, an' mountains  
spoutin' flames ;  
I've watched the sun come lonely up on miles an'  
miles of sea,  
Why, folks 'ave paid a 'undred pound an' seen no  
more than me !

The sky is some'ow bluer there—in fact, I never  
knew  
As any sun could be so 'ot or any sky so blue ;  
There's dates an' figs an' suchlike things all 'angin'  
on the trees,  
An' black folks walkin' up an' down as natural as you  
please.

## THE GRAND TOUR

I always wished to see the world, I'm fond o' life an'  
change,  
But Abdul got me in the leg ; an' this is passin'  
strange,  
That when you see old England's shore, all wrapped  
in mist an' rain,  
Why, it's worth the bloomin' bundle to be comin' 'ome  
again !

## Speed the Plough: A Country Song

As I was a-walking on Chilbolton Down,  
I saw an old farmer there driving to town,  
A-jogging to market behind his old grey,  
So I jumped up behind him and thus he did say :

“ My boy he be fightin', a fine strappin' lad,  
I gave he to England, the one boy I had ;  
My boy he be fightin' out over the foam,  
An' here be I frettin' an' mopin' at home.

“ An' if there be times when 'tis just about hard  
Without his strong arm in the field an' the yard,  
Why, I plucks up my heart then an' flicks the old  
grey,  
An' this is the tune that her heels seem to say :



SPEED THE PLOUGH : A COUNTRY SONG

“ ‘ Oh the hoof an’ the horn, the roots an’ the corn,  
The flock in the fold an’ the pigs in the pen,  
Rye-grass an’ clover, an’ barns brimmin’ over,  
They feed the King’s horses an’ feed the King’s men.’

“ Then I looks at my furrows to see the corn spring,  
Like little green sword-blades all drawn for the King,  
An’ ’tis ‘ Get up, old Bess, there be plenty to do,  
For old chaps like me an’ old horses like you.

“ ‘ My boy be in Flanders, he’s young an’ he’s bold,  
But they will not have we, lass, for we be too old ;  
So step it out cheerful, an’ kip up your heart,  
For you an’ me, Bess, we be doin’ our part—

“ ‘ Wi’ the shocks an’ the sheaves, the lambs an’ the  
    beeves,  
The ducks an’ the geese an’ the good speckled hen,  
Rye-grass an’ clover, an’ barns brimmin’ over,  
To feed the King’s horses an’ feed the King’s men !’ ”

## Homeward

BEHIND a trench in Flanders, the sun was dropping  
low,  
With tramp and creak and jingle I heard the gun-  
teams go ;  
And something seemed to 'mind me, a-dreaming as I  
lay,  
Of my own old Hampshire village at the quiet end of  
day.

Brown thatch and gardens blooming with lily and  
with rose,  
And the cool shining river so pleasant where he  
flows,  
Wide fields of oats and barley, and elder flower like  
foam,  
And the sky gold with sunset, and the horses going  
home !

## HOMeward

(Home, lad, home, all among the corn and clover !  
Home, lad, home, when the time for work is over !  
Oh, there's rest for horse and man when the longest  
day is done,  
And they go home together at setting of the sun !)

Old Captain, Prince and Blossom, I see them all so  
plain,  
With tasselled ear-caps nodding along the leafy lane,  
There's a bird somewhere calling, and the swallows  
flying low,  
And the lads sitting sideways, and singing as they  
go.

Well, gone is many a lad now, and many a horse  
gone too,  
Of all the lads and horses in those old fields I knew ;  
There's Dick that died at Cuinchy, and Prince beside  
the guns  
On the red road of glory, a mile or two from Mons !

Dead lads and shadowy horses—I see them just the  
same,  
I see them and I know them, and name them each  
by name,

## HOMeward

Going down to shining waters when all the West's  
aglow,  
And the lads sitting sideways and singing as they  
go.

(Home, lad, home . . . with the sunlight on their  
faces !

Home, lad, home . . . to the quiet happy places !  
There's rest for horse and man when the hardest  
fight is done,  
And they go home together at setting of the sun !)

## Farewell to Anzac

OH, hump your swag and leave, lads, the ships are in  
the bay ;

We've got our marching orders now, it's time to come  
away ;

And a long good-bye to Anzac beach where blood  
has flowed in vain,

For we're leaving it, leaving it—game to fight again !

But some there are will never quit that bleak and  
bloody shore,

And some that marched and fought with us will fight  
and march no more ;

Their blood has bought till judgment day the slopes  
they stormed so well,

And we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where  
they fell !

(Leaving them, leaving them, the bravest and the  
best ;

Leaving them, leaving them, and maybe glad to rest !

## FAREWELL TO ANZAC

We've done our best with yesterday, to-morrow's still  
our own—

But we're leaving them, leaving them, sleeping all  
alone !)

Ay, they are gone beyond it all, the praising and the  
blame,

And many a man may win renown, but none more  
fair a fame ;

They showed the world Australia's lads knew well the  
way to die,

And we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where  
they lie !

(Leaving them, leaving them, sleeping where they  
died ;

Leaving them, leaving them, in their glory and their  
pride—

Round them sea and barren land, over them the sky,  
Oh, we're leaving them, leaving them, quiet where  
they lie !)

## Saint George of England

SAINT GEORGE he was a fighting man, as all the tales  
do tell ;

He fought a battle long ago, and fought it wondrous  
well.

With his helmet, and his hauberk, and his good cross-  
hilted sword,

Oh, he rode a-slaying dragons to the glory of the  
Lord.

And when his time on earth was done, he found he  
could not rest

Where the year is always summer in the Islands of  
the Blest ;

So back he came to earth again, to see what he could  
do,

And they cradled him in England—

In England, April England—

Oh, they cradled him in England where the golden  
willows blew !

## SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND

Saint George he was a fighting man, and loved a  
fighting breed,  
And whenever England wants him now, he's ready  
at her need,  
From Crecy field to Neuve Chapelle he's there with  
hand and sword,  
And he sailed with Drake from Devon to the glory  
of the Lord.  
His arm is strong to smite the wrong and break the  
tyrant's pride,  
He was there when Nelson triumphed, he was there  
when Gordon died ;  
He sees his red-cross ensign float on all the winds  
that blow,  
But ah ! his heart's in England—  
  In England, April England—  
Oh, his heart it turns to England where the golden  
willows grow.

Saint George he was a fighting man, he's here and  
fighting still  
While any wrong is yet to right or Dragon yet to kill,  
And faith ! he's finding work this day to suit his war-  
worn sword,  
For he's strafing Huns in Flanders to the glory of  
the Lord.



## SAINT GEORGE OF ENGLAND

Saint George he is a fighting man, but when the  
fighting's past,  
And dead among the trampled fields the fiercest and  
the last  
Of all the Dragons earth has known beneath his feet  
lies low,  
Oh, his heart will turn to England—  
                    To England, April England—  
He'll come home to rest in England where the golden  
willows blow !

## Fulfilment

THE last grim fight was over, the last red trench was  
won

About the taken and re-taken hill,  
And far beyond the dead-strewn slopes the battle's  
noise rolled on,  
Far on . . . and left the soldier lying still.

He knew no more the din, the reek, the darkness and  
the slime,

The strangling poison-cloud that hid the sky ;  
He heard no more the devil's forge beat out its  
fearful chime,  
And shells like birds of slaughter screaming by.

He walked, a whole and care-free boy, in fields he  
loved of old—

He breathed again the jolly breeze of morn. . . .  
He heard the pigeons clap their wings above the old  
grey fold  
In the country far away where he was born.

## FULFILMENT

He saw the blossom lie like foam on every hedge  
and tree,

And the sunlight breaking golden through the  
cloud ;

He heard a hundred streams run down rejoicing to  
the sea,

And all the birds of Spring-time singing loud.

He saw, in bright battalions ranged, the embattled  
hosts of God,

Stand rank on rank high up the rifted skies. . . .

And souls set free that sprang and soared above the  
blood-stained sod,

His comrades with the splendour in their eyes.

## Spring in Hampshire: 1916

BLACKTHORN winter is over and done  
(Pale gold sunsets and brimming rivers,  
And the robin's note where the bare copse shivers);  
And all on a sudden is Spring begun. . . .  
Swallow and leaf and the south wind's breath,  
And mating creatures of fur and feather  
Praising alike in the golden weather  
Him in whose hand are living and dying,  
The maker and giver of life and death.

Blackthorn winter is over and done. . . .  
And May comes in with the cuckoo's crying,  
Warmth in the wind and strength in the sun,  
And blossom in spate on the hawthorn brake.  
Kingcups' gold in the wet green places,  
And daisies lifting their shining faces  
Like to the sands or the stars in number,  
Or the dead that have died for this sweet land's sake.

SPRING IN HAMPSHIRE : 1916

Blackthorn winter is over and done. . . .  
And you, dear dead, to whose splendid slumber  
Summers and winters and springs are one,  
Who shall repay you, who shall restore you  
Your lost sweet springs in the land that bore you ?  
Beyond all parting, beyond all pain,  
Shall God not give you your Spring again ?

## Flanders' Woods

ENGLAND'S woods are green to-day ;  
Every day and all day long  
In among the trees do stray  
The birds' song and the winds' song.

Last year's leaves beneath our feet  
Light do sigh and soft do stir,  
As if they kept remembrance sweet  
Of young dead lovers walking there. . . .

In Flanders' woods on hurrying wings  
Every day and all day long  
The seeking bullet flies and sings  
Thin and shrill its bridal song.

All the summer leaves are brown,  
And all the boughs of summer bare ;  
And many a gallant lad lies down  
With glory for his sweetheart there.

## The Yeoman's Son

It fell about the edge of dark,  
Between the sun and moon,  
The yeoman's son came home again  
With the mire upon his shoon—

With the red clay upon his shoon  
From a furrowed field afar—  
The sour and bitter clod that breaks  
Beneath the share of war.

“ Oh, kiss me once on the brows, mother,  
And hold me to your breast ;  
For the long day's work is over and done,  
And I go glad to rest.

“ And oh, good-bye, my father's house,  
Good-bye to field and hill,  
For I'll lie down in the red furrow  
To sleep, and sleep my fill.

## THE YEOMAN'S SON

“I shall not rouse at the cock-crow,  
I shall not wake with the sun ;  
I shall sleep the sleep of a strong man tired  
When his day's work is done.

“Ay, deep I'll sleep in the red furrow,  
Out over the Channel foam. . . .  
And another hand than mine, mother,  
Must lead the harvest home !”



## Hay Harvest : 1916

I SEE the mowers swinging  
Their scythes in the English hay. . . .  
What swathes of dead are lying  
In fields of France this day !

The mowers mow in the sunshine,  
Their scythes flash all together—  
Even as flash the bayonets  
Out there in the golden weather.

The mowers mow in the sunshine,  
The sweat stands on each brow. . . .  
It is blood, not sweat, our bravest  
Spend in war's windrows now.

I see the mowers swinging  
Their scythes in the grass and flowers. . . .  
Ah God ! what price has bought it,  
This English peace of ours !

Hay Harvest : 1916

I see the mowers working  
Their spears in the golden hay  
What swells of dust and noise  
In fields of harvest  
The mowers now in the sunlight  
Their spears in the golden hay

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The mowers now in the sunlight  
The great swells of dust and noise  
It is blood, not sweat, our harvest  
Spent in war's wild harvest now

I see the mowers working  
Their spears in the grass and flowers  
All God's wine price has bought is  
The English grass of our

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