

A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY

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A TREASURY OF WAR POETRY

BRITISH AND AMERICAN POEMS
OF THE WORLD WAR, 1914-1919

EDITED, WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES, BY

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HODDER AND STOUGHTON

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THE TREASURY OF
NEW POETRY

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To all those
who have fought
for Freedom

“Now let us all for the Perssy praye
 To Jhesu most of myght,
 To bryng hys sowlle to the blysse of heven,
 For he was a gentyll knyght.”

—*The Battle of Otterburn*

“Rightly to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
 When honour's at the stake.”

—*William Shakespeare*

“Prepare, prepare the iron helm of war,
 Bring forth the lots, cast in the spacious orb;
 The Angel of Fate turns them with mighty hands,
 And casts them out upon the darkened earth,
 Prepare, prepare!”

—*William Blake*

“Hark! now the drums beat up again,
 For all true soldiers, gentlemen!”

—*Corporal John Brown, Grenadier Guards, 1854*

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Mrs. Florence Earle Coates :—"Place de la Concorde," from *The Collected Poems of Florence Earle Coates* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston); "Serbia" and "Captain Guynemer."

Miss Helen Gray Cone and Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Limited, London :—"A Chant of Love for England," from *A Chant of Love for England, and Other Poems* (published also by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York); Miss Cone and the *New York Times* :—"To Belgium."

Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling :—" Rheims Cathedral—1914," from *Afternoons of April* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston); "Letter to an Aviator in France."

Lieutenant-Commander N. M. F. Corbett and *Land and Water* :—"The Auxiliary Cruiser."

Mr. F. Raymond Coulson and Mr. Erskine Macdonald : "The Rainbow," and "When I Come Home," by Sergeant Leslie Coulson, from *From an Outpost* (Erskine Macdonald).

Mr. W. L. Courtney and the *Fortnightly Review* :—"To Our Dead."

Miss Charlotte Holmes Crawford and *Scribner's Magazine* :—"Vive la France !"

Lord Crewe and the *Harrovian* :—"A Harrow Grave in Flanders."

Mr. Moray Dalton and the *Spectator* :—"To Italy" and "Rupert Brooke"; Mr. Dalton and the *West Sussex Gazette* :—"To Some Who Have Fallen."

Mrs. Olive Tilford Dargan and the *Atlantic Monthly* :—"It Will Be a Hard Winter."

Mr. G. D. Day : "North Sea," from *Poems and Rhymes*, by Flight-Commander Jeffery Day, R.N.A.S. (Sidgwick & Jackson).

Lord Desborough and the *London Times* :—"Into Battle," by the late Captain Julian Grenfell.

Mr. Walter de la Mare and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"The Fool Rings his Bells."

Captain Edward de Stein and the *London Times* :—"To a Skylark behind Our Trenches," from *The Poets in Picardy* (John Murray, London).

Professor W. Macneile Dixon and the *London Times* :—"To Fellow Travellers in Greece."

Mr. Austin Dobson :—"When There is Peace" and "Clean Hands."

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the *London Times* :—"The Guns in Sussex" and "The Guards Came Through." (John Murray).

Rev. W. H. Draper and the *Spectator* :—"The Red Christmas," from *Poems of the Love of England* (Messrs. Chatto & Windus).

Mr. John Drinkwater and Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson :—"Riddles, R.F.C." (the *Saturday Review*), "Of Greatham," and "We Willed It Not." (the *Sphere*).

Lord Dunsany and the *Saturday Review* :—"Songs from an Evil Wood."

Miss Gabrielle Elliot and the *New York Times* :—"Pierrot Goes to War."

Mrs. Theodosia Garrison Faulks and *Good Housekeeping* :—"These Shall Prevail."

Mrs. Sara Teasdale Filsinger and *Harper's Magazine* :—"There Will Come Soft Rains"; "Spring in War-Time," from *Rivers to the Sea* (The Macmillan Company).

Dr. John H. Finley and the *Yale Review* :—"The Valleys of the Blue Shrouds." Dr. Finley and the *Atlantic Monthly* :—"The Road to Dieppe."

Professor O. W. Firkins and the *Nation* (New York):—"To America in War Time."

Mr. John Gould Fletcher and the *Century Magazine*:—"The Last Rally"; Mr. Fletcher and the *New Republic*:—"Channel Sunset."

Mrs. M. Forrest and the *Spectator*:—"The Heroes."

Captain Gilbert Frankau:—"Headquarters," "Ammunition Column" and "The Voice of the Guns," from *The Guns* (Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London); and *A Song of the Guns* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston); and "Mother and Mate," from *The Other Side and Other Poems* (Alfred A. Knopf, New York).

Mr. John Freeman and the *Westminster Gazette*:—"The Return"; Mr. Freeman and Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, London:—"Sweet England" and "The Stars in their Courses," from *Presage of Victory and Other Poems of the Time*.

Lieutenant-Colonel W. Campbell Galbraith and the *Westminster Gazette*:—"Red Poppies in the Corn."

Mr. John Galsworthy and the *Westminster Gazette*:—"England to Free Men"; Mr. Galsworthy and the *London Chronicle*:—"The Soldier Speaks"; Mr. Galsworthy and the *Nation* (London):—"Valley of the Shadow," from *A Sheaf* (William Heinemann, London, and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

Mrs. John W. Garvin ("Katherine Hale"), the *Toronto Globe*, and William Briggs, Toronto:—"Grey Knitting."

Lady Glenconner: "Home Thoughts from Laventie" (the *London Times*), "Reincarnation" and "Light after Darkness," from *Worple Flit* (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford), by the late Lieutenant E. Wyndham Tennant.

Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson and the *Fortnightly Review*:—"Rupert Brooke," from *Battle and Other Poems* (The Macmillan Company); "Lament" and "The Ragged Stone," from *Hill-Tracks* (The Macmillan Company); "Retreat," and "Between the Lines" (The Macmillan Company).

Colonel Lord Gorell and the *Contemporary Review*:—"Ypres," from *Days of Destiny* (Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company).

Mr. Robert Grant and the *Nation* (New York):—"The Superman."

Captain Robert Graves and the *Nation* (London):—"The Last Post," from *Fairies and Fusiliers* (William Heinemann, London).

Mr. Herman Hagedorn and the *Century Magazine*:—"Resurrection."

Captain James Norman Hall and the *Spectator*:—"The Cricketers of Flanders"; Captain Hall and the *Century Magazine*:—"A Finger and a Huge, Thick Thumb."

Mr. Thomas Hardy and the *Fortnightly Review*:—"Before Marching, and After"; Mr. Hardy and the *London Times*:—"Men Who March Away" and "Then and Now," from *Satires of Circumstance* (Macmillan & Company); Mr. Hardy and the *Saturday Review*:—"In Time of 'the Breaking of Nations,'" from *Moments of Vision* (Messrs. Macmillan & Company).

Miss Isabel Westcott Harper and *Chambers' Journal* :—"Highland Night, 1715, 1815, 1915."

Lieutenant F. W. Harvey :—"The Bugler," from *Gloucester Friends* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, London).

Dr. Henry Head and the *Yale Review* :—"Destroyers," from *Destroyers and Other Verses* (Oxford University Press).

Mr. John Helston :—"Advance, America!"; Mr. Helston and the *English Review* :—"Kitchener."

Mr. Aubrey Herbert ("Ben Kendim") and the *Spectator* :—"The New Zealander."

Miss Ethel M. Hewitt and *Harper's Magazine* :—"Bois Étoilé."

Mr. Maurice Hewlett :—"In the Trenches," from *Sing-Songs of the War* (The Poetry Bookshop; "The Fourth of July, 1776."

Mrs. Katharine Tynan Hinkson and the *New Witness* :—"High Summer"; Mrs. Hinkson and the *Nation* (London) :—"New Heaven"; "After Jutland," "The Mother," and "At Parting," from *Late Songs* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson); "To the Others."

Mr. John Hogben and the *Spectator* :—"Somewhere in France."

Miss Norah M. Holland :—"Captains Adventurous" (Messrs. J. M. Dent & Company, London and Toronto).

Captain W. Kersley Holmes and the *Glasgow News* :—"Fallen" and "Horse-Bathing Parade," from *More Ballads of Field and Billet* (Alexander Gardner, Paisley).

Mr. Claude Houghton and the *New Witness* :—"To the Fallen," from *The Phantom Host* (Elkin Mathews, London).

Mr. William Dean Howells and the *North American Review* :—"The Passengers of a Retarded Submersible."

Lady Hutchinson :—"Sonnets," by the late Lieutenant Henry William Hutchinson.

Miss Mildred Huxley and the *Spectator* :—"Subalterns" and "To my Godson."

Lady Jenkins : "Crusaders" and "Happy Warriors," from *Forlorn Adventurers* (Sidgwick & Jackson).

Mr. Herbert Kaufman :—"The Hell-Gate of Soissons," from *The Hell-Gate of Soissons and Other Poems* (T. Fisher Unwin, Limited, London; published also by the Macmillan Company, New York).

Mr. Harry Kemp and *Munsey's Magazine* :—"The New Ally."

Dr. Guy Kendall and the *Spectator* :—"Mopsus" and "To my Pupils, Gone before their Day," from *The Call and Other Poems* (Messrs. Chapman & Hall).

Mrs. Mary S. Kettle : "A Song of the Irish Armies," and "To My Daughter Betty," from *Poems and Parodies* (London: Duckworth. Dublin: The Talbot Press).

Mr. Rudyard Kipling : "For All We Have and Are," and "The Choice," from *The Years Between* (Methuen).

Captain James H. Knight-Adkin and the *Spectator* :—"No Man's Land" and "On Les Aura!"

Miss Kathleen Knox and *Punch* :—"A Lost Land."

Lieutenant Joseph Lee and the *Spectator* :—"German Prisoners" and "Back to London," from *Work-a-Day Warriors* (John Murray).

Mr. Richard le Gallienne:—"After the War."

Miss Winifred M. Letts and the *Spectator*:—"To a Soldier in Hospital"; Miss Letts and the *Westminster Gazette*:—"The Spires of Oxford," "Chaplain to the Forces," and "The Call to Arms in Our Street," from *Hallowe'en, and Poems of the War* (John Murray, London); *The Spires of Oxford and Other Poems* (E. P. Dutton & Company, New York); Miss Letts and the *Yale Review*:—"The Connaught Rangers."

Mr. Vachel Lindsay:—"Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight," from *The Congo and Other Poems* (The Macmillan Company); "Niagara," from *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* (The Macmillan Company).

Miss Amy Lowell and *Scribner's Magazine*:—"Convalescence."

Mr. E. V. Lucas and the *Sphere*:—"The Debt."

Rev. W. T. Lyon:—"Lines Written in a Fire-Trench" and "Easter at Ypres, 1915," by the late W. S. S. Lyon, from *Easter at Ypres, 1915, and Other Poems* (Messrs. James Maclehose & Sons, Glasgow).

Mr. Patrick MacGill:—"Before the Charge" and "In the Morning," from *Soldier Songs* (Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York).

Mrs. Isabel Ecclestone Mackay and the *Canadian Magazine*:—"The Recruit."

Mr. Percy MacKaye:—"Christmas, 1915," from *Poems and Plays* (The Macmillan Company); "Magna Carta," from *The Present Hour* (The Macmillan Company).

Lieutenant Frederic Manning:—"The Sign," "The Trenches," "The Face" and "Transport," from *Eidola* (John Murray, London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York).

Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody Marks:—"Harvest Moon," and "Harvest Moon, 1916," from *Harvest Moon* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Mr. Edward Marsh, literary executor of the late Lieutenant Rupert Brooke:—"The Soldier," "The Dead," "Peace" and "Safety," from 1914, and *Other Poems* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, London, and Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto); *The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke* (The John Lane Company, New York).

Mr. John Masefield and *Contemporary Verse*:—"The Choice." Mr. Masefield and the Macmillan Company: "The Island of Skyros."

Mrs. David McCrae and Dr. Thomas McCrae:—"In Flanders Fields" (*Punch*) and "The Anxious Dead" (the *Spectator*), from *In Flanders Fields and Other Poems* (Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York; Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, London).

Mr. J. Edgar Middleton:—"Off Heligoland," From *Sea Dogs and Men-at-Arms* (Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, and Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto).

Mrs. Stuart Moore ("Evelyn Underhill") and the *Westminster Gazette*:—"Non-Combatants," from *Immanence* (Messrs. J. M. Dent & Company, London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York).

Lieutenant Charles Langbridge Morgan and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"To America."

Mr. Christopher Morley :—"To the Oxford Men in the War," from *Songs for a Little House* (The George H. Doran Company).

Mr. Neil Munro and *Blackwood's Magazine* :—"Romance," "Pipes in Arras," and "Lochaber No more!"

Miss A. E. Murray and the *Nation* (London) :—"The Dead."

Captain A. T. Nankivell and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"The House of Death."

Sir Henry Newbolt :—"The Vigil"; "The War Films"; "The Toy Band"; "A Letter from the Front"; "The Song of the Guns at Sea," and "*Hic Jacet Qui in Hoc Saeculo Militavit.*"

Lieutenant Robert Nichols :—"Comrades: An Episode," "Fulfilment" and "The Day's March," from *Ardours and Endurances* (Messrs. Chatto & Windus, London, and the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York).

Miss Grace Fallow Norton :—"The Mobilization in Brittany," and "The Journey," from *Roads* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston).

Mr. Alfred Noyes :—"Wireless" and "The 'Vindictive'" (The Frederick A. Stokes Company); "The Searchlights" (*London Times*), "Kilmeny" and "Princeton, May, 1917"; *New Poems* (Blackwood).

Mr. Edward J. O'Brien and the *Century Magazine* :—"Song."

Mr. Norreys Jephson O'Connor :—"Moirra's Keening"; Mr. O'Connor and *Contemporary Verse* :—"For Francis Ledwidge."

Mr. Will H. Ogilvie and the *Spectator* :—"Queenslanders" (Messrs. Angus & Robertson, Ltd., Sydney, Australia); Mr. Ogilvie and *Country Life* :—"Canadians."

Rev. Everard Owen :—"Ypres Tower, Rye"; Mr. Owen and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson :—"Three Hills" (*London Times*), from *Three Hills and Other Poems*.

Mr. Barry Pain and the *London Times* :—"The Kaiser and God"; Mr. Pain and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"The Army of the Dead."

Mr. Eden Phillpotts :—"Verdun," "Song of the Red Cross," "In Gallipoli," "To Rupert Brooke," and "Réveillé," from *Plain Song*, 1914-1916 (William Heinemann, London, and The Macmillan Company, New York).

Mrs. Marjorie L. C. Pickthall :—"When It is Finished"; Mrs. Pickthall and the *London Times* :—"Canada to England."

Mrs. Beatrice W. Ravenel and the *Atlantic Monthly* :—"Missing."

Rev. Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley :—"Going to the Front."

Rev. G. E. Rees, and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"Telling the Bees."

Mr. Cecil Roberts and the *Poetry Review* :—"Watchmen of the Night."

Major Charles G. D. Roberts : "Cambrai and Marne," from *New Poems*, by Major Charles G. D. Roberts (Constable).

Mr. Morley Roberts and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"To America"

and "The Merchantmen," from *War Lyrics* (Messrs. Selwyn & Blount, London).

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Ronald Ross :—"The Death of Peace" and "Apocalypse" (*The Poetry Review*).

Mr. George W. Russell ("A. E.") and the *London Times* :—"Gods of War" and "Shadows and Lights"; Mr. Russell and Messrs. Macmillan & Company :—"The Last Hero."

Captain Siegfried Sassoon (by Lieutenant Robert Nichols) :—"Troops" and "Trench Duty," from *Counter-Attack and Other Poems* (William Heinemann, London, and Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Company, New York).

Lieutenant Robert Haven Schaufler :—"The White Comrade" and "After Action."

Mr. Clinton Scollard :—"Italy in Arms," from *Italy in Arms, and Other Poems* (Lawrence J. Gomme, New York); "A Summer Morning," from *Let the Flag Wave* (Messrs. James T. White & Company, New York).

Mr. Duncan Campbell Scott :—"To a Canadian Lad Killed in the War," from *Lundy's Lane and Other Poems* (Messrs. McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, and the George H. Doran Company, New York); Mr. Scott and *Scribner's Magazine* :—"To a Canadian Aviator Who Died for his Country in France."

Lieutenant-Colonel Frederick George Scott :—"The Silent Toast" (Messrs. Constable & Company, London).

Sir Owen Seaman, *Punch*, and Messrs. Constable & Company :—"Thomas of the Light Heart," and "To Belgium in Exile," from *War-Time*; Sir Owen Seaman and *Punch* :—"To the Memory of Field-Marshal Earl Roberts."

Mr. Robert W. Service : "The Volunteer," "Fleurette," "Faith," and "The Song of the Pacifist," from *The Rhymes of a Red Cross Man* (Fisher Unwin).

Captain William G. Shakespeare :—"The Cathedral," from *Ypres and Other Poems* (Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, London).

Professor Odell Shepard :—"The Hidden Weaver," from *A Lonely Flute* (Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company).

Professor Stuart P. Sherman and the *Nation* (New York) :—"Kaiser and Councillor."

Mr. Edward Shillito and the *London Chronicle* :—"Invalided."

Miss C. Fox Smith :—"Farewell to Anzac" (the *Spectator*) and "St. George of England," from *Fighting Men* (Elkin Mathews, London); Miss Smith and the *Spectator* :—"British Merchant Service," from *The Naval Crown* (Elkin Mathews); Miss Smith and *Punch* :—"The North Sea Ground." By permission also of the George H. Doran Company, New York.

Mr. W. Snow and the *Oxford Magazine* :—"The Ghosts of Oxford."

Professor William R. Sorley :—"Expectans Expectavi." "All the Hills and Vales Along," "Two Sonnets," and "The Dead," by the late Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley, from *Marlborough and Other Poems* (The Cambridge University Press).

Mr. George Sterling and the *Delineator* :—"Henri."

Rev. William G. Thayer and the *Atlantic Monthly* :—"The Dead," by Lieutenant Sigourney Thayer.

Miss Edith M. Thomas and *Harper's Magazine* :—"The Red Cross Nurse."

The late Professor Thomas Trotter :—"The Poplars," and "A Kiss," by the late Bernard Freeman Trotter, from *A Canadian Twilight and Other Poems of War and of Peace* (McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, and the George H. Doran Company, New York).

Mrs. Ada Tyrrell and the *Saturday Review* :—"My Son."

Dr. Henry van Dyke and *Scribner's Magazine* :—"The Peaceful Warrior."

Mr. Tertius van Dyke and the *Spectator* :—"Oxford Revisited in War-Time."

Mrs. Robert E. Vernède, the *London Times*, and William Heine-
mann, London :—"To our Fallen" and "A Petition," by the late
Lieutenant Robert Ernest Vernède.

Mr. John Walker ("Rowland Thirlmere") :—"Richmond Park,"
from *Diogenes at Athens and Other Poems* (Messrs. Selwyn &
Blount, London); "Jimmy Doane" (*The Poetry Review*) and
"Gassed."

Mrs. G. O. Warren :—"The Spectral Army," "Peace," and "The
Endless Army," from *Trackless Regions* (B. H. Blackwell, Oxford,
and Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company, New York); Mrs. Warren
and the *Spectator* :—"Fulfilment."

Sir William Watson :—"The Battle of the Bight," from *The Man
Who Saw, and Other Poems Arising out of the War* (John Murray,
London, and Messrs. Harper & Brothers, New York).

Mrs. Edith Wharton, the *Century Magazine*, and Messrs. Charles
Scribner's Sons :—"Battle Sleep"; Mrs. Wharton :—"Belgium,"
from *King Albert's Book* (Hearst's International Library Company).

Miss Margaret Widdemer :—"Homes," from *The Old Road to
Paradise* (Messrs. Henry Holt & Company).

Mrs. Fredeline Wilson, the *Westminster Gazette*, and Mr. Harold
Monro, The Poetry Bookshop, London :—"Magpies in Picardy"
and "Sportsmen in Paradise," by the late Captain T. P. Cameron
Wilson.

Miss Margaret Adelaide Wilson and the *Yale Review* :—"Gervais."

Miss Marjorie Wilson and the *Spectator* :—"To Tony, Aged 3";
Miss Wilson and the *Westminster Gazette* :—"The Devonshire
Mother."

Lieutenant E. Armine Wodehouse and the *Fortnightly Review* :—
"Before Ginchy"; "Next Morning," from *On Leave* (Elkin Mathews,
London).

Dr. George Edward Woodberry and the *Boston Herald* :—"On
the Italian Front, MCMXVI"; Dr. Woodberry, the *New York
Times* and the *North American Review* :—"Sonnets Written in the
Autumn of 1914"; Dr. Woodberry and the *Atlantic Monthly* :—
"To the Wingless Victory"; Dr. Woodberry and the *North American
Review* :—"Roumania"; Dr. Woodberry and *Scribner's Magazine* :
—"Edith Cavell."

Mrs. Margaret L. Woods and the *Fortnightly Review* :—"The First Battle of Ypres."

Lieutenant-Commander E. Hilton Young and the *Cornhill Magazine* :—"Memories."

The Canadian Magazine :—"Ruins," by George Herbert Clarke.

The *Spectator* :—"Christ in Flanders," by Mrs. C. T. Whitmell; "To my Brother," by the late Flight-Commander Miles Jeffrey Game Day; and "The Challenge of the Guns," by Private A. N. Field.

The *London Times* :—"Outward Bound," by the late Lieutenant Nowell Oxland.

The *Westminster Gazette* :—"Lines Written in Surrey, 1917," by George Herbert Clarke.

Messrs. Angus & Robertson, Sydney, Australia: "England Yet," by Henry Lawson, from *Selected Poems*.

The Cambridge Press: "Battle Hymn," from *Poems*, by Lieut. Donald F. Goold Johnson.

Messrs. Cassell & Company, London, and the Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York :—"A Confession of Faith," by Captain James Sprent, from *The Anzac Book* (Anzac Book Committee).

Messrs. Constable & Company :—"I have a Rendezvous with Death," and "Champagne, 1914-15," by the late Alan Seeger, from *Poems* (published also by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York).

The George H. Doran Company, New York :—"Kings" and "The New School," from *Main Street and Other Poems*, by the late Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton: "Prayer of a Soldier in France," and "The Peacemaker," by Joyce Kilmer, from *Joyce Kilmer: Poems, Essays and Letters*. "War," and "A Mother Understands," from *Rough Rhymes of a Padre*, and "Solomon in All His Glory," from *More Rough Rhymes of a Padre*, by G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M.C., C.F. ("Woodbine Willie"). "The Name of France," by Henry Van Dyke, from *The Red Flower*.

Herbert Jenkins, Limited, London :—"Evening in England," "The Place," "Evening Clouds," "Autumn Evening in Serbia," and "The Homecoming of the Sheep," from *Songs of Peace*, by the late Lance-corporal Francis Ledwidge, edited by Lord Dunsany.

Mr. John Lane :—"The Kaiser and Belgium," by the late Stephen Phillips. "In Memoriam" and "Oxford from the Trenches," from *A Highland Regiment*, by Lieut. E. A. Mackintosh.

Messrs. Macmillan & Company :—"Australia to England," by Archibald T. Strong, from *Sonnets of the Empire*.

Mr. Erskine Macdonald: "A Lament for the Dead," by Lieut. Walter L. Wilkinson, from *More Songs by the Fighting Men*. "Out of the Conflict," by Alberta Vickridge, V.A.D., from *The Sea Gazer*.

Mr. Elkin Mathews: "England," and "Burn up the World," from *The Challenge*, by Lieut. Leonard Van Noppen, U.S.A.

Mr. John Murray and the *New Witness* :—"God's Hills," by the late Lieutenant William Noel Hodgson ("Edward Melbourne").

Mr. John Murray:—"Before Action" and "Back to Rest," from *Verse and Prose*, by W. Noel Hodgson.

The Princeton University Press:—"To France," by Herbert Jones, from *A Book of Princeton Verse*.

Messrs. Tyrell's, Limited, Sydney, Australia: "Song of the Dardanelles," and "Fighting Hard," by Henry Lawson, from *My Army, O, My Army*.

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INTRODUCTION

BECAUSE man is both militant and pacific, he has expressed in literature, as indeed in the other forms of art, his pacific and militant moods. Nor are these moods, of necessity, incompatible. War may become the price of peace, and peace may so decay as inevitably to bring about war. Of the dully unresponsive pacifist and the jingo patriot, quick to anger, the latter no doubt is the more dangerous to the cause of true freedom, yet both are "undesirable citizens." He who believes that peace is illusory and spurious unless it be based upon justice and liberty, will be proud to battle, if battle he must, for the sake of those foundations.

If man is inexhaustible, his poetry is peculiarly so, because in his poetry his spirit is least partisan, most catholic and curious. War, adventure, the mysteries of faith, the changeful aspects of Nature (whether virgin or domesticated), and romantic love—about these themes, or some variation or interrelation of them, the poets have always wondered and sung. From all five of them derives a sense of anticipation, of discovery, of Platonic reminiscence. The significance of human life, the riddle of its essential quality, the meaning of its discipline, the secret of its destiny,—these questions challenge the poet most of all. From this vantage and from that he attacks them with all the imaginative ardour at his command, hoping that he may somewhere disengage a hint of latent harmony, may lessen in some degree the perplexities of that "boundless Phantasmagoria and Dream-Grotto"—our human life. What is a poem, then, but a spiritual impulse and adventure shaped and realized (in

part at least) in words of inspiring beauty, of passionate sincerity, of creative insight? But since life is whole, the artistic interpretation of life tends progressively toward unity. Poetry, says a true poet,¹ "is, on the one hand, a spirit, animating one individual here and another there; on the other hand, in its outward manifestations, it is a collection of works produced by that spirit working in individuals." So Shelley speaks of "that great poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world." And Sir William Watson writes:—

". . . 'neath the unifying sun,
Many the songs—but Song is one."

In a sense, then, we do less than justice to the spirit of poetry when we assign its outward manifestations too readily to class and category, save only as the study of form and manner may require. The phrase "war poetry" is a convenient one, but war poetry, after all, may be as broadly comprehensive in its insights and occasions as poetry which has no relation to war. If it be worthy, it is the finely wrought record of a sympathetic reaction to the enkindling heroisms of war, or of an antipathetic reaction to its sorrows, its brutalities and its uglinesses. Nobly conceived and expressed as are not a few poems written by combatants, the contention that the soldier-poet must possess more authentic power as an interpreter of war than his equally endowed but non-militant fellow is, I think, without warrant. The history of war poetry does not so attest. When we respond to the epical struggles in Homer and Spenser and Milton, or follow the unfolding of the great war-pageantry of Shakespeare, or stir to the ringing music of the martial ballads; when we re-create for ourselves Drayton's *Agincourt*, Lovelace's incomparable lyrics to Lucasta, Collins' *How Sleep the Brave*, Cowper's *Boadicea*, Scott's *Flodden Field* and *Bonny Dundee*, Campbell's *Hohenlinden*, *The Soldier's Dream*, and *The Battle of the Baltic*, Tennyson's *The Revenge*, *The Defence of Lucknow*, and *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*, Browning's *Cavalier Tunes* and *Hervé Riel*, Walt Whitman's *Drum-*

¹ Sir Henry Newbolt: *A New Study of English Poetry* (Constable).

Taps, or Thomas Hardy's monumental drama, *The Dynasts*; —when these veritable war poems take hold upon us we have no need to seal our pleasure with any assurance that the writers did or did not physically participate in conflict. The true warrior-poet is born a poet, but becomes a warrior, and it is even possible that if his actual experience in war be too long continued it may dull and blunt that restless, inquiring, delicately registering organ, the poet's mind. The poet in the soldier, indeed, may rejoice at his experience so long as it offers food imaginatively convenient for him, but the essay at the artistic interpretation of war is, like all similar efforts, primarily a spiritual undertaking, conditioned rather upon qualities of personality than upon definite objective contacts, valuable as these latter may be in point of stimulus. Whether he wear uniform or mufti, the war poet must *imagine* war, and imagination,¹ Carveth Read tells us, "is not made of particular fact, but of infinite analogies of things, and of things that were never observed or thought of until analogy called them to life." True poets, as Ibsen thought, are really far-sighted, whether the thing that inspires them be concretely near or far. Undoubtedly, the artist who functions in a world at peace might gain much from travel, should opportunity offer, but in any case he realizes that the world is made up of its own miniatures, and that he who interprets in a catholic spirit the life about him interprets all life. So, in a war-torn world, the poet becomes sensitively aware of the dreads and longings, the prides and pities, engendered by war within his own interior spirit and within the spirits of those about him. It is in these that the subtler meanings and realities of war are most surely to be found.

Two points of difference, however, between the militant and the non-militant war poet are sometimes appreciable. The fighting poet seem seldom to display a spirit of personal hatred toward the enemy, but apparently reserves his hatred for the impersonal Wrong for whose sake the enemy fights.

¹ Carveth Read: *The Function of Relations in Thought* (*The British Journal of Psychology*, December, 1911).

Cf. the graphic story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Stephen Crane, written before he had experienced war at first-hand.

This tendency is well illustrated by Lieutenant Joseph Lee's *German Prisoners*; the late Captain Charles Hamilton Sorley's sonnet, *To Germany*; Corporal Alexander Robertson's "*Thou Shalt Love Thine Enemies*," and Captain James Norman Hall's *Out of Flanders*. Again, the poet at the Front, unless he be a determined Realist, often turns impatiently away from the attempt to represent actual warfare, and tries instead to visualize some emotional antidote. As Lord Crewe¹ has discerningly said, "It seems that the soldier who is also a writer is as likely to set his mind on green fields and spring flowers as on the bloody drama in which he is an actor, and to tune his lyre accordingly. . . . So that among the verse written by soldiers in this war it is not surprising to find as many poems recalling loves of home and memories of country days as proclaiming the delight of battle, or even the loftier summons of patriotism and duty. Some of this work of to-day, as we all know, transcends the lyrical faculty which is the frequent appanage of youth, and reaches the level of true poetry; some of it is made sacred by the death of the writer, and cannot be coldly weighed in the balance."

Whether or not, then, he be privileged to see war with the eye of sense, and to share its rigours and arduous with fellow-soldiers, the first duty of the war-poet toward his art is to *be* a poet, to discover the timeless and placeless in the momentary and parochial, and to bring back to us a true and moving report of the experience and behaviour of the human spirit during its recurrent struggles with its own worser self. If he be on active service, the poet will, like Archilochus, the more loyally render unto Ares the things that are Ares', because he continues to offer unto Apollo the things that are Apollo's. If he be involved in other than the military activities of war, he may have even the greater need to preach to himself, as to his readers, the gospel of Art, and to carry his priesthood pure through moments of civic dejection or gusty passion. In either case, it will be his ultimate desire as a poet to develop and express (even though indirectly) a poet's philosophy of war. And his philosophy

¹ The Marquis of Crewe: *War and English Poetry* (The English Association).

will be both stern and kind, both just and magnanimous. He will not quarrel about professional or political attitudes toward war. He will not quarrel about attitudes at all. He will see war now as a great and gallant adventure ; now as an inevitable molecular movement ; now as the abomination of desolation ; now, perhaps, as Rowland Thirlmere sees it in *Nocturne* :—

“ O silent heavens, where infinite kings abide,
What wars impassion the invisible spheres
That people you ? What unimagined fears
Possess their habitants ? Does excessive pride
Move them in cheerful hosts to fratricide ?
Beyond the eternal hope of earth, do tears
Fall, as the unavengéd widow peers
Into the night with prayer unsatisfied ?

“ Gods against gods may war in agony,—
Sovereignties against sovereignties disperse
Their lightnings in unending enmity
Of good and ill,—and they whose thoughts accruse
Our world, perchance fight now vicariously
For secret princes of the universe.”

Sometimes war will seem to the poet, despite its evils, to offer an ennobling spiritual enfranchisement in the face of danger and death, to encourage the soul to renounce the petty timidities and cautions to which the prosaic life of getting on in the world teaches men to conform. The man of war, he will feel, has an altogether unusual opportunity to realize himself, to cleanse and heal himself through the mastering of his physical fears ; through the facing of his moral doubts ; through the re-examination of whatever thoughts he may have possessed, theretofore, about life and death and the universe ; and through the quietly unselfish devotion he owes to the welfare of his fellows and to the cause of his native land. Sometimes the poet will persuade himself that war is, in its essence, merely the noun that corresponds to the adjective dynamic, that it means effort, adventure, burden, growth, struggle, work, indeed the maintenance and development of one's being, that it includes every expression of ideas in the service of knowledge and wisdom, and that it is in this sense an inalienable condition

of existence. And sometimes he will curse the very thought of war as he sees it oversweep all humanity's painful safeguards, attacking the Ariel of man's hopes to make room for his enemy Caliban, brazenly emerging like an international Mr. Hyde from a too trustful Dr. Jekyll, and "reeling back into the beast."

Into the stuff of his thought and utterance, whether he be on active service or not, the poet-interpreter of war weaves these various intentions, and co-operates with his fellows in building up a little higher and better, from time to time, that edifice of truth for whose completion can be spared no human experience, no human hope.

Thus he will be striking balances in mood and verdict, while the seemingly insoluble realities behind these conflicting thoughts continue to impinge upon one another. It is natural enough, therefore, that the long debate between Romanticism and Realism in art should have affected war poetry. The partisans of the work of Robert Nichols, Frederic Manning, and the later Siegfried Sassoon, and of Gilbert Frankau's grimly impatient protest, *The Other Side*, will find little in common with those who turn habitually to Rupert Brooke, Alan Seeger, Francis Ledwidge, or Laurence Binyon. But poetry is a more flexible thing than are the minds of either its creators or its critics, who so often allow their temperamental differences to harden into creeds and dicta. Between Realist and Romanticist there is no radical, permanent cleavage. Both are aware that the world is made up of multiple symbols (for even the realist's fact¹ is the symbol of an idea); both select for artistic patterning such symbols as attract their respective imagination. Realistic closeness to fact does not, if it be wise, aim at mere objective copyism, but rather at the precipitation of the bald fact's subjective values, while the Romantic singling out of the exceptional as against the commonplace is due merely to the belief that the exceptional (precisely because it is exceptional) is of more symbolic worth than the commonplace. The art that is broad enough to include the whispered assonances of Poe,

¹ "Beauty to her, as to all who have felt, lies not in the thing but in what the thing symbolizes."—Thomas Hardy: *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

the cryptic chants of Emerson, the flooding harmonies of Shelley, the dreamy magic of Keats and of Coleridge, the subtle appraisements of Browning, and the marrowy tales of Masefield, can reject neither the bare, hard fact of the Realist nor the "sleep and forgetting" of the Romanticist, provided only that the offering be beautiful in spirit and in truth. Idealistic Realism is as natural as idealistic Romanticism. The difference is one of varying preference and emphasis in the choice and treatment of material. The same poet, it is apparent, may write, with equal success and sincerity, now in one mode, now in another; only he must make sure that fact-symbol and fancy-symbol are in each case prescribed by his imagination, and that the focus of his vision does not suffer distortion. Although Romanticism must continue to offer to the coming poet the most grateful means of escaping sufficiently from the physical world to observe its phenomena with the wholesome perspective of Art, yet he will readily adopt the realistic method where it is indicated by the scale and intention of his work. He may even synthetically employ "romantic realism" (to use Arthur Symons' phrase), as Browning did in *Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came*. The more creative the poet, indeed, the more difficult it must prove to "place" and confine him. He will care less for theory and experimentation—even his own necessary theory and experimentation—than for the patient worship and service of that Truth which "Art remains the one way possible" of discovering,—that true Truth, that essential Truth, which Mrs. Browning so thoughtfully opposes to

“. . . relative, comparative,
And temporal truths.”

As the following pages will attest, English and American literatures have both received genuine accessions during the Great War. With its close, the attempt to review and assemble its poetic voices becomes measurably possible. In the present Anthology the editorial policy has been humanly hospitable rather than academically critical, especially in the case of some of the verses written by soldiers at the Front, which, however slight in certain instances their technical merit may be, are yet of psychological value as sincere tran-

scripts of personal experience, and will, it is thought, for that very reason, particularly attract and interest the reader. It goes without saying that there are several poems in this group which conspicuously succeed also as works of art. For the rest, the attempt has been made, within such limitations as have been experienced, to present pretty freely the best of what has been found available in contemporary British and American war verse. It must speak for itself, and in not a few instances it does so with unusual sympathy and with living power; sometimes, too, with that quietly intimate companionableness which we find in Gray's *Elegy*, rightly indicated by John Masefield as a prime quality in English poetry. But if this quality appears in Chaucer and the pre-Romanticists and Wordsworth, it appears also in Longfellow and Lowell, in Emerson and Lanier, and in William Vaughn Moody; for American poetry is, after all, as English poetry—"with a difference"—sprung from the same sources, and coursing along similar channels.

The new fellowship of the two great Anglo-Saxon nations which a book of this character may, to a degree, illustrate, is filled with such high promise for both of them, and for all civilization, that it is perhaps hardly too much to say, with Ambassador Walter H. Page, in his address at the Pilgrims' Dinner in London, April 12, 1917: "We shall get out of this association an indissoluble companionship, and we shall henceforth have indissoluble mutual duties for mankind. I doubt if there could be another international event comparable in large value and in long consequences to this closer association." Mr. Balfour struck the same note when, during his mission to the United States, he expressed himself in these words: "That this great people should throw themselves whole-heartedly into this mighty struggle, prepared for all efforts and sacrifices that may be required to win success for this most righteous cause, is an event at once so happy and so momentous that only the historian of the future will be able, as I believe, to measure its true proportions."

The words of these eminent men ratify the spirit of those poems in the present volume that seek to interpret to Britons and Americans the values of a deepening friendship.

“Poets,” said Shelley, “are the unacknowledged legislators of the world,” and he meant by legislation the guidance and determination of the verdicts of the human soul. In the collection as a whole, the receptive reader will find many suggestions, finely and sensitively expressed, touching the poetic truth (the “essential truth”) of War, and the spiritual reciprocities that relate our personal lives to our national and international struggles.

G. H. C.

ENGLAND

THE VIGIL

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame
Burns before the inmost shrine,
Where the lips that love thy name
Consecrate their hopes and thine,
Where the banners of thy dead
Weave their shadows overhead,
Watch beside thine arms to-night,
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes
War shall claim command of all,
Thou must hear the roll of drums,
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.
Now, before they silence ruth,
Commune with the voice of truth;
England! on thy knees to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

Single-hearted, unafraid,
Hither all thy heroes came,
On this altar's steps were laid
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.
England! if thy will be yet
By their great example set,
Here beside thine arms to-night
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou when morning comes
 Rise to conquer or to fall,
 Joyful hear the rolling drums,
 Joyful hear the trumpets call,
 Then let Memory tell thy heart :
 " England ! what thou wert, thou art ! "
 Gird thee with thine ancient might,
 Forth ! and God defend the Right !

Henry Newbolt

ENGLAND TO FREE MEN

MEN of my blood, you English men !
 From misty hill and misty fen,
 From cot, and town, and plough, and moor,
 Come in—before I shut the door !
 Into my courtyard paved with stones
 That keep the names, that keep the bones,
 Of none but English men who came
 Free of their lives, to guard my fame.

I am your native land who bred
 No driven heart, no driven head ;
 I fly a flag in every sea
 Round the old Earth, of Liberty !
 I am the Land that boasts a crown ;
 The sun comes up, the sun goes down—
 And never men may say of me,
 Mine is a breed that is not free.

I have a wreath ! My forehead wears
 A hundred leaves—a hundred years
 I never knew the words : " You must ! "
 And shall my wreath return to dust ?
 Freemen ! The door is yet ajar ;
 From northern star to southern star,
 O ye who count and ye who delve,
 Come in—before my clock strikes twelve !

John Galsworthy

EXPEDITIONAL

TROOPS to our England true
Faring to Flanders,
God be with all of you
And your commanders.

Clear be the sky o'erhead,
Light be the landing :
Not till the work is sped
Be your disbanding.

On the old battle-ground
Where fought your fathers,
Faithful shall ye be found
When the storm gathers.

Fending a little friend
Weak but unshaken—
Quick ! there's no time to spend
Or the fort's taken.

Though he defy his foes,
He may go under.
Quick ! ere the battle close
Speed with your thunder.

He hath his all at stake :
More can have no man.
Quick ! ere the barrier break,
On to the foeman.

Troops to this England true
And your commanders,
God be with all of you
Fighting in Flanders.

Charles William Brodribb

X EVENING IN ENGLAND

FROM its blue vase the rose of evening drops.
 Upon the streams its petals float away.
 The hills all blue with distance hide their tops
 In the dim silence falling on the grey.
 A little wind said "Hush!" and shook a spray
 Heavy with May's white crop of opening bloom,
 A silent bat went dipping up the gloom.

Night tells her rosary of stars full soon,
 They drop from out her dark hand to her knees.
 Upon a silhouette of woods the moon
 Leans on one horn as if beseeching ease
 From all her changes which have stirred the seas.
 Across the ears of Toil Rest throws her veil,
 I and a marsh bird only make a wail.

Francis Ledwidge

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 he was a fighting man, and loved a fighting
 breed,

And whenever England wants him now, he's ready at her
 need ;

Ah, who may trace this tranquil loveliness
 In verse felicitous?—no measure tells;
 But gazing on her bosom we can guess
 Why men strike hard for England in red hells,
 Falling on dreams, 'mid Death's extreme caress,
 Of English daisies dancing in English dells.

George Herbert Clarke

SWEET ENGLAND

I HEARD a boy that climbed up Dover's Hill
 Singing *Sweet England*, sweeter for his song.
 The notes crept muffled through the copse, but still
 Sharply recalled the things forgotten long,
 The music that my own boy's lips had known,
 Singing, and old airs on a wild flute blown.

And other hills, more grim and lonely far,
 And valleys empty of these orchard trees;
 A sheep-pond filled with the moon, a single star
 I had watched by night searching the wreckful seas;
 And all the streets and streets that childhood knew
 In years when London streets were all my view.

And I remembered how that song I heard,
Sweet England, sung by children on May-day,
 Nor any song was sweeter of a bird
 Than that half-grievous air from children gay—
 For then, as now, youth made the sadness bright,
 Till the words, *Sweet, Sweet England*, shone with light.

Now, listening, I forgot how men yet fought
 For this same England, till the song was done
 And no sound lingered but the lark's, that brought
 New music down from fields of cloud and sun,
 Or the sad lapwing's over fields of green
 Crying beneath the copse, near but unseen.

Then I remembered. All wide England spread
Before me, hill and wood and meadow and stream
And ancient roads and homes of men long dead,
And all the beauty a familiar dream.
On the green hills a cloud of silver grey
Gave gentle light stranger than light of day.

And clear between the hills, past the near crest
And many hills, the hungry cities crept,
Noble and mean, oppressive and oppressed,
Where dreams unrealized of England slept :
And they too England, packed in dusty street
With men that half forgot England was sweet.

—Millions of men that almost had forgot
And now remembered since for her they strove ;
But that vexed happiness remembered not,
And pain, in the simplicity of love ;
Bright careless courage hiding all that stirred
Within, when that loud solemn call they heard.

Now they were far, but like a living brain
Quick with their thought, the earth, hills, air and light
Were quivering as though a shining rain
Falling all round made ev'n the light more bright ;
And trees and water and heath and hedge-flowers fair
With more than natural sweetness washed the air.

From hill to hill a sparkling web it swung,
A snare for happiness, lit with lovely dews.
The very smoke of cities now was hung
But like a grave girl's dress of tranquil hues :
And how (I thought) can England, seen thus bright,
Lifting her clear frank head, but love the light ?—

No, not her brain ! that bright web was the shadow
Of the high spirit in their spirit shining
Who on scarred foreign hill and trenchèd meadow
Kept the faith yet, unfearful, unrepining ;—
Her faith that with the dark world's liberty
Mingles as earth's great rivers with the sea.

O with what gilding ray was the land agleam !
 It was not sun and dew, bush, bough and leaf,
 But human spirits visible as in a dream
 That turns from glad to aching, being too brief :
 Courage and beauty shining in such brightness
 That the dark thoughtful woods were no more lightless.

But most the hills a splendour had put on
 Of golden honour, bright and high and calm
 And like old heroes young men dream upon
 When midnight stirs with magic sword and palm ;—
 With the fled mist all meanness put away
 And the air clear and keen as salt sea-spray . . .

And yet no dream, no dream ! I saw the whole,
 The reap'd fields, idle kine and wandering sheep.
 A weak wind through the near tall hedge-tree stole,
 And died where Dover's Hill rose bare and steep ;
 I saw yet what I saw an hour ago,
 But knew what save by dreams I did not know—

Sweet England!—wild proud heart of things unspoken,
 Spirit that men bear shyly and love purely ;
 That dies to live anew a life unbroken
 As spring from every winter rising surely ;
Sweet England unto generations sped,
 Now bitter-sweetest for her daily dead.

September, 1916.

John Freeman

ENGLAND YET

SHE'S England yet ! The nations never knew her ;
 Or, if they knew, were ready to forget.
 She made new worlds that paid no homage to her,
 Because she called for none as for a debt.
 The bullying power who deemed all nations craven,
 And that her star of destiny had set,
 Was sure that she would seek a coward's haven—
 And tempted her, and found her England yet !
 We learn our England, and we soon forget,
 To learn again that she is England yet.

They watched Britannia ever looking forward,
 But could not see the things her children saw.
 They watched in Southern seas her boats pull shoreward,
 But only marked the eyeglass, heard the "Haw!"
 In tents, and bungalows, and outpost stations,
 Thin white men ruled for her, unseen, unheard,
 Till millions of strange races and far nations
 Were ready to obey her at a word.

We learn our England, and in peace forget,
 To learn in storm that she is England yet.

She's England yet; and men shall doubt no longer,
 And mourn no longer for what she has been.
 She'll be a greater England and a stronger—
 A better England than the world has seen.
 Our own, who reckon not of a king's regalia,
 Tinsel of crowns, and courts that fume and fret,
 Are fighting for her—fighting for Australia—
 And blasphemously hail her "England Yet!"

She's England yet, with little to regret—
 Ay, more than ever, she'll be England yet!

Henry Lawson

"BURN UP THE WORLD"

BURN up the world, and yet the living spark
 Which once was England would for ever shine
 And be a star. It would be as a sign
 Hung in the silent forehead of the dark,
 A light for them who listen and cry "Hark!"
 Hoping for Hope. And to the holy shrine
 Of her dear name, by dying made divine,
 Would come the pilgrim ages. Like an ark
 Would float her memory upon the flood
 Of Cosmic change. Great deeds would enter there:
 Deeds of great daring, consecrate with blood,
 Immortal fames and grandeurs, words sublime
 That like strong eagles soared above despair,
 And thoughts beyond the highest reach of Time.

Leonard Van Noppen

ENGLAND

ENGLAND, the home of poetry ; the hearth
 Where the world's heart so often warmed its hands ;
 Whose soul none but her Shakespeare understands ;
 Whose singing is a silence round the earth ;
 Cradle of Law, where Freedom had its birth ;
 The grave of tyrants ; winging her commands
 Over the oceans ; envy of all lands,
 Jealous of none, yet worshipful of worth :

England, the acorn, whence to ages sprang
 The oak of empire ; eagle whose safe wings
 Mother her brood of colonies ; where rings
 No chain of slave ; O England, for the clang
 And clash of battle, gird thy loins, and wage
 War with the Dark for thy rich heritage.

Leonard Van Noppen

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"

FOR all we have and are,
 For all our children's fate,
 Stand up and meet the war.
 The Hun is at the gate !
 Our world has passed away
 In wantonness o'erthrown.
 There is nothing left to-day
 But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,
 The old commandments stand :
 "In courage keep your heart,
 In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
 That sickened earth of old :
 "No law except the sword
 Unsheathed and uncontrolled,"

Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—
The ages' slow-bought gain—
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain
To face the naked days
In silent fortitude,
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old commandments stand :
“ In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand.”

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if Freedom fall ?
Who dies if England live ?

Rudyard Kipling

SCOTLAND

X PIPES IN ARRAS

(APRIL, 1917)

IN the burgh town of Arras,
When gloaming had come on,
Fifty pipers played Retreat
As if they had been one,
And the Grande Place of Arras
Hummed with the Highland drone!

Then to the ravaged burgh,
Champed into dust and sand,
Came with the pipers' playing,
Out of their own beloved land,
Sea-sounds that moan for sorrow
On a dispeopled strand.

There are in France no voices
To speak of simple things,
And tell how winds will whistle
Through palaces of kings ;
Now came the truth to Arras
In the chanter's warblings :

“ O build in pride your towers,
But think not they will last ;

The tall tower and the shealing
Alike must meet the blast,
And the world is strewn with shingle
From dwellings of the past."

But to the Grande Place, Arras,
Came, too, the hum of bees,
That suck the sea-pink's sweetness
From isles of the Hebrides,
And in Iona fashion
Homes mid old effigies :

"Our cells the monks demolished
To make their mead of yore,
And still though we be ravished
Each Autumn of our store,
While the sun lasts, and the flower,
Tireless we'll gather more."

Up then and spake with twitt'rings
Out of the chanter reed,
Birds that each Spring to Appin,
Over the oceans speed,
And in its ruined castles
Make love again and breed :

"Already see our brothers
Build in the tottering fane !
Though France should be a desert,
While love and Spring remain,
Men will come back to Arras,
And build and weave again."

So played the pipes in Arras
Their Gaelic symphony,
Sweet with old wisdom gathered
In isles of the Highland sea,
And eastward towards Cambrai
Roared the artillery.

Neil Munro

“LOCHABER NO MORE!”

FAREWELL to Lochaber, farewell to the glen,
No more will he wander Lochaber again.

Lochaber no more! Lochaber no more!

The lad will return to Lochaber no more!
The trout will come back from the deeps of the sea,
The bird from the wilderness back to the tree,
Flowers to the mountain and tides to the shore,
But he will return to Lochaber no more!

O why should the hills last, that never were young,
Unperishing stars in the heavens be hung;
Be constant the seasons, undrying the stream,
And he that was gallant be gone like a dream?
Brave songs will be singing in isles of the West,
But he will be silent who sang them the best;
The dance will be waiting, the pipes will implore,
But he will return to Lochaber no more!

Child of the forest! profound is thy sleep,
The valley that loved thee awakes but to weep;
When our fires are rekindled at dawn of the morn,
Our griefs burn afresh, and our prayers are forlorn;
The night falls disconsolate, bringing no peace,
No hope for our dreams, for our sighs no release;
In vain come the true hearts and look from the door,
For thou wilt return to Lochaber no more!

Neil Munro

HIGHLAND NIGHT

1715-1815-1915

TURN ye homeward in the night-tide dusk!
Return, O lad, across the watery dark.
The wind is eerie, and the sea growls low,
And voices mutter in the caves. O hark!
The sea-bird hath her mate, but none I know.

All day the gulls are crying round the rocks,
And spray is leaping white against their face ;
The child is shouting, and the wind is sweet ;
Above our heads the flying cloudlets race,
Where we are on the hillside cutting peat.

The sun glints on the waves. I have no fear ;
My heart is filled with ancient battle songs ;
But when the winter seas are crying loud,
Phantoms of eld, and marching faery throngs,
From strange old tales into my fancy crowd.

They hold before my eyes a bloody plaid—
A wail of warning hurries down the gust,
The door blows open, and the baby cries,
And dark-red drops are trickling in the dust.
Kneeling I fall and cover up my eyes.

O turn ye homeward in the night-tide dusk !
The door stands open, and the sea growls low.
Ah, lad, my candle shines across the night.
The sea-bird hath her mate, but none I know ;
Turn ye to me before the morning light.

Isabel Westcott Harper

IRELAND

MOIRA'S KEENING

O MOUNTAINS of Erin,
Your beauty is fled ;
Beyond you, in Flanders,
My darling lies dead.

Through the dunes and the grasses
Bespattered with blood,
They bore him ; and round him,
Bareheaded, they stood,

While the chaplain in khaki
Was reading a prayer,
And the wind for his keening
Was moaning an air.

O son of grey Connaught,
No more shall we stand
By the dark lough at evening,
My hand in your hand,

And talk of a houseen
To hold you and me,
The scent of the heather,
The gorse on the lea.

Yet, bridegroom of mine,
You are waiting afar,
Past the peak and the blueness,
The shine of yon star,

Where Mary the Mother
Is bending her head,
And you sleep at her crooning,
O boy of mine ! dead.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor

THE CONNAUGHT RANGERS

I SAW the Connaught Rangers when they were passing
by,
On a spring day, a good day, with gold rifts in the sky.
Themselves were marching steadily along the Liffey quay
An' I see the young proud look of them as if it was to-day !
The bright lads, the right lads, I have them in my mind,
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in
the wind !

A last look at old Ireland, a last good-bye maybe,
Then the gray sea, the wide sea, my grief upon the sea !
And when will they come home, says I, when will they
see once more
The dear blue hills of Wicklow and Wexford's dim gray
shore ?
The brave lads of Ireland, no better lads you'll find,
With the green flags on their bayonets all fluttering in
the wind !

Three years have passed since that spring day, sad years
for them and me.
Green graves there are in Serbia and in Gallipoli.
And many who went by that day along the muddy street
Will never hear the roadway ring to their triumphant
feet.
But when they march before Him, God's welcome will
be kind,
And the green flags on their bayonets will flutter in the
wind.

Winifred M. Letts

A SONG OF THE IRISH ARMIES

A WIND blew out of the Prussian plain ;
 It scourged Liège, and it broke Louvain,
 And Belgium shook with the tramp of Cain,
 That a Kaiser might be mad.
 "Iron is God!"—and they served him well—
 "Honour a mark for shot and shell."
 So they loosed the devils out of Hell
 From Birr to Allahabad.

The Old Soldiers sing :

But we took them from Mons to the banks of the Marne,
 And helped them back on their red return ;
 We can swim the Rhine if the bridges burn,
 And Mike O'Leary's the lad !
 Not for this did our fathers fall :
 That truth, and pity, and love, and all
 Should break in the dust at a trumpet's call,
 Yea ! all things clean and old.
 Not to this had we sacrificed :
 To sit at last where the slayers diced,
 With blood-hot hands, for the robes of Christ,
 And snatch at the Devil's gold.

The New Soldiers sing :

To Odin's challenge we cried Amen !
 We stayed the plough, and laid by the pen,
 And we shouldered our guns like gentlemen,
 That the wiser weak should hold.

Blood on the land, and blood on the sea !
 So it stands as ordained to be,
 Stamp, and signet, and guarantee
 Of the better ways we knew.

Time for the plough when the sword has won ;
 The loom will wait on the crashing gun,
 And the hands of peace drop benison
 When the task of death is through.

Old and New Soldiers sing :

Then lift the flag of the Last Crusade !
And fill the ranks of the Last Brigade !
March on to the fields where the world's re-made,
And the Ancient Dreams come true !

T. M. Kettle

CANADA

CANADA TO ENGLAND

GREAT names of thy great captains gone before
Beat with our blood who have that blood of thee :
Raleigh and Grenville, Wolfe, and all the free
Fine souls who dared to front a world in war.
Such only may outreach the envious years

Where feebler crowns and fainter stars remove,
Nurtured in one remembrance and one love
Too high for passion and too stern for tears.

O little isle our fathers held for home,
Not, not alone thy standards and thy hosts
Lead where thy sons shall follow, Mother Land :
Quick as the north wind, ardent as the foam,
Behold, behold the invulnerable ghosts !
Of all past greatnesses about thee stand.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

LANGEMARCK

THIS is the ballad of Langemarck,
A story of glory and might ;
Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part
In the great grim fight.

It was April fair on the Flanders Fields,
But the dreadest April then
That ever the years, in their fateful flight,
Had brought to this world of men.

North and east, a monster wall,
The mighty Hun ranks lay,
With fort on fort, and iron-ringed trench,
Menacing, grim and gray.

And south and west, like a serpent of fire,
Serried the British lines,
And in between, the dying and dead,
And the stench of blood, and the trampled mud,
On the fair, sweet Belgian vines.

And far to the eastward, harnessed and taut,
Like a seimitar, shining and keen,
Gleaming out of that ominous gloom,
Old France's hosts were seen.

When out of the grim Hun lines one night,
There rolled a sinister smoke—
A strange, weird cloud, like a pale, green shroud,
And death lurked in its cloak.

On a fiend-like wind it curled along
Over the brave French ranks,
Like a monster tree its vapours spread,
In hideous, burning banks
Of poisonous fumes that scorched the night
With their sulphurous demon danks.

And men went mad with horror, and fled
From that terrible, strangling death,
That seemed to sear both body and soul
With its baleful, flaming breath.

Till even the little dark men of the south,
Who feared neither God nor man,
Those fierce, wild fighters of Afrie's steppes,
Broke their battalions and ran :—

Ran as they never had run before,
Gasping, and fainting for breath ;
For they knew 'twas no human foe that slew ;
And that hideous smoke meant death.

Then red in the reek of that evil cloud,
The Hun swept over the plain ;
And the murderer's dirk did its monster work,
'Mid the scythe-like shrapnel rain ;

Till it seemed that at last the brute Hun hordes
Had broken that wall of steel ;
And that soon, through this breach in the free-
man's dyke,
His trampling hosts would wheel,

And sweep to the south in ravaging might,
And Europe's peoples again
Be trodden under the tyrant's heel,
Like herds, in the Prussian pen.

But in that line on the British right,
There massed a corps amain,
Of men who hailed from a far west land
Of mountain and forest and plain ;

Men new to war and its dreadest deeds,
But noble and staunch and true ;
Men of the open, East and West,
Brew of old Britain's brew.

These were the men out there that night,
When Hell loomed close ahead ;
Who saw that pitiful, hideous rout,
And breathed those gasses dread ;
While some went under and some went mad ;
But never a man there fled.

For the word was "Canada," theirs to fight,
And keep on fighting still ;
Britain said fight, and fight they would,
Though the Devil himself in sulphurous mood
Came over that hideous hill.

Yea, stubborn, they stood, that hero band,
Where no soul hoped to live ;
For five 'gainst eighty thousand men,
Were hopeless odds to give.

Yea, fought they on ! 'Twas Friday eve,
When that demon gas drove down ;
'Twas Saturday eve that saw them still
Grimly holding their own ;

Sunday, Monday, saw them yet,
A steadily lessening band,
With, " no surrender " in their hearts,
But the dream of a far-off land,

Where mother and sister and love would weep
For the hushed heart lying still ;—
But never a thought but to do their part,
And work the Empire's will.

Ringed round, hemmed in, and back to back,
They fought there under the dark,
And won for Empire, God and Right,
At grim, red Langemarck.

Wonderful battles have shaken this world,
Since the Dawn-God overthrew Dis ;
Wonderful struggles of right against wrong,
Sung in the rhymes of the world's great song,
But never a greater than this.

Bannockburn, Inkerman, Balaclava,
Marathon's godlike stand ;
But never a more heroic deed,
And never a greater warrior breed,
In any war-man's land.

This is the ballad of Langemarck,
A story of glory and might ;
Of the vast Hun horde, and Canada's part
In the great, grim fight.

Wilfred Campbell

CANADIANS

WITH arrows on their quarters and with numbers on
their hoofs,
With the trampling sound of twenty that re-echoes in the
roofs,
Low of crest and dull of coat, wan and wild of eye,
Through our English village the Canadians go by.

Shying at a passing cart, swerving from a car,
Tossing up an anxious head to flaunt a snowy star,
Racking at a Yankee gait, reaching at the rein,
Twenty raw Canadians are tasting life again!

Hollow-necked and hollow-flanked, lean of rib and hip,
Strained and sick and weary with the wallow of the ship,
Glad to smell the turf again, hear the robin's call,
Tread again the country road they lost at Montreal!

Fate may bring them dule and woe; better steeds than they
Sleep beside the English guns a hundred leagues away;
But till war hath need of them, lightly lie their reins,
Softly fall the feet of them along the English lanes.

Will H. Ogilvie

AUSTRALASIA

AUSTRALIA TO ENGLAND

BY all the deeds to Thy dear glory done,
By all the life blood spilt to serve Thy need,
By all the fettered lives Thy touch hath freed
By all Thy dream in us anew begun ;
By all the guerdon English sire to son
Hath given of highest vision, kingliest deed,
By all Thine agony, of God decreed
For trial and strength, our fate with Thine is one.

Still dwells Thy spirit in our hearts and lips,
Honour and life we hold from none but Thee,
And if we live Thy pensioners no more
But seek a nation's might of men and ships,
'Tis but that when the world is black with war
Thy sons may stand beside Thee strong and free.
Archibald T. Strong

August, 1914.

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 !
 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 !)

C. Fox Smith

QUEENSLANDERS

LEAN brown lords of the Brisbane beaches,
 Lithe-limbed kings of the Culgoa bends,
 Princes that ride where the Roper reaches,
 Captains that camp where the grey Gulf ends—
 Never such goodly men together
 Marched since the kingdoms first made war ;
 Nothing so proud as the Emu Feather
 Waved in an English wind before !

Ardour and faith of those keen brown faces !
Challenge and strength of those big brown hands !
Eyes that have flashed upon wide-flung spaces !
Chins that have conquered in fierce far lands !—
Flood could not daunt them, Drought could not break them ;
Deep in their hearts is their sun's own fire ;
Blood of thine own blood, England, take them !
These are the swords of thy soul's desire !

Will H. Ogilvie

THE NEW ZEALANDER

[Monody on the death of a member of the New Zealand Contingent, who, going to rest on the beach, was killed in his sleep by a discharge of shrapnel.]

SAMOTHRACE and Imbros lie
Like blue shadows in the sky ;
Scented comes the wind from Greece
Slow winged as the Soul of Peace.

All was still as evening came
With a whisper, sheathed in flame,
And the battlefield grew still
From the Valley to the Hill.

Just beyond the ripples' reach
He was lying on the beach,
Dreaming half of things at home,
Mixing dreams with light and foam.

Three days he had smelt the dead,
Looked on black blood and on red,
Gripped and lain, and cursed and hated,
Feared, exulted, prayed, and waited.

From the dawn till dusk was dim
All the world had spied on him ;
And the wind that sighed so low
Seemed the footstep of his foe,

And at night the fireflies dancing
 Were the light of men advancing.
 Swift his hands. His brain was cool.
 "Hell," he said, "poor Tom's at school."

Then he rested on the beach
 Just beyond the ripples' reach,
 Home and sunset in his dream
 Till the shrapnel's quicker gleam

Found his heart, and found his head—
 Found him dreaming, left him dead.
 And they buried him at night
 With men fallen in the fight.

So he fought and went away
 With the glory of the day,
 And no hatred in his heart
 When the great ways met to part.

On a beach without a name
 He died sleeping, robbed of fame,
 Just before the day grew dim.
 Tom, his brother, envied him.

Ben Kendim

SONG OF THE DARDANELLES

THE wireless tells and the cable tells
 How our boys behaved by the Dardanelles.
 Some thought in their hearts "Will our boys make good?"
 We knew them of old and we knew they would!
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would;
 We were mates of old and we knew they would.

They laughed and they larked and they loved likewise,
 For blood is warm under Southern skies;

They knew not Pharaoh ('tis understood),
 And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would,
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would ;
 And they got into scrapes, as we knew they would.

They chafed in the dust of an old dead land
 At the long months' drill in the scorching sand ;
 But they knew in their hearts it was for their good,
 And they saw it through as we knew they would,
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would ;
 And they saw it through as we knew they would.

The coo-ee called through the Mena Camp,
 And an army roared like the Ocean's tramp
 On a gale-swept beach in her wildest mood,
 Till the Pyramids shook as we knew they would,
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would.
 (And the Sphinx woke up as we knew she would.)

They were shipped like sheep when the dawn was grey ;
 (But the officers knew that no lambs were they).
 They squatted and perched where'er they could,
 And they "blanky-ed" for joy as we knew they would,
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would ;
 They "blanky-ed" for joy as we knew they would.

The sea was hell and the shore was hell,
 With mine, entanglement, shrapnel and shell,
 But they stormed the heights as Australians should,
 And they fought and they died as we knew they would,
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would ;
 They fought and they died as we knew they would.

From the southern hills and the city lanes,
 From the sandwaste lone and the Blacksoil Plains ;
 The youngest and strongest of England's brood !—
 They'll win for the South as we knew they would,
 Knew they would—
 Knew they would ;
 They'll win for the South as we knew they would.

Henry Lawson

FIGHTING HARD

“The Australians are fighting hard in Gallipoli.”—*Cable.*

ROLLING out to fight for England, singing songs across
 the sea ;
 Rolling North to fight for England, and to fight for you
 and me ;
 Fighting hard for France and England, where the storms of
 Death are hurled ;
 Fighting hard for Australasia and the honour of the World !
 Fighting hard.

Fighting hard for Sunny Queensland—fighting for Banana-
 land,
 Fighting hard for West Australia, and the mulga and the
 sand ;
 Fighting hard for Plain and Wool-Track, and the haze of
 western heat—
 Fighting hard for South Australia and the bronze of Far-
 rar's Wheat !
 Fighting hard !

Fighting hard for fair Victoria, and the mountain and the
 glen ;
 (And the Memory of Eureka—there were other tyrants
 then),
 For the glorious Gippsland forests and the World's great
 Singing Star—
 For the irrigation channels where the cabbage gardens are—
 Fighting hard !

Fighting hard for gale and earthquake, and the wind-swept
ports between ;

For the wild flax and manuka and the terraced hills of
green.

Fighting hard for wooden homesteads, where the mighty
kauris stand—

Fighting hard for fern and tussock!—Fighting hard for
Maoriland !

Fighting hard !

Fighting hard for little Tassy, where the apple orchards
grow

(And the Northern Territory, just to give the place a
show),

Fighting hard for Home and Empire, while the Common-
wealth prevails—

And, in spite of all her blunders, dying hard for New South
Wales.

Dying hard.

Fighting for the Pride of Old Folk, and the people that
you know ;

And the girl you left behind you—(ah ! the time is passing
slow).

For the proud tears of a sister ! come you back, or never
come !

And the weary Elder Brother, looking after things at home—
Fighting hard ! *You Lucky Devils !*

Fighting hard.

Henry Lawson

BELGIUM

TO THE BELGIANS

O RACE that Cæsar knew,
That won stern Roman praise,
What land not envies you
The laurel of these days ?

You built your cities rich
Around each towered hall,—
Without, the statued niche
Within, the pictured wall.

Your ship-thronged wharves, your marts
With gorgeous Venice vied.
Peace and her famous arts
Were yours : though tide on tide

Of Europe's battle scourged
Black field and reddened soil,
From blood and smoke emerged
Peace and her fruitful toil.

Yet when the challenge rang,
"The War-Lord comes ; give room !"
Fearless to arms you sprang
Against the odds of doom.

Like your own Damien
Who sought that leper's isle
To die a simple man
For men with tranquil smile.

So strong in faith you dared
Defy the giant, scorn
Ignobly to be spared,
Though trampled, spoiled, and torn.

And in your faith arose
And smote, and smote again,
Till those astonished foes
Reeled from their mounds of slain.

The faith that the free soul,
Untaught by force to quail,
Through fire and dirge and dole
Prevails and shall prevail.

Still for your frontier stands
The host that knew no dread,
Your little, stubborn land's
Nameless, immortal dead.

Laurence Binyon

BELGIUM

La Belgique ne regrette rien

NOT with her ruined silver spires,
Not with her cities shamed and rent,
Perish the imperishable fires
That shape the homestead from the tent.

Wherever men are staunch and free,
There shall she keep her fearless state,
And homeless, to great nations be
The home of all that makes them great.

Edith Wharton

A FLEMISH VILLAGE

GONE is the spire that slept for centuries,
 Whose image in the water, calm, and low
 Was mingled with the lilies green and snow,
 And lost itself in river mysteries.
 The church lies broken near the fallen spire ;
 For here, among these old and human things,
 Death swept along the street with feet of fire,
 And went upon his way with moaning wings.
 Above the cluster of these homes forlorn,
 Where giant fleeces of the shells are rolled,
 O'er pavements by the kneeling herdsmen worn,
 The wounded saints look out to see their fold.

And silence follows fast, no evening peace,
 But leaden stillness, when the thunder wanes,
 Haunting the slender branches of the trees,
 And settling low upon the listless plains.

Herbert Asquith

TO BELGIUM IN EXILE

[Lines dedicated to one of her priests, by whose words they were prompted.]
 [Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

LAND of the desolate, Mother of tears,
 Weeping your beauty marred and torn,
 Your children tossed upon the spears,
 Your altars rent, your hearths forlorn,
 Where Spring has no renewing spell,
 And Love no language save a long Farewell !

Ah, precious tears, and each a pearl
 Whose price—for so in God we trust
 Who saw them fall in that blind swirl
 Of ravening flame and reeking dust—
 The spoiler with his life shall pay,
 When Justice at the last demands her Day.

O tried and proved, whose record stands
 Lettered in blood too deep to fade,
 Take courage! Never in our hands
 Shall the avenging sword be stayed
 Till you are healed of all your pain,
 And come with Honour to your own again.

Owen Seaman

May 19, 1915.

THE WIFE OF FLANDERS

LOW and brown barns, thatched and repatched and
 tattered,

Where I had seven sons until to-day,
 A little hill of hay your spur has scattered. . . .
 This is not Paris. You have lost the way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,
 Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,
 Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,
 Find never more the death-door of Sedan—

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,
 Paying you a penny for each son you slay?
 Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment
 For what *you* have lost. And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me
 From a kind farm that never had a name?
 What is the price of that dead man they brought me?
 For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple
 Whereon you shattered what you shall not know?
 How should I pay you, miserable people?
 How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honour?
 Though I forgave, would any man forget?
 While all the great green land has trampled on her
 The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon

An old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.

You have no word to break : no heart to harden.

Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

THE HEROES

IN that Valhalla where the heroes go
 A careful sentinel paced to and fro
 Before the gate, burnt black with battle smoke,
 Whose echoes to the tread of armèd men awoke,
 And up the fiery stairs whose steps are spears
 Came the pale heroes of the bloodstained years.

There were lean Cæsars from the glory fields
 With heart that only to a sword-thrust yields ;
 And there were Generals decked in pride of rank,
 Red scabbard swinging from the weary flank ;
 And slender youths, who were the sons of kings,
 And barons with their sixteen quarterings.
 And while the nobles went with haughty air
 The courteous sentinel questioned : " Who goes there ? "
 And as each came, full lustily he cried
 His string of titles, ere he passed inside

And presently there was a little man,
 A silent mover in the regal van.
 His hand still grasped his rifle, and his eyes
 Seemed blinded with the light from Paradise
 His was a humble guise, a modest air—
 The sentinel held him sharply : " Who goes there ? "

There were no gauds tacked to that simple name,
 But every naked blade leapt out like flame,
 And every blue-blood warrior bowed his head—
 " I am a Belgian," this was all he said.
 Men's cheering echoed thro' the battle's Hell.
 " Pass in, *mon brave*," said that wise sentinel.

M. Forrest

Brisbane, Queensland.

FRANCE

FRANCE

BECAUSE for once the sword broke in her hand,
The words she spoke seemed perished for a space;
All wrong was brazen, and in every land
The tyrants walked abroad with naked face.

The waters turned to blood, as rose the Star
Of evil Fate denying all release.
The rulers smote, the feeble crying "War!"
The usurers robbed, the naked crying "Peace!"

And her own feet were caught in nets of gold,
And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm,
And little men climbed her high seats and sold
Her honour to the vulture and the worm.

And she seemed broken and they thought her dead,
The Overmen, so brave against the weak.
Has your last word of sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves? Then it is hers to speak.

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes,
As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,
As once again her hands in high surprise
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell.

Cecil Chesterton

SEDAN

I, FROM a window where the Meuse is wide,
 Looked Eastward, out to the September night.
 The men that in the hopeless battle died
 Rose and re-formed and marshalled for the fight.
 A brumal army vague and ordered large
 For mile on mile by one pale General,
 I saw them lean by companies to the charge;
 But no man living heard the bugle call.

And fading still, and pointing to their scars,
 They rose in lessening cloud where, grey and high,
 Dawn lay along the Heaven in misty bars.
 But, gazing from that Eastern casement, I
 Saw the Republic splendid in the sky,
 And round her terrible head the morning stars.

Hilaire Belloc

VIVE LA FRANCE!

FRANCELINE rose in the dawning grey,
 And her heart would dance though she knelt to pray,
 For her man Michel had holiday,
 Fighting for France.

She offered her prayer by the cradle-side,
 And with baby palms folded in hers she cried:
 "If I have but one prayer, dear, crucified
 Christ—save France!"

"But if I have two, then, by Mary's grace,
 Carry me safe to the meeting-place,
 Let me look once again on my dear love's face,
 Save him for France!"

She crooned to her boy: "Oh, how glad he'll be,
 Little three-months old, to set eyes on thee!
 For, 'Rather than gold, would I give,' wrote he,
 'A son to France.'

“Come, now, be good, little stray *sauterelle*,
For we’re going by-by to thy papa Michel,
But I’ll not say where for fear thou wilt tell,
Little pigeon of France !

“Six days’ leave and a year between !
But what would you have ? In six days clean,
Heaven was made,” said Franceline,
“Heaven and France.”

She came to the town of the nameless name,
To the marching troops in the street she came,
And she held high her boy like a taper flame
Burning for France.

Fresh from the trenches and grey with grime,
Silent they march like a pantomime ;
“But what need of music ? My heart beats time—
Vive la France !”

His regiment comes. Oh, then where is he ?
“There is dust in my eyes, for I cannot see,—
Is that my Michel to the right of thee,
Soldier of France ?”

Then out of the ranks a comrade fell,—
“Yesterday—’twas a splinter of shell—
And he whispered thy name, did thy poor Michel,
Dying for France.”

The tread of the troops on the pavement throbbed
Like a woman’s heart of its last joy robbed,
As she lifted her boy to the flag, and sobbed :
“*Vive la France !*”

Charlotte Holmes Crawford

TO FRANCE

THOSE who have stood for thy cause when the dark was
 around thee,
 Those who have pierced through the shadows and shining
 have found thee,
 Those who have held to their faith in thy courage and
 power,
 Thy spirit, thy honour, thy strength for a terrible hour,
 Now can rejoice that they see thee in light and in glory,
 Facing whatever may come as an end to the story
 In calm undespairing, with steady eyes fixed on the morrow—
 The morn that is pregnant with blood and with death and
 with sorrow.

And whether the victory crowns thee, O France the eternal,
 Or whether the smoke and the dusk of a nightfall infernal
 Gather about thee, and us, and the foe ; and all treasures
 Run with the flooding of war into bottomless measures—
 Fall what befalls : in this hour all those who are near thee
 And all who have loved thee, they rise and salute and
 revere thee !

Herbert Jones

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE

AUGUST 14, 1914

[Since the bombardment of Strasburg, August 14, 1870, her statue in Paris, representing Alsace, has been draped in mourning by the French people.]

NEAR where the royal victims fell
 In days gone by, caught in the swell
 Of a ruthless tide
 Of human passion, deep and wide :
 There where we two
 A Nation's later sorrow knew—
 To-day, O friend ! I stood
 Amid a self-ruled multitude
 That by nor sound nor word
 Betrayed how mightily its heart was stirred.

A memory Time never could efface—
A memory of Grief—
Like a great silence brooded o'er the place ;
And men breathed hard, as seeking for relief
From an emotion strong,
That would not cry, though held in check too long.

One felt that joy drew near—
A joy intense that seemed itself to fear—
Brightening in eyes that had been dull,
As all with feeling gazed
Upon the Strasburg figure, raised
Above us—mourning, beautiful !

Then one stood at the statue's base and spoke—
Men needed not to ask what word ;
Each in his breast the message heard,
Writ for him by Despair,
That evermore in moving phrase
Breathes from the Invalides and Père Lachaise—
Vainly it seemed, alas !
But now, France looking on the image there,
Hope gave her back the lost Alsace.

A deeper hush fell on the crowd :
A sound—the lightest—seemed too loud
(Would, friend, you had been there !)
As to that form the speaker rose,
Took from her, fold on fold,
The mournful crape, grey-worn and old,
Her, proudly, to disclose,
And with the touch of tender care
That fond emotion speaks,
'Mid tears that none could quite command,
Placed the Tricolour in her hand,
And kissed her on both cheeks !

Florence Earle Coates

THE VALLEYS OF THE BLUE SHROUDS

(Where the valiant *poilus* were buried in their blue uniforms)

O SHARDS of walls that once held precious life,
Now scattered, like the bones the Prophet saw
Lying in visioned valley of the slain
Ere One cried: "Son of Man, can these bones live?"

O images of heroes, saints, and Christs,
Pierced, broken, thrust in hurried sepulture
In selfsame tombs with tinsel, dross, and dreg,
And without time for either shrift or shroud!

O smold'ring embers of Love's hearthstone fires,
Quenched by the fiercer fires of hellish hate,
That have not where to kindle flames again
To light succeeding generations on!

O ghost-grey ashes of cathedral towers
That toward the sky once raised appealing hands
To beg the God of all take residence
And hold communion with the kneeling souls!

O silent tongues of bells that once did ring
Matin and Angelus o'er peaceful fields,
Now shapeless slag that will to-morrow serve
To make new engines for still others' woe!

O dust that flowered in finial and foil
And bright in many-petaled windows bloomed,
Now unto dust returned at cannon's breath
To lay thy faded glories on the crypt!

O wounded cities that have been beloved
As Priam's city was by Hecuba,—
Sad Hecuba, who ere in exile borne,
Beheld her Hector's child Astyanax

Spitted on spear (as if a Belgian babe)
And saw the walls in smoke and flame ascend
To hover heav'nward with wide-brooding wings
Above the "vanished thing" that once was Troy!

O shards of sanctuaries and of homes!
O embers, ashes grey, and glinting dust!
Ye who were tile or tower in Laon or Ypres,
A village by the Somme, a church in Roye,
A bit of glass in Reims, a convent bell
In St. Dié, a lycée in Verdun,
A wayside crucifix in Mézières,
Again I hear a cry: "Can these bones live?"

Yes! As the bones, o'er which the Prophet cried
And called the breath from Heav'n's four winds to breathe,
Sprang straightway bone to bone, each to its place,
To frame in flesh the features and the forms
They still remembered and still loved to hold
Once more on earth—so shall ye rise again!

Out of their quarries, cumulus, the clouds
Will furnish back your flame in crystal stone;
The cirrus dawns in Parsee tapestries
With azure broiderings will clothe your walls;
The nimbus noons will shower golden rain
And sunset colours fill each Gothic arch;

For o'er thy stricken vales, O valiant France,
Our love for thee shall prophesy anew,
And Heav'n's Four Winds of Liberty, allied,
Shall breathe unpoisoned in thy streets till they
Shall pulse again with life that laughs and sings,
And yet remembers, singing through its tears
The music of an everlasting song—
Remembers, proudly and undyingly,
The hero dust that lies in shrouds of blue
But rises as thy soul, immortal France!

John Finley

FLOWER-BEDS IN THE TUILERIES

FRANCE is planting her gardens,
France is preparing her spring ;
Seeds in their long rows slumbering,
Bulbs in their ranks outnumbering,
For the brown beds' bordering ;
France is planting her gardens,
France is preparing her spring,
France—of the ermined lilies,
France—of the Fleur-de-Lys ;
And royal still her will is,
Say the stately Tuileries.

Her crippled and maimed and broken
Walk smiling, in her sun ;
These are they who have spoken
Her word by the lips of Verdun ;
Their little, gay children go leaping—
Laugh loud from the merry-go-round ;
France has sown, for their reaping,
The flowers of France that are sleeping
Near by, in the warm brown ground.

France has planted her Garden,
France has prepared her a Spring,
All mankind for its warden,
Love for its singing bird ;
Never the frost shall harden
Earth that has in its keeping
Seed sown there at her word,
Never the birds take wing ;
Where the flower of France is sleeping
That earth shall have her spring !

Grace Ellery Channing

THE NAME OF FRANCE

GIVE us a name to fill the mind
With shining thoughts that lead mankind,
The glory of learning, the joy of art,—
A name that tells of a splendid part
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight
Of the human race to win its way
From the feudal darkness into the day
Of Freedom, Brotherhood, Equal Right,—
A name like a star, a name of light.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to stir the blood
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood,
At the touch of a courage that knows not fear,—
A name like the sound of a trumpet, clear,
And silver-sweet, and iron-strong,
That calls three million men to their feet,
Ready to march, and steady to meet
The foes who threaten that name with wrong,—
A name that rings like a battle-song.

I give you *France!*

Give us a name to move the heart
With the strength that noble griefs impart,
A name that speaks of the blood outpoured
To save mankind from the sway of the sword,—
A name that calls on the world to share
In the burden of sacrificial strife
When the cause at stake is the world's free life
And the rule of the people everywhere,—
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer.

I give you *France!*

Henry Van Dyke

The Hague, September, 1916.

AMERICA

TO THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

BROTHERS in blood! They who this wrong began
To wreck our commonwealth, will rue the day
When first they challenged freemen to the fray,
And with the Briton dared the American.
Now we are pledged to win the Rights of man;
Labour and Justice now shall have their way,
And in a League of Peace—God grant we may—
Transform the earth, not patch up the old plan.

Sure is our hope since he who led your nation
Spake for mankind, and ye arose in awe
Of that high call to work the world's salvation;
Clearing your minds of all estranging blindness
In the vision of Beauty and the Spirit's law,
Freedom and Honour and sweet Lovingkindness.
Robert Bridges

April 30, 1917.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS)

IT is portentous, and a thing of state
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old court-house pacing up and down.

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards
He lingers where his children used to play ;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man ! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top-hat and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us :—as in times before !
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yes, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep ?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why,
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart,
He sees the dreadnoughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come—the shining hope of Europe free :
The league of sober folk, the Workers' Earth
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again ?

Vachel Lindsay

“ADVANCE, AMERICA!”

IN winds that leave man's spirit cold,
 And a great darkness overhead,
 They stood—bloodstained with ghostly red.
 Too young, too many far, they seemed,
 To be so soon, so grimly, dead,—
 Night more than mortal night, to hold
 All they had dreamed. . . .
 They were so many ; and so young, they seemed.

“Halt! Who goes there?”

The red ghosts on their beat of air
 Night-answered were: the word was, “Friend!”
 And as before their life had end,
 The sentinels who erstwhile halted Death,
 And died for it, a host of young men slain,
 In their red harness stood on guard again
 And shouted with recovered lease of breath—
 So that, and even as a thing surprised,
 The dread winds failed, to silence fell—
 “Advance, friend, and be recognized!”
 “Pass, friend!” and yet again, “All's well!”
 Then as men turning restwards out of pain,
 “Pass, friend!” and now more faintly still, “All's
 well!”

John Helston

TO AMERICA

WHATEVER penman wrote or orator
 Declaimed, I could not, for the soul of me,
 Deem that the West had lost of liberty
 All but the name, and feared the sounds of War:
 Of them and theirs I was not ignorant, nor
 Had failed to learn what impulse set them free
 When alien kings held England's realm in fee,
 And what, in conquering, they had battled for.

Kinsmen! I see, in these dark pregnant hours
 Of shadow, when the heavens are overcast
 With smoke of ruined fanes and ancient towers,
 While throttled peoples yield and nations die,
 The morning star of vengeance shine at last,
 And hear your armies thundering prophecy.

Morley Roberts

TO AMERICA IN WAR TIME

I

GRAVE hour and solemn choice—bare is the sword.
 From the raised altar, kneeling, take the blade.
 Be its grasp eucharist and accolade;
 High be, and holy, lest thou creep abhorred.
 Bethink thee—to the angel of the Lord,
 None baser, was the slayer's right conveyed:
 Of thine own soul, no other's, be afraid;
 The hilts of brands are lethal, and have scored
 On palms once white the unhealing scar of crime.
 Honour with fortune, purity with weal,
 Hang trembling in the wind-blown scale of Mars:
 Earth is thy judge; the listening deeps of time
 Are witness, and yon azure's probing wheel,
 And vigils of inexorable stars.

II

“Be thou but true”—old words which years renew—
 Nor suffer blood-gout nor flame's darkling glow
 To touch thy heart's inviolable snow.
 Go as a nun through bordels. Be thou true!
 Let the sun's glance, even as on rose and dew,
 Rest on thy sabre. Wraths and greeds forego
 Lest skies pale, and thy recreancy know,
 Too late, yon cope's estranged, receding blue.
 Nor clamp free tongues! Hast thou yet steel to spare
 For fetters? Does the sword-arm clank the chain?
 Be strong to conquer, mighty to forbear;
 Bind us, ay, bind us—but with prayer and pain,
 With greatening purpose, till new love, set free—
 Love that we dreamt not, dared not—soar to thee!

O. W. Firkins

THE NEW ALLY

THEIR great grey ships go plunging forth ;
 The waves, wind-wakened from the north,
 Swarm up their bows and fall away,
 And wash the air with golden spray.

Far off is flung their battle-line ;
 Far off their great guns flame and shine ;
 And we are one with them—we rise
 With dawning thunder in our eyes
 To join the embattled hosts that kept
 Their pact with freedom while we slept !

Harry Kem

THE CHOICE

1917

(THE AMERICAN SPIRIT SPEAKS)

*TO the judge of Right and Wrong
 With Whom fulfilment lies
 Our purpose and our power belong,
 Our faith and sacrifice.*

Let Freedom's Land rejoice !
 Our ancient bonds are riven ;
 Once more to us the eternal choice
 Of Good or Ill is given.

Not at a little cost,
 Hardly by prayers or tears,
 Shall we recover the road we lost
 In the drugged and doubting years.

But after the fires and the wrath,
 But, after searching and pain,
 His Mercy opens us a path
 To live with ourselves again.

In the Gates of Death rejoice !
We see and hold the good—
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice
With Freedom's brotherhood !

Then praise the Lord Most High
Whose Strength hath saved us whole,
Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die
And not the living Soul !

*To the God in man displayed—
Where e'er we see that Birth,
Be love and understanding paid
As never yet on earth !*

*To the Spirit that moves in Man,
On Whom all worlds depend,
Be Glory since our world began
And service to the end !*

Rudyard Kipling

GREAT BRITAIN AND AMERICA

A CHANT OF LOVE FOR ENGLAND

A SONG of hate is a song of Hell ;
Some there be that sing it well.
Let them sing it loud and long,
We lift our hearts in a loftier song :
We lift our hearts to Heaven above,
Singing the glory of her we love,—
England !

Glory of thought and glory of deed,
Glory of Hampden and Runnymede ;
Glory of ships that sought far goals,
Glory of swords and glory of souls !
Glory of songs mounting as birds,
Glory immortal of magical words ;
Glory of Milton, glory of Nelson,
Tragical glory of Gordon and Scott ;
Glory of Shelley, glory of Sidney,
Glory transcendent that perishes not,—
Hers is the story, hers be the glory,
England !

Shatter her beauteous breast ye may ;
The spirit of England none can slay !
Dash the bomb on the dome of Paul's—
Deem ye the fame of the Admiral falls ?
Pry the stone from the chancel floor,—
Dream ye that Shakespeare shall live no more ?

Where is the giant shot that kills
Wordsworth walking the old green hills?
Trample the red rose on the ground,—
Keats is Beauty while earth spins round!
Bind her, grind her, burn her with fire,
Cast her ashes into the sea,—
She shall escape, she shall aspire,
She shall arise to make men free:
She shall arise in a sacred scorn,
Lighting the lives that are yet unborn;
Spirit supernal, Splendour eternal,
ENGLAND!

Helen Gray Cone

TO AMERICA

WHEN the fire sinks in the grate, and night has bent
Close wings about the room, and winter stands
Hard-eyed before the window, when the hands
Have turned the book's last page and friends are sleeping,
Thought, as it were an old stringed instrument
Drawn to remembered music, oft does set
The lips moving in prayer, for us fresh keeping
Knowledge of springtime and the violet.

And, as the eyes grow dim with many years,
The spirit runs more swiftly than the feet,
Perceives its comfort, knows that it will meet
God at the end of troubles, that the dreary
Last reaches of old age lead beyond tears
To happy youth unending. There is peace
In homeward waters, where at last the weary
Shall find rebirth, and their long struggle cease.

So, at this hour, when the Old World lies sick,
Beyond the pain, the agony of breath
Hard drawn, beyond the menaces of death,
O'er graves and years leans out the eager spirit.

First must the ancient die ; then shall be quick
 New fires within us. Brother, we shall make
 Incredible discoveries and inherit
 The fruits of hope, and love shall be awake.

Charles Langbridge Morgan

THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1776

WHEN England's king put English to the horn,¹
 To England thus spake England over sea,
 "In peace be friend, in war my enemy";
 Then countering pride with pride, and lies with scorn,
 Broke with the man whose ancestor² had borne
 A sharper pain for no more injury.
 How otherwise should freemen deal and be,
 With patience frayed and loyalty outworn ?

No act of England's shone more generous gules,
 Than that which sever'd once for all the strands
 Which bound you English. You may search the lands
 In vain, and vainly rummage in the schools
 To find a deed more English, or a shame
 On England with more honour to her name.

Maurice Hewlett

Ref

THE NEW WORLD

TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES

NOW is the time of the splendour of Youth and Death.
 The spirit of man grows grander than men knew.
 The unbearable burden is borne, the impossible done ;
 Though harder is yet to do
 Before this agony end, and that be won
 We seek through blinding battle, in choking breath,—
 The New World, seen in vision ! Land of lands,
 In the midst of storms that desolate and divide,
 In the hour of the breaking heart, O far-descried,
 You build our courage, you hold up our hands.

¹ To "put to the horn" was to declare an outlawry.

² Charles the First.

Men of America, you that march to-day
Through roaring London, supple and lean of limb,
Glimpsed in the crowd I saw you, and in your eye
Something alert and grim,
As knowing on what stern call you march away
To the wrestle of nations ; saw your heads held high
And, that same moment, far in a glittering beam
High over old and storied Westminster
The Stars and Stripes with England's flag astir,
Sisterly twined and proud on the air astream.

Men of America, what do you see ? Is it old
Towers of fame and grandeur time-resigned ?
The frost of custom's backward-gazing thought ?
Seek closer ! You shall find
Miracles hour by hour in silence wrought ;
Births, and awakenings ; dyings never tolled ;
Invisible crumble and fall of prison-bars.
O, wheresoever his home, new or decayed,
Man is older than all the things he has made
And yet the youngest spirit beneath the stars.

Rock-cradled, white, and soaring out of the sea,
I behold again the fabulous city arise,
Manhattan ! Queen of thronged and restless bays
And of daring ships is she.
O lands beyond, that into the sunset gaze,
Limitless, teeming continent of surmise !
I drink again that diamond air, I thrill
To the lure of a wonder more than the wondrous past,
And see before me ages yet more vast
Rising, to challenge heart and mind and will.

What sailed they out to seek, who of old came
To that bare earth and wild, unhistoried coast ?
Not gold, nor granaries, nay, nor a halcyon ease
For the weary and tempest-tost :
The unshaken soul they sought, possessed in peace

What seek we now, and hazard all on the aim?
 In the heart of man is the undiscovered earth
 Whose hope's our compass; sweet with glorious passion
 Of men's goodwill; a world to forge and fashion
 Worthy the things we have seen and brought to birth.

Taps of the Drum! Now once again they beat:
 And the answer comes; a continent arms. Dread,
 Pity, and Grief, there is no escape. The call
 Is the call of the risen Dead.

Terrible year of the nations' trampling feet!
 An angel has blown his trumpet over all
 From the ends of the earth, from East to uttermost West,
 Because of the soul of man, that shall not fail,
 That will not make refusal, or turn, or quail,
 No, nor for all calamity, stay its quest.

And here, here too, is the New World, born of pain
 In destiny-spelling hours. The old world breaks
 Its mould, and life runs fierce and fluid, a stream
 That floods, dissolves, re-makes.

Each pregnant moment, charged to its extreme,
 Quickens unending future, and all's vain
 But the onward mind, that dares the oncoming years
 And takes their storm, a master. Life shall then
 Transfigure Time with yet more marvellous men.
 Hail to the sunrise! Hail to the Pioneers!

Laurence Binyon

JIMMY DOANE

OFTEN I think of you, Jimmy Doane,—
 You who, light-heartedly, came to my house
 Three autumns, to shoot and to eat a grouse!

As I sat apart in this quiet room,
 My mind was full of the horror of war
 And not with the hope of a visitor.

I had dined on food that had lost its taste ;
My soul was cold and I wished you were here,—
When, all in a moment, I knew you were near.

Placing that chair where you used to sit,
I looked at my book :—Three years to-day
Since you laughed in that seat and I heard you say—

“ My country is with you, whatever befall :
America—Britain—these two are akin
In courage and honour ; they underpin

“ The rights of Mankind ! ” Then you grasped my hand
With a brotherly grip, and you made me feel
Something that Time would surely reveal.

You were comely and tall ; you had corded arms,
And sympathy's grace with your strength was blent ;
You were generous, clever, and confident.

There was that in your hopes which uncountable lives
Have perished to make ; your heart was fulfilled
With the breath of God that can never be stilled.

A living symbol of power, you talked
Of the work to do in the world to make
Life beautiful : yes, and my heartstrings ache

To think how you, at the stroke of War,
Chose that your steadfast soul should fly
With the eagles of France as their proud ally.

You were America's self, dear lad—
The first swift son of your bright, free land
To heed the call of the Inner Command—

To image its spirit in such rare deeds
As braced the valour of France, who knows
That the heart of America thrills with her woes.

For a little leaven leavens the whole!
 Mostly we find, when we trouble to seek
 The soul of a people, that some unique,

Brave man is its flower and symbol, who
 Makes bold to utter the words that choke
 The throats of feebler, timider folk.

You flew for the western eagle—and fell
 Doing great things for your country's pride:
 For the beauty and peace of life you died.

Britain and France have shrined in their souls
 Your memory; yes, and for ever you share
 Their love with their perished lords of the air.

Invisible now; in that empty seat,
 You sit, who came through the clouds to me,
 Swift as a message from over the sea.

My house is always open to you:
 Dear Spirit, come often and you will find
 Welcome, where mind can foregather with mind!

And may we sit together one day
 Quietly here, when a word is said
 To bring new gladness unto our dead,

Knowing your dream is a dream no more;
 And seeing on some momentous pact
 Your vision upbuilt as a deathless fact.

Rowland Thirlmere

PRINCETON MAY, 1917

*HERE Freedom stood by slaughtered friend and foe,
 And, ere the wrath paled or that sunset died,
 Looked through the ages; then, with eyes aglow,
 Laid them to wait that future, side by side.*

(Lines for a monument to the American and British soldiers of the Revolutionary War who fell on the Princeton battlefield and were buried in one grave.)

Now lamp-lit gardens in the blue dusk shine
Through dogwood, red and white ;
And round the grey quadrangles, line by line,
The windows fill with light,
Where Princeton calls to Magdalen, tower to tower,
Twin lanthorns of the law ;
And those cream-white magnolia boughs embower
The halls of " Old Nassau."

The dark bronze tigers crouch on either side
Where redcoats used to pass ;
And round the bird-loved house where Mercer died.
And violets dusk the grass,
By Stony Brook that ran so red of old,
But sings of friendship now,
To feed the old enemy's harvest fifty-fold
The green earth takes the plough.

Through this May night, if one great ghost should stray
With deep remembering eyes,
Where that old meadow of battle smiles away
Its blood-stained memories,
If Washington should walk, where friend and foe
Sleep and forget the past,
Be sure his unquenched heart would leap to know
Their souls are linked at last.

Be sure he walks, in shadowy buff and blue,
Where those dim lilacs wave.
He bends his head to bless, as dreams come true,
The promise of that grave ;
Then, with a vaster hope than thought can scan,
Touching his ancient sword,
Prays for that mightier realm of God in man :
" Hasten thy kingdom, Lord.

" Land of our hope, land of the singing stars,
Type of the world to be,
The vision of a world set free from wars
Takes life, takes form from thee ;

Where all the jarring nations of this earth,
Beneath the all-blessing sun,
Bring the new music of mankind to birth,
And make the whole world one."

And those old comrades rise around him there,
Old foemen, side by side,
With eyes like stars upon the brave night air,
And young as when they died,
To hear your bells, O beautiful Princeton towers,
Ring for the world's release.
They see you piercing like grey swords through flowers,
And smile, from souls at peace.

Alfred Noyes

ITALY

ITALY IN ARMS

OF all my dreams by night and day,
One dream will evermore return,
The dream of Italy in May ;
The sky a brimming azure urn
Where lights of amber brood and burn ;
The doves about San Marco's square,
The swimming Campanile tower,
The giants, hammering out the hour,
The palaces, the bright lagoons,
The gondolas gliding here and there
Upon the tide that sways and swoons.

The domes of San Antonio,
Where Padua 'mid her mulberry-trees
Reclines ; Adige's crescent flow
Beneath Verona's balconies ;
Rich Florence of the Medicis ;
Sienna's starlike streets that climb
From hill to hill ; Assisi well
Remembering the holy spell
Of rapt St. Francis ; with her crown
Of battlements, embossed by time,
Stern old Perugia looking down.

Then, mother of great empires, Rome,
City of the majestic past,
That o'er far leagues of alien foam
The shadows of her eagles cast,
Imperious still ; impending, vast,
The Colosseum's curving line ;
Pillar and arch and colonnade ;
St. Peter's consecrated shade,
And Hadrian's tomb where Tiber strays ;
The ruins on the Palatine
With all their memories of dead days.

And Naples, with her sapphire arc
Of bay, her perfect sweep of shore ;
Above her, like a demon stark,
The dark fire-mountain evermore
Looming portentous, as of yore ;
Fair Capri with her cliffs and caves ;
Salerno drowsing 'mid her vines
And olives, and the shattered shrines
Of Pæstum where the grey ghosts tread,
And where the wilding rose still waves
As when by Greek girls garlanded.

But hark ! What sound the ear dismays,
Mine Italy, mine Italy ?
Thou that wert wrapt in peace, the haze
Of loveliness spread over thee !
Yet since the grapple needs must be,
I who have wandered in the night
With Dante, Petrarch's Laura known,
Seen Vallombrosa's groves breeze-blown,
Met Angelo and Raphael,
Against iconoclastic might
In this grim hour must wish thee well !

Clinton Scollard

TO ITALY

THOU art the world's desired, the golden fleece
 Of Time's adventurers faring down to Hell,
 But Helen's self dwelt not so far from peace
 Nor so beset since lofty Ilium fell.
 Tyrants would pluck thee as men pluck a rose,
 Carthage and Greece, the Vandal and the Goth :
 Now more are added to thy many foes
 From East and West, ay, thou hast suffered both.

Greece was enslaved, and Carthage is but dust,
 But thou art living, maugre all thy scars,
 To bear fresh wounds of rapine and of lust,
 Immortal victim of unnumbered wars.
 Nor shalt thou cease until we cease to be
 Whose hearts are thine, belovèd Italy.

Moray Dalton

ON THE ITALIAN FRONT, MCMXVI

I WILL die cheering, if I needs must die ;
 So shall my last breath write upon my lips
Viva Italia! when my spirit slips
 Down the great darkness from the mountain sky ;
 And those who shall behold me where I lie
 Shall murmur : ' Look, you ! how his spirit dips
 From glory into glory ! the eclipse
 Of death is vanquished ! Lo, his victor-cry ! '

" Live, thou, upon my lips, Italia mine,
 The sacred death-cry of my frozen clay !
 Let thy dear light from my dead body shine
 And to the passer-by thy message say :
 ' *Ecco!* though heaven has made my skies divine,
 My sons' love sanctifies my soil for aye ! ' "

George Edward Woodberry

SERBIA, GREECE AND ROUMANIA

AUTUMN EVENING IN SERBIA

ALL the thin shadows
Have closed on the grass,
With the drone on their dark wings
The night beetles pass.
Folded her eyelids,
A maiden asleep,
Day sees in her chamber
The pallid moon peep.

From the bend of the briar
The roses are torn,
And the folds of the wood tops
Are faded and worn.
A strange bird is singing
Sweet notes of the sun,
Tho' song time is over
And Autumn begun.

Francis Ledwidge

SERBIA

WHEN the heroic deeds that mark our time
Shall, in far days to come, recorded be,
Men, much forgetting, shall remember thee,
Thou central martyr of the Monster-Crime,

Who kept thy soul clear of the ooze and slime—
The quicksands of deceit and perjury—
A living thing, unconquered still and free,
Through superhuman sacrifice sublime.

O Serbia! amid thy ruins great,
Love is immortal; there's an end to hate,
Always there will be dawn, though dark the night.
Look up, thou tragic Glory! Even now,
The thorny round that binds thy bleeding brow
Is as a crown irradiating light!

Florence Earle Coates

clean

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP

THE sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight
And the climbing moon grows small

Francis Ledwidge

ROUMANIA

ANOTHER land has crashed into the deep,
The heir and namesake of that Rome, whose laws
Spread the great peace.—Grey Power, that yet o'erawes
The thoughts of men, first to bid nations keep
The bounds of right, and earth's wild borders steep,
O, from thy pinnacle 'mid time's applause
Salute, great Rome, the victim of man's cause,
Thy child, Roumania!—Nay, not ours to weep.

O Latin Race! how doth our debt increase
At every flash of thy unfathomed soul,
Long on the rock of justice founding peace,
While ever round thee new-born ages roll!
Genius divine! when shall thy glory cease!
Rise, rise, Roumania! yet thy soul is whole!

George Edward Woodberry

LIÈGE

THE KAISER AND BELGIUM

HE said : "Thou petty people, let me pass.
What canst thou do but bow to me and kneel ?"
But sudden a dry land caught fire like grass,
And answer hurtled but from shell and steel.

He looked for silence, but a thunder came
Upon him, from Liège a leaden hail.
All Belgium flew up at his throat in flame
Till at her gates amazed his legions quail.

Take heed, for now on haunted ground they tread ;
There bowed a mightier war lord to his fall :
Fear ! lest that very green grass again grow red
With blood of German now as then with Gaul.

If him whom God destroys He maddens first,
Then thy destruction slake thy madman's thirst.

Stephen Phillips

THE BATTLE OF LIÈGE

NOW spake the Emperor to all his shining battle forces,
To the Lancers, and the Rifles, to the Gunners and
the Horses—

And his pride surged up within him as he saw their banners
stream !—

“ ’Tis a twelve-day march to Paris, by the road our fathers
travelled,
And the prize is half an empire when the scarlet road’s
unravelling—

Go you now across the border,
God’s decree and William’s order—
Climb the frowning Belgian ridges
With your naked swords a gleam !
Seize the City of the Bridges—
Then get on, get on to Paris—
To the jewelled streets of Paris—
To the lovely woman, Paris, that has driven
me to dream ! ”

A hundred thousand fighting men
They climbed the frowning ridges,
With their flaming swords drawn free
And their pennants at their knee.
They went up to their desire,
To the City of the Bridges,
With their naked brands outdrawn
Like the lances of the dawn !
In a swelling surf of fire,
Crawling higher—higher—higher—
Till they crumpled up and died
Like a sudden wasted tide,
And the thunder in their faces beat them down and
flung them wide !

They had paid a thousand men,
Yet they formed and came again,
For they heard the silver bugles sounding challenge to
their pride,
And they rode with swords a gleam
For the glory of a dream,
And they stormed up to the cannon’s mouth and
withered there, and died. . . .

The daylight lay in ashes
On the blackened western hill,
And the dead were calm and still ;
But the night was torn with gashes—
Sudden ragged crimson gashes—
And the siege-guns snarled and roared,
With their flames thrust like a sword,
And the tranquil moon came riding on the heaven's
silver ford.

What a fearful world was there,
Tangled in the cold moon's hair !
Man and beast lay hurt and screaming,
(Men must die when Kings are dreaming !)—
While within the harried town
Mothers dragged their children down
As the awful rain came screaming,
For the glory of a Crown !

So the Morning flung her cloak
Through the hanging pall of smoke—
Trimmed with red, it was, and dripping with a deep
and angry stain !
And the day came walking then
Through a lane of murdered men,
And her light fell down before her like a Cross upon
the plain !
But the forts still crowned the height
With a bitter iron crown !
They had lived to flame and fight,
They had lived to keep the Town !

And they poured their havoc down
All that day . . . and all that night. . . .
While four times their number came,
Pawns that played a bloody game !—
With a silver trumpeting,
For the glory of the King,
To the barriers of the thunder and the fury of the
flame !

So they stormed the iron Hill,
O'er the sleepers lying still,
And their trumpets sang them forward through the
 dull succeeding dawns,
But the thunder flung them wide,
And they crumpled up and died,—
They had waged the war of monarchs—and they died
 the death of pawns.

But the forts still stood. . . . Their breath
Swept the foeman like a blade,
Though ten thousand men were paid
To the hungry purse of Death,
Though the field was wet with blood,
Still the bold defences stood,
 Stood !

And the King came out with his bodyguard at the
 day's departing gleam—
And the moon rode up behind the smoke and showed
 the King his dream.

Dana Burnet

YPRES

YPRES

CITY of stark desolation,
Infinite voices of silence,
Crying aloud in the day time,
Whispering shrill in the moonlight,
Ask of the world, appealing :
“ What are you now but a name ? ”

Hushed are your streets, and the rumble
Of lorries and wagons and limbers
And low, dull tread of battalions,
Moving stubbornly cheerful
Back of invisible fighters
Muddily bedded in Flanders—
These alone for your roadways,
And these for the hours of darkness,
Wide to inscrutable heaven
Lie, in their ruin all equal,
Houses and hovels abandoned,
Windowless yawnings and pillars,
Chasms and doorways and gables,
Tottering spectres of brickwork
Strewn through the naked chambers—
Never a home for the seeking,

Not through the whole of the city,
Save for the spirit-fled body.
And over the breakage and rubble,
Furious wastage of warfare,
Rise in their piteous grandeur,
Oaks, still battling the tempest,
Riven and broken Cathedral,
Shattered, half-pinnaced Cloth-Hall,
Towers of solemn, grey greatness
Calling on heaven to witness,
Listening, steadfastly watchful,
For boom that will herald disaster
Down on their remnants of glory,
Asking the world appealing :
“ What are we now but a name ? ”

City of wanton destruction,
Standing nakedly awful,
Token of agonized country,
When was an answer demanded
In so relentless a silence ?
How can the asking be empty ?
Name and naught else, in your ruins,
Crowned in the heart as an emblem,
Child of the ravenous booming,
Page of heroic story,
Greatest in still desolation,
Never in all your peace-slumber
Garnered you fame as in fury.
Silent mother of splendour,
Stand when your ruins have crumbled
And, sinking to soil of Flanders,
Merged with the valiant sleepers ;
And after that and for always,
As long as the breath of men's honour
Is to the earth as the springtime,
Speak with your voices undying ;—
How in the anguish and glory
Belgium and Britain you stood for,
World of men's honour undaunted

Just in the lines round your city,
Where the fierce waves of ambition,
Ruthlessly seeking their purpose,
Sank with the dead into Flanders.
Desolate spirit unconquered,
Here where the fury lingered,
Here where the graves of the honoured
Around your ruins are clustered,
Rise in your triumph eternal,
Built in the heart of man.

Gorell

Ypres, October, 1915.

EASTER AT YPRES : 1915¹

THE sacred Head was bound and diapered,
The sacred Body wrapped in charnel shroud,
And hearts were breaking, hopes that towered were bowed,
And life died quite when died the living Word.
So lies this ruined city. She hath heard
The rush of foes brutal and strong and proud,
And felt their bolted fury. She is ploughed
With fire and steel, and all her grace is blurred.

But with the third sun rose the Light indeed,
Calm and victorious though with brows yet marred
By Hell's red flame so lately visited.
Nor less for thee, sweet city, better starred
Than this grim hour portends, new times succeed ;
And thou shalt reawake, though aye be scarred.

W. S. S. Lyon

¹ Written in a "dug-out" called "Mon Privilège" in "Glen-corse Wood" by Westhooek, near Ypres, April 9-10, Easter Week, 1915.

THE FIRST BATTLE OF YPRES.¹

GREY field of Flanders, grim old battle-plain,
 What armies held the iron line round Ypres in the
 rain,
 From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys
 river ?

Merry men of England,
 Men of the green shires,
 From the winding waters,
 The elm-trees and the spires,
 And the lone village dreaming in the downland yonder.
 Half a million Huns broke over them in thunder,
 Roaring seas of Huns swept on and sunk again,
 Where fought the men of England round Ypres in the rain,
 On the grim plain of Flanders, whose earth is fed with
 slaughter.

North-country fighting men from the mine and the loom,
 Highlander and lowlander stood up to death and doom,
 From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys river.

London men and Irish,
 Indian men and French,
 Charging with the bayonet,
 Firing in the trench,
 Fought in that furious fight, shoulder to shoulder.
 Leapt from their saddles to charge in fierce disorder,

¹ In the first Battle of Ypres, which was fought in October–November, 1914, a thin line of British, supported on each wing by small bodies of French, stopped the push of an immense German army on Calais. The allusion in the latter part of the poem is not to “the angels of Mons,” but to a story received from a very competent witness. On three occasions the Germans broke through the line, then paused and retired, for no apparent reason. On each of these occasions prisoners, when asked the cause of their retirement, replied: “We saw your enormous Reserves.” We had no Reserves. This story was incidentally confirmed by the remark of another officer on the curious conduct of the Germans in violently shelling certain empty fields behind our lines.

The Life Guards, mud and blood for the scarlet and the
plume,
And they hurled back the foeman as the wind the sea spume,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys river.

But the huge Hun masses yet mounted more and more,
Like a giant wave gathering to whelm the sweet shore,
While swift the exultant foam runs on before and over.

Where that foam was leaping,
With bayonets, or with none,
The cooks and the service men
Ran upon the Hun.

The cooks and the service men charged and charged together
Moussy's cuirassiers, on foot, with spur and sabre ;
Helméd and shining fought they as warriors fought of yore—
Till calm fell sinister as the hush at the whirlwind's core,
From Bixschoote to Baecelaere and down to the Lys river.

Lo ! the Emperor launched on us his guard of old renown,
Stepping in parade-march, as they step through Berlin town,
On the chill road to Gheluveldt, in the dark before the
dawning.

Heavily tolled on them
Mortal mouths of guns,
Gallantly, gallantly
Came the flower of the Huns.

Proud men they marched, like an avalanche on us falling,
Prouder men they met, in the dark before the dawning.
Seven to one they came against us to shatter us and drown,
One to seven in the woodland we fought them up and down,
In the sad November woodland, when all the skies were
mourning.

The long battle thundered till a waxing moon might wane,
Thrice they broke the exhausted line that held them on
the plain,
And thrice like billows they went back, from viewless
bounds retiring.

Why paused they and went backward,
 With never a foe before,
 Like a long wave dragging
 Down a level shore

Its fierce reluctant surges, that came triumphant storming
 The land, and powers invisible drive to its deep returning?
 On the grey field of Flanders again and yet again
 The Huns beheld the Great Reserves on the old battle-
 plain,
 The blood-red field of Flanders, where all the skies were
 mourning.

The fury of their marshalled guns might plough no dreadful
 lane
 Through those Reserves that waited in the ambush of the
 rain,
 On the riven plain of Flanders, where hills of men lay
 moaning.

They hurled upon an army
 The bellowing heart of Hell,
 We saw but the meadows
 Torn with their shot and shell.

We heard not the march of the succours that were coming,
 Their old forgotten bugle-calls, the fifes and the drumming,
 But they gathered and they gathered from the graves
 where they had lain
 A hundred years, hundreds of years, on the old battle-plain,
 And the young graves of Flanders, all fresh with dews of
 mourning.

Marlborough's men and Wellington's, the burghers of Courtrai,
 The warriors of Plantagenet, King Louis' *Gants glacés*—
 And the young, young dead from Mons and the Marne river.

Old heroic fighting men
 Who fought for chivalry,
 Men who died for England,
 Mother of Liberty,

In the world's dim heart, where the waiting spirits slumber,
Sounded a roar when the walls were rent asunder
That parted Earth from Hell, and summoning them away,
Tremendous trumpets blew, as at the Judgment Day—
And the dead came forth, each to his former banner.

On the grim field of Flanders, the old battle-plain,
Their armies held the iron line round Ypres in the rain,
From Bixschoote to Baeclaere and down to the Lys river.

Margaret L. Woods

X
RUINS

(YPRES, 1917)

RUINS of trees whose woeful arms
Vainly invoke the sombre sky,—
Stripped, twisted boughs and tortured boles,
Like lost souls,—
How green they grew on the little farms!

Ruins of stricken wall and spire,
Stretched mile on desolate mile along,—
Ghosts of a life of sweet intent,
Riven and rent
By frantic shell and searching fire.

Ruins of soldiers torn and slain,
English bodies broken for you :
Burned in their hearts the battle-cry ! . . .
Forspent they lie,
Clay crumbling slow to clay again.

George Herbert Clarke

VERDUN

MEN OF VERDUN

THERE are five men in the moonlight
That by their shadows stand ;
Three hobble humped on crutches,
And two lack each a hand.

Frogs somewhere near the roadside
Chorus their chant absorbed :
But a hush breathes out of the dream-light
That far in heaven is orb'd.

It is gentle as sleep falling
And wide as thought can span,
The ancient peace and wonder
That brims the heart of man.

Beyond the hills it shines now
On no peace but the dead,
On reek of trenches thunder-shocked,
Tense fury of wills in wrestle locked,
A chaos crumbled red !

The five men in the moonlight
Chat, joke, or gaze apart.
They talk of days and comrades,
But each one hides his heart.

They wear clean cap and tunic,
As when they went to war ;
A gleam comes where the medal's pinned :
But they will fight no more.

The shadows, maimed and antic,
Gesture and shape distort,
Like mockery of a demon dumb,
Out of the hell-din whence they come,
That dogs them for his sport :

But as if dead men were risen
And stood before me there
With a terrible fame about them blown
In beams of spectral air,

I see them, men transfigured
As in a dream, dilate
Fabulous with the Titan-throb
Of battling Europe's fate ;

For history's hushed before them,
And legend flames afresh,—
Verdun, the name of thunder,
Is written on their flesh.

Laurence Binyon

VERDUN

THREE hundred thousand men, but not enough
To break this township on a winding stream ;
More yet must fall, and more, ere the red stuff
That built a nation's manhood may redeem
The Master's hopes and realize his dream.

They pave the way to Verdun ; on their dust
The Hohenzollerns mount and, hand in hand,
Gaze haggard south ; for yet another thrust
And higher hills must heap, ere they may stand
To feed their eyes upon the promised land.

One barrow, born of women, lifts them high,
 Built up of many a thousand human dead.
 Nursed on their mother's bosoms, now they lie—
 A Golgotha, all shattered, torn and sped,
 A mountain for these royal feet to tread.

A Golgotha, upon whose carrion clay
 Justice of myriad men still in the womb
 Shall heave two crosses; crucify and flay
 Two memories accurs'd; then in the tomb
 Of world-wide execration give them room.

Verdun! A clarion thy name shall ring
 Adown the ages and the Nations see
 Thy monuments of glory. Now we bring
 Thank-offering and bend the reverent knee,
 Thou star upon the crown of Liberty!

Eden Phillpotts

GUNS OF VERDUN

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

GUNS of Verdun point to Metz
 From the plated parapets;
 Guns of Metz grin back again
 O'er the fields of fair Lorraine.

Guns of Metz are long and grey,
 Growling through a summer day;
 Guns of Verdun, grey and long,
 Boom an echo of their song.

Guns of Metz to Verdun roar,
 "Sisters, you shall foot the score";
 Guns of Verdun say to Metz,
 "Fear not, for we pay our debts."

Guns of Metz they grumble, "When?"
 Guns of Verdun answer then,
 "Sisters, when to guard Lorraine
 Gunners lay you East again!"

Patrick R. Chalmers

OXFORD

THE SPIRES OF OXFORD

Seen from a train.

I SAW the spires of Oxford
As I was passing by,
The grey spires of Oxford
Against the pearl-grey sky.
My heart was with the Oxford men
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,
The golden years and gay;
The hoary colleges look down
On careless boys at play.
But when the bugles sounded—War!
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,
The cricket-field, the quad,
The shaven lawns of Oxford,
To seek a bloody sod.
They gave their merry youth away
For country and for God.

God rest you, happy gentlemen,
Who laid your good lives down,
Who took the khaki and the gun
Instead of cap and gown.
God bring you to a fairer place
Than even Oxford town.

Winifred M. Lett

OXFORD IN WAR-TIME

WHAT alters you, familiar lawn and tower,
Arched alley, and garden green to the grey wall
With crumbling crevice and the old wine-red flower,
Solitary in summer sun ? for all

Is like a dream : I tread on dreams ! No stir
Of footsteps, voices, laughter ! Even the chime
Of many memoried bells is lonelier
In this neglected ghostliness of Time.

What stealing touch of separation numb
Absents you ? Yet my heart springs up to adore
The shrining of your soul, that is become
Nearer and oh, far dearer than before.

It is as if I looked on the still face
Of a Mother, musing where she sits alone.
She is with her sons, she is not in this place ;
She is gone out into far lands unknown.

Because that filled horizon occupies
Her heart with mute prayer and divining fear,
Therefore her hands so calm lie, and her eyes
See nothing ; and men wonder at her here :

But far in France ; on the torn Flanders plain ;
By Sinai ; in the Macedonian snows ;
The fly-plagued sands of Tigris, heat and rain ;
On wandering water, where the black squall blows

Less danger than the bright wave ambushes,
She bears it out. All the long day she bears,
And the sudden hour of instant challenges
To act, that searches all men, no man spares.

She is with her sons, leaving a virtue gone
Out of her sacred places ; what she bred
Lives other life than this, that sits alone,
Though still in dream starrily visited !

For O in youth she lives, not in her age.
Her soul is with the springtime and the young ;
And she absents her from the learned page,
Studious of high histories yet unsung,

More passionately prized than wisdom's book
Because her own. Her faith is in those eyes
That clear into the gape of hell can look,
Putting to proof ancient philosophies

Such as the virgin Muses would rehearse
Beside the silvery, swallow-haunted stream,
Under the grey towers. But immortal verse
Is now exchanged for its immortal theme—

Victory ; proud loss ; and the enduring mind ;
Youth, that has passed all praises, and has won
More than renown, being that which faith divined,
Reality more radiant than the sun.

She gave, she gives, more than all anchored days
Of dedicated lore, of storied art ;
And she resigns her beauty to men's gaze
To mask the riches of her bleeding heart.

Laurence Binyon

TO THE OXFORD MEN IN THE WAR

OFTEN, on afternoons grey and sombre,
When clouds lie low and dark with rain,
A random bell strikes a chord familiar
And I hear the Oxford chimes again.
Never I see a swift stream running
Cold and full from shore to shore,
But I think of Isis, and remember
The leaping boat and the throbbing oar.

O my brothers, my more than brothers—
 Lost and gone are those days indeed :
 Where are the bells, the gowns, the voices,
 All that made us one blood and breed ?
 Gone—and in many an unknown pitfall
 You have swinked, and died like men—
 And here I sit in a quiet chamber
 Writing on paper with a pen.

O my brothers, my more than brothers—
 Big, intolerant, gallant boys !
 Going to war as into a boat-race,
 Full of laughter and fond of noise !
 I can imagine your smile ; how eager,
 Nervous for the suspense to be done—
 And I remember the Iffley meadows,
 The crew alert for the starting gun.

Old grey city, O dear grey city,
 How young we were, and how close to Truth !
 We envied no one, we hated no one,
 All was magical to our youth.
 Still, in the hall of the Triple Roses,
 The cannel casts its ruddy span,
 And still the garden gate discloses
 The message *Manners Makyth Man*.

Then I recall that an Oxford college,
 Setting a stone for those who have died,
 Nobly remembered all her children—
 Even those on the German side.
 That was Oxford ! and that was England !
 Fight your enemy, fight him square ;
 But in justice, honour, and pity
 Even the enemy has his share.

Christopher Morley

November, 1916.

[From *Songs for a Little House*. Copyright, 1916, by George H. Doran Company.]

THE GHOSTS OF OXFORD

AS I went walking up and down
 The darkened streets of Oxford town,
 I seemed to see them all astir
 With ghosts of those who died for her ;
 I saw the Scholar and the Blue,
 The Smug, the Blood, the Slacker too,
 Who, different in all beside,
 Were like in this—the way they died.
 O Oxford men, from Smug to Blue,
 My heart was sore, was sore for you !
 And then there came across the years
 A voice as through a mist of tears :
 “ And what of us who wore the gown,
 Long since with you in Oxford town ?
 Should we have died as brave and gay
 As those who die for her to-day ? ”
 And I made answer : “ Even so !
 O friends of thirty years ago.
 We too, God helping us, had died
 As gay, as nobly satisfied ! ”
 These were the ghosts I seemed to see,
 These were the ghosts that talked with me,
 As I went walking up and down
 The darkened streets of Oxford town.

W. Snow

SUBALTERNNS

A SONG OF OXFORD

THEY had so much to lose ; their radiant laughter
 Shook my old walls—how short a time ago !
 I hold the echoes of their song hereafter
 Among the precious things I used to know.
 Their cup of life was full to overflowing.
 All earth had laid its tribute at their feet.
 What harvest might we hope from such a sowing ?
 What noonday from a dawning so complete ?

And I—I watched them working, dreaming, playing,
 Saw their young bodies fit the mind's desire,
 Felt them reach outward, upward, still obeying
 The passionate dictates of their hidden fire.

Yet here and there some greybeard breathed derision,
 "Too much of luxury, too soft an age!
 Your careless Galahads will see no vision,
 Your knights will make no mark on honour's page."

No mark?—Go ask the broken fields in Flanders,
 Ask the great dead who watched in ancient Troy,
 Ask the old moon as round the world she wanders
 What of the men who were my hope and joy!

They are but fragments of Imperial splendour,
 Handfuls of might amid a mighty host,
 Yet I, who saw them go with proud surrender,
 May surely claim to love them first and most.

They who had all, gave all. Their half-writ story
 Lies in the empty halls they knew so well,
 But they, the knights of God, shall see His glory,
 And find the Grail ev'n in the fire of hell.

Mildred Huxley

OXFORD REVISITED IN WAR-TIME

BENEATH fair Magdalen's storied towers
 I wander in a dream,
 And hear the mellow chimes float out
 O'er Cherwell's ice-bound stream.

Throstle and blackbird stiff with cold
 Hop on the frozen grass;
 Among the aged, upright oaks
 The dun deer slowly pass.

The chapel organ rolls and swells,
And voices still praise God ;
But ah, the thought of youthful friends
Who lie beneath the sod !

Now wounded men with gallant eyes
Go hobbling down the street,
And nurses from the hospitals
Speed by with tireless feet.

The town is full of uniforms,
And through the stormy sky,
Frightening the rooks from the tallest trees,
The aeroplanes roar by.

The older faces still are here,
More grave and true and kind,
Ennobled by the steadfast toil
Of patient heart and mind.

And old-time friends are dearer grown
To fill a double place :
Unshaken faith makes glorious
Each forward-looking face.

Old Oxford walls are grey and worn :
She knows the truth of tears,
But to-day she stands in her ancient pride
Crowned with eternal years.

Gone are her sons ; yet her heart is glad
In the glory of their youth,
For she brought them forth to live or die
By freedom, justice, truth.

Cold moonlight falls on silent towers ;
The young ghosts walk with the old ;
But Oxford dreams of the dawn of May
And her heart is free and bold.

Tertius van Dyke

Magdalen College, January, 1917

OXFORD FROM THE TRENCHES

THE clouds are in the sky, and a light rain falling,
And through the sodden trench splashed figures
come and go,
But deep in my heart are the old years calling,
And memory is on me of the things I used to know.

Memory is on me of the warm dim chambers,
And the laughter of my friends in the huge high-ceilinged
hall,
Lectures and the voices of the dons deep-droning,
The things that were so common once—O God, I feel them
all.

Here there are the great things, life and death and danger,
All I ever dreamed of in the days that used to be,
Comrades and good-fellowship, the soul of an army,
But, oh, it is the little things that take the heart of me.

For all we knew of old, for little things and lovely,
We bow us to the greater life beyond our hope or fear,
To bear its heavy burdens, endure its toil unheeding,
Because of all the little things so distant and so dear.

E. A. Mackintosh

Becourt, 1915.

REFLECTIONS

“ MEN WHO MARCH AWAY ”

(SONG OF THE SOLDIERS)

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

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

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

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

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

Thomas Hardy

September 5, 1914.

IN TIME OF "THE BREAKING OF NATIONS"¹

I

ONLY a man harrowing clods
 In a slow silent walk
 With an old horse that stumbles and nods
 Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only thin smoke without flame
 From the heaps of couch-grass ;
 Yet this will go onward the same
 Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
 Come whispering by :
 War's annals will fade into night
 Ere their story die.

1915.

Thomas Hardy

¹ Jeremiah li. 20.

THEN AND NOW

WHEN battles were fought
With a chivalrous sense of should and ought
In spirit men said,
“End we quick or dead,
Honour is some reward !
Let us fight fair—for our own best or worst ;
So, gentlemen of the Guard,
Fire first !”

In the open they stood,
Man to man in his knightlihood :
They would not deign
To profit by a stain
On the honourable rules,
Knowing that practise perfidy no man durst
Who in the heroic schools
Was nurst.

But now, behold, what
Is war with those where honour is not !
Rama laments
Its dead innocents ;
Herod howls : “ Sly slaughter
Rules now ! Let us, by modes once called accurst,
Overhead, under water,
Stab first.”

Thomas Hardy

THE CHOICE

THE Kings go by with jewelled crowns ;
Their horses gleam, their banners shake, their spears
are many.
The sack of many-peopled towns
Is all their dream :
The way they take
Leaves but a ruin in the brake,
And, in the furrow that the ploughmen make,
A stampless penny ; a tale, a dream.

The Merchants reckon up their gold,
 Their letters come, their ships arrive, their freights are
 glories :

The profits of their treasures sold
 They tell and sum ;
 Their foremen drive
 Their servants, starved to half-alive,
 Whose labours do but make the earth a hive
 Of stinking glories ; a tale, a dream.

The Priests are singing in their stalls,
 Their singing lifts, their incense burns, their praying
 clamours ;

Yet God is as the sparrow falls,
 The ivy drifts ;
 The votive urns
 Are all left void when Fortune turns,
 The god is but a marble for the kerns
 To break with hammers ; a tale, a dream.

O Beauty, let me know again
 The green earth cold, the April rain, the quiet waters
 figuring sky,

The one star risen.
 So shall I pass into the feast
 Not touched by King, Merchant, or Priest ;
 Know the red spirit of the beast,
 Be the green grain ;
 Escape from prison.

John Masefield

THE SEARCHLIGHTS

[Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.—*General Von Bernhardi.*]

SHADOW by shadow, stripped for fight,
 The lean black cruisers search the sea.
 Night-long their level shafts of light
 Revolve, and find no enemy.
 Only they know each leaping wave
 May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well
Is there no silent watch to keep ?
An age is dying, and the bell
Rings midnight on a vaster deep.
But over all its waves, once more
The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,
And voices that we thought were fled,
Arise, and call us, and we come ;
And " Search in thine own soul," they cry ;
" For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,
The sloth, the intellectual pride ;
The trivial jest that veils the goal
For which our fathers lived and died ;
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,
These level swords of light can pierce ;
Yet for her faith does England fight,
Her faith in this our universe,
Believing Truth and Justice draw
From founts of everlasting law ;

The law that rules the stars, our stay,
Our compass through the world's wide sea,
The one sure light, the one sure way,
The one firm base of Liberty ;
The one firm road that men have trod
Through Chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a Power above the State,
The unconquerable Power, returns,
The fire, the fire that made her great
Once more upon her altar burns,
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,
She moves to the Eternal Goal. *Alfred Noyes*

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS

IF courage thrives on reeking slaughter,
 And he who kills is lord
 Of beauty and of loving laughter—
 Gird on me a sword!
 If death be dearest comrade proven,
 If life be coward's mate,
 If Nazareth of dreams be woven—
 Give me fighter's fate!

 If God be thrilled by a battle cry,
 If He can bless the moaning fight,
 If when the trampling charge goes by
 God himself is the leading Knight;
 If God laughs when the gun thunders,
 If He yells when the bullet sings—
 Then my stoic soul but wonders
 How great God can do such things!

 The white gulls wheeling over the plough,
 The sun, the reddening trees—
 We being enemies, I and thou,
 There is no meaning to these.
 There is no flight on the wings of Spring,
 No scent in the summer rose;
 The roundelays that the blackbirds sing—
 There is no meaning in those!

 If you must kill me—why the lark,
 The hawthorn bud, and the corn?
 Why do the stars bedew the dark?
 Why is the blossom born?
 If I must kill you—why the kiss
 Which made you? There *is* no why!
 If it be true we were born for this—
 Pitiful Love, Good-bye!

Not for the God of battles !
For Honour, Freedom and Right.
And saving of Gentle Beauty,
We have gone down to fight !

John Galsworthy

THE RAGGED STONE

AS I was walking with my dear, my dear come back at
last,
The shadow of the Ragged Stone fell on us as we passed :

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

And we're to wed come Michaelmas, my lovely dear and I ;
And we're to have a little house, and do not want to die.

But all the folk are fighting in the lands across the sea,
Because the King and Counsellors went mad in Germany.

Because the King and counsellors went mad, my love and I
May never have a little house before we come to die.

And if the tale be true they tell about the Ragged Stone
I'll not be walking with my dear next year, nor yet alone.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

THE WAR FILMS

O LIVING pictures of the dead,
O songs without a sound,
O fellowship whose phantom tread
Hallows a phantom ground—
How in a gleam have these revealed
The faith we had not found.

We have sought God in a cloudy Heaven,
 We have passed by God on earth :
 His seven sins and his sorrows seven, !
 His wayworn mood and mirth,
 Like a ragged cloak have hid from us
 The secret of his birth.

Brother of men, when now I see
 The lads go forth in line,
 Thou knowest my heart is hungry in me
 As for thy bread and wine ;
 Thou knowest my heart is bowed in me
 To take their death for mine.

Henry Newbolt

GODS OF WAR

FA^TE wafts us from the pygmies' shore :
 We swim beneath the epic skies :
 A Rome and Carthage war once more,
 And wider empires are the prize ;
 Where the beaked galleys clashed, lo, these
 Our iron dragons of the seas !

High o'er the cloudy battle sweep
 The wingèd chariots in their flight,
 The steely creatures of the deep
 Cleave the dark waters' ancient night.
 Below, above, in wave, in air
 New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword
 Those stars that burst with fiery breath :
 More loud the battle cries are poured
 Along a hundred leagues of death.
 So do they fight. How have ye warred,
 Defeated Armies of the Lord ?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour ;
His victory, whoever fail ;
His prophets have not lost their power ;
Cæsar and Attila prevail.
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes Thine empire, Prince of Peace !
With the fleet circling of the suns
The ancient gods their power increase.
Lo, how Thine own anointed ones
Do pour upon the warring bands
The devil's blessings from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream 'mid outcasts born
Could overbrow the pride of kings ?
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.
His Dove its gold and silver wings
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay
Lip reverence that the heart denies,
O Nations ! Is not Zeus to-day,
The thunderer from the epic skies,
More than the Prince of Peace ? Is Thor
Not nobler for a world at war ?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,
Those gods whose names are with us still.
Men in their image made of old
The high companions of their will.
Who seek an airy empire's pride,
Would they pray to the Crucified ?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon
For flags of battle to be furled
While life was yet at the hot noon.
Come in the twilight of the world :
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn
And crown Thee then without a thorn. *A. E.*

SHADOWS AND LIGHTS

WHAT gods have met in battle to arouse
This whirling shadow of invisible things,
These hosts that writhe amid the shattered sods ?
O Father, and O Mother of the gods,
Is there some trouble in the heavenly house ?
We who are captained by its unseen kings
Wonder what thrones are shaken in the skies,
What powers who held dominion o'er our will
Let fall the sceptre, and what destinies
The younger gods may drive us to fulfil.

Have they not swayed us, earth's invisible lords,
With whispers and with breathings from the dark ?
The very border stones of nations mark
Where silence swallowed some wild prophet's words
That rang but for an instant and were still,
Yet were so burthened with eternity,
They maddened all who heard to work their will,
To raise the lofty temple on the hill,
And many a glittering thicket of keen swords
Flashed out to make one law for land and sea,
That earth might move with heaven in company.

The cities that to myriad beauty grew
Were altars raised unto old gods who died,
And they were sacrificed in ruins to
The younger gods who took their place of pride ;
They have no brotherhood, the deified,
No high companionship of throne by throne,
But will their beauty still to be alone.

What is a nation but a multitude
United by some god-begotten mood,
Some hope of liberty or dream of power
That have not with each other brotherhood
But warred in spirit from their natal hour,

Their hatred god-begotten as their love,
Reverberations of eternal strife ?
For all that fury breathed in human life,
Are ye not guilty, ye above ?

Ah, no, the circle of the heavenly ones,
That ring of burning, grave, inflexible powers,
Array in harmony amid the deep
The shining legionaries of the suns,
That through their day from dawn to twilight keep
The peace of heaven, and have no feuds like ours.
The Morning Stars their labours of the dawn
Close at the advent of the Solar Kings,
And these with joy their sceptres yield, withdrawn
When the still Evening Stars begin their reign,
And twilight time is thrilled with homing wings
To the All-Father being turned again.

No, not on high begin divergent ways,
The galaxies of interlinkèd lights
Rejoicing on each other's beauty gaze,
'Tis we who do make errant all the rays
That stream upon us from the astral heights.
Love in our thickened air too redly burns ;
And unto vanity our beauty turns ;
Widsom, that softly whispers us to part
From evil, swells to hatred in the heart.
Dark is the shadow of invisible things
On us who look not up, whose vision fails.
The glorious shining of the heavenly kings
To mould us to their image naught avails,
They weave a robe of many-coloured fire
To garb the spirits moving in the deep,
And in the upper air its splendours keep
Pure and unsullied, but below it trails
Darkling and glimmering in our earthly mire.

Our eyes are ever earthwards. We are swayed
But by the shadows of invisible light,
And shadow against shadow is arrayed
So that one dark may dominate the night.

Though kinsmen are the lights that cast the shade,
 We look not up, nor see how, side by side,
 The high originals of all our pride
 In crowned and sceptred brotherhood are throned,
 Compassionate of our blindness and our hate
 That own the godship but the love disowned.

Ah, let us for a little while abate
 The outward roving eye, and seek within
 Where spirit unto spirit is allied ;
 There, in our inmost being, we may win
 The joyful vision of the heavenly wise
 To see the beauty in each other's eyes.

A. E.

SONNETS WRITTEN IN THE AUTUMN OF
 1914

I

A WAKE, ye nations, slumbering supine,
 Who round enring the European fray !
 Heard ye the trumpet sound ? "The Day ! the
 Day !
 The last that shall on England's Empire shine !
 The Parliament that broke the Right Divine
 Shall see her realm of reason swept away,
 And lesser nations shall the sword obey—
 The sword o'er all carve the great world's design !"

So on the English Channel boasts the foe
 On whose imperial brow death's helmet nods.
 Look where his hosts o'er bloody Belgium go,
 And mix a nation's past with blazing sods !
 A kingdom's waste ! a people's homeless woe !
 Man's broken Word, and violated gods !

II

Far fall the day when England's realm shall see
The sunset of dominion! Her increase
Abolishes the man-dividing seas,
And frames the brotherhood on earth to be!
She, in free peoples planting sovereignty,
Orbs half the civil world in British peace;
And though time dispossess her, and she cease,
Rome-like she greatens in man's memory.

Oh, many a crown shall sink in war's turmoil,
And many a new republic light the sky,
Fleets sweep the ocean, nations till the soil,
Genius be born and generations die,
Orient and Occident together toil,
Ere such a mighty work man rears on high!

III

Hearken, the feet of the Destroyer tread
The wine-press of the nations; fast the blood
Pours from the side of Europe; in the flood
On the septentrional watershed
The rivers of fair France are running red!
England, the mother-aerie of our brood,
That on the summit of dominion stood,
Shakes in the blast: heaven battles overhead!

Lift up thy head, O Rheims, of ages heir
That treasured up in thee their glorious sum;
Upon whose brow, prophetically fair,
Flamed the great morrow of the world to come;
Haunt with thy beauty this volcanic air
Ere yet thou close, O Flower of Christendom!

IV

As when the shadow of the sun's eclipse
Sweeps on the earth, and spreads a spectral air,
As if the universe were dying there,
On continent and isle the darkness dips
Unwonted gloom, and on the Atlantic slips ;
So in the night the Belgian cities flare
Horizon-wide ; the wandering people fare
Along the roads, and load the fleeing ships.

And westward borne that planetary sweep
Darkening o'er England and her times to be,
Already steps upon the ocean-deep !
Watch well, my country, that unearthly sea,
Lest when thou thinkest not, and in thy sleep,
Unapt for war, that gloom enshadow thee.

V

I pray for peace ; yet peace is but a prayer.
How many wars have been in my brief years !
All races and all faiths, both hemispheres,
My eyes have seen embattled everywhere
The wide earth through ; yet I do not despair
Of peace, that slowly through far ages nears ;
Though not to me the golden morn appears,
My faith is perfect in time's issue fair.

For man doth build on an eternal scale,
And his ideals are framed of hope deferred ;
The millennium came not ; yet Christ did not fail,
Though ever unaccomplished is His word ;
Him Prince of Peace, though unenthroned, we hail,
Supreme when in all bosoms He be heard.

VI

This is my faith, and my mind's heritage,
Wherein I toil, though in a lonely place,
Who yet world-wide survey the human race
Unequal from wild nature disengage
Body and soul, and life's old strife assuage;
Still must abide, till heaven perfect its grace,
And love grown wisdom sweeten in man's face,
Alike the Christian and the heathen rage.

The tutelary genius of mankind
Ripens by slow degrees the final State,
That in the soul shall its foundations find
And only in victorious love grow great;
Patient the heart must be, humble the mind,
That doth the greater births of time await!

VII

Whence not unmoved I see the nations form
From Dover to the fountains of the Rhine,
A hundred leagues, the scarlet battle-line,
And by the Vistula great armies swarm,
A vaster flood; rather my breast grows warm,
Seeing all peoples of the earth combine
Under one standard, with one countersign,
Grown brothers in the universal storm.

And never through the wide world yet there rang
A mightier summons! O Thou who from the side
Of Athens and the loins of Cæsar sprang,
Strike, Europe, with half the coming world allied
For those ideals for which, since Homer sang,
The hosts of thirty centuries have died.

George Edward Woodberry

WE WILLED IT NOT

WE willed it not. We have not lived in hate,
Loving too well the shires of England thrown
From sea to sea to covet your estate,
Or wish one flight of fortune from your throne.

We had grown proud because the nations stood
Hoping together against the calumny
That, tortured of its old barbarian blood,
Barbarian still the heart of man should be.

Builders there are who name you overlord,
Building with us the citadels of light,
Who hold as we this chartered sin abhorred,
And cry you risen Cæsar of the Night.

Beethoven speaks with Milton on this day,
And Shakespeare's word with Goethe's beats the sky,
In witness of the birthright you betray,
In witness of the vision you deny.

We love the hearth, the quiet hills, the song,
The friendly gossip come from every land;
And very peace were now a nameless wrong—
You thrust this bitter quarrel to our hand.

For this your pride the tragic armies go,
And the grim navies watch along the seas;
You trade in death, you mock at life, you throw
To God the tumult of your blasphemies.

You rob us of our love-right. It is said.
In treason to the world you are enthroned.
We rise, and, by the yet ungathered dead,
Not lightly shall the treason be atoned.

John Drinkwater

OF GREATHAM

(TO THOSE WHO LIVE THERE)

FOR peace, than knowledge more desirable,
Into your Sussex quietness I came,
When summer's green and gold and azure fell
Over the world in flame.

And peace upon your pasture-lands I found,
Where grazing flocks drift on continually,
As little clouds that travel with no sound
Across a windless sky.

Out of your oaks the birds call to their mates
That brood among the pines, where hidden deep
From curious eyes a world's adventure waits
In columned choirs of sleep.

Under the calm ascension of the night
We heard the mellow lapsing and return
Of night-owls purring in their groundling flight
Through lanes of darkling fern.

Unbroken peace, when all the stars were drawn
Back to their lairs of light, and ranked along
From shire to shire the downs out of the dawn
Were risen in golden song.

.
I sing of peace who have known the large unrest
Of men bewildered in their travelling,
And I have known the bridal earth unblest
By the brigades of spring.

I have known that loss. And now the broken thought
Of nations marketing in death I know,
The very winds to threnodies are wrought
That on your downlands blow.

I sing of peace. Was it but yesterday
 I came among your roses and your corn ?
 Then momentarily amid this wrath I pray
 For yesterday reborn.

John Drinkwater

CHRISTMAS : 1915

NOW is the midnight of the nations : dark
 Even as death, beside her blood-dark seas,
 Earth, like a mother in birth agonies,
 Screams in her travail, and the planets hark
 Her million-throated terror. Naked, stark,
 Her torso writhes enormous, and her knees
 Shudder against the shadowed Pleiades,
 Wrenching the night's imponderable arc.

Christ ! What shall be delivered to the morn
 Out of these pangs, if ever indeed another
 Morn shall succeed this night, or this vast mother
 Survive to know the blood-spent offspring, torn
 From her racked flesh ?—What splendour from the
 smother ?

What new-wing'd world, or mangled god still-born ?

Percy MacKaye

THE PEACEFUL WARRIOR

THERE is no joy in strife,
 Peace is my great desire ;
 Yet God forbid I lose my life
 Through fear to face the fire.

A peaceful man must fight
 For that which peace demands,—
 Freedom and faith, honour and right,
 Defend with heart and hands.

Farewell, my friendly books ;
Farewell, ye woods and streams ;
The fate that calls me forward looks
To a duty beyond dreams.

Oh, better to be dead
With a face turned to the sky,
Than live beneath a slavish dread
And serve a giant lie.

Stand up, my heart, and strive
For the things most dear to thee !
Why should we care to be alive
Unless the world is free ?

Henry Van Dyke

April 20, 1918.

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THE DEATH OF PEACE

PEACE

NOW slowly sinks the day-long labouring Sun
Behind the tranquil trees and old church-tower ;
And we who watch him know our day is done ;
For us too comes the evening—and the hour.

The sunbeams slanting through those ancient trees,
The sunlit lichens burning on the byre,
The lark descending, and the homing bees,
Proclaim the sweet relief all things desire.

Golden the river brims beneath the west,
And holy peace to all the world is given ;
The songless stockdove preens her ruddied breast ;
The blue smoke windeth like a prayer to heaven.

*

O old, old England, land of golden peace,
Thy fields are spun with gossameres of gold,
And golden garners gather thy increase,
And plenty crowns thy loveliness untold.

By sunlight or by starlight ever thou
 Art excellent in beauty manifold ;
 The still star victory ever gems thy brow ;
 Age cannot age thee, ages make thee old.

Thy beauty brightens with the evening sun
 Across the long-lit meads and distant spire :
 So sleep thou well—like his thy labour done ;
 Rest in thy glory as he rests in fire.

*

But even in this hour of soft repose
 A gentle sadness chides us like a friend—
 The sorrow of the joy that overflows,
 The burden of the beauty that must end.

And from the fading sunset comes a cry,
 And in the twilight voices wailing past,
 Like wild-swans calling, “ When we rest we die,
 And woe to them that linger and are last ” ;

And as the Sun sinks, sudden in heav'n new born
 There shines an armèd Angel like a Star,
 Who cries above the darkling world in scorn,
 “ God comes to Judgment. Learn ye what ye are.”

* *

From fire to umber fades the sunset-gold,
 From umber into silver and twilight ;
 The infant flowers their orisons have told
 And turn together folded for the night ;

The garden urns are black against the eve ;
 The white moth flutters through the fragrant glooms ;
 How beautiful the heav'ns !—But yet we grieve
 And wander restless from the lighted rooms.

For through the world to-night a murmur thrills
 As at some new-born prodigy of time—
 Peace dies like twilight bleeding on the hills,
 And Darkness creeps to hide the hateful crime.

THE DEATH OF PEACE

Art thou no more, O Maiden Heaven-born,
O Peace, bright Angel of the windless morn ?
Who comest down to bless our furrow'd fields,
Or stand like Beauty smiling 'mid the corn :

Mistress of mirth and ease and summer dreams,
Who lingerest among the woods and streams
To help us heap the harvest 'neath the moon,
And homeward laughing lead the lumb'ring teams :

Who teachest to our children thy wise lore ;
Who keepest full the goodman's golden store ;
Who crownest Life with plenty, Death with flow'rs ;
Peace, Queen of Kindness—but of earth, no more.

*

Not thine but ours the fault, thy care was vain ;
For this that we have done be ours the pain ;
Thou gavest much, as He who gave us all,
And as we slew Him for it thou art slain.

Heav'n left to men the moulding of their fate :
To live as wolves or pile the pillar'd State—
Like boars and bears to grunt and growl in mire,
Or dwell aloft, effulgent gods, elate.

Thou liftedst us : we slew and with thee fell—
From golden thrones of wisdom weeping fell.
Fate rends the chaplets from our feeble brows ;
The spires of Heaven fade in fogs of hell.

* *

She faints, she falls ; her dying eyes are dim ;
Her fingers play with those bright buds she bore
To please us, but that she can bring no more ;
And dying yet she smiles—as Christ on him
Who slew Him slain. Her eyes so beauteous
Are lit with tears shed—not for herself but us.

The gentle Beings of the hearth and home ;
 The lovely Dryads of her aisled woods ;
 The Angels that do dwell in solitudes
 Where she dwelleth ; and joyous Spirits that roam
 To bless her bleating flocks and fruitful lands ;
 Are gather'd there to weep, and kiss her dying hands.

“ Look, look,” they cry, “ she is not dead, she breathes !
 And we have staunch'd the damnèd wound and deep,
 The cavern-carven wound. She doth but sleep
 And will awake. Bring wine, and new-wound wreaths
 Wherewith to crown awaking her dear head,
 And make her Queen again.”—But no, for Peace was dead.

And then there came black Lords ; and Dwarfs obscene
 With lavish tongues ; and Trolls ; and treacherous Things
 Like loose-lipp'd Councillors and cruel Kings
 Who sharpen lies and daggers subterrene :
 And flashed their evil 'eyes and weeping cried,
 “ We ruled the world for Peace. By her own hand she
 died.”

*

In secret he made sharp the bitter blade,
 And poison'd it with bane of lies and drew,
 And stabb'd—O God ! the Cruel Cripple slew ;
 And cowards fled or lent him trembling aid.
 She fell and died—in all the tale of time
 The direst deed e'er done, the most accursèd crime.
Ronald Ross

APOCALYPSE

THE visions of the soul, more strange than dreams,
 Out-mystery sleep. For them, no day redeems,
 And the thing is, but is not as it seems.

I thought I saw (although I did not sleep)
 A Raft that clomb the surges black and steep
 With One who cursed the dumb God-blinded Deep.

Red as the eye of anger the Sun set ;
And giant Thunders round him black as jet,
Gazed down into those black Deeps they beset ;

And under them and mirroring them, a scud
Of glassy mountains moved athwart the flood,
Laced by that last gleam with a foam of blood.

*

Then he who lived upon that desperate craft,
Crown'd and a King, stood forth and kinglike quaff'd
Red wine, and raised his voice aloud, and laugh'd :

“ Roll on and rot for all thy corpses, Sea,
That with thy moonsuck'd surges wouldest be
Lord of the halcyon Earth, thine enemy—

With altercations of great waves and air,
And sobs and cries of anger, wouldest tear
Piccemeal her patient fields and all things there.

Ungovernable god, thee I defy,
Weak man. Canst thou for all thy rage reply ? ” . . .
Then from beneath there came the answer, Aye.

*

He heard, but deem'd his thought replied to thought
And cried again aloud (the red ray caught
His crown of gold with flaming rubies wrought) :

“ Improvident, furious, idle, hot to hate
Laborious Earth—her unlaborious mate,
Strong but in anger, in destruction great :

Her fields and floods, where flow'rs are grown and glass'd ;
Thine, where thy mad waves run like things outcast,
And scarce the staggering petrel braves the blast,

And no flowers blow but capering crests of spray :
 Confess thyself a god who can but slay." . . .
 But from the deeps the deep Voice answer'd, Nay.

*

Half startled, still in reverie unaware,
 He cried again as one who mocks despair ;
 And still the surges roll'd and rock'd him there ;

" Then rumble in all thy depths, Leviathan,
 And learn my scorn—thy master and a man.
 So answer me if thou art more and can." . . .

There came a thrill, a spasm, as when the blow
 Of earthquake runs before the crash, and lo
 The dreadful Voice cried Silence from below.

*

He heard, he rose, he laugh'd as if in jest,
 And drank red wine. (The red ray came to rest
 Within the blood-red ruby on his breast) :

" Art thou then there, down there, O damnèd dumb
 Bold braggard, born to threaten yet succumb—
 For ever overcoming e'er o'ercome ?

What though thou roarest, still I will not bow
 To thee, all-mighty, my God-gifted brow ;
 A mortal ; yet, immortal, more than thou."

*

So said. Night fell. But from the deep below
 A giant Hand emerged, enormous, slow :
 And drew him down. And the Voice answer'd, So.

Ronald Ross

THE FOOL RINGS HIS BELLS

COME, Death, I'd have a word with thee ;
And thou, poor Innocency ;
And Love—a lad with broken wing ;
And Pity, too :
The Fool shall sing to you,
As Fools will sing.

Ay, music hath small sense,
And a tune's soon told,
And Earth is old,
And my poor wits are dense ;
Yet have I secrets,—dark, my dear,
To breathe you all. Come near.
And lest some hideous listener tells,
I'll ring my bells.

They're all at war !
Yes, yes, their bodies go
'Neath burning sun and icy star
To chaunted songs of woe,
Dragging cold cannon through a mud
Of rain and blood ;
The new moon glinting hard on eyes
Wide with insanities !

Hush ! . . . I use words
I hardly know the meaning of ;
And the mute birds
Are glancing at Love !
From out their shade of leaf and flower,
Trembling at treacheries
Which even in noonday cower.
Heed, heed not what I said
Of frenzied hosts of men,
More fools than I,
On envy, hatred fed,
Who kill, and die—
Spake I not plainly, then ?
Yet Pity whispered, " Why ? "

Thou silly thing, off to thy daisies go.
Mine was not news for child to know,
And Death—no ears hath. He hath supped where creep
Eyeless worms in hush of sleep ;
Yet, when he smiles, the hand he draws
Athwart his grinning jaws
Faintly their thin bones rattle, and . . . There, there ;
Hearken how my bells in the air
Drive away care ! . . .

Nay, but a dream I had
Of a world all mad.
Not a simple happy mad like me,
Who am mad like an empty scene
Of water and willow tree,
Where the wind hath been
But that foul Satan-mad,
Who rots in his own head,
And counts the dead,
Not honest one—and two—
But for the ghosts they were,
Brave, faithful, true,
When head in air,
In Earth's clear green and blue
Heaven they did share
With Beauty who bade them there. . . .

There, now ! he goes—
Old Bones ; I've wearied him.
Ay, and the light doth dim,
And asleep's the rose,
And tired Innocence
In dreams is hence. . . .
Come, Love, my lad,
Nodding that drowsy head,
'Tis time thy prayers were said.

Walter de la Mare

THE KAISER AND GOD

["I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory. How magnificently God supported him!"—*Telegram from the Kaiser to the Crown Princess.*]

LED by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well ;
You with patronizing nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—Does God approve of you ?

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn ;
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore,
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorize,

Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing line,
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crime from which the apes would shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness !

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow,
But a cross of wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain

Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that Name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies.

Impious braggart, you forget ;
God is not your conscript yet ;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God.

*To Whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.*

Barry Pain

THE GUNS IN SUSSEX

LIGHT green of grass and richer green of bush
Slope upwards to the darkest green of fir ;
How still ! How deathly still ! And yet the hush
Shivers and trembles with some subtle stir,
Some far-off throbbing, like a muffled drum,
Beaten in broken rhythm over sea,
To play the last funereal march of some
Who die to-day that Europe may be free.

The deep-blue heaven, curving from the green,
Spans with its shimmering arch the flowery zone ;
In all God's earth there is no gentler scene,
And yet I hear that awesome monotone ;
Above the circling midge's piping shrill,
And the long droning of the questing bee,
Above all sultry summer sounds, it still
Mutters its ceaseless menaces to me.

And as I listen all the garden fair
Darkens to plains of misery and death,
And looking past the roses I see there
Those sordid furrows, with the rising breath

Of all things foul and black. My heart is hot
 Within me as I view it, and I cry,
 "Better the misery of these men's lot
 Than all the peace that comes to such as I!"

And strange that in the pauses of the sound
 I hear the children's laughter as they roam,
 And then their mother calls, and all around
 Rise up the gentle murmurs of a home.
 But still I gaze afar, and at the sight
 My whole soul softens to its heartfelt prayer,
 "Spirit of Justice, Thou for whom they fight,
 Ah, turn, in mercy, to our lads out there!"

"The froward peoples have deserved Thy wrath,
 And on them is the Judgment as of old.
 But if they wandered from the hallowed path,
 Yet is their retribution manifold.
 Behold all Europe writhing on the rack,
 The sins of fathers grinding down the sons,
 How long, O Lord!" He sends no answer back,
 But still I hear the mutter of the guns.

Arthur Conan Doyle

X A LOST LAND
 (TO GERMANY)

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A CHILDHOOD land of mountain ways,
 Where earthly gnomes and forest fays,
 Kind foolish giants, gentle bears
 Sport with the peasant as he fares
 Affrighted through the forest glades,
 And lead sweet wistful little maids
 Lost in the woods, forlorn, alone,
 To princely lovers and a throne.

* * * * *

Dear haunted land of gorge and glen,
 Ah me! the dreams, the dreams of men!

A learned land of wise old books
 And men with meditative looks,
 Who move in quaint red-gabled towns
 And sit in gravely-folded gowns,
 Divining in deep-laden speech
 The world's supreme arcana—each
 A homely god to listening Youth
 Eager to tear the veil of Truth ;

* * * * *

Mild votaries of book and pen—
 Alas, the dreams, the dreams of men !

A music land, whose life is wrought
 In movements of melodious thought ;
 In symphony, great wave on wave—
 Or fugue, elusive, swift, and grave ;
 A singing land, whose lyric rhymes
 Float on the air like village chimes :
 Music and Verse—the deepest part
 Of a whole nation's thinking heart !

* * * * *

Oh land of Now, oh land of Then !
 Dear God ! the dreams, the dreams of men !

Slave nation in a land of hate,
 Where are the things that made you great ?
 Child-hearted once—oh, deep defiled,
 Dare you look now upon a child ?
 Your lore—a hideous mask wherein
 Self-worship hides its monstrous sin :—
 Music and Verse, divinely wed—
 How can these live where love is dead ?

* * * * *

Oh depths beneath sweet human ken,
 God help the dreams, the dreams of men !

Kathleen Knox

"IT WILL BE A HARD WINTER"

THEY say the blue king jays have flown
From woods of Westchester :
So I am off for Luthany,
But I shall make no stir ;
For who fair Luthany would see,
Must set him forth alone.

In screwing winds last night the snow
Creaked like an angry jinn ;
And two old men from up the State
Said, " Bears went early in,"—
Half pausing by my ice-locked gate,—
" March will be late to blow."

So I for Luthany am bound,
And I shall take no pack ;
You cannot find the way, you know,
With feet that make a track,
But light as blowing leaf must go,
And you must hear a sound

That's like a singing strange and high
Of birds you've never seen ;
Then two ghosts come ; as doves they move,
While you must walk between ;
And one is Youth and one is Love,
Who say, " We did not die."

The harp-built walls of Luthany
Are builded high and strong,
To shelter singer, fool and seer ;
And glad they live, and long.
All others die who enter there,
But they are safe, these three.

The seer can warm his body through
 By some far fire he sees ;
 The fool can naked dance in snow ;
 The singer—as he please !
 And which I be of these, oho,
 That is a guess for you !

Once in a thousand years, they say,
 The walls are beaten down ;
 And then they find a singer dead ;
 But swift they set a crown
 Upon his lowly, careless head,
 And sing his song for aye !

So I to Luthany will flee,
 While here the winter raves.
 God send I go not as one blind
 A-dancing upon graves !
 God save a madman if I find
 War's heel on Luthany !

Olive Tilford Dargan

THE STEEPLE

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THERE'S mist in the hollows,
 There's gold on the tree,
 And South go the swallows
 Away over sea.

They home in our steeple
 That climbs in the wind,
 And, parson and people,
 We welcome them kind.

The steeple was set here
 In 1266 ;
 If William could get here
 He'd burn it to sticks.

He'd burn it for ever,
Bells, belfry and vane,
That swallows would never
Come back there again.

He'd bang down their perches
With cannon and gun,
For churches are churches,
And William's a Hun.

So—mist in the hollow
And leaf falling brown—
Ere home comes the swallow
May William be down!

And high stand the steeples
From Lincoln to Wells
For parsons and peoples,
For birds and for bells!

Patrick R. Chalmers

CHRIST IN. FLANDERS

WE had forgotten You, or very nearly—
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—
Of course we thought about You now and then;
Especially in any time of trouble—
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—
In country lane, in city street, or byway—

You walked among us, and we did not see.
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements
How *did* we miss Your Footprints on our pavements?—
Can there be other folk as blind as we?—

Now we remember : over here in Flanders—
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—

This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.
We never thought about You much in England—
But now that we are far away from England—
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jest along the trenches—
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—
Ah ! God ! the agony of that dread Garden—
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.
If anything could make us glad to bear it—
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—
Pain—death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You—You will not forget us—
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—
But stay with us until this dream is past.
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

C. T. Whitmell

BATTLE SLEEP

SOMEWHERE, O sun, some corner there must be
Thou visitest, where down the strand
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,
The brown sheep graze along the bay,
And through the apple-boughs above the sand
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There through uncounted hours declines the day
To the low arch of twilight's close,
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing
Forever moving through the fiery hail,
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,
And let some soul go seaward with that sail!

Edith Wharton

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THE ROAD TO DIEPPE

[Concerning the experiences of a journey on foot through the night of August 4, 1914 (the night after the formal declaration of war between England and Germany), from a town near Amiens, in France, to Dieppe, a distance of somewhat more than forty miles.]

BEFORE I knew, the Dawn was on the road,
Close at my side, so silently he came
Nor gave a sign of salutation, save
To touch with light my sleeve and make the way
Appear as if a shining countenance
Had looked on it. Strange was this radiant Youth
As I, to these fair, fertile parts of France,
Where Cæsar with his legions once had passed,
And where the Kaiser's Uhlans yet would pass

Or e'er another moon should cope with clouds
 For mastery of these same fields.—To-night
 (And but a month has gone since I walked there)
 Well might the Kaiser write, as Cæsar wrote,
 In his new Commentaries on a Gallic war,
 “*Fortissimi Belgæ.*”—A moon ago!
 Who would have then divined that dead would lie
 Like swaths of grain beneath the harvest moon
 Upon these lands the ancient Belgæ held,
 From Normandy beyond renowned Liège!—

But it was out of that dread August night
 From which all Europe woke to war, that we,
 This beautiful Dawn-Youth, and I, had come,
 He from afar. Beyond grim Petrograd
 He'd waked the moujik from his peaceful dreams,
 Bid the muezzin call to morning prayer
 Where minarets rise o'er the Golden Horn,
 And driven shadows from the Prussian march
 To lie beneath the lindens of the *stadt*.
 Softly he'd stirred the bells to ring at Rheims,
 He'd knocked at high Montmartre, hardly asleep,
 Heard the sweet carillon of doomed Louvain,
 Boylike, had tarried for a moment's play
 Amid the trceries of Amiens,
 And then was hast'ning on the road to Dieppe,
 When he o'ertook me drowsy from the hours
 Through which I'd walked, with no companions else
 Than ghostly kilometre posts that stood
 As sentinels of space along the way.—
 Often, in doubt, I'd paused to question one,
 With nervous hands, as they who read Moon-type;
 And more than once I'd caught a moment's sleep
 Beside the highway, in the dripping grass,

While one of these white sentinels stood guard,
 Knowing me for a friend, who loves the road,
 And best of all by night, when wheels do sleep,
 And stars alone do walk abroad.—But once
 Three watchful shadows, deeper than the dark,

Laid hands on me and searched me for the marks
Of traitor or of spy, only to find
Over my heart the badge of loyalty.—
With wish for *bon voyage* they gave me o'er
To the white guards who led me on again.

Thus Dawn o'ertook me and with magic speech
Made me forget the night as we strode on.
Where'er he looked a miracle was wrought :
A tree grew from the darkness at a glance ;
A hut was thatched ; a new château was reared
Of stone, as weathered as the church at Cæn ;
Grey blooms were coloured suddenly in red ;
A flag was flung across the eastern sky.—
Nearer at hand, he made me then aware
Of peasant women bending in the fields,
Cradling and gleaning by the first scant light,
Their sons and husbands somewhere o'er the edge
Of these green-golden fields which they had sowed,
But will not reap,—out somewhere on the march,
God but knows where and if they come again.
One fallow field he pointed out to me
Where but the day before a peasant ploughed,
Dreaming of next year's fruit, and there his plough
Stood now mid-field, his horses commandeered,
A monstrous sable crow perched on the beam.

Before I knew, the Dawn was on the road,
Far from my side, so silently he went,
Catching his golden helmet as he ran,
And hast'ning on along the dun straight way,
Where old men's sabots now began to clack
And withered women, knitting, led their cows,
On, on to call the men of Kitchener
Down to their coasts,—I shouting after him :
“ O Dawn, would you had let the world sleep on
Till all its armament were turned to rust,
Nor waked it to this day of hideous hate,
Of man's red murder and of woman's woe ! ”

Famished and lame, I came at last to Dieppe,
 But Dawn had made his way across the sea,
 And, as I climbed with heavy feet the cliff,
 Was even then upon the sky-built towers
 Of that great capital where nations all,
 Teuton, Italian, Gallic, English, Slav,
 Forget long hates in one consummate faith.

John Finley

TO FELLOW TRAVELLERS IN GREECE

MARCH-SEPTEMBER, 1914

'T WAS in the piping time of peace
 We trod the sacred soil of Greece,
 Nor thought, where the Ilissus runs,
 Of Teuton craft or Teuton guns ;

Nor dreamt that, ere the year was spent,
 Their iron challenge insolent
 Would round the world's horizons pour,
 From Europe to the Australian shore.

The tides of war had ebb'd away
 From Trachis and Thermopylæ,
 Long centuries had come and gone
 Since that fierce day at Marathon ;

Freedom was firmly based, and we
 Wall'd by our own encircling sea ;
 The ancient passions dead, and men
 Battl'd with ledger and with pen.

So seem'd it, but to them alone
 The wisdom of the gods is known ;
 Lest freedom's price decline, from far
 Zeus hurl'd the thunderbolt of war.

And so once more the Persian steel
 The armies of the Greeks must feel,
 And once again a Xerxes know
 The virtue of a Spartan foe.

Thus may the cloudy fates unroll'd
 Retrace the starry circles old,
 And the recurrent heavens decree
 A Periclean dynasty.

W. Macneile Dixon

THE STARS IN THEIR COURSES

AND now, while the dark vast earth shakes and rocks
 In this wild dream-like snare of mortal shocks,
 How look (I muse) those cold and solitary stars
 On these magnificent, cruel wars?—
 Venus, that brushes with her shining lips
 (Surely!) the wakeful edge of the world and mocks
 With hers its all ungentle wantonness?—
 Or the large moon (pricked by the spars of ships
 Creeping and creeping in their restlessness),
 The moon pouring strange light on things more strange,
 Looks she unheedfully on seas and lands
 Trembling with change and fear of counterchange?

O, not earth trembles, but the stars, the stars!
 The sky is shaken and the cool air is quivering.
 I cannot look up to the crowded height
 And see the fair stars trembling in their light,
 For thinking of the starlike spirits of men
 Crowding the earth and with great passion quivering:—
 Stars quenched in anger and hate, stars sick with pity.
 I cannot look up to the naked skies
 Because a sorrow on dark midnight lies,
 Death, on the living world of sense;
 Because on my own land a shadow lies
 That may not rise;
 Because from bare grey hillside and rich city
 Streams of uncomprehending sadness pour,
 Thwarting the eager spirit's pure intelligence . . .
 How look (I muse) those cold and solitary stars
 On these magnificent, cruel wars?

Stars trembled in broad heaven, faint with pity.
An hour to dawn I looked. Beside the trees
Wet mist shaped other trees that branching rose,
Covering the woods and putting out the stars.
There was no murmur on the seas,
No wind blew—only the wandering air that grows
With dawn, then murmurs, sighs,
And dies.

The mist climbed slowly, putting out the stars,
And the earth trembled when the stars were gone ;
And moving strangely everywhere upon
The trembling earth, thickened the watery mist.

And for a time the holy things are veiled.
England's wise thoughts are swords : her quiet hours
Are trodden underfoot like wayside flowers,
And every English heart is England's wholly.
In starless night
A serious passion streams the heaven with light.
A common beating is in the air—
The heart of England throbbing everywhere.
And all her roads are nerves of noble thought,
And all her people's brain is but her brain ;
And all her history, less her shame,
Is part of her requicken'd consciousness.
Her courage rises clean again.

Even in victory there hides defeat ;
The spirit's murdered though the body survives,
Except the cause for which a people strives
Burn with no covetous, foul heat.
Fights she against herself who infamously draws
The sword against man's secret spiritual laws.
But thou, England, because a bitter heel
Hath sought to bruise the brain, the sensitive will,
The conscience of the world,
For this, England, art risen, and shalt fight
Purely through long profoundest night,

Making their quarrel thine who are grieved like thee ;
And (if to thee the stars yield victory)
Tempering their hate of the great foe that hurled
Vainly her strength against the conscience of the world.

I looked again, or dreamed I looked, and saw
The stars again and all their peace again.
The moving mist had gone, and shining still
The moon went high and pale above the hill.
Not now those lights were trembling in the vast
Ways of the nervy heaven, nor trembled earth :
Profound and calm they gazed as the soft-shod hours passed.
And with less fear (not with less awe,
Remembering, England, all the blood and pain),
How look, I cried, you stern and solitary stars
On these disastrous wars !

John Freeman

August, 1914.

NAPOLEON

FOR France and liberty he set apart
His soul at first in aspiration high.
But pure thoughts wither and ideals die.
And self, fed richly from ambition's mart,
Swelled, triumphed with insinuating art,
The hideous, monstrous, all-engrossing I,
Which strangled love and France and liberty
And laid its eager clutch on Europe's heart.

Then Spain assailed it like an autumn gust,
And England netted it with her sea-might,
And Russia opened all her icy graves.
The huge colossus crumbled into dust
And sank forever out of human sight
On a lone island 'mid the Atlantic waves.

Gamaliel Bradford

NAPOLEON'S TOMB

THROUGH the great doors, where Paris flowed
 incessant,
 Fell certain dimness, as of some poised hour,
 Caught from the ashes of the Infinite
 And prisoned there in solemn purple state,
 To make illusion for dead majesty !
 A dusk of greatness, such as well might brood
 Beneath the wings of Destiny's proud day ;
 A calm, immortal twilight mantling up
 To the great dome, where painted triumph rides
 High o'er the dust that once bestrode it all—
 Nor ever fame had fairer firmament !
 It was as though Ambition still should live
 In marble over him ; as though his dream—
 From whose high tower and coloured casements round
 He, with a royal thievery in his eye,
 Did look upon the apple of a world—
 Should take this shape, and being clothed with walls,
 Stand, in such permanence as matter gives
 To house his glory through the centuries.

* * * * * * *

Then I went in, with Paris pressing slow,
 And saw the long blue shadows folding down
 Upon the casket of the Emperor.
 A soldier in a faded uniform
 Stood close beside me. He was one of those
 Who die and leave no lament on the wind. . . .
 And straightway gazing on him I beheld
 Not death's magnificence ; not fame's hushed tomb—
 But grim Oblivion, and the fields of France !
 And on some nameless hillside, where the night
 Sets out wild flaming candles for the dead,
 Innumerable corpses palely sprawled
 Beneath the silent, cold, anonymous stars.

Dana Burnet

Paris, 1918.

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THE SUPERMAN

THE horror-haunted Belgian plains riven by shot and
shell

Are strewn with her undaunted sons who stayed the jaws
of hell.

In every sunny vale of France death is the countersign.
The purest blood in Britain's veins is being poured like wine.

Far, far across the crimsoned map the impassioned armies
sweep,

Destruction flashes down the sky and penetrates the deep.
The Dreadnought knows the silent dread, and seas incarnadine

Attest the carnival of strife, the madman's battle scene.

Relentless, savage, hot, and grim the infuriate columns press
Where terror simulates disdain and danger is largess,
Where greedy youth claims death for bride and agony
seems bliss.

It is the cause, the cause, my soul ! which sanctifies all this.

Ride, Cossacks, ride ! Charge, Turcos, charge ! The fateful
hour has come.

Let all the guns of Britain roar or be forever dumb.

The Superman has burst his bonds. With Kultur-flag
unfurled

And prayer on lip he runs amuck, imperilling the world.

The impious creed that might is right in him personified
Bids all creation bend before the insatiate Teuton pride,
Which, nourished on Valhalla dreams of empire unconfined,
Would make the cannon and the sword the despots of
mankind.

Efficient, thorough, strong, and brave—his vision is to kill.
Force is the hearthstone of his might, the pole-star of his
will.

His forges glow malevolent: their minions never tire
To deck the goddess of his lust whose twins are blood and
fire.

O world grown sick with butchery and manifold distress !
 O broken Belgium robbed of all save grief and ghastliness !
 Should Prussian power enslave the world and arrogance
 prevail,

Let chaos come, let Moloch rule, and Christ give place to
 Baal.

Robert Grant

THE VISION OF SPRING, 1916

ALL night in a cottage far
 Death and I had waged our war
 Where, at such a bitter cost,
 Death had won and I had lost ;
 And as I climbed up once more
 From that poor, tear-darkened door,
 From the valley seemed to rise,
 In one cry, all human cries—

Yea, from such a mortal woe
 Earth seemed at its overthrow,
 And the very deeps unlocked
 Of all anguished ages, mocked
 In that they beheld at last
 This their self-sown holocaust,
 And their latest, loveliest sons
 Shattered by ten thousand guns.

Then the friend who said to me,
 Naught's so brief as agony,
 Seemed to stand revealed and blind,
 And a foe to humankind,
 And I cried, Why very Spring
 Shudders at this fearful thing,
 And withholds her kindling sun,
 Seeing Life and Grief are one.

Nay, said he, but in all earth
 There's one power, and that is Birth,
 And the starkest human pain
 Is but joy being born again,

And all night, had you but heard,
There's no depth that has not stirred
That to-morrow men may see
God in every bursting tree—

Yea, he said, the Very God
In each blade that bends the sod,
In each sod that feeds the blade,
In each hushed, far-hidden glade,
In each prairie, running free
O'er some long fast-frozen sea,
In each jungle, fierce and lush
From its glutting thunder-gush,
In each mammoth mountain-side,
Thrust from a womb of earth in pride,
Climbing till creation dies
From its crude, star-stricken eyes—

Yea, and in all eyes that see
That frustrate immensity,
And the larger life that wings
In the least of ereeping things ;
In the swift invisible rain
Poured into the human brain,
In all gods that men made first
When earth's glories on them burst,
Gods of serpents, stars, and trees,
And the gods that fashioned these,

Great Gautama, propped afar
Where no tears or laughter are,
And the greater God Who died
That men might, uncrucified
From the cross of pride and priest,
Be as brothers at life's feast,
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Love in everyone—

And I saw then fall away
 Veils from that gun-shattered clay
 And, beneath each scalding tear,
 Sink to death some human fear,
 And, behind each springing blade,
 Move the slow, divine brigade
 Of all brave, up-rendered life
 To the last supremest strife—

Yea, I saw from upper air
 God in ambush everywhere ;
 And at that triumphant sight
 Lo, the dawn out-topped the night.

H. H. Bashford

NIAGARA

I

WITHIN the town of Buffalo
 Are prosy men with leaden eyes.
 Like ants they worry to and fro,
 (Important men, in Buffalo.)
 But only twenty miles away
 A deathless glory is at play :
 Niagara, Niagara.

The women buy their lace and cry :—
 “ O such a delicate design,”
 And over ostrich feathers sigh,
 By counters there, in Buffalo.
 The children haunt the trinket shops,
 They buy false-faces, bells, and tops,
 Forgetting great Niagara.

Within the town of Buffalo
 Are stores with garnets, sapphires, pearls,
 Rubies, emeralds aglow,—
 Opal chains in Buffalo,

Cherished symbols of success.
They value not your rainbow dress—
Niagara, Niagara.

The shaggy meaning of her name,
This Buffalo, this recreant town,
Sharps and lawyers prune and tame :
Few pioneers in Buffalo ;
• Except young lovers flushed and fleet
And winds, hallooming down the street :
“ Niagara, Niagara.”

The journalists are sick of ink :
Boy prodigals are lost in wine,
By night where white and red lights blink,
The eyes of Death, in Buffalo.
And only twenty miles away
Are starlit rocks and healing spray :—
Niagara, Niagara.

Above the town a tiny bird,
A shining speck at sleepy dawn,
Forgets the ant-hill so absurd,
This self-important Buffalo.
Descending twenty miles away
He bathes his wings at break of day—
Niagara, Niagara.

II

*What marching men of Buffalo
Flood the streets in rash crusade ?
Fools-to-free-the-world, they go,
Primeval hearts from Buffalo.
Red cataracts of France to-day
Awake, three thousand miles away,
An echo of Niagara,
The cataract Niagara.*

Vachel Lindsay

THREE HILLS

THERE is a hill in England,
 Green fields and a school I know,
 Where the balls fly fast in summer,
 And the whispering elm-trees grow,
 A little hill, a dear hill,
 And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,
 Heaped with a thousand slain,
 Where the shells fly night and noontide
 And the ghosts that died in vain,—
 A little hill, a hard hill
 To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,
 Three crosses pierce the sky,
 On the midmost He is dying
 To save all those who die,—
 A little hill, a kind hill
 To souls in jeopardy.

Everard Owen

Harrow, December, 1915.

YPRES TOWER, RYE

TOWER of Ypres that watchest, gravely smiling,
 Green marsh-meadows stretching far away,
 With long thoughts of famous deeds beguiling
 March unceasing of the ages grey,
 Once beneath thee
 Swayed the seaweed, churned and foamed the sea.

Fleet of Frenchman, fleet of Spaniard thundered,
 Victor, vanquished, 'neath your little hill,
 Gaily fearless if they fled or plundered,
 You, who faced our foemen, face them still—
 Now the reeds sigh,
 Young lambs frolic where tall ships sailed by.

Tower of Ypres, a little slept your glory,
Lips again are busy with your name,
Ypres again is famous in our story,
Ypres of Flanders, wrapt in blood and flame—
Here the spring song,
There black ruin, hate and death and wrong.

Dear grey Sussex town, your childlike beauty,
Passing price and more desired than gold,
Speaks to English souls of love, and duty
Faithful in the little wars of old—
In our hearts still
Live your dreaming fens, your bastioned hill.

Everard Owen

April, 1917.

A SUMMER MORNING

THE summer meads are fair with daisy-snow,
White as the dove's wing, flawless as the foam
On the brown beaches where the breakers comb
When the long Trades their morning bugles blow ;
And over all there is a golden glow,
For the sun sits ascendant in the dome ;
And smoke-wreaths rise from many a cottage home
Where there is peace, and joy's full overflow.

This is our heritage, but what of those
Who crouch where Yser's sad, ensanguined tide
Winds with its sluggish crescents, toward the sea ;
Where Termonde bells are silent, and the wide
And stricken leagues of Flemish land disclose
The ruthless wrong, the piteous agony !

Clinton Scollard

FULFILMENT

"When all the mysteries of life had been fulfilled in them . . ."

WHEN wars are done,
 And when the splendour of the setting sun
 Goes down serenely on a quiet shore,
 Whose faithful tides for evermore
 Bring in the memory
 Of those who died that life might be :
 When we are grown so tender and so brave,
 That on a bitter grave
 We lay forgiveness, garlanded
 With love and pity, for the alien dead,
 Grieving, that they were cruel once and blind,
 Praying that in Thy Light their eyes may find
 The vision of a world that still can be,
 A kinship such as neither they nor we
 Dreamed in the old unshriven days.
 Yea, when divided ways
 Are one,
 A grander world begun :
 When love and tears and laughter are grown deep
 As sacraments, and Mercies never sleep
 But watch and mourn the dead
 Where they lie comforted :
 And when the heart's warm rain
 Falls on the blessed grain
 Of Brotherhood, when eager sowers fling
 It lavishly and far, that it may spring
 In harvests sweet and wide
 Whose thrilling sheaves are tied
 By hands once enemied :
 When all of this shall be,
 Then, then a second Calvary
 Shall rise ; the Mount whereon the price
 Of deathless peace is laid, Man's love and sacrifice,
 A Hill immense, resplendent, high,
 Whence all the ruined earth, the darkened sky
 Shall kindle, and shall burn with phoenix-fire,
 The flame of purged desire.

G. O. Warren

TO MY PUPILS, GONE BEFORE THEIR DAY

YOU seemed so young, to know
So little, those few months or years ago,
Who may by now have disentwined
The inmost secrets of the Eternal Mind.

Yours seemed an easy part,
To construe, learn some trivial lines by heart :
Yet to your hands has God assigned
The burden of the sorrows of mankind.

You passed the brief school year
In expectation of some long career,
Then yielded up all years to find
That long career that none can leave behind.

If you had lived, some day
You would have passed my room, and chanced to say,
“ I wonder if it's worth the grind
Of all those blunders he has underlined.”

Perhaps! if at the end
You in your turn shall teach me how to mend
The many errors whose effect
Eternity awaits us to correct.

Guy Kendall

“ THESE SHALL PREVAIL ”

WAR laid bugle to his lips, blew one blast—and then
The seas answered him with ships, the earth with
men.

Straight, Death caught his sickle up, called his reapers grim,
Famine with his empty cup came after him.

Down the stairs of Paradise hastened angels three,
Pity, and Self-Sacrifice, and Charity.

Where the curved, black sickles sweep, where pale Famine
clings,
Where gaunt women watch and weep, come these of wings.

When the red wrath perisheth, when the dulled swords
fail,

These three who have walked with Death—these shall prevail.

Hell bade all its millions rise ; Paradise sends three ;
Pity, and Self-Sacrifice, and Charity.

Theodosia Garrison

KAISER AND COUNCILLOR

(ON FIRST LOOKING INTO BERNHARDI'S

“THE NEXT WAR”)

I

THROUGH what dark pass to what place in the sun
Dost thou, misguided Moses, lead this folk ?

What rest remains when wayfaring is done ?

What clearer skies beyond the cannon-smoke ?

Say not he triumphs, though his trampling host,

That knows above his nation's lust no law,

From inland village to the fearful coast

Still treads the peaceful peoples red and raw.

Nay, pity him the banded friends abhor,

Who sees—the tragic fool and slave of state—

Behind him stretch the sterile wastes of war,

Before, a widening wilderness of hate,

While all the world lifts up one wrathful cry

To give this Prussian Machiavel the lie.

II

White mouths that clamour for the unreaped wheat,

Frail hands that clasp the unresponsive dead,

Brave Belgian hearts, unconquered in defeat,

Dispeopled, exiled King : be comforted.

Though we close not the assaulted gates of sense

To shrieking towns, the gurgle of great ships

In drowning agonies, the fields immense

Horrid with shuddering limbs and writhen lips,

Yet since your woe has wrought this lift and swell
Of worldwide pity, love and chivalry,
We say the awful sacrifice is well.
The old law holds ; on this new Calvary
Humanity, uplifted, crucified,
Still draws all hearts unto its wounded side.

Stuart P. Sherman

THE HIDDEN WEAVER

THERE where he sits in the cold, in the gloom,
Of his far-away place by his thundering loom,
He weaves on the shuttles of day and of night
The shades of our sorrow and shapes of delight.
He has wrought him a glimmering garment to fling
Over the sweet swift limbs of the Spring,
He has woven a fabric of wonder to be
For a blue and a billowy robe to the sea,
He has fashioned in sombre funereal dyes
A tissue of gold for the midnight skies.

But sudden the woof turns all to red.
Has he lost his craft ? Has he snapped his thread ?
Sudden the web all sanguine runs.
Does he hear the yell of the thirsting guns ?
While the scarlet crimes and the crimson sins
Grow from the dizzying outs and ins
Of the shuttle that spins, does he see it and feel ?
Or is he the slave of a tyrannous wheel ?

Inscrutable faces, mysterious eyes,
Are watching him out of the drifting skies ;
Exiles of chaos crowd through the gloom
Of the uttermost cold to that thundering room
And whisper and peer through the dusk to mark
What thing he is weaving there in the dark.
Will he leave the loom that he won from them
And rend his fabric from hem to hem ?
Is he weaving with daring and skill sublime
A wonderful winding-sheet for time ?

Ah, but he sits in a darkling place,
 Hiding his hands, hiding his face,
 Hiding his art behind the shine
 Of the web that he weaves so long and fine.
 Loudly the great wheel hums and rings
 And we hear not even the song that he sings.
 Over the whirr of the shuttles and all
 The roar and the rush, does he hear when we call ?

Only the colours that grow and glow
 Swift as the hurrying shuttles go,
 Only the figures vivid or dim
 That flow from the hastening hands of him,
 Only the fugitive shapes are we,
 Wrought in the web of eternity.

Odell Shepard

NON-COMBATANTS

NEVER of us be said
 That we reluctant stood
 As sullen children, and refused to dance
 To the keen pipe that sounds across the fields of France.
 Though shrill the note and wild,
 Though hard the steps and slow,
 The dancing floor defiled,
 The measure full of woe,
 And dread
 The solemn figure that the dancers tread,
 We faltered not. Of us, this word shall not be said.
 Never of us be said
 We had no war to wage,
 Because our womanhood,
 Because the weight of age,
 Held us in servitude.
 None sees us fight,
 Yet we in the long night
 Battle to give release
 To all whom we must send to seek and die for peace.
 When they have gone, we in a twilight place
 Meet Terror face to face,

And strive
With him, that we may save our fortitude alive.
Theirs be the hard, but ours the lonely bed.
Nought were we spared—of us, this word shall not be said.
Never of us be said
We failed to give God-speed to our adventurous dead.
Not in self-pitying mood
We saw them go,
When they set forth on those spread wings of pain :
So glad, so young,
As birds whose fairest lays are yet unsung
Dart to the height
And thence pour down their passion of delight,
Their passing into melody was turned.
So were our hearts uplifted from the low,
Our griefs to rapture burned ;
And, mounting with the music of that throng,
Cutting a path athwart infinity,
Our puzzled eyes
Achieved the healing skies
To find again
Each wingèd spirit as a speck of song
Embosomed in Thy deep eternity.
Though from our homely fields that feathered joy has
fled
We murmur not. Of us, this word shall not be said.

Evelyn Underhill

THE RED CHRISTMAS

“In these days even our wedding bells ring with sombre and muffled sound.”—Mr. Asquith, in the *Speaker's Library*, November 25, 1915.

O TAKE away the mistletoe
And bring the holly berry,
For all the lads are gone away
And all the girls look sad to-day,
There's no one left with them to play,
And only birds and babes and things unknowing
Dare be merry.
Then take away the mistletoe
And bring the holly berry.

But oh its leaves are fresh and green,
 Why bring the holly berry?
 Because it wears the red, red hue,
 The colour to the season true,
 When war must have his tribute due,
 And only birds and babes and things unknowing
 Can be merry.
 So take away the mistletoe,
 Yet keep the holly berry.

And shall we never see again
 Aught but the holly berry?
 Yes, after sacrifice sublime,
 When rings some later Christmas chime,
 When dawns the new and better time,
 Not only birds and babes and things unknowing
 Shall be merry,
 But you shall see the mistletoe
 Twined with the holly berry.

W. H. Draper

“THERE WILL COME SOFT RAINS”

THERE will come soft rains and the smell of the ground,
 And swallows calling with their shimmering sound ;

And frogs in the pools singing at night,
 And wild-plum trees in tremulous white ;

Robins will wear their feathery fire
 Whistling their whims on a low fence-wire ;

And not one will know of the war, not one
 Will care at last when it is done.

Not one would mind, neither bird nor tree,
 If mankind perished utterly ;

And Spring herself, when she woke at dawn,
 Would scarcely know that we were gone.

Sara Teasdale

BOIS-ÉTOILÉ

WHAT legend of a star that fell
In falchion flight from heavenly flame
Brought to some poet-peasant's mind
The haunting sweetness of thy name ?

War marked thee in thy sylvan sleep—
A spoil too pure for Hell to spare—
Seamed earth, stark, splintered trunks, proclaim
That Bois-Étoilé once was fair.

O wrecked and ravaged Wood of Stars !
The lights that named thee have not set !
In lovelier groves than even thine
France forges victory from them yet !

O green place on a glorious earth,
Thine, too, the martyr's meed shall be ;
With Rheims and Ypres, there shall be found
A space on History's page for thee.

Nor shalt thou lose thine olden trick—
The winds of Peace thy leaves shall stir ;
(Unbudded Aprils yearn, adream,
To keep dead springtides' trysts with her !).

Ethel M. Hewitt

GOING TO THE FRONT

I HAD no heart to march for war
When trees were bare and fell the snow ;
To go to-day is easier far
When pink and white the orchards blow,
While cuckoo calls and from the lilac bush
Carols at peace the well-contented thrush.

For now the gorse is all in flower,
 The chestnut tapers light the morn,
 Gold gleam the oaks, the sun has power
 To robe the glittering plain with corn ;
 I hear from all the land of hope a voice
 That bids me forward bravely and rejoice.

So merry are the lambs at play,
 So cheerfully the cattle feed,
 With such security the May
 Has built green walls round every mead,
 O'er happy roofs such grey old church-towers peep,
 Who would not fight these dear, dear homes to keep ?

For hawthorn wreath, for bluebell glade,
 For miles of buttercup that shine,
 For song of birds in sun and shade
 That fortify this soul of mine,
 For all May joy beneath an English sky,
 How sweet to live—how glad and good to die !

Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley

FAITH

SINCE all that is was ever bound to be ;
 Since grim, eternal laws our Being bind ;
 And both the riddle and the answer find,
 And both the carnage and the calm decree ;
 Since plain within the Book of Destiny
 Is written all the journey of mankind
 Inexorably to the end ; since blind
 And mortal puppets playing parts are we :

Then let's have faith ; good cometh out of ill ;
 The power that shaped the strife shall end the strife ;
 Then let's bow down before the Unknown Will ;
 Fight on, believing all is well with life ;
 Seeing within the worst of War's red rage
 The gleam, the glory of the Golden Age.

Robert W. Service

THE SONG OF THE PACIFIST

WHAT do they matter, our headlong hates, when we
take the toll of our Dead ?

Think ye our glory and gain will pay for the torrent of
blood we have shed ?

By the cheers of our Victory will the heart of the mother
be comforted ?

If by the Victory all we mean is a broken and brooding
foe ;

Is the pomp and power of a glitt'ring hour, and a truce for
an age or so :

By the clay-cold hand on the broken blade we have smitten
a bootless blow !

If by the Triumph we only prove that the sword we sheathe
is bright ;

That justice and truth and love endure ; that Freedom's
throned on the height ;

That the feebler folk shall be unafraid ; that Might shall
never be Right ;

If this be all : by the blood-drenched plains, by the havoc
of fire and fear,

By the rending roar of the War of Wars, by the Dead so
doubly dear . . .

Then our Victory is a vast defeat, and it mocks us as we
cheer.

Victory ! there can be but one, hallowed in every land :

When by the graves of our common dead we who were foe-
men stand ;

And in the hush of our common grief hand is tendered to
hand.

Triumph! Yes, when out of the dust in the splendour of
 their release
 The spirits of those who fell go forth and they hallow our
 hearts to peace,
 And, brothers in pain, with world-wide voice, we clamour
 that War shall cease.

Glory! Ay, when from blackest loss shall be born most
 radiant gain;
 When over the gory fields shall rise a star that never shall
 wane:
 Then, and then only, our Dead shall know that they have
 not fall'n in vain.

When our children's children shall talk of War as a madness
 that may not be;
 When we thank our God for our grief to-day, and blazon
 from sea to sea
 In the name of the Dead the banner of Peace . . . *that will
 be Victory.*

Robert W. Service

A MOTHER UNDERSTANDS

DEAR Lord, I hold my hand to take
 Thy Body, broken once for me,
 Accept the Sacrifice I make,
 My Body, broken, Christ, for Thee.

His was my body, born of me,
 Born of my bitter travail pain,
 And it lies broken on the field,
 Swept by the wind and the rain.

Surely a Mother understands Thy thorn-crowned head,
 The mystery of Thy piercèd hands—the Broken Bread.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy

THE WAR CRY OF THE EAGLES

I

TECUMSEH of the Shawnees
He dreamed a noble dream,—
A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II

The eagles taught Tecumseh
The secret of their clan,—
A way to keep o'er plain and steep
The liberty of Man.
The champions of freedom
They may not weary soon,
Nor lay aside in foolish pride
The vigilance of noon.

Those teachers of Tecumseh
Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plain and soar again
And give the warning cry.

They watched for lurking perils,
The death that skulks and crawls,
To take by stealth their only wealth
On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
That sleep upon the hill;
Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
They struck—and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
Was shadowed by their wings.
Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain."

III

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure ;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone ; they could not hold
Their league for good ; their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone,
Across the fields of light.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth,
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

They see on earth below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.
Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled,
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge o'er the world.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!"

Bliss Carman.

INCIDENTS AND ASPECTS

THE VOLUNTEER

SEZ I : My Country calls ? Well, let it call.
I grins perlitely and declines with thanks.
Go, let 'em plaster every blighted wall,
'Ere's one they don't stampede into the ranks.
'Them politicians with their greasy ways ;
'Them empire-grabbers—fight for 'em ? No fear !
I've seen this mess a-comin' from the days
Of Algyszerious and Aggydear :
 I've felt me passion rise and swell,
 But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill ? Wot the 'ell ?

Sez I : My Country ? Mine ? I likes their cheek.
Me mud-bespattered by the cars they drive,
Wot makes me measly thirty bob a week,
And sweats red blood to keep meself alive !
Fight for the right to slave that they may spend,
Them in their mansions, me 'ere in my slum ?
No, let 'em fight wot's something to defend :
But me, I've nothin', let the Kaiser come.
 And so I cusses 'ard and well,
 But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill ? Wot the 'ell ?

Sez I: If they would do the decent thing,
 And shield the missis and the little 'uns,
 Why, even *I* might shout God save the King,
 And face the chances of them 'ungry guns.
 But we've got three, another on the way ;
 It's that wot makes mc snarl and set me jor :
 The wife and nippers wot of 'em, I say,
 If I gets knocked out in this blasted war ?
 Gets proper busted by a shell,
 But . . . wot the 'ell, Bill? Wot the 'ell ?

Ay, wot the 'ell's the use of all this talk ?
 To-day some boys in blue was passin' me,
 And some of 'em they 'ad no legs to walk,
 And some of 'em they 'ad no eyes to see.
 And—well, I couldn't look 'em in the face,
 And so I'm goin', goin' to declare
 I'm under forty-one and take my place
 To face the music with the bunch out there.
 A fool, you say ! Maybe you're right.
 I'll 'ave no peace unless I fight.
 I've ceased to think ; I only know
 I've gotta go, Bill, gotta go.

Robert W. Service

FLEURETTE

THE wounded Canadian speaks :

My leg ? It's off at the knee.
 Do I miss it ? Well, some. You see
 I've had it since I was born ;
 And lately a devilish corn.
 (I rather chuckle with glee
 To think how I've fooled that corn.)

But I'll hobble around all right.
 It isn't that, it's my face.
 Oh, I know I'm a hideous sight,
 Hardly a thing in place.

Sort of gargoyle, you'd say.
 Nurse won't give me a glass,
 But I see the folks as they pass
 Shudder and turn away ;
 Turn away in distress. . . .
 Mirror enough, I guess.
 I'm gay ! You bet I *am* gay,
 But I wasn't a while ago.
 If you'd seen me even to-day,
 The darnedest picture of woe,
 With this Caliban mug of mine,
 So ravaged and raw and red,
 Turned to the wall—in fine
 Wishing that I were dead . . .
 What has happened since then,
 Since I lay with my face to the wall,
 The most despairing of men !
 Listen ! I'll tell you all.

That *poilu* across the way,
 With the shrapnel wound in his head,
 Has a sister : she came to-day
 To sit awhile by his bed.
 All morning I heard him fret :
 “ Oh, when will she come, Fleurette ? ”

Then sudden, a joyous cry ;
 The tripping of little feet ;
 The softest, tenderest sigh ;
 A voice so fresh and sweet ;
 Clear as a silver bell,
 Fresh as the morning dews :
 “ *C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcel !*
Mon frere, comme je suis heureuse ! ”

So over the blanket's rim
 I raised my terrible face,
 And I saw—how I envied him !
 A girl of such delicate grace ;
 Sixteen, all laughter and love ;
 As gay as a linnet, and yet
 As tenderly sweet as a dove ;
 Half woman, half child—Fleurette.

Then I turned to the wall again.
(I was awfully blue, you see,)
And I thought with a bitter pain :
"Such visions are not for me."
So there like a log I lay,
All hidden, I thought, from view,
When sudden I heard her say :
"Ah! Who is that *malheureux* ?"
Then briefly I heard him tell
(However he came to know)
How I'd smothered a bomb that fell
Into the trench, and so
None of my men were hit,
Though it busted me up a bit.

Well, I didn't quiver an eye,
And he chattered and there she sat ;
And I fancied I heard her sigh—
But I wouldn't just swear to that.
And may be she wasn't so bright,
Though she talked in a merry strain,
And I closed my eyes ever so tight,
Yet I saw her ever so plain :
Her dear little tilted nose,
Her delicate, dimpled chin,
Her mouth like a budding rose,
And the glistening pearls within ;
Her eyes like the violet :
Such a rare little queen—Fleurette.

At last, when she rose to go,
The light was a little dim,
And I ventured to peep, and so
I saw her, graceful and slim,
And she kissed him and kissed him, and oh
How I envied and envied him !

So when she was gone I said
In rather a dreary voice
To him of the opposite bed :
"Ah friend, how you must rejoice !
But me, I'm a thing of dread.

For me nevermore the bliss,
The thrill of a woman's kiss."

Then I stopped, for lo! she was there,
And a great light shone in her eyes.
And me! I could only stare,
I was taken so by surprise,
When gently she bent her head:
"May I kiss you, sergeant?" she said.

Then she kissed my burning lips,
With her mouth like a scented flower,
And I thrilled to the finger-tips,
And I hadn't even the power
To say: "God bless you, dear!"
And I felt such a precious tear
Fall on my withered cheek,
And darn it! I couldn't speak.

And so she went sadly away,
And I know that my eyes were wet.
Ah, not to my dying day
Will I forget, forget!
Can you wonder now I am gay?
God bless her, that little Fleurette!

Robert W. Service

THE RETURN

I HEARD the rumbling guns. I saw the smoke,
The unintelligible shock of hosts that still,
Far off, unseeing, strove and strove again;
And Beauty flying naked down the hill

From morn to eve: and the stern night cried Peace!
And shut the strife in darkness: all was still,
Then slowly crept a triumph on the dark—
And I heard Beauty singing up the hill.

John Freeman

THE TOY BAND

(A SONG OF THE GREAT RETREAT)

DREARY lay the long road, dreary lay the town,
Lights out and never a glint o' moon :
Weary lay the stragglers, half a thousand down,
Sad sighed the weary big Dragoon :
" Oh ! if I'd a drum here to make them take the road again,
Oh ! if I'd a fife to wheedle, Come, boys, come !
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum !

" Hey, but here's a toy shop, here's a drum for me,
Penny whistles too to play the tune !
Half a thousand dead men soon shall hear and see
We're a band ! " said the weary big Dragoon.
" Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Wake and take the road again,
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys, come !
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum ! "

Cheerly goes the dark road, cheerly goes the night,
Cheerly goes the blood to keep the beat :
Half a thousand dead men marching on to fight
With a little penny drum to lift their feet.
Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Wake and take the road again,
Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys, come !
You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
again,
Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum !

As long as there's an Englishman to ask a tale of me,
As long as I can tell the tale aright,
We'll not forget the penny whistle's wheedle-deedle-
dee
And the big Dragoon a-beating down the night,

Rubadub ! Rubadub ! Wake and take the road again,
 Wheedle-deedle-deedle-dee, Come, boys, come !
 You that mean to fight it out, wake and take your load
 again,
 Fall in ! Fall in ! Follow the fife and drum !

Henry Newbolt

A LETTER FROM THE FRONT

I WAS out early to-day, spying about
 From the top of a haystack—such a lovely morning—
 And when I mounted again to canter back
 I saw across a field in the broad sunlight
 A young Gunner Subaltern, stalking along
 With a rook-rifle held at the ready, and—would you believe
 it ?—
 A domestic cat, soberly marching beside him.

So I laughed, and felt quite well disposed to the youngster,
 And shouted out “the top of the morning” to him,
 And wished him “Good sport !”—and then I remembered
 My rank, and his, and what I ought to be doing :
 And I rode nearer, and added, “I can only suppose
 You have not seen the Commander-in-Chief’s order
 Forbidding English officers to annoy their Allies
 By hunting and shooting.”

But he stood and saluted
 And said earnestly, “I beg your pardon, Sir,
 I was only going out to shoot a sparrow
 To feed my cat with.”

So there was the whole picture,
 The lovely early morning, the occasional shell
 Screeching and scattering past us, the empty landscape,—
 Empty, except for the young Gunner saluting,
 And the cat, anxiously watching his every movement.

I may be wrong, and I may have told it badly,
 But it struck *me* as being extremely ludicrous.

Henry Newbolt

THOMAS OF THE LIGHT HEART

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

FACING the guns, he jokes as well
As any judge upon the Bench ;
Between the crash of shell and shell
His laughter rings along the trench ;
He seems immensely tickled by a
Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria."

He whistles down the day-long road,
And, when the chilly shadows fall
And heavier hangs the weary load,
Is he down-hearted ? Not at all.
'Tis then he takes a light and airy
View of the tedious route to Tipperary.

His songs are not exactly hymns ;
He never learned them in the choir ;
And yet they brace his dragging limbs
Although they miss the sacred fire ;
Although his choice and cherished gems
Do not include "The Watch upon the Thames."

He takes to fighting as a game ;
He does no talking, through his hat,
Of holy missions ; all the same
He has his faith—be sure of that ;
He'll not disgrace his sporting breed,
Nor play what isn't cricket. There's his creed.

Owen Seaman

IN THE TRENCHES

AS I lay in the trenches
Under the Hunter's Moon,
My mind ran to the lanches
Cut in a Wiltshire down.

I saw their long black shadows,
The beeches in the lane,
The grey church in the meadows
And my white cottage—plain.

Thinks I, the down lies dreaming
Under that hot moon's eye,
Which sees the shells fly screaming
And men and horses die.

And what makes she, I wonder,
Of the horror and the blood,
And what's her luck, to sunder
The evil from the good?

'Twas more than I could compass,
For how was I to think
With such infernal rumpus
In such a blasted stink?

But here's a thought to tally
With t'other. That moon sees
A shrouded German valley
With woods and ghostly trees.

And maybe there's a river
As we have got at home
With poplar-trees aquiver
And clots of whirling foam.

And over there some fellow,
A German and a foe,
Whose gills are turning yellow
As sure as mine are so,

Watches that riding glory
Apparel'd in her gold,
And craves to hear the story
Her frozen lips enfold.

And if he sees as clearly
As I do where her shrine
Must fall, he longs as dearly,
With heart as full as mine.

Maurice Hewlett

THE GUARDS CAME THROUGH

MEN of the Twenty-first
Up by the Chalk Pit Wood,
Weak with our wounds and our thirst,
Wanting our sleep and our food,
After a day and a night—
God, shall we ever forget!
Beaten and broke in the fight,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.
Trying to hold the line,
Fainting and spent and done,
Always the thud and the whine,
Always the yell of the Hun!
Northumberland, Lancaster, York,
Durham and Somerset,
Fighting alone, worn to the bone,
But sticking it—sticking it yet.

Never a message of hope!
Never a word of cheer!
Fronting Hill 70's shell-swept slope,
With the dull dead plain in our rear.
Always the whine of the shell,
Always the roar of its burst,
Always the tortures of hell,
As waiting and wincing we cursed

Our luck and the guns and the *Boche*,
When our Corporal shouted, "Stand to!"
And I heard some one cry, "Clear the front for
the Guards!"
And the Guards came through.

Our throats they were parched and hot,
But Lord, if you'd heard the cheers!
Irish and Welsh and Scot,
Coldstream and Grenadiers.
Two brigades, if you please,
Dressing as straight as a hem,
We—we were down on our knees,
Praying for us and for them!
Praying with tear-wet cheek,
Praying with outstretched hand.
Lord, I could speak for a week,
But how could you understand!
How should *your* cheeks be wet,
Such feelin's don't come to *you*.
But when can me or my mates forget,
When the Guards came through?

"Five yards left extend!"
It passed from rank to rank.
Line after line with never a bend,
And a touch of the London swank.
A trifle of swank and dash,
Cool as a home parade,
Twinkle and glitter and flash,
Flinching never a shade,
With the shrapnel right in their face
Doing their Hyde Park stunt,
Keeping their swing at an easy pace,
Arms at the trail, eyes front!
Man, it was great to see!
Man, it was fine to do!
It's a cot and a hospital ward for me,
But I'll tell 'em in Blighty, wherever I be,
How the Guards came through.

Arthur Conan Doyle

THE PASSENGERS OF A RETARDED
SUBMERSIBLE

NOVEMBER, 1916

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE :

WHAT was it kept you so long, brave German submersible ?

We have been very anxious lest matters had not gone well
With you and the precious cargo of your country's drugs
and dyes.

But here you are at last, and the sight is good for our eyes,
Glad to welcome you up and out of the caves of the sea,
And ready for sale or barter, whatever your will may be.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE SUBMERSIBLE :

Oh, do not be impatient, good friends of this neutral land,
That we have been so tardy in reaching your eager strand.
We were stopped by a curious chance just off the Irish
coast,

Where the mightiest wreck ever was lay crowded with a
host

Of the dead that went down with her ; and some prayed us
to bring them here

That they might be at home with their brothers and sisters
dear.

We Germans have tender hearts, and it grieved us sore to
say

We were not a passenger ship, and to most we must answer
nay,

But if from among their hundreds they could somehow a half-
score choose

We thought we could manage to bring them, and we would
not refuse.

They chose, and the women and children that are greeting
you here are those

Ghosts of the women and children that the rest of the hun-
dred chose.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE :

What guff are you giving us, Captain? We are able to tell, we hope,

A dozen ghosts, when we see them, apart from a periscope. Come, come, get down to business! For time is money, you know,

And you must make up in both to us for having been so slow.

Better tell this story of yours to the submarines, for we know there was no such wreck, and none of your spookery.

THE GHOSTS OF THE LUSITANIA WOMEN AND CHILDREN :

Oh, kind kin of our murderers, take us back when you sail away ;

Our own kin have forgotten us. O Captain, do not stay ! But hasten, Captain, hasten : The wreck that lies under the sea

Shall be ever the home for us this land can never be.

William Dean Howells

RETREAT

BROKEN, bewildered by the long retreat
 Across the stifling leagues of southern plain,
 Across the scorching leagues of trampled grain,
 Half-stunned, half-blinded, by the trudge of feet
 And dusty smother of the August heat,
 He dreamt of flowers in an English lane,
 Of hedgerow flowers glistening after rain—
 All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet.

All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet—
 The innocent names kept up a cool refrain—
 All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet,
 Chiming and tinkling in his aching brain,
 Until he babbled like a child again—

“ All-heal and willow-herb and meadow-sweet.”

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

RESURRECTION

HE looked back down the long lane of the years—
A fleeting, over-shoulder, furtive glance
Of eyes askance,
Eyes of a fugitive from doubts and fears
Clouding the vision. Yet for self-esteem
The world would offer scaffold and roof-beam,
House of two tiers,
A habitation meet for the elect.
For they were sober levels that he trod
With genial nod
For fellow-journeymen ; he never wrecked
Laughter and banter breaking from a lip
With chill and frost of reticence ; the grip,
Free and unchecked,
Of friendliness had ever met the hand
Outstretched to his ; and in no woman's heart
The sting and dart
Of shame for rifled innocence had banned
Him from the fold and fellowship of the clean.
Sane and serene,
He'd passed the milestones of the beaten track
Leaving remorse few memories to rack ;
With ordered rhythm and unjustled pace
For forty years he'd run an even race.
And yet—and yet—he shunned the retrospect ;
Though it was decked
With the accomplishments of a career,
No sign was there
Nor echo of the battle where strong men
Fight the fierce fight and feel the jarring steel,
Burst through the battlements, and rock and reel
In the red pen
Of blood and dust and rage and victory,
He'd lit no beacon on a storm-tossed sea,
Called no deep music from a great machine ;
He'd never seen
The steel hull shearing sea-cliffs at his will,
Felt no long silence follow his " Be still ! "

Squarely he turned about and saw laid bare
The record where
The tale of his long years was plainly writ :
The schooldays shaped by narrow pedagogues,
The ruddy flares of crackling Christmas logs,
Moments of grit
When he had rounded rocks and raced the tide
Shoreward again ; had felt the hot sand slide
Beneath his feet where lucent shallows broke
And stayed his stroke.
Transcendent moments when an artist sang
A song of rapture welling from the heart,
A song of bitterness when no tears start ;
When rafters rang
To trumpet-calls ; when a great organ filled
The nave and mellowed dome and flute-tones thrilled
The sanctuary ;
When a great orator ruffled the sea
Of human passion ; when the morning flood
Stirred his young blood
And the great Alpine peaks seemed like to pierce
The fragile curtains of his eyes, so fierce
The instancy
Of their white mantle 'gainst the azure sky.

The light of revelation lit the page,
Yet with dull rage
He heard the bitter verdict of his soul :
Down the long gamut of occasions great,
Through lack of valour or edict of fate,
To him the rôle
Of onlooker had fall'n. The years had flown
And left the lonely critic to bemoan
The hollow halls of ease and competence,
The barrier-fence
Raised high against the arena and the fray.
His cheek burned as the vision of the day
When he had lost the woman newly-won
Blurred the bright sun,

And in the fog he was again marooned,
Felt the throb start again within the wound,
The mortal thrust that shattered his day-dream.

Then a cold gleam
Lit the high arch of intellectual days
Whence solace came, borne on the thin clear rays
Of truth discovered. The unfurrowed field
To him did yield
A harvest of essentials, winnowings
Which only went to plenish his wide store
And soon were dead-sea fruit, withered and hoar,
The phantom things
That unto reverie a tribute brought,
Yet like a miser's treasures were not wrought
Into a leaven for the heart and mind
Of poor and blind.

"Self, Self the centre and circumference!"
The judgment ran; he cursed the impotence
That like a palsy held him fast enthralled—
Then England called!

From every arch adown the cloistered years
The echo rang reverberate from the tiers
That seemed to rise exultant at the cry:
"England or die!"

He broke the barrier and found the road,
Imperious impulse spurred him like a goad,
A youth was at his side, but both were dumb,
They heard the drum!

It tuned the tread of his responsive feet,
Within his heart responsive echoes beat,
To left, to right, behind, before, the cry
"England or die!"

Rose on the night. They marched now four abreast,
A full score deep, and ever forward pressed;
The rain streamed from above, splashed from below,
But all aglow,
Linked by one purpose, forged by one intent,
The phalanx marched, their goal the battlement.

They left him lean,
Those strenuous days, but oh! they left him clean
And tingling with the glow of primal joys:
Rough jests of boys,
The taste of bread, the shelter of the tent,
The marching song, the couch beneath the stars,
The laugh triumphant over shocks and jars.
Rent after rent
Gaped in the cloak of shibboleths effete,
Blasts of strong passion through the tatters beat,
Till the last remnant to the wind was borne,
And one grey morn
He rose in fibred panoply. At noon
They numbered off the men of his platoon;
And when they rose to drink to him that night,
The toast "The fight!"
He drained his glass, then lifted it on high:
"England or die!"

Oh! see them now as they swing billetwards,
Out of the dusk into the growing light,
At the grey end of a long Flanders night;
Each face accords
In colour with the dawn, but the tired eyes
Are eyes of veterans; rhythmic beat
Braces the loins, lightens the weary feet;
Song-snatches rise
And fall down the loose files; one lifts his head
To meet the morn but communes with the dead—
His comrade dead, filling a shallow grave
Beneath the nave
Of low grey skies—curses the shrapnel death,
Catches the chorus with his shuddering breath,
Swings to the march again. There in the rear,
Last to appear
The leader comes, a stripling at his side;
The alchemy of night has decked his age
With a strange garb of youth; but to assuage
Time's hungry tide
The stripling's face carries the mask of years;

He only hears
The haunting cadence of his leader's words
That touch the chords
Of memory : Perdita's daffodils ;
Juliet's lark that she so fain would dress
In notes of nightingale ; the wistfulness
Of Devon hills ;
The sob of misty seas ; the fringe of foam
Caressing all the contours of a bay ;
The soft green radiance at the close of day ;
The lights of home—
Strange children of the murky Flanders dawn !
A motor horn
Rends the frail gossamer of reverie :
The platoon stiffens, his voice calls a halt,
The car purrs motionless : " Any assault ? "
" None ! " the reply ;
The car glides on, the tramp of the platoon
Beats out again beneath the morning moon.

He looked down on his dead : the sacrifice
Of gallant hearts stricken before the shrine
Of England and of home ; saw the red wine,
Wine beyond price,
The blood of England's sons so freely given ;
Counted his living comrades, nine in all—
Twenty had answered death's high bugle-call—
And three shot-riven ;
Swore he would hold the rampart until day—
The sun had set on their resplendent hour—
Read grim resolve, determination dour,
Lust for the fray
In every eye, in every countenance.
The radiance
Of a clear moonlit summer sky came down
To bless their fortitude, and all night long
The mantle lay upon the sleeping throng ;
Clenched fist and frown,
Arrested gesture—every lineament
Of horror pent

Within the frozen statuary of death,
 Was softened by that radiant 'whelming flood.
 Alert and silent the thin outpost stood ;
 The deep-drawn breath
 Told how the tide of memory ebbed and flowed,
 And each heart glowed
 Whene'er they heard him pass from post to post,
 A word of home and England on his lip,
 The seal and guerdon of their comradeship,
 And fear was lost
 In the assurance speaking in his eyes :
 " He lives who dies ! "

Just before dawn a cloud-bank drew the moon
 Behind her ramparts ; the black pall of night
 Fell on the slope ; hope vanished with the light ;
 They listened ; soon
 A stone dislodged the climbing feet betrayed,
 They searched the darkness with a fusillade ;
 Then to the stripling : " You will keep guard here ;
 I'll wait them there,"
 The leader whispered, pointing with his sword
 Out where a furrow folded in its dead,
 Where a long furrow drank the stains of red—
 And disappeared
 Over the looming parapet. A breeze
 Ruffled the silence and died down again.
 Would he assail dark destiny in vain ?

.
 The nine hearts freeze
 At a low gurgling sob of agony,
 But flutter free
 As one—two—three revolver shots ring out—
 A stifled shout,
 A scuffle and a groan—and lo ! the light
 Returns as at the call of destiny :
 Down the white slope the stumbling foemen flee
 In piteous plight—
 Nine rifles rattle forth, nine voices cheer,

And from the rear
 A distant echo comes—they turn to see
 A khaki company stream through the dawn—
 Relief and victory with day new-born!
 But where is he?
 They call—he comes; across the open space
 He dashes; ere he gains the rampart's face
 A volley breaks—he totters through the gap—
 The stripling lays him riddled 'gainst the sap.

“The dawn's on Devon hills!” the dry lips sighed,
 “The hills of home!” . . .

John Ernest Adamson

THE CALL

HARK! 'Tis the rush of the horses,
 The crash of the galloping gun!
 The stars are out of their courses;
 The hour of Doom has begun.
 Leap from thy scabbard, O sword!
 This is the Day of the Lord!

Prate not of peace any longer,
 Laughter and idlesse and ease!
 Up, every man that is stronger!
 Leave but the priest on his knees!
 Quick, every hand to the hilt!
 Who striketh not—his the guilt!

Call not each man on his brother!
 Cry not to Heaven to save!
 Thou art the man—not another—
 Thou, to off glove and out glaive!
 Fight ye who ne'er fought before!
 Fight ye old fighters the more!

Oh, but the thrill and the splendour,
 The sudden new knowledge—I can!
 To fawn on no hireling defender,
 But fight one's own fight as a man!
 On woman's love won we set store;
 To win one's own manhood is more.

Who hath a soul that will glow not,
 Set face to face with the foe?
 "Is life worth living?"—I know not:
 Death is worth dying, I know.
 Aye, I would gamble with Hell,
 And—losing such stakes—say, 'Tis well!

F. W. Bourdillon

FRONT LINE

STANDING on the fire-step,
 Harking into the dark,
 The black was filled with figures
 His comrade could not mark.
 Because it was softly snowing,
 Because it was Christmastide,
 He saw three figures passing,
 Glittering in their pride.

One rode a cream-white camel,
 One was a blackamoor,
 One a bearded Persian;
 They all rode up to the door.
 They all rode up to the stable-door,
 Dismounted, and bent the knee.
 The door flamed open like a rose,
 But more he could not see.

Standing on the fire-step
 In softly falling snow,
 It came to him—the carol—
 Out of the long ago.

He heard the glorious organ
Fill transept, loft, and nave.
He faintly heard the pulpit words :
"Himself He could not save."

And all the wires in No-man's-land
Seemed thrummed by ghostly thumbs ;
There woke then such a harping
As when a hero comes,
As when a hero homeward comes—
And then his thought was back :
He leaned against the parapet
And peered into the black.

William Rose Benet

IN GALLIPOLI

THERE is a fold of lion-coloured earth,
With stony feet in the Ægean blue,
Whereon of old dwelt loneliness and dearth
Sun-scorched and desolate ; and when there flew
The winds of winter in these dreary aisles
Of crag and cliff, a whirling snow-wreath bound
The foreheads of the mountains, and their miles
Of frowning precipice and scarp were wound
With stilly white, that peered through brooding mist profound.

But now the myrtle and the rosemary,
The mastic and the rue, the scented thyme
With fragrant fingers gladdening the grey,
Shall kindle on a desert grown sublime,
Henceforth that haggard land doth guard and hold
The treasure of a sovereign nation's womb—
Her fame, her worth, her pride, her purest gold.
Oh, call ye not the sleeping place a tomb
That lifts to heaven's light such everlasting bloom.

They stretch, now high, now low the little scars
 Upon the rugged pelt of herb and stone ;
 Above them sparkle bells and buds and stars
 Young spring hath from her emerald kirtle thrown.
 Asphodel, crocus and anemone
 With silver, azure, crimson once again
 Ray all that earth, and from the murmuring sea
 Come winds to flash the leaves on shore and plain
 Where evermore our dead—our radiant dead shall reign.

Imperishable as the mountain height
 That marks their place afar, their numbers shine,
 Who, with the first-fruits of a joyful might,
 To human liberty another shrine
 Here sanctified ; nor vainly have they sped
 That made this desert dearer far than home,
 And left one sanctuary more to tread
 For England, whose memorial pathways roam
 Beside her hero sons, beneath the field and foam.

Eden Phillpotts

[From *Plain Song*, 1914-1916. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London ; and The Macmillan Company, New York.]

THE LAST RALLY

(Under England's supplementary Conscription Act, the last of the married men joined her colours on June 24, 1916.)

IN the midnight, in the rain,
 That drenches every sooty roof and licks each window-
 pane,
 The bugles blow for the last rally
 Once again.

Through the horror of the night,
 Where glimmers yet northwestward one ghostly strip of
 white,
 Squelching with heavy boots through the untrodden plough-
 lands,
 The troops set out. Eyes right !

These are the last who go because they must,
Who toiled for years at something levelled now in dust ;
Men of thirty, married, settled, who had built up walls of
 comfort
That crumbled at a thrust.

Now they have naked steel,
And the heavy, sopping rain that the clammy skin can feel,
And the leaden weight of rifle and the pack that grinds the
 entrails,
Wrestling with a half-cooked meal.

And there are oaths and blows,
The mud that sticks and flows,
The bad and smoky billet, and the aching legs at morn-
 ing,
And the frost that numbs the toes ;

And the senseless, changeless grind,
And the pettifogging mass of orders muddling every mind,
And the dull-red smudge of mutiny half rising up and burn-
 ing,
Till they choke and stagger blind.

But for them no bugle flares ;
No bright flags leap, no gay horizon glares ;
They are conscripts, middle-aged, rheumatic, cautious,
 weary,
With slowly thinning hairs ;

Only for one to-night
A woman weeps and moans and tries to smite
Her head against a table, and another rocks a cradle,
And another laughs with flashing eyes, sitting bolt upright.

John Gould Fletcher

CHANNEL SUNSET

OVER the shallow, angry English Channel,
Clouds like cavalry masses
Gallop at a charge, dark tawny horsemen,
Towards the coast of Flanders.

The sun strikes out amid them
A shower of golden arrows ;
They waver suddenly in mid-flight,
Break their ranks, stumble and fall,
And cover with scarlet eddies
The shallows of the sea.

But over their heads new masses yet come charging
Towards the coast of Flanders ;
Towards the battle that is shaping,
The struggle of burning spears in the cold twilight.

John Gould Fletcher

RICHMOND PARK

THE thorns were blooming red and white,
The blue air throbbed with May's delight ;
To live was joy. Loud sang the lark
Of peace and love in Richmond Park.

Our crippled soldiers took the sun,
Glad that their bloody work was done ;
Being free to feel the morning's charm,
They grudged no loss of leg or arm.

The yaffles dipped from glade to glade—
Quick gleams of gold and green. I made
A song in my heart. Each hour inspires
Lit by the rhododendron fires.

The cuckoo called : his ancient note
Stirred the world's soul ; and mine it smote
With pain. He quested in sad trees
Whose dead limbs shewed their tragedies.

Yet something of a happier time—
 When oaks could flourish in the prime
 Of spring—came back to all who heard
 The morning voiceful in that bird.

Suddenly boomed a gun. Less bright
 The landscape grew : a droning flight
 Of man-birds scared a singing lark,
 And a yaffle laughed in Richmond Park.

Rowland Thirlmere

INFANTRY

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

IN Paris Town, in Paris Town—'twas 'neath an April
 sky—

I saw a regiment of the line go marching to Versailles ;
 When white along the Bois there shone the chestnut's waxen
 cells,

And the sun was winking on the long Labels,
Flic flac, flic flac, on all the long Labels !

The flowers were out along the Bois, the leaves were over-
 head,

And I saw a regiment of the line that swung in blue and
 red ;

The youth of things, the joy of things, they made my heart
 to beat,

And the quick-step lilting and the tramp of feet !
Flic flac, flic flac, the tramping of the feet !

The spikèd nuts have fallen and the leaf is dull and dry
 Since last I saw a regiment go marching to Versailles ;
 And what's become of all of those that heard the music
 play ?

They trained them for the Frontier upon an August day ;
Flic flac, flic flac, all on an August day !

And some of them they stumbled on the slippery summer
 grass,
 And there they've left them lying with their faces to Alsace ;
 The others—so they'd tell you—ere the chestnut's decked
 for spring,
 Shall march beneath some linden trees to call upon a King ;
Flic flac, flic flac, to call upon a King.

Patrick R. Chalmers

THE BALLAD OF ST. BARBARA ¹

[St. Barbara is the patroness of artillery, and of those who are in fear of sudden death.]

WHEN the long grey lines came flooding upon Paris in
 the plain,
 We stood and drank of the last free air we never could love
 again ;
 They had led us back from a lost battle, to halt we knew
 not where,
 And stilled us ; and our gaping guns were dumb with our
 despair.
 The grey tribes flowed for ever from the infinite lifeless
 lands,
 And a Norman to a Breton spoke, his chin upon his hands :

“ There was an end to Ilium ; and an end came to Rome ;
 And a man plays on a painted stage in the land that he
 calls home.
 Arch after arch of triumph, but floor beyond falling floor,
 That lead to a low door at last . and beyond there is no
 door.”

The Breton to the Norman spoke, like a little child spake
 he,
 But his sea-blue eyes were empty as his home beside the
 sea :

¹ Written on the anniversary of the Battle of the Marne.

“ There are more windows in one house than there are eyes
to see ;
There are more doors in a man’s house, but God has hid
the key ;
Ruin is a builder of windows ; her legend witnesseth
Barbara, the saint of gunners, and a stay in sudden death.”

It seemed the wheel of the worlds stood still an instant
in its turning,
More than the kings of the earth that turned with
the turning of Valmy mill,
While trickled the idle tale and the sea-blue eyes were
burning,
Still as the heart of a whirlwind, the heart of the
world stood still.

“ Barbara the beautiful had praise of lute and pen,
Her hair was like a summer night, dark and desired of men,
Her feet like birds from far away that linger and light in
doubt,
And her face was like a window where a man’s first love
looked out.

“ Her sire was master of many slaves, a hard man of his
hands ;
They built a tower about her in the desolate golden lands,
Sealed as the tyrants sealed their tombs, planned with an
ancient plan,
And set two windows in the tower, like the two eyes of
a man.”

Our guns were set toward the foe ; we had no word
for firing ;
Grey in the gateways of St. Gond the Guard of
the tyrant shone ;
Dark with the fate of a falling star, retiring and re-
tiring,
The Breton line went backwards and the Breton
tale went on.

“ Her father had sailed across the sea from the harbour of
Africa,
When all the slaves took up their tools for the bidding of
Barbara ;
She smote the bare wall with her hand, and bade them
smite again,
She poured them wealth of wine and meat to stay them in
their pain,
And cried through the lifted thunder of thronging hammer
and hod :
‘ Throw open the third window in the third name of God ! ’
Then the hearts failed and the tools fell ; and far towards
the foam
Men saw a shadow on the sands ; and her father coming
home.”

Speak low and low, along the line the whispered word
is flying,
Before the touch, before the time, we may not lose
a breath.
Their guns must mash us to the mire and there be no
replying
Till the hand is raised to fling us for the final dice
to Death.

“ ‘ There were two windows in your tower, Barbara,
Barbara,
For all between the sun and moon in the lands of Africa
Hath a man three eyes, Barbara, a bird three wings,
That you have riven roof and wall to look upon vain things ? ’
Her voice was like a wandering thing that falters, yet is
free,
Whose soul has drunk in a distant land of the rivers of
liberty.
‘ There are more wings than the wind knows, or eyes than
see the sun,
In the light of the lost window and the wind of the doors
undone ;

For out of the first lattice are the red lands that break,
And out of the second lattice, sea like a green snake,
But out of the third lattice, under low eaves like wings
Is a new corner of the sky and the other side of things.' ”

It opened in the inmost place an instant beyond
uttering,
A casement and a chasm and a thunder of doors
undone,
A seraph's strong wing shaken out the shock of its
unshuttering
That split the shattered sunlight from a light be-
hind the sun.

“ Then he drew sword and drave her where the judges sat
and said :
' Cæsar sits above the Gods, Barbara the maid,
Cæsar hath made a treaty with the moon and with the
sun,
All the gods that men can praise, praise him every one.
There is peace with the anointed of the scarlet oils of Bel,
With the Fish God, where the whirlpool is a winding stair
to hell,
With the pathless pyramids of slime, where the mitred
negro lifts
To his black cherub in the cloud abominable gifts,
With the leprous silver cities where the dumb priests dance
and nod,
But not with the three windows and the last name of God.' ”

They are firing, we are falling, and the red skies rend
and shiver us . . .

Barbara, Barbara, we may not loose a breath—
Be at the bursting doors of doom, and in the dark deliver
us,
Who loosen the last window on the sun of sudden
death.

“ Barbara the beautiful stood up as a queen set free,
Whose mouth is set to a terrible cup and the trumpet of
liberty :

‘ I have looked forth from a window that no man now shall
bar,

Cæsar’s toppling battle-towers shall never stretch so far ;
The slaves are dancing in their chains, the child laughs at
the rod,

Because of the bird of the three wings, and the third face of
God.’

The sword upon his shoulder shifted and shone and fell,
And Barbara lay very small and crumpled like a shell.”

What wall upon what hinges turned stands open like a
door ?

Too simple for the sight of faith, too huge for
human eyes,

What light upon what ancient way shines to a far-
off floor,

The line of the lost land of France or the plains of
Paradise ?

“ Cæsar smiled above the gods, his lip of stone was curled,
His iron armies wound like chains round and round the
world,

And the strong slayer of his own that cut down flesh for
grass,

Smiled too, and went to his own tower like a walking tower
of brass,

And the songs ceased and the slaves were dumb ; and far
towards the foam

Men saw a shadow on the sands ; and her father coming
home. . . .

“ Blood of his blood upon the sword stood red but never
dry,

He wiped it slowly, till the blade was blue as the blue sky :
But the blue sky split with a thunder-crack, spat down
a blinding brand,

And all of him lay back and flat as his shadow on the sand.”

The touch and the tornado ; all our guns give tongue
together,

St. Barbara for the gunnery and God defend the
right—

They are stopped and gapped and battered as we
blast away the weather,

Building window upon window to our lady of the
light ;

For the light is come on Liberty, her foes are falling,
falling,

They are reeling, they are running, as the shame-
ful years have run,

She is risen for all the humble, she has heard the
conquered calling,

St. Barbara of the Gunners, with her hand upon
the gun.

They are burst asunder in the midst that eat of their
own flatteries,

Whose lip is curled to order as its barbered hair is
curled . . .

—Blast of the beauty of sudden death, St. Barbara of
the batteries

That blow the new white window in the wall of
all the world.

For the hand is raised behind us, and the bolt smites hard,
Through the rending of the doorways, through the death-
gap of the Guard,

For the shout of the Three Colours is in Condé and beyond,
And the Guard is flung for carrion in the graveyard of St.
Gond ;

Through Mondemont and out of it, through Morin marsh
and on,

With earthquake of salutation the impossible thing is gone ;
Gaul, charioted and charging, great Gaul upon a gun,

Tiptoe on all her thousand years, and trumpeting to the sun,
As day returns, as death returns, swung backward for a
span,

Back on the barbarous reign returns the battering-ram of
Man.

While that the east held hard and hot like pincers in a forge,
 Came like the west wind roaring up the Cannon of St.
 George,
 Where the hunt is up and racing over stream and swamp
 and tarn,
 And their batteries, black with battle, hold the bridge-heads
 of the Marne ;
 And across the carnage of the Guard by Paris in the plain
 The Normans to the Bretons cried ; and the Bretons
 cheered again ;
 But he that told the tale went home to his house beside the
 sea
 And burned before St. Barbara, the light of the windows
 three.
 Three candles for an unknown thing, never to come again,
 That opened like the eye of God on Paris in the plain.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton

FROM A TRENCH

OUT here the dogs of war run loose,
 Their whipper-in is Death ;
 Across the spoilt and battered fields
 We hear their sobbing breath.
 The fields where grew the living corn
 Are heavy with our dead ;
 Yet still the fields at home are green
 And I have heard it said :

That—

There are crocuses at Nottingham !
 Wild crocuses at Nottingham !
 Blue crocuses at Nottingham !
 Though here the grass is red.

There are little girls at Nottingham
 Who do not dread the Boche,
 Young girls at school at Nottingham
 (Lord ! how I need a wash !).

There are little boys at Nottingham
 Who never heard a gun ;
 There are silly fools at Nottingham
 Who think we're here for fun.

When—

There are crocuses at Nottingham !
 Young crocus buds at Nottingham !
 Thousands of buds at Nottingham
 Ungathered by the Hun.

But here we trample down the grass
 Into a purple slime ;
 There lives no tree to give the birds
 House room in pairing-time.
 We live in holes, like cellar rats,
 But through the noise and smell
 I often see those crocuses
 Of which the people tell.

Why !

There are crocuses at Nottingham !
 Bright crocuses at Nottingham !
 Real crocuses at Nottingham !
 Because we're here in Hell.

Maud Anna Bell

MOPSUS

A SEPTEMBER IDYLL

Quoniam convenimus ambo . . . Incipe, Mopse, prior.—VIRGIL.

HE was lounging over the stubble on a slope of St.
 Catherine's Hill,
 While the old swine grubbed contented, and the young pigs
 took their fill
 Of the sweet corn grains that had fallen, and he found me
 under the hedge,
 Looking up to the tower-crowned summit and down far over
 the ledge

Of the Downs to the vale of Medina and the reedy bed of
the Yar,
And the mainland, a shadow ; and one white gleam of the
Solent afar ;—

Mopsus, whose name was Marvin (“ Joe Marvin,” I think
he said),
An urchin just turned fourteen, with a round and hard-
looking head,
But a not unintelligent face, for he certainly was no fool,
And they’d taught him a thing or two at a Spartan village-
school
Where force was not out of fashion : “ They clouted ma
sisterr—she’s slow
To pick up ’er learnning—on th’ ’ead with a book—the
teacherrs, ye know.”—

Mopsus, the name just suits him, an ungainly brand of boy,
With a cheerful grin that marked him to grow up a hobble-
de-hoy,
If it weren’t for a certain humour, a something quaint in
his talk,
A familiar twinkle, a manner of ease, a deliberate walk.
And he leaned on a broken pitch-fork (“ To clout them,”
I told him in chaff,
“ Now you’re on top !”) as Eumaeus of old might have
leant on his staff.

“ And what do you think of, Mopsus ? ” the conventional
poet must ask ;
“ Is it some of the songs they taught you—the pleasant
part of your task
In that school where they clout the backward—of the noon-
day bee that hums
So drowsy——” “ Aw noa,” quoth Mopsus, “ a’m mostly
thinkin’ o’ sums.”

“ What, just arithmetic ? Stuff that you learned in the
standards ? ” “ Aw yuss,
An’ a’ arst ma dad fur a cycle—three poun’, an’ ’e make
no fuss,
No more nor as if I arst ’im fur a five-shillun pair of shoes,
An’—parrdon, but, sirr, have ye read the paper ?—’s ther
any noos

O' the Darrdanelles? Ma brotherr the Isle o' Wight Rifles
'e joined,
An' there's lots of 'em killed a'ready, that last big landing,
you moind,
Wi' the 'Stralians an' Noo Zealan's; *but ma brotherr 'e's
not killed yet.*"—
(Mopsus, lightest of heart, unfeelingest!)—"Maister, ut's
wet,
That bit o' long grass whur ye're sittun', an' yesterday,
would ye believe,
A' sat wi' ma coat aside me, an' a' hearrd just under ma
sleeve
A kind o' a noise o' whustlun, an' a' reached out after
ut so,
An' 'twas thurr in ma pocket—a' drew out quick—'twas
an adderr, ye know."
(I rose rather hastily.) "Mopsus, there's always an ad-
der," I thought,
"In all the pleasantest hedges, so the tedious wise have
taught,"
But I said, "Good-bye, Joe Marvin," and stooped to pick
up my hat.
"But say, do you never feel lonely and just inclined for a
chat?"
"Aw noa," he grinned, "a'm talkun wi' myself most partt
o' the day."
"What, the same old pounds and shillings?"—"Well, ye
know, sirr, it's just this way:
Ma father 'e give me ma wages, six shillun'—enough, says
he,
Fur a boy just done wi' schoolun'—an' thur's lots to buy,
ye see:
Thur's cigarettes for ma brotherr—anythink but Turrkish
'e like—
An' a bugle—the one a'm learrnun' ain't mine—an' a tyre
fur ma bike—
As a' rode up the lanc the firrst time, threc punctures a'
had an' a burrst,
So ye'd best walk down—but a'll show ye the way to the
hilltop firrst."

And he pointed over the stubble to a way he'd lately found
That led to the steeper Down-crest by a sheep-track coiling
round.

And I saw the lonely ocean with but one destroyer in sight
All round from Ventnor town to the Needles glimmering
white,

A squat black beetle-body, sole witness in that wide scene
Of the silent, incredible war with the vanishing submarine;
And was wrapt in the air divine that is unto the body as
wings,

And unto the soul quintessence of glad, unspeakable things.
I think that, whenever I breathe it, 'twill bring back a
thought of that day—

Of Mopsus flicking the bushes in his slouching, leisurely way,
And the brother of whom he told me, as only fourteen
tells,

Whole among thousands mangled at the deathly Dar-
danelles.

Perhaps on a Turkish hillside he is gazing up at the sky,
As he thinks of the far home-coming and the things that
money 'll buy;

And a Spartan school has taught him some other, harder
sums,

Which he calculates, like Mopsus, till a day of reckoning
comes.

Guy Kendall

April, 1915.

THE HELL-GATE OF SOISSONS

MY name is Darino, the poet. You have heard? *Oui*,
Comédie Française.

Perchance it has happened, *mon ami*, you know of my
unworthy lays.

Ah, then you must guess how my fingers are itching to
talk to a pen;

For I was at Soissons, and saw it, the death of the twelve
Englishmen.

My leg, *malheureusement*, I left it behind on the banks of the Aisne.

Regret? I would pay with the other to witness their valour again.

A trifle, indeed, I assure you, to give for the honour to tell How that handful of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

Let me draw you a plan of the battle. Here we French and your Engineers stood;

Over there a detachment of German sharpshooters lay hid in a wood.

A *mitrailleuse* battery planted on top of this well-chosen ridge

Held the road for the Prussians and covered the direct approach to the bridge.

It was madness to dare the dense murder that spewed from those ghastly machines.

(Only those who have danced to its music can know what the *mitrailleuse* means.)

But the bridge on the Aisne was a menace; our safety demanded its fall:

“Engineers,—volunteers!” In a body, the Royals stood out at the call.

Death at best was the fate of that mission—to their glory not one was dismayed.

A party was chosen—and seven survived till the powder was laid.

And *they* died with their fuses unlighted. Another detachment! Again

A sortie is made—all too vainly. The bridge still commanded the Aisne.

We were fighting two foes—Time and Prussia—the moments were worth more than troops.

We *must* blow up the bridge. A lone soldier darts out from the Royals and swoops

For the fuse! Fate seems with us. We cheer him; he
 answers—our hopes are reborn!
 A ball rips his visor—his khaki shows red where another
 has torn.

Will he live—will he last—will he make it? *Helas!* And
 so near to the goal!
 A second, he dies! then a third one! A fourth! Still the
 Germans take toll!
 A fifth, *magnifique!* It is magic! How does he escape
 them? He may . . .
 Yes, he *does!* See, the match flares! A rifle rings out from
 the wood and says “Nay!”

Six, seven, eight, nine take their places, six, seven, eight,
 nine brave their hail;
 Six, seven, eight, nine—how we count them! But the sixth,
 seventh, eighth, and ninth fail!
 A tenth! *Sacré nom!* But these English are soldiers—
 they know how to try;
 (He fumbles the place where his jaw was)—they show, too,
 how heroes can die.

Ten we count—ten who ventured unquailing—ten there
 were—and ten are no more!
 Yet another salutes and superbly essays where the ten
 failed before.
 God of Battles, look down and protect him! Lord, his
 heart is as Thine—let him live!
 But the *mitrailleuse* splutters and stutters, and riddles him
 into a sieve.

Then I thought of my sins, and sat waiting the charge that
 we could not withstand.
 And I thought of my beautiful Paris, and gave a last look
 at the land,
 At France, my *belle France*, in her glory of blue sky and
 green field and wood.
 Death with honour, but never surrender. And to die with
 such men—it was good.

They are forming—the bugles are blaring—they will cross
in a moment and then . . .

When out of the line of the Royals (your island, *mon ami*,
breeds men)

Burst a private, a tawny-haired giant—it was hopeless, but
ciel! how he ran!

Bon Dieu please remember the pattern, and make many
more on his plan!

No cheers from our ranks, and the Germans, they halted in
wonderment too;

See, he reaches the bridge; ah! he lights it! I am dreaming,
it *cannot* be true.

Screams of rage! *Fusillade!* They have killed him!
Too late though, the good work is done.

By the valour of twelve English martyrs, the Hell-Gate of
Soissons is won!

Herbert Kaufman

HENRI

TO-NIGHT I drifted to the restaurant
We scribblers fancy, finding it unchanged
Save that I saw no more my dapper friend,
The waiter Henri. When I asked for him,
“Gone to the War,” another waiter said. . . .

“Gone to the War!” That man, so mild a part
Of peace and its traditions! Debonair,
Childlike, alert, and none too strong, we’d thought.
He who had served so deftly, and, secure,
Had walked the beaten path and sheltered ways—
He now was with the cannon and the kings!
Gentle he was, and ever with a smile.
Ah! wears he still a smile? For now his soul
Has taken iron, and stood forth austere,
Made suddenly acquainted with despair,
And pain, and horror, and the timeless things.
I called him once, and he unhurried came;

And now he hurries at Another's beck—
 Ancient, enormous, immemorial War—
 And, past the trampled valley of the Meuse,
 Finds a red service in the day's vast hall
 Of thunders and in night's domain of death
 Attends, unless he too be of the dead.
 And I sit here beneath the harmless lights !

O simple soul War's hands laid hold upon
 And led to devastations, and the shock
 Of legions, and the rumble of huge guns,
 And crash and lightning of the rended shells,
 Above a region veined and pooled with blood !
 You now have part with all intrepid youth
 That took, in ages past, the battle-line,
 And in a mighty Cause had faith and love.
 You are the hero now, and I the sheep !
 And quietly beneath the pleasant lamps
 I sit, and wonder how you fare to-night.
 It's midnight now in France. Perhaps you find
 Uneasy slumber ; or perhaps, entrenched,
 You wait the night attack across the rain.
 Perhaps, my friend, they've made your bed with spades !
 And I sit moody here, remembering,
 As careless men and women rise and go,
 I never asked you if you had a wife.

George Sterling

ROMANCE

OLD orchard crofts of Picardy,
 In the high warm winds of May,
 Tossed into blossomed billowings,
 And spattered the roads with spray.
 Over the earth the scudding cloud,
 And the laverock whistling high,
 Lifted the drooping heart of the lad
 At one bound to the sky.
 France ! France ! and the old romance
 Came over him like a spell ;

Homesickness and his weariness
Shook from him then and fell ;
For he was again with d'Artagnan ;
With Alan Breck and d'Artagnan ;
And the pipes before him gleefully
Were playing airs of Pan.

Through dust that in a mist uprose
From under the trampling feet,
He saw old storied places, dim
In the haze of the summer heat.
Menace and ambush, wounds and death,
Lurked in the ditch and wood,
But he, high-breasted, walked in joy
With a glorious multitude ;
Great hearts that never perish,
Nor grow old with the aches of Time,
Marched through the morning with him,
All in a magic clime ;
But loved of all was d'Artagnan,
And Alan the kith of kings,
Fond comrades of his childhood's days,
Still on their wanderings.

From miry clefts of the wintry plain
He leapt with his platoon,
The morion on his forehead,
And the soul of him at noon ;
With head high to the hurricane
He walked, and in his breast
He knew himself immortal,
And that death was but a jest
A smile was on his visage
When they found him where he fell,
The gallant old companions,
In an amaranthine dell.

“Lad o' my heart !” cried Alan Breck,
“Well done thy first campaign !”
“Sleep thou till morn,” said d'Artagnan,
“When we three march again !”

Neil Munro

THE MOBILIZATION IN BRITTANY

I

IT was silent in the street.
I did not know until a woman told me,
Sobbing over the muslin she sold me.
Then I went out and walked to the square
And saw a few dazed people standing there.

And then the drums beat, the drums beat!
O then the drums beat!
And hurrying, stumbling through the street
Came the hurrying stumbling feet.
O I have heard the drums beat
For war!
I have heard the townsfolk come,
I have heard the roll and thunder of the nearest drum
As the drummer stopped and cried, "Hear!
Be strong! The summons comes! Prepare!"
Closing, he prayed us to be calm . . .

And there was calm in my heart of the desert, of the dead
sea,
Of vast plains of the West before the coming storm,
And there was calm in their eyes like the last calm that
shall be.

And then the drum beat,
The fatal drum beat,
And the drummer marched through the street
And down to another square,
And the drummer above took up the beat
And sent it onward where,
Huddled, we stood and heard the drums roll,
And then a bell began to toll.

O I have heard the thunder of drums
Crashing into simple poor homes.
I have heard the drums roll "Farewell!"
I have heard the tolling cathedral bell

Will it ever peal again ?
Shall I ever smile or feel again ?
What was joy ? What was pain ?

For I have heard the drums beat,
I have seen the drummer striding from street to street,
Crying, "Be strong! Hear what I must tell!"
While the drums roared and rolled and beat
For war!

II

Last night the men of this region were leaving. Now they
are far.
Rough and strong they are, proud and gay they are.
So this is the way of war . . .

The train was full and we all shouted as it pulled away.
They sang an old war-song, they were true to themselves,
they were gay!
We might have thought they were going for a holiday—

Except for something in the air,
Except for the weeping of the ruddy old women of Finistère.
The younger women do not weep. They dream and stare.

They seem to be walking in dreams. They seem not to
know
It is their homes, their happiness, vanishing so.
(Every strong man between twenty and forty must go.)

They sang an old war-song. I have heard it often in other
days,
But never before when War was walking the world's high-
ways.
They sang, they shouted, the *Marseillaise*!

The train went and another has gone, but none, coming,
has brought word.
Though you may know, you, out in the world, we have not
heard,
We are not sure that the great battalions have stirred—

Except for something, something in the air,
 Except for the weeping of the wild old women of Finistère.
 How long will the others dream and stare ?

The train went. The strong men of this region are all
 away, afar.

Rough and strong they are, proud and gay they are.
 So this is the way of war . . .

Grace Fallow Norton

THE RECRUIT

HIS mother bids him go without a tear ;
 His sweetheart walks beside him, proudly gay,
 "No coward have I loved," her clear eyes say—
 The band blares out and all the townsfolk cheer.

Yet in his heart he thinks : "I am afraid !
 I am afraid of Fear—how can I tell
 If in the ordeal 'twill go ill or well ?
 How can man tell how bravely man is made ?"

Steady he waits, obeying brisk command,
 Head up, chin firm, and every muscle steeled,—
 Thinking : "I shot a rabbit in a field
 And sickened at its blood upon my hand."

The sky is blue and little winds blow free,
 He catches up his comrades' marching-song ;
 Their bayonets glitter as they sweep along—
 ("How ghastly a *red* bayonet must be !")

How the folk stare ! His comrade on the right
 Whispers a joke—is gay and debonair,
 Sure of himself and quite at odds with care ;—
 But does he, too, turn restlessly at night ?

From each familiar scene his inner eye
 Turns to far fields by Titans rent and torn ;
 For in that struggle must his soul be born,
 To look upon itself and live—or die !

Isabel Ecclestone Mackay

PIERROT AT WAR ✓

A YEAR ago in Carnival
We danced till break of day ;
A year ago in Carnival
The boulevards were gay ;
And roses shook the whispering air,
Like a great sibilant soft fanfare.

In Carnival, in Carnival,
A prince of Magic comes,
To the sound of fifes, and the sound of horns,
And the sound of little drums.

A year ago in Carnival,
The lamps along the quays
Lay softer on the misty night
Than stars in leafy trees,
And down the ribboned sparkling street
Pierrot ran on twinkling feet.

Ah year !—There is no Carnival :
The north burns dusky red,
And on the white of Pierrot's brow
Is a long scar instead ;
While ever the muttering runs
From the bleeding lips of the guns.

This year, this year at Carnival
A Prince of Magic comes,
With blood-red crest against the sky
And a snarl of angry drums.

Maxwell Struthers Burt

X HIGH SUMMER X

PINKS and syringa in the garden closes,
 And the sweet privet hedge and golden roses,
 The pines hot in the sun, the drone of the bee,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

The long sunny days and the still weather,
 The cuckoo and blackbird shouting together,
 The lambs calling their mothers out on the lea,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

All doors and windows open : the South wind blowing
 Warm through the clean sweet rooms on tiptoe going,
 Where many sanctities, dear and delightsome, be,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

Daisies leaping in foam on the green grasses,
 The dappled sky and the stream that sings as it passes ;
 These are bought with a price, a bitter fee,
They die in Flanders to keep these for me.

Katharine Tynan

RHEIMS CATHEDRAL—1914

A WINGÈD death has smitten dumb thy bells,
 And poured them molten from thy tragic towers :
 Now are the windows dust that were thy flowers,
 Patterned like frost, petalled like asphodels.
 Gone are the angels and the archangels,
 The saints, the little lamb above thy door,
 The shepherd Christ ! They are not, any more,
 Save in the soul where exiled beauty dwells.

But who has heard within thy vaulted gloom
 That old divine insistence of the sea,
 When music flows along the sculptured stone
 In tides of prayer, for him thy windows bloom
 Like faithful sunset, warm immortally !

Thy bells live on, and Heaven is in their tone !

Grace Hazard Conkling

TO MY DAUGHTER BETTY, THE GIFT OF GOD X

(ELIZABETH DOROTHY)

IN wiser days, my darling rosebud, blown
 To beauty proud as was your mother's prime,
 In that desired, delayed, incredible time,
 You'll ask why I abandoned you, my own,
 And the dear heart that was your baby throne,
 To dice with death. And oh! they'll give you rhyme
 And reason: some will call the thing sublime,
 And some decry it in a knowing tone.
 So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
 And tired men sigh with mud for couch and floor,
 Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
 Died not for flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
 But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
 And for the secret Scripture of the poor.

T. M. Kettle

*The Field, before
 Guillemont, Somme,
 September 4, 1916.*

THE RAINBOW

"And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud."—Genesis, Chap. ix. 14.

I WATCH the white dawn gleam,
 To the thunder of hidden guns.
 I hear the hot shells scream
 Through skies as sweet as a dream
 Where the silver dawnbreak runs,
 And stabbing of light
 Scorches the virginal white.
 But I feel in my being the old, high, sanctified thrill,
 And I thank the gods that the dawn is beautiful still.

From death that hurtles by
 I crouch in the trench day-long,
 But up in the cloudless sky

T.W.P.

From the ground where our dead men lie
 A brown lark soars in song.
 Through the tortured air
 Rent by the shrapnel's flare,
 Over the troubleless dead he carols his fill,
 And I thank the gods that the birds are beautiful still.

Where the parapet is low
 And level with the eye
 Poppies and cornflowers glow
 And the corn sways to and fro
 In a pattern against the sky.
 The gold stalks hide
 Bodies of men who died
 Charging at dawn through the dew to be killed or to kill.
 I thank the gods that the flowers are beautiful still.

When night falls dark we creep
 In silence to our dead.
 We dig a few feet deep
 And leave them there to sleep—
 But blood at night is red,
 Yea, even at night,
 And a dead man's face is white.
 And I dry my hands, that are also trained to kill,
 And I look at the stars—for the stars are beautiful still.

Leslie Coulson

BACK TO REST

(Composed while marching to Rest Camp after severe fighting at Loos.)

A leaping wind from England,
 The skies without a stain,
 Clean cut against the morning
 Slim poplars after rain,
 The foolish noise of sparrows
 And starlings in a wood—
 After the grime of battle
 We know that these are good.

Death whining down from Heaven,
Death roaring from the ground,
Death stinking in the nostril,
Death shrill in every sound,
Doubting, we charged and conquered—
Hopeless we struck and stood.
Now when the fight is ended
We know that it was good.

We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eye unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled,
We that have known the heart blood
Less then the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
We know man is divine.

William Noel Hodgson

PRAYER OF A SOLDIER IN FRANCE

MY shoulders ache beneath my pack
(Lie easier, Cross, upon His back).

I march with feet that burn and smart
(Tread, Holy Feet, upon my heart).

Men shout at me who may not speak
(They scourged Thy back and smote Thy cheek).

I may not lift a hand to clear
My eyes of salty drops that sear.

(When shall my fickle soul forget
The Agony of Bloody Sweat!)

My rifle hand is stiff and numb
(From Thy pierced palms red rivers come).

Lord, Thou didst suffer more for me
Than all the hosts of land and sea.

So let me render back again
This millionth of Thy gift. Amen.

Joyce Kilmer

SOLOMON IN ALL HIS GLORY

STILL I see them coming, coming,
In their ragged broken line,
Walking wounded in the sunlight,
Clothed in majesty divine.

For the fairest of the lilies,
That God's summer ever sees,
Ne'er was clothed in royal beauty
Such as decks the least of these.

Tattered, torn, and bloody khaki,
Glams of white flesh in the sun,
Raiments worthy of their beauty,
And the great things they have done.

Purple robes and snowy linen
Have for earthly kings sufficed,
But these bloody sweaty tatters
Were the robes of Jesus Christ.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy

WAR

THERE'S a soul in the Eternal,
Standing stiff before the King,
There's a little English maiden
Sorrowing.

There's a proud and tearless woman,
Seeing pictures in the fire.

There's a broken battered body
On the wire.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy

POETS MILITANT

THE SOLDIER

IF I should die, think only this of me :
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave once her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

Rupert Brooke

SAFETY

DEAR ! of all happy in the hour, most blest
He who has found our hid security,
Assured in the dark tides of the world that rest,
And heard our word, " Who is so safe as we ? "
We have found safety with all things undying,
The winds, and morning, tears of men and mirth,
The deep night, and birds singing, and clouds flying,
And sleep, and freedom, and the autumnal earth.

We have built a house that is not for Time's throwing.
 We have gained a peace unshaken by pain for ever.
 War knows no power. Safe shall be my going,
 Secretly armed against all death's endeavour ;
 Safe though all safety's lost ; safe where men fall ;
 And if these poor limbs die, safest of all.

Rupert Brooke

PEACE

NOW, God be thanked Who has matched us with His
 hour,
 And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping,
 With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
 To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,
 Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
 Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
 And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
 And all the little emptiness of love !

Oh ! we, who have known shame, we have found release
 there,
 Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,
 Naught broken save this body, lost but breath ;
 Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there
 But only agony, and that has ending ;
 And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

Rupert Brooke

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH . . .

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death
 At some disputed barricade,
 When Spring comes back with rustling shade
 And apple-blossoms fill the air—
 I have a rendezvous with Death
 When Springs brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true.
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

Alan Seeger

CHAMPAGNE, 1914-15

IN the glad revels, in the happy fêtes,
When cheeks are flushed, and glasses gilt and pearly
With the sweet wine of France that concentrates
The sunshine and the beauty of the world,

Drink sometimes, you whose footsteps yet may tread
The undisturbed, delightful paths of Earth,
To those whose blood, in pious duty shed,
Hallows the soil where that same wine had birth.

Here, by devoted comrades laid away,
Along our lines they slumber where they fell,
Beside the crater at the Ferme d'Alger
And up the bloody slopes of La Pompelle,

And round the city whose cathedral towers
The enemies of Beauty dared profane,
And in the mat of multicoloured flowers
That clothe the sunny chalk-fields of Champagne

Under the little crosses where they rise
The soldier rests. Now round him undismayed
The cannon thunders, and at night he lies
At peace beneath the eternal fusillade . . .

That other generations might possess—
From shame and menace free in years to come—
A richer heritage of happiness,
He marched to that heroic martyrdom,

Esteeming less the forfeit that he paid
Than undishonoured that his flag might float
Over the towers of liberty, he made
His breast the bulwark and his blood the moat.

Obscurely sacrificed, his nameless tomb,
Bare of the sculptor's art, the poet's lines,
Summer shall flush with poppy-fields in bloom,
And Autumn yellow with maturing vines.

There the grape-pickers at their harvesting
Shall lightly tread and load their wicker trays,
Blessing his memory as they toil and sing
In the slant sunshine of October days . . .

I love to think that if my blood should be
So privileged to sink where his has sunk,
I shall not pass from Earth entirely,
But when the banquet rings, when healths are drunk,

And faces that the joys of living fill
Glow radiant with laughter and good cheer,
In beaming cups some spark of me shall still
Brim toward the lips that once I held so dear.

So shall one coveting no higher plane
Than nature clothes in colour and flesh and tone,
Even from the grave put upward to attain
The dreams youth cherished and missed and might have
known :

And that strong need that strove unsatisfied
Toward earthly beauty in all forms it wore,
Not death itself shall utterly divide
From the beloved shapes it thirsted for.

Alas, how many an adept for whose arms
Life held delicious offerings perished here,
How many in the prime of all that charms,
Crowned with all gifts that conquer and endear !

Honour them not so much with tears and flowers,
But you with whom the sweet fulfilment lies,
Where in the anguish of atrocious hours
Turned their last thoughts and closed their dying eyes,

Rather when music on bright gatherings lays
Its tender spell, and joy is uppermost,
Be mindful of the men they were, and raise
Your glasses to them in one silent toast.

Drink to them—amorous of dear Earth as well,
They asked no tribute lovelier than this—
And in the wine that ripened where they fell,
Oh, frame your lips as though it were a kiss.

Alan Seeger

*Champagne, France,
July, 1915.*

INTO BATTLE

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these ;
And he is dead who will not fight ;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth ;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend ;
They gently speak in the windy weather ;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, " Brother, brother,
If this be the last song you shall sing,
Sing well, for you may not sing another ;
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers ;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts !

And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy-of-Battle takes
Him by the throat, and makes him blind,

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air Death moans and sings ;
But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

Flanders, April, 1915.

Julian Grenfell

THE PLACE

BLOSSOMS as old as May I scatter here,
And a blue wave I lifted from the stream.
It shall not know when winter days are drear
Or March is hoarse with blowing. But a-dream
The laurel boughs shall hold a canopy
Peacefully over it the winter long,
Till all the birds are back from oversea,
And April rainbows win a blackbird's song.

And when the war is over I shall take
My lute a-down to it and sing again
Songs of the whispering things amongst the brake,
And those I love shall know them by their strain.
Their airs shall be the blackbird's twilight song,
Their words shall be all flowers with fresh dew's hoar.—
But it is lonely now in winter long,
And, God ! to hear the blackbird sing once more.

Francis Ledwidge

EVENING CLOUDS

A LITTLE flock of clouds go down to rest
 In some blue corner off the moon's highway,
 With shepherd winds that shook them in the West
 To borrowed shapes of earth, in bright array,
 Perhaps to weave a rainbow's gay festoons
 Around the lonesome isle which Brooke has made
 A little England full of lovely noons,
 Or dot it with his country's mountain shade.

Ah, little wanderers, when you reach that isle
 Tell him, with dripping dew, they have not failed,
 What he loved most; for late I roamed awhile
 Thro' English fields and down her rivers sailed;
 And they remember him with beauty caught
 From old desires of Oriental Spring
 Heard in his heart with singing overwrought;
 And still on Purley Common gooseboys sing.

Francis Ledwidge

SONGS FROM AN EVIL WOOD

I

THERE is no wrath in the stars,
 They do not rage in the sky;
 I look from the evil wood
 And find myself wondering why.

Why do they not scream out
 And grapple star against star,
 Seeking for blood in the wood
 As all things round me are?

They do not glare like the sky
 Or flash like the deeps of the wood;
 But they shine softly on
 In their sacred solitude.

To their high, happy haunts
Silence from us has flown,
She whom we loved of old
And know it now she is gone.

When will she come again,
Though for one second only ?
She whom we loved is gone
And the whole world is lonely.

II

Somewhere lost in the haze
The sun goes down in the cold,
And birds in this evil wood
Chirrup home as of old ;

Chirrup, stir and are still
On the high twigs frozen and thin.
There is no more noise of them now,
And the long night sets in.

Of all the wonderful things
That I have seen in the wood,
I marvel most at the birds
And their wonderful quietude.

For a giant smites with his club
All day the tops of the hill,
Sometimes he rests at night,
Oftener he beats them still.

And a dwarf with a grim black mane
Raps with repeated rage
All night in the valley below
On the wooden walls of his cage.

And the elder giants come
Sometimes, tramping from far
Through the weird and flickering light
Made by an earthly star.

And the giant with his club,
 And the dwarf with rage in his breath,
 And the elder giants from far,
 They are all the children of Death.

They are all abroad to-night
 And are breaking the hills with their brood,
 And the birds are all asleep
 Even in Plug Street Wood !

III

The great guns of England, they listen mile on mile
 To the boasts of a broken War-Lord ; they lift their throats
 and smile ;
 But the old woods are fallen
 For a while.

The old woods are fallen ; yet will they come again,
 They will come back some springtime with the warm winds
 and the rain,
 For Nature guardeth her children
 Never in vain.

They will come back some season ; it may be a hundred
 years ;
 It is all one to Nature with the centuries that are hers ;
 She shall bring back her children
 And dry all their tears.

But the tears of a would-be War-Lord shall never cease to
 flow,
 He shall weep for the poisoned armies whenever the gas-
 winds blow,
 He shall always weep for his widows,
 And all Hell shall know.

The tears of a pitiless Kaiser shallow they'll flow and wide,
 Wide as the desolation made by his silly pride
 When he slaughtered a little people
 To stab France in her side.

Over the ragged cinders they shall flow and on and on
With the listless falling of streams that find not Oblivion,
For ages and ages of years
Till the last star is gone.

IV

I met with Death in his country,
With his scythe and his hollow eye,
Walking the roads of Belgium.
I looked and he passed me by.

Since he passed me by in Plug Street,
In the wood of the evil name,
I shall not now lie with the heroes,
I shall not share their fame,

I shall never be as they are,
A name in the lands of the Free,
Since I looked on Death in Flanders
And he did not look at me.

Dunsany

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI

FROM morn to midnight, all day through,
I laugh and play as others do,
I sin and chatter, just the same
As others with a different name.

And all year long upon the stage,
I dance and tumble and do rage
So vehemently, I scarcely see
The inner and eternal me.

I have a temple I do not
Visit, a heart I have forgot,
A self that I have never met,
A secret shrine—and yet, and yet

This sanctuary of my soul
 Unwitting I keep white and whole,
 Unlatched and lit, if Thou should'st care
 To enter or to tarry there.

With parted lips and outstretched hands
 And listening ears Thy servant stands,
 Call Thou early, call Thou late,
 To Thy great service dedicate.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

May, 1915.

“ALL THE HILLS AND VALES ALONG”

ALL the hills and vales along
 Earth is bursting into song,
 And the singers are the chaps
 Who are going to die perhaps.
 O sing, marching men,
 Till the valleys ring again.
 Give your gladness to earth's keeping,
 So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,
 Think what you are marching to.
 Little live, great pass.
 Jesus Christ and Barabbas
 Were found the same day.
 This died, that went his way.
 So sing with joyful breath.
 For why, you are going to death.
 Teeming earth will surely store
 All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
 Earth that knows of death, not tears,
 Earth that bore with joyful ease
 Hemlock for Socrates,

Earth that blossomed and was glad
 'Neath the cross that Christ had,
 Shall rejoice and blossom too
 When the bullet reaches you.

Wherefore, men marching
 On the road to death, sing !
 Pour your gladness on earth's head,
 So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth
 Shouts back the sound of mirth,
 Tramp of feet and lilt of song
 Ringing all the road along.
 All the music of their going,
 Ringing, swinging, glad song-throwing,
 Earth will echo still, when foot
 Lies numb and voice mute.

On, marching men, on
 To the gates of death with song.
 Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,
 So you may be glad, though sleeping.
 Strew your gladness on earth's bed,
 So be merry, so be dead.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

TO MY BROTHER

THIS will I do when we have peace again,
 Peace and return, to ease my heart of pain.
 Crouched in the brittle reed-beds, wrapt in grey,
 I'll watch the dawning of the winter's day,
 The peaceful, clinging darkness of the night
 That mingles with mysterious morning light,
 And graceful rushes melting in the haze ;
 While all around in winding waterways,
 The wildfowl gabble cheerfully and low,
 Or wheel with pulsing whistle to and fro,
 Filling the silent down with joyous song,
 Swelling and dying as they sweep along ;

Till shadows of vague trees deceive the eyes,
And stealthily the sun begins to rise,
Striving to smear with pink the frosted sky,
And pierce the silver mists' opacity ;
Until the hazy silhouettes grow clear,
And faintest hints of colouring appear,
And the slow, throbbing, red, distorted sun
Reaches the sky, and all the large mists run,
Leaving the little ones to wreathe and shiver,
Pathetic, clinging to the friendly river ;
Until the watchful heron, grim and gaunt,
Shows ghostlike, standing at his chosen haunt,
And jerkily the moorhens venture out,
Spreading swift-circled ripples round about,
And softly to the ear, and leisurely,
Querulous, comes the plaintive plover's cry ;
And then maybe some whispering near by,
Some still small sound as of a happy sigh,
Shall steal upon my senses soft as air,
And, brother ! I shall know that you are there.

And in the lazy summer nights I'll glide
Silently down the sleepy river's tide,
Listening to the music of the stream,
The plop of ponderously playful bream,
The water whispering around the boat,
And from afar the white owl's liquid note,
Lingering through the stillness soft and slow,
Watching the little yacht's red, homely glow,
Her vague reflection, and her clean-cut spars,
Ink-black against the silverness of the stars,
Stealthily slipping into nothingness ;
While on the river's moon-splashed surfaces,
Tall shadows sweep. Then when I go to rest
It may be that my slumbers will be blessed
By the faint sound of your untroubled breath,
Proving your presence near, in spite of death.

Miles Jeffrey Game Day

A PETITION

ALL that a man might ask thou hast given me,
England,
Birthright and happy childhood's long heart's-ease,
And love whose range is deep beyond all sounding
And wider than all seas :
A heart to front the world and find God in it,
Eyes blind enow but not too blind to see
The lovely things behind the dross and darkness,
And lovelier things to be ;
And friends whose loyalty time nor death shall weaken,
And quenchless hope and laughter's golden store—
All that a man might ask thou hast given me, England,
Yet grant thou one thing more :
That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I,
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
England, for thee to die.

Robert Ernest Vernède

THE NEW SCHOOL

THE halls that were loud with the merry tread of
young and careless feet
Are still with a stillness that is too drear to seem like
holiday,
And never a gust of laughter breaks the calm of the dreaming
street
Or rises to shake the ivied walls and frighten the doves
away.
The dust is on book and on empty desk, and the tennis-
racquet and balls
Lie still in their lonely locker and wait for a game that
is never played,
And over the study and lecture-room and the river and
meadow falls
A stern peace, a strange peace, a peace that War has
made.

For many a youthful shoulder now is gay with an epaulet,
And the hand that was deft with a cricket-bat is defter
with a sword,
And some of the lads will laugh to-day where the trench
is red and wet,
And some will win on the bloody field the accolade of
the Lord.

They have taken their youth and mirth away from the
study and playing-ground
To a new school in an alien land beneath an alien sky ;
Out in the smoke and roar of the fight their lessons and
games are found,
And they who were learning how to live are learning how
to die.

And after the golden day has come and the war is at an
end,
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will tell of the noble
dead.
And every name on that radiant list will be the name of a
friend,
A name that shall through the centuries in grateful
prayers be said.

And there will be ghosts in the old school, brave ghosts
with laughing eyes,
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by the stream
with a ghostly rod ;
They will touch the hearts of the living with a flame that
sanctifies,
A flame that they took with strong young hands from the
altar-fires of God.

Joyce Kilmer

[From *Main Street and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

X
KINGS

THE Kings of the earth are men of might,
And cities are burned for their delight,
And the skies rain death in the silent night,
And the hills belch death all day!

But the King of Heaven, Who made them all,
Is fair and gentle, and very small;
He lies in the straw, by the oxen's stall—
Let them think of Him to-day!

Joyce Kilmer

[From *Main Street and Other Poems*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

X
COMRADES : AN EPISODE

BEFORE, before he was aware
The "Verey" light had risen . . . on the air
It hung glistening . . .

And he could not stay his hand
From moving to the barbed wire's broken strand.
A rifle cracked.

He fell.

Night waned. He was alone. A heavy shell
Whispered itself passing high, high overhead.
His wound was wet to his hand: for still it bled
On to the glimmering ground.

Then with a slow, vain smile his wound he bound,
Knowing, of course, he'd not see home again—
Home whose thought he put away.

His men

Whispered: "Where's Mister Gates?" "Out on the
wire."

"I'll get him," said one. . . .

Dawn blinked, and the fire
Of the Germans heaved up and down the line.
"Stand to!"

Too late ! " I'll get him." " O the swine !
 When we might get him in yet safe and whole !"
 " Corporal didn't see 'un fall out on patrol,
 Or he'd 'a got 'un." " Sssh !"

" No talking there."

A whisper : "'A went down at the last flare."
 Meanwhile the Maxims toc-toe-tocked ; their swish
 Of bullets told death lurked against the wish.
 No hope for him !

His corporal, as one shamed,
 Vainly and helplessly his ill-luck blamed.

* * * * *

Then Gates slowly saw the morn
 Break in a rosy peace through the lone thorn
 By which he lay, and felt the dawn-wind pass
 Whispering through the pallid, stalky grass
 Of No-Man's Land. . . .

And the tears came
 Scaldingly sweet, more lovely than a flame.
 He closed his eyes : he thought of home
 And grit his teeth. He knew no help could come. . . .

* * * * *

The silent sun over the earth held sway,
 Occasional rifles cracked and far away
 A heedless speck, a 'plane, slid on alone,
 Like a fly traversing a cliff of stone.

" I must get back," said Gates aloud, and heaved
 At his body. But it lay bereaved
 Of any power. He could not wait till night . . .
 And he lay still. Blood swam across his sight.
 Then with a groan :
 " No luck ever ! Well, I must die alone."

Occasional rifles cracked. A cloud that shone,
 Gold-rimmed, blackened the sun and then was gone. . . .
 The sun still smiled. The grass sang in its play.
 Someone whistled : " Over the hills and far away."

Gates watched silently the swift, swift sun
 Burning his life before it was begun. . . .
 Suddenly he heard Corporal Timmins' voice : " Now then,
 'Urry up with that tea."

" Hi Ginger ! " " Bill ! " His men !
 Timmins and Jones and Wilkinson (the " bard "),
 And Hughes and Simpson. It was hard
 Not to see them : Wilkinson, stubby, grim,
 With his " No, sir, " " Yes, sir, " and the slim
 Simpson : " Indeed, sir ? " (while it seemed he winked
 Because his smiling left eye always blinked),
 And Corporal Timmins, straight and blond and wise,
 With his quiet-scanning, level, hazel eyes ;
 And all the others . . . tunics that didn't fit . . .
 A dozen different sorts of eyes, O it
 Was hard to lie there ! Yet he must. But no :
 " I've got to die, I'll get to them, I'll go."

Inch by inch he fought, breathless and mute,
 Dragging his carcass like a famished brute. . . .
 His head was hammering, and his eyes were dim ;
 A bloody sweat seemed to ooze out of him
 And freeze along his spine. . . . Then he'd lie still
 Before another effort of his will
 Took him one nearer yard.

* * * * *

The parapet was reached.

He could not rise to it. A lookout screeched :
 " Mr. Gates ! "

Three figures in one breath
 Leaped up. Two figures fell on toppling death ;
 And Gates was lifted in. " Who's hit ? " said he.
 " Timmins and Jones. " " Why did they that for me ?—
 I'm gone already ! " Gently they laid him prone
 And silently watched.

He twitched. They heard him moan
 " Why for me ? " His eyes roamed round, and none replied.
 " I see it was alone I should have died. "
 They shook their heads. Then, " Is the doctor here ? "
 " He's coming, sir ; he's hurryin', no fear. "

"No good . . .

Lift me." They lifted him.
He smiled and held his arms out to the dim,
And in a moment passed beyond their ken,
Hearing him whisper, "O my men, my men!"

Robert Nichols

*In Hospital, London,
Autumn, 1915.*

FULFILMENT

WAS there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
Other loves I have, men rough, but men who stir
More grief, more joy, than love of thee and thine.

Faces cheerful, full of whimsical mirth,
Lined by the wind, burned by the sun;
Bodies enraptured by the abounding earth,
As whose children we are brethren: one.

And any moment may descend hot death
To shatter limbs! Pulp, tear, blast
Belovèd soldiers who love rough life and breath
Not less for dying faithful to the last.

O the fading eyes, the grimed face turned bony,
Oped mouth gushing, fallen head,
Lessening pressure of a hand, shrunk, clammed and stony!
O sudden spasm, release of the dead!

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,
All, all my joy, my grief, my love, are thine.

Robert Nichols

THE DAY'S MARCH

THE battery grides and jingles,
Mile succeeds to mile ;
Shaking the noonday sunshine
The guns lunge out awhile,
And then are still awhile.

We amble along the highway ;
The reeking, powdery dust
Ascends and cakes our faces
With a striped, sweaty crust.

Under the still sky's violet
The heat throbs on the air . . .
The white road's dusty radiance
Assumes a dark glare.

With a head hot and heavy
And eyes that cannot rest,
And a black heart burning
In a stifled breast,

I sit in the saddle,
I feel the road unroll,
And keep my senses straightened
Toward to-morrow's goal.

There, over unknown meadows
Which we must reach at last,
Day and night thunders
A black and chilly blast.

Heads forget heaviness,
Hearts forget spleen,
For by that mighty winnowing
Being is blown clean.

Light in the eyes again,
 Strength in the hand,
 A spirit dares, dies, forgives,
 And can understand !

And, best ! Love comes back again
 After grief and shame,
 And along the wind of death
 Throws a clean flame.

.
 The battery grides and jingles,
 Mile succeeds to mile ;
 Suddenly battering the silence
 The guns burst out awhile . . .

I lift my head and smile.

Robert Nichols

THE TROOPS

DIM, gradual thinning of the shapeless gloom
 Shudders to drizzling daybreak that reveals
 Disconsolate men who stamp their sodden boots
 And turn dulled, sunken faces to the sky
 Haggard and hopeless. They, who have beaten down
 The stale despair of night, must now renew
 Their desolation in the truce of dawn,
 Murdering the livid hours that grope for peace.

Yet these, who cling to life with stubborn hands,
 Can grin through storms of death and find a gap
 In the clawed, cruel tangles of his defence.
 They march from safety, and the bird-sung joy
 Of grass-green thickets, to the land where all
 Is ruin, and nothing blossoms but the sky
 That hastens over them where they endure
 Sad, smoking, flat horizons, reeking woods,
 And foundered trench-lines volleying doom for doom.

O my brave brown companions, when your souls
Flock silently away, and the eyeless dead
Shame the wild beast of battle on the ridge,
Death will stand grieving in that field of war
Since your unvanquished hardihood is spent,
And through some mooned Valhalla there will pass
Battalions and battalions, scared from hell ;
The unreturning army that was youth ;
The legions who have suffered and are dust.

Siegfried Sassoon

TRENCH DUTY

SHAKEN from sleep, and numbed and scarce awake,
Out in the trench with three hours' watch to take,
I blunder through the splashing mirk ; and then
Hear the gruff muttering voices of the men
Crouching in cabins candle-chinked with light.
Hark ! There's the big bombardment on our right
Rumbling and bumping ; and the dark's a glare
Of flickering horror in the sectors where
We raid the Boche ; men waiting, stiff and chilled,
Or crawling on their bellies through the wire.
" What ? Stretcher-bearers wanted ? Some one killed ? "
Five minutes ago I heard a sniper fire :
Why did he do it ? . . . Starlight overhead—
Blank stars. I'm wide-awake ; and some chap's dead.

Siegfried Sassoon

MAGPIES IN PICARDY

THE magpies in Picardy
Are more than I can tell.
They flicker down the dusty roads
And cast a magic spell
On the men who march through Picardy,
Through Picardy to hell.

(The blackbird flies with panic,
 The swallow goes like light,
 The finches move like ladies,
 The owl floats by at night ;
 But the great and flashing magpie
 He flies as artists might.)

A magpie in Picardy
 Told me secret things—
 Of the music in white feathers,
 And the sunlight that sings
 And dances in deep shadows—
 He told me with his wings.

(The hawk is cruel and rigid,
 He watches from a height ;
 The rook is slow and sombre,
 The robin loves to fight ; |
 But the great and flashing magpie
 He flies as lovers might.)

He told me that in Picardy,
 An age ago or more,
 While all his fathers still were eggs,
 These dusty highways bore
 Brown, singing soldiers marching out
 Through Picardy to war.

He said that still through chaos
 Works on the ancient plan,
 And two things have altered not
 Since first the world began—
 The beauty of the wild green earth
 And the bravery of man.

(For the sparrow flies unthinking
 And quarrels in his flight.
 The heron trails his legs behind,
 The lark goes out of sight ;
 But the great and flashing magpie
 He flies as poets might.)

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE FACE

(GUILLEMONT)

OUT of the smoke of men's wrath,
The red mist of anger,
Suddenly,
As a wraith of sleep,
A boy's face, white and tense,
Convulsed with terror and hate,
The lips trembling. . . .

Then a red smear, falling. . . .
I thrust aside the cloud, as it were tangible,
Blinded with a mist of blood.
The face cometh again
As a wraith of sleep:
A boy's face, delicate and blond,
The very mask of God,
Broken.

Frederic Manning

THE SIGN

WE are here in a wood of little beeches:
And the leaves are like black lace
Against a sky of nacre.

One bough of clear promise
Across the moon.

It is in this wise that God speaketh unto me.
He layeth hands of healing upon my flesh,
Stillling it in an eternal peace,
Until my soul reaches out myriad and infinite hands
Toward Him,
And is eased of its hunger.

And I know that this passes :
 This implacable fury and torment of men,
 As a thing insensate and vain :
 And the stillness hath said unto me,
 Over the tumult of sounds and shaken flame,
 Out of the terrible beauty of wrath,
I alone am eternal.

One bough of clear promise
 Across the moon.

Frederic Manning

THE TRENCHES

ENDLESS lanes sunken in the clay,
 Bays, and traverses, fringed with wasted herbage,
 Seed-pods of blue scabious, and some lingering blooms ;
 And the sky, seen as from a well,
 Brilliant with frosty stars.
 We stumble, cursing, on the slippery duck-boards.
 Goaded like the damned by some invisible wrath,
 A will stronger than weariness, stronger than animal fear,
 Implacable and monotonous.

Here a shaft, slanting, and below
 A dusty and flickering light from one feeble candle
 And prone figures sleeping uneasily,
 Murmuring,
 And men who cannot sleep,
 With faces impassive as masks,
 Bright, feverish eyes, and drawn lips,
 Sad, pitiless, terrible faces,
 Each an incarnate curse.

Here in a bay, a helmeted sentry
 Silent and motionless, watching while two sleep,
 And he sees before him
 With indifferent eyes the blasted and torn land
 Peopled with stiff prone forms, stupidly rigid,
 As tho' they had not been men.

Dead are the lips where love laughed or sang,
The hands of youth eager to lay hold of life,
Eyes that have laughed to eyes,
And these were begotten,
O Love, and lived lightly, and burnt
With the lust of a man's first strength : ere they were rent,
Almost at unawares, savagely ; and strewn
In bloody fragments, to be the carrion
Of rats and crows.

And the sentry moves not, searching
Night for menace with weary eyes.

Frederick Manning

TRANSPORT

(COURCELLES)

THE moon swims in milkiness,
The road glimmers curving down into the wooded
valley,
And with a clashing and creaking of tackle and axles
The train of limbers passes me, and the mules
Splash me with mud, thrusting me from the road into
puddles,
Straining at the tackle with a bitter patience,
Passing me. . . .
And into a patch of moonlight,
With beautiful curved necks and manes,
Heads reined back, and nostrils dilated,
Impatient of restraint,
Pass two grey stallions,
Such as Oenetia bred ;
Beautiful as the horses of Hippolytus
Carven on some antique frieze.
And my heart rejoices seeing their strength in play,
The mere animal life of them,
Lusting,
As a thing passionate and proud.

Then again the limbers and grotesque mules.

Frederic Manning

NO MAN'S LAND

NO MAN'S LAND is an eerie sight
 At early dawn in the pale grey light.
 Never a house and never a hedge
 In No Man's Land from edge to edge.
 And never a living soul walks there
 To taste the fresh of the morning air ;—
 Only some lumps of rotting clay,
 That were friends or foemen yesterday.

What are the bounds of No Man's Land ?
 You can see them clearly on either hand,
 A mound of rag-bags grey in the sun,
 Or a furrow of brown where the earthworks run
 From the eastern hills to the western sea,
 Through field or forest o'er river and lea ;
 No man may pass them, but aim you well
 And Death rides across on the bullet or shell.

But No Man's Land is a Goblin sight
 When patrols crawl over at dead o' night ;
Boche or British, Belgian or French,
 You dice with death when you cross the trench.
 When the "rapid," like fireflies in the dark,
 Flits down the parapet spark by spark,
 And you drop for cover to keep your head
 With your face on the breast of the four months' dead.

The man who ranges in No Man's Land
 Is dogged by the shadows on either hand
 When the star-shell's flare, as it bursts o'erhead,
 Scares the grey rats that feed on the dead,
 And the bursting bomb or the bayonet-snatch
 May answer the click of your safety-catch,
 For the lone patrol, with his life in his hand,
 Is hunting for blood in No Man's Land.

James H. Knight-Adkin

"ON LES AURA!"

SOLDAT JACQUES BONHOMME LOQUITUR :

SEE you that stretch of shell-torn mud spotted with
pools of mire,
Crossed by a burst abandoned trench and tortured strands
of wire,
Where splintered pickets reel and sag and leprous trench-
rats play,
That scour the Devil's hunting-ground to seek their
carrion prey?
That is the field my father loved, the field that once was
mine,
The land I nursed for my child's-child as my fathers did
long syne.

See there a mound of powdered stones, all flattened,
smashed, and torn,
Gone black with damp and green with slime?—Ere you
and I were born
My father's father built a house, a little house and bare,
And there I brought my woman home—that heap of
rubble there!
The soil of France! Fat fields and green that bred my
blood and bone!
Each wound that scars my bosom's pride burns deeper
than my own.

But yet there is one thing to say—one thing that pays for
all,
Whatever lot our bodies know, whatever fate befall,
We hold the line! We hold it still! My fields are No
Man's Land,
But the good God is debonair and holds us by the hand.
"On les aura!" See there! and there! soaked heaps of
huddled grey!
My fields shall laugh—enriched by those who sought them
for a prey.

James H. Knight-Adkin

THE LAST POST

(JUNE, 1916)

THE bugler sent a call of high romance—
 Lights out! Lights out!—to the deserted square :
 On the thin brazen notes he threw a prayer.
 God, if it's *this* for me next time in France
 Spare me the phantom bugle as I lie
 Dead in the gas and smoke and roar of guns,
 Dead in a row with the other shattered ones,
 Lying so stiff and still under the sky—
 Jolly young Fusiliers, too good to die.
 The music ceased, and the red sunset flare
 Was blood about his head as he stood there.

Robert Graves

ON A TROOPSHIP, 1915

FAREWELL! the village leaning to the hill,
 And all the cawing rooks that homeward fly ;
 The bees ; the drowsy anthem of the mill ;
 And winding pollards, where the plover cry.
 We watch the breakers crashing on the bow
 And those far flashes in the Eastern haze ;
 The fields and friends, that were, are fainter now
 Than whispering of ancient water-ways.
 Now England stirs, as stirs a dreamer wound
 In immemorial slumber : lids apart,
 Soon will she rouse her giant limbs attuned
 To that old music hidden at her heart.
 Farewell! the little men! Their menial cries
 Are distant as the sparrows' chatterings ;
 She rises in her circuit of the skies,
 An eagle with the dawn upon her wings.
 We come to harbour in the breath of wars ;
 Welcome again the land of our farewells !
 In this strange ruin open to the stars
 We find the haven, where her spirit dwells :
 Where the near guns boom ; and the stricken towns are rolled
 Skyward athunder with their trail of gold.

Herbert Asquith

THE VOLUNTEER

HERE lies a clerk who half his life had spent
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,
Thinking that so his days would drift away
With no lance broken in life's tournament :
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied ;
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went ;
His lance is broken ; but he lies content
With that high hour, in which he lived and died.
And falling thus he wants no recompense,
Who found his battle in the last resort ;
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

Herbert Asquith

BEFORE THE CHARGE

(Loos, 1915)

THE night is still and the air is keen,
Tense with menace the time crawls by,
In front is the town and its homes are seen,
Blurred in outline against the sky.

The dead leaves float in the sighing air,
The darkness moves like a curtain drawn,
A veil which the morning sun will tear
From the face of death. We charge at dawn.

Patrick MacGill

IN THE MORNING

(Loos, 1915)

THE firefly haunts were lighted yet,
As we scaled the top of the parapet ;
But the East grew pale to another fire,
As our bayonets gleamed by the foeman's wire ;
And the sky was tinged with gold and grey,
And under our feet the dead men lay,
Stiff by the loopholed barricade ;
Food of the bomb and the hand-grenade ;
Still in the slushy pool and mud—
Ah ! the path we came was a path of blood,
When we went to Loos in the morning.

A little grey church at the foot of a hill,
With powdered glass on the window-sill.
The shell-scarred stone and the broken tile,
Littered the chancel, nave and aisle—
Broken the altar and smashed the pyx,
And the rubble covered the crucifix ;
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the gas-clouds paled in the rising sun,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the shell-scarred plain,
Where Death and the Autumn held their reign—
Like banded ghosts in the heavens grey
The smoke of the powder paled away ;
Where riven and rent the spinney trees
Shivered and shook in the sullen breeze,
And there, where the trench through the graveyard
wound,
The dead men's bones stuck over the ground
By the road to Loos in the morning.

The turret towers that stood in the air,
Sheltered a foeman sniper there—
They found, who fell in the sniper's aim,
A field of death on the field of fame ;

And stiff in khaki the boys were laid
To the sniper's toll at the barricade,
But the quick went clattering through the town,
Shot at the sniper and brought him down,
As we entered Loos in the morning.

The dead men lay on the cellar stair,
Toll of the bomb that found them there,
In the street men fell as a bullock drops,
Sniped from the fringe of Hulluch copse.
And the choking fumes of the deadly shell
Curtained the place where our comrades fell,—
This we saw when the charge was done,
And the East blushed red to the rising sun
In the town of Loos in the morning.

Patrick MacGill

HOME THOUGHTS FROM LAVENTIE

GREEN gardens in Laventie !
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet ;
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of
grass—
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick,
Two roofless ruins stand ;
And here, among the wreckage, where the back-wall should
have been,
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,
The little path of gravel
Was overgrown with celandine ;
No other folk did travel
Along its weedy surface but the nimble-footed mouse,
Running from house to house. |

So all along the tender blades
Of soft and vivid grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
Some new pleasaunce to find ;
And there some yellow daffodils, and jasmine hanging high,
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant
Of the many sweets we found
Was a little bush of Daphne flower
Upon a mossy mound,
And so thick were the blossoms set and so divine the scent,
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that lovely little place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered towns
Away. . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas,
And meadows, with their glittering streams—and silver-scurrying dace—
Home, what a perfect place !

E. Wyndham Tennant

REINCARNATION

I TOO remember distant golden days
 When even my soul was young ; I see the sand
 Whirl in a blinding pillar towards the band
 Of orange sky-line 'neath a turquoise blaze—
 (Some burnt-out sky spread o'er a glistening land)
 —And slim brown jargonizing men in blue and gold,
 I know it all so well, I understand
 The ecstasy of worship ages-old.

Hear the first truth : The great far-seeing soul
 Is ever in the humblest husk ; I see
 How each succeeding section takes its toll
 In fading cycles of old memory.
 And each new life the next life shall control
 Until perfection reach Eternity.

E. Wyndham Tennant

Ramparts, Ypres, July, 1916.

LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS

ONCE more the Night like some great dark drop-scene
 Eclipsing horrors for a brief entr'acte
 Descends, lead-weighty. Now the space between,
 Fringed with the eager eyes of men, is racked
 By spark-tailed lights, curvetting far and high
 Swift smoke-flecked coursers, raking the black sky.

And as each sinks in ashes grey, one more
 Rises to fall, and so through all the hours
 They strive like petty empires by the score,
 Each confident of its success and powers,
 And hovering at its zenith each will show
 Pale rigid faces, lying dead, below.

There shall they lie, tainting the innocent air,
 Until the Dawn, deep veiled in mournful grey,
 Sadly and quietly shall lay them bare,
 The broken heralds of a doleful day.

E. Wyndham Tennant

Hulluch Road, October, 1915.

TO A SKYLARK BEHIND OUR TRENCHES

THOU little voice ! Thou happy sprite,
How didst thou gain the air and light—
That sing'st so merrily ?
How could such little wings
Give thee thy freedom from these dense
And fetid tombs—these burrows whence
We peer like frightened things ?
In the free sky
Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep
And fight and sleep
And die.

How canst thou sing while Nature lies
Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,
And the foul breath
Of rank decay hangs like a shroud
Over the fields the shell hath ploughed ?
How canst thou sing, so gay and glad,
Whilst all the heavens are filled with death
And all the world is mad ?

Yet sing ! For at thy song
The tall trees stand up straight and strong
And stretch their twisted arms.
And smoke ascends from pleasant farms
And the shy flowers their odours give.
Once more the riven pastures smile,
And for a while
We live.

Edward de Stein

France, May, 1916.

THE BUGLER

GOD dreamed a man ;
 Then, having firmly shut
 Life, like a precious metal in his fist,
 Withdrew, His labour done. Thus did begin
 Our various divinity and sin—
 For some to ploughshares did the metal twist,
 And others—dreaming Empires—straightway cut
 Crowns for their aching foreheads. Others beat
 Long nails and heavy hammers for the feet
 Of their forgotten Lord. (Who dare to boast
 That he is guiltless ?) Others coined it : most
 Did with it—simply nothing. (Here again
 Who cries his innocence ?) Yet doth remain
 Metal unmarred, to each man more or less,
 Whereof to fashion perfect loveliness.
 For me, I do but bear within my hand
 (For sake of Him, our Lord, now long forsaken)
 A simple bugle such as may awaken
 With one high morning note a drowsing man :
 That wheresoe'er within my motherland
 The sound may come, 'twill echo far and wide,
 Like pipes of battle calling up a clan,
 Trumpeting men through beauty to God's side.

F. W. Harvey

[Written in a German prison camp.]

BEFORE GINCHY

SEPTEMBER, 1916

YON poisonous clod,
 (Look ! I could touch it with my stick !) that lies
 In the next ulcer of this shell-pock'd land
 To that which holds me now ;
 Yon carrion, with its devil-swarm of flies
 That scorn the protest of the limp, cold hand,
 Seeming half-rais'd to shield the matted brow ;
 Those festering rags whose colour mocks the sod ;
 And, O ye gods, those eyes !
 Those staring, staring eyes !

How can I gaze unmov'd on sights like these?
 What hideous enervation bids me sit
 Here in the shelter of this neighbour pit,
 Untroubled, unperturbèd, at mine ease,
 And idly, coldly scan
 This fearsome relic of what once was man?

Alas! what icy spell hath set
 The seal upon warm pity? Whence
 This freezing up of every sense?
 I think not I lack pitifulness;—I know
 That my affections were not ever so;
 My heart is not of stone!—And yet
 There's something in the feeling of this place,
 There's something in the breathing of this air,

Which lets me gaze upon that awful face
 Quite passionless; which lets me meet that stare
 Most quietly.—Nay, I could touch that hair,
 And sicken not to feel it coil and cling
 About my fingers. Did occasion press,
 Lo! I could spurn it with my foot—that thing
 Which lies so nigh!—
 Spurn it light-heartedly and pass it by.
 So cold, so hard, so seeming pitiless
 Am I!

And yet not I alone;—they know full well,
 These others, that strange blunting of the heart:
 They know the workings of that devil's-art,
 Which drains a man's soul dry,
 And kills out sensibility!

They know it too, and they can tell
 That this distemper strange and fell,
 This hideous blotting of the sense,
 Creeps on one like a pestilence!
 It is some deadly Power of ill
 Which overbears all human will!
 Some awful influence of the sky,

Some dreadful power of the place,
 Wherein we live and breathe and move,
 Which withers up the roots of Love
 And dries the very springs of Grace.
 It is the place!—*For, lo, we are in hell.*
That is the reason why!

And things that curse and writhe and things that die,
 And earful festering things that rot,
 —They have their place here. They are not
 Like unfamiliar portents hurl'd
 From out some monstrous, alien world.
 This is their place, their native atmosphere,
 Their home;—they are in keeping here!

And, being in hell,
 All we, who breathe this tense, fierce air,
 —On us too, lies the spell,
 Something of that soul-deadening blight we share;
 That even the eye is in a sense, made one
 With what it looks upon;
 That even the brain in some strange fashion wrought,
 Twists its familiar thought
 To forms and shapes uncouth;
 And even the heart—the heart that once did feel
 The surge of tears and pity's warm appeal—
 Doth quite forget her ancient ruth,
 Can look on piteous sights unmov'd,
 As though, forsooth, poor fool! she had never lov'd.

.

They say we change, we men that come out here.
 But do they know how great that change?
 And do they know how darkly strange
 Are those deep tidal waves that roll
 Within the currents of the soul,
 Down in the very founts of life,
 Out here?

How can they know it?—Mother, sister, wife,
 Friends, comrades, whoso else is dear,
 How can they know?—Yet haply, half in fear,
 Seeing a long-time absent face once more,
 Something they note which was not there before,
 —Perchance, a certain habit of the eye,
 Perchance, an alter'd accent in the speech—
 Showing he is not what he was of yore.
 Such little, curious signs they note. Yet each
 Doth in its little, nameless way
 Some portion of the truth betray.
 Such tokens do not lie!

The change is there; the change is true!
 And so, what wonder if the outward view
 Do to the eye of Love unroll
 Some hint of a transformèd soul?
 —Some hint; for even Love dare peep
 No further in that troubled deep;
 And things there be too stern and dark
 To live in any outward mark;
 The things that they alone can tell,
 Like Dante, who have walk'd in hell.

E Armine Wodehouse

NEXT MORNING

I

TO-DAY the sun shines bright,
 The skies are fair;
 There is a delicate freshness in the air,
 Which, like a nimble sprite,
 Plays lightly on my cheek and lifts my hair.
 And, as I look about me—lo!
 I see a world I do not know!
 As though some soft celestial beam,
 Some clean and wholesome grace
 Had purgèd half the foulness of the place

To a strange beauty.—*Was it then a dream,
That ghostly march, but yesternight,
Beneath the moon's uncertain light,
When, chill at heart, we pick'd our way
Thro' dreadful silent things, that lay
About our path on either hand?*

Was it a dream? Is this the self-same land,
The land we pass'd thro' then?

How strange it seems!—Yet 'tis the same!

I see from here the path by which we came.

The tumbled soil, the shatter'd trees are there!

And there, in desolation sleeping,

Almost too pitiful for weeping,

The little village—once the home of men!

Aye! the whole scene is there!

As desperate in its abandonment,

As melancholy-wild and savage-bare

As then.—But somehow, in this warm, bright
air

It all seems different!

The same—and yet I know it not!

II

Thus much I see.—*But there's a spot*

That's hidden from mine eyes!

Behind the ruin'd church it lies,

Where gaping vaults, beneath the nave,

Have made a dreadful kind of cave;

And there, before the cavern's mouth,

A dark and stagnant pool is spread

So silent and so still!

I saw it last i' th' pale moonlight;

And I could think that shapes uncouth

Crept from that cave at dead of night

With ghoulish stealth, to feast their fill

Upon the pale and huddled dead!

Yet now,

Haply, beneath this warm sunlight,

Even that fearsome pool is bright,
 Under the cavern's brow!
 So outward fair, that none might guess
 The secret of its hideousness,
 Nor know what nameless things are done
 There, with the setting of the sun!

E. Armine Wodehouse

THE CRICKETERS OF FLANDERS

THE first to climb the parapet
 With "cricket balls" in either hand;
 The first to vanish in the smoke
 Of God-forsaken No Man's Land;
 First at the wire and soonest through,
 First at those red-mouthed hounds of hell,
 The Maxims, and the first to fall,—
 They do their bit and do it well.

Full sixty yards I've seen them throw
 With all that nicety of aim
 They learned on British cricket-fields.
 Ah, bombing is a Briton's game!
 Shell-hole to shell-hole, trench to trench,
 "Lobbing them over" with an eye
 As true as though it *were* a game
 And friends were having tea close by.

Pull down some art-offending thing
 Of carven stone, and in its stead
 Let splendid bronze commemorate
 These men, the living and the dead.
 No figure of heroic size,
 Towering skyward like a god;
 But just a lad who might have stepped
 From any British bombing squad.

His shrapnel helmet set atilt,
 His bombing waistcoat sagging low,
 His rifle slung across his back :
 Poised in the very act to throw.
 And let some graven legend tell
 Of those weird battles in the West
 Wherein he put old skill to use,
 And played old games with sterner zest.

Thus should he stand, reminding those
 In less-believing days, perchance,
 How Britain's fighting cricketers
 Helped bomb the Germans out of France.
 And other eyes than ours would see ;
 And other hearts than ours would thrill ;
 And others say, as we have said :
 " A sportsman and a soldier still ! "

James Norman Hall

A FINGER AND A HUGE, THICK THUMB

(A BALLAD OF THE TRENCHES)

IT was nearly twelve o'clock by the sergeant's watch ;
 The moon was three hours high.
 The long grass growing on the parapet
 Rustled as the wind went by.
 Hoar-frost glistened on the bayonets
 Of the rifles in the rifle-rack.
 Suddenly I heard a faint, weird call
 And an answering call come back.

We were standing in the corner by the Maxim gun,
 In the shadow, and the sergeant said,
 As he gripped my arm : " Did you hear it ? "
 I could only nod my head.
 Looking down the length of the moonlit trench,
 I saw the sleeping men
 Huddled on the floor ; but no one stirred.
 Silently we listened again.

A second time it came, still dim and strange,
A far "Hal oo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"
I wouldn't have believed such a ghostly cry
Could sound so clearly, too.
The sentries standing to the right and left
Neither spoke nor stirred.
They stood like stone. Can it be, I thought,
That nobody else has heard?

Then closer at hand, "Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o!"
Again the answering call.
"Quick!" said the sergeant as he pulled me down
In the shadow, close to the wall.
I dropped in a heap and none too soon;
For scarcely a rifle length away,
A man stood silent on the paradus;
His face was a ghastly grey.

He carried a queer, old muzzle-loading gun;
The bayonet was dim with rust.
His top-boots were muddy, and his red uniform
Covered with blood and dust.
He waited for a moment, then waved his hand,
And they came in twos and threes:
Englishmen, Dutchmen, French cuirassiers,
Highlanders with great bare knees;

Pikemen, archers with huge crossbows,
Lancers and grenadiers;
Men in rusty armour, with battle-dented shields,
With axes and swords and spears.
Great blond giants with long, flowing hair
And limbs of enormous girth;
Yellow men with bludgeons, black men with knives,
From the wild, waste lands of the earth.

The one with the queer, old muzzle-loading gun
Jumped down with a light quick eap.
He was head and shoulders higher than the parapet,
Though the trench was six feet deep;

The sentries stood like men in a dream,
With their faces to the German line.
He felt of their arms, their bodies, and their legs,
But they made no sound or sign.

He beckoned to the others, and three jumped in.
I was shaking like a man with a chill ;
But I couldn't help smiling when the sergeant said
Through his chattering teeth : " K-k-k-keep s-s-s-still !"
A hairy-armed giant, with rings in his ears,
Stood looking down the dugout stair,
Hands on his knees. Slowly he turned,
And saw us lying there !

With a huge forefinger and a huge, thick thumb
He felt us over, limb by limb.
The two of us together would not have made
One man the size of him.
I could see his scorn, and my face burned hot,
Though my body was cold and numb,
When he spanned my chest so disdainfully
With only a finger and a thumb.

Suddenly the chatter of the sergeant's teeth
Stopped. He was angry, too ;
And he whispered : " Are you game ? Get the Maxim
gun ! "

I hugged him. " It will scare them blue."
Slowly, very slowly, we rose to our feet ;
I was conscious of my knocking knees.
The murmur of their voices was an eery sound
Like wind in wintry trees.

I saw them staring from the tail of my eye
As the tripod legs were set.
We lifted the gun and clamped it on,
With the muzzle at the parapet.
Nervously I pushed in the tag of the belt ;
The sergeant loaded and laid
Quietly, deftly ; the click of the lock
Was the only sound he made.

"Ready?" He nodded. I turned my head
 And nearly collapsed with fright.
 Four of them were standing at my shoulder,
 The others to the left and right.
 Then, "Fire!" I shouted, and the gun leaped up
 With a roar and a spurt of flame.
 The sergeant gripped the handles while the belt ran through,
 Never stopping to correct his aim.

Fearfully I turned, then jumped to my feet,
 Forgetting all about the feed.
 They were running like the wind up a long, steep hill,
 With the thumb-and-finger man in the lead!
 And high above the rattle and roar of the gun
 I heard a despairing yell,
 As Englishmen, Dutchmen, pikemen, bowmen,
 Vanished in the night, pell-mell.

The men who were sleeping in the moonlit trench
 Sat up and rubbed their eyes;
 And one of them muttered in a drowsy voice:
 "Wot to blazes is the row, you guys?"
 The sergeant said: "That'll do! That'll do!"
 But he whispered to me: "Keep mum!"
 They wouldn't have believed that the row was all about
 A finger and a huge, thick thumb.

James Norman Hall

SONNETS

I

I SEE across the chasm of flying years
 The pyre of Dido on the vacant shore;
 I see Medea's fury and hear the roar
 Of rushing flames, the new bride's burning tears;
 And ever as still another vision peers
 Thro' memory's mist to stir me more and more,
 I say that surely I have lived before
 And known this joy and trembled with these fears.

The passion that they show me burns so high ;
 Their love, in me who have not looked on love,
 So fiercely flames ; so wildly comes the cry
 Of stricken women, the warrior's call above,
 That I would gladly lay me down and die
 To wake again where Helen and Hector move.

II

The falling rain is music overhead,
 The dark night, lit by no intruding star,
 Fit covering yields to thoughts that roam afar
 And turn again familiar paths to tread,
 Where many a laden hour too quickly sped
 In happier times, before the dawn of war,
 Before the spoiler had whet his sword to mar
 The faithful living and the mighty dead.

It is not that my soul is weighed with woe,
 But rather wonder, seeing they do but sleep.
 As birds that in the sinking summer sweep
 Across the heaven to happier climes to go,
 So they are gone ; and sometimes we must weep,
 And sometimes, smiling, murmur, " Be it so ! "

Henry William Hutchinson

X GOD'S HILLS V

IN our hill-country of the North,
 The rainy skies are soft and grey,
 And rank on rank the clouds go forth,
 And rain in orderly array
 Treads the mysterious flanks of hills
 That stood before our race began,
 And still shall stand when Sorrow spills
 Her last tear on the dust of man.

There shall the mists in beauty break
 And clinging tendrils finely drawn,
 A rose and silver glory make
 About the silent feet of dawn ;

Till Gable clears his iron sides
And Bowfell's wrinkled front appears,
And Scawfell's clustered might derides
The menace of the marching years.

The tall men of that noble land
Who share such high companionship,
Are scorers of the feeble hand,
Contemners of the faltering lip.
When all the ancient truths depart,
In every strait that men confess,
Stands in the stubborn Cumbrian heart
The spirit of that steadfastness.

In quiet valleys of the hills
The humble grey stone crosses lie,
And all day long the curlew shrills
And all day long the wind goes by.
But on some stifling alien plain
The flesh of Cumbrian men is thrust
In shallow pits, and cries in vain
To mingle with its kindred dust.

Yet those make death a little thing
Who know the settled works of God,
Winds that heard Latin watchwords ring
From ramparts where the Roman trod.
Stars that beheld the last King's crown
Flash in the steel-grey mountain tarn,
And ghylls that cut the live rock down
Before Kings ruled in Ispahan.

And when the sun at even dips
And Sabbath bells are sad and sweet,
When some wan Cumbrian mother's lips
Pray for the son they shall not greet,
As falls that sudden dew of grace
Which makes for her the riddle plain,
The South wind blows to our own place,
And we shall see the hills again.

(“Edward Melbourne”) *William Noel Hodgson*

HEADQUARTERS

A LEAGUE and a league from the trenches—from the
traversed maze of the lines,
Where daylong the sniper watches and daylong the bullet
whines,
And the cratered earth is in travail with mines and with
countermines—

Here, where haply some woman dreamed (are those her
roses that bloom
In the garden beyond the windows of my littered working-
room ?),
We have decked the map for our masters as a bride is
decked for the groom.

Fair, on each lettered numbered square—cross-road and
mound and wire,
Loophole, redoubt and emplacement—lie the targets their
mouths desire ;
Gay with purples and browns and blues, have we traced
them their arcs of fire.

And ever the type-keys chatter ; and ever our keen wires
bring
Word from the watchers a-crouch below, word from the
watchers a-wing :
And ever we hear the distant growl of our hid guns
thundering ;

Hear it hardly, and turn again to our maps, where the
trench lines crawl,
Red on the grey and each with a sign for the ranging
shrapnel's fall—
Snakes that our masters shall scotch at dawn, as is written
here on the wall.

For the weeks of our waiting draw to a close. . . . There
 is scarcely a leaf astir
 In the garden beyond my windows, where the twilight
 shadows blur
 The blaze of some woman's roses. . . .
 "Bombardment orders, sir."

Gilbert Frankau

AMMUNITION COLUMN

I AM only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless
 chain :—

*And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired, and the
 empties return again ;
 Railroad, lorry, and limber ; battery, column, and park ;
 To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from the quay
 where the shells embark.*

We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef ; the long
 dull day drags by.

As I sit here watching our "Archibalds" *strafing* an
 empty sky ;

Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one
 guesses the plane—

Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the
 endless chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link in the chain,
 Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are
 hungry again :—

*Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon to gun ;
 To the loader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the shops
 where the steam-lathes run.*

There's a lone mule braying against the line where the mud
 cakes fetlock-deep !

There's a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the barn
 where the drivers sleep ;

And I hear the pash of the orderly's horse as he canters
 him down the lane—

Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the selfsame
 chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link in the chain ;
 And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill his wagons again ;—
From wagon-limber to gunpit dump ; from loader's forearm at breech,
To the working-party that melts away when the shrapnel bullets screech.—
 So the restless section pulls out once more in column of route from the right,
 At the tail of a blood-red afternoon ; so the flux of another night
 Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping column again . . .
 Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the chain !

Gilbert Frankau

THE VOICE OF THE GUNS

WE are the guns, and your masters ! Saw ye our flashes ?
 Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night, and the shuddering crashes ?
 Saw ye our work by the roadside, the grey wounded lying,
 Moaning to God that he made them—the maimed and the dying ?

Husbands or sons,
 Fathers or lovers, we break them ! We are the guns !

We are the guns and ye serve us ! Dare ye grow weary,
 Steadfast at nighttime, at noontime ; or waking, when dawn winds blow dreary
 Over the fields and the flats and the reeds of the barrier water,
 To wait on the hour of our choosing, the minute decided for slaughter ?

Swift the clock runs ;
 Yes, to the ultimate second. *Stand to your guns !*

We are the guns and we need you ! Here in the timbered
 Pits that are screened by the crest and the copse where at
 dusk ye unlimbered,
 Pits that one found us—and finding, gave life (did he
 flinch from the giving ?) ;
 Laboured by moonlight when wraith of the dead brooded
 yet o'er the living,
 Ere, with the sun's
 Rising the sorrowful spirit abandoned its guns.

Who but the guns shall avenge him ? *Strip us for action !*
 Load us and lay to the centremost hair of the dial-sight's
 refraction !
 Set your quick hands to our levers to compass the sped
 soul's assoiling ;
 Brace your taut limbs to the shock when the thrust of the
 barrel recoiling
 Deafens and stuns !
 Vengeance is ours for our servants ! Trust ye the guns !

Least of our bond-slaves or greatest, grudge ye the bur-
 den ?
 Hard is this service of ours which has only our service for
 guerdon :
 Grow the limbs lax, and unsteady the hands, which afore-
 time we trusted ?
 Flawed, the clear crystal of sight ; and the clean steel of
 hardihood rusted ?
 Dominant ones,
Are we not tried serfs and proven—true to our guns ?

*Ye are the guns ! Are we worthy ? Shall not these speak
 for us,
 Out of the woods where the tree-trunks are slashed with the vain
 bolts that seek for us,
 Thunder of batteries firing in unison, swish of shell fighting,
 Hissing that rushes to silence and breaks to the thud of alight-
 ing ?
 Death that outruns
 Horseman and foot ? Are we justified ? Answer, O guns !*

Yea ! by your works are ye justified—toil unrelievèd ;
 Manifold labours co-ordinate each to the sending achievèd ;
 Discipline not of the feet but the soul unremitting un-
 feignèd ;
 Tortures unholy by flame and by maiming, known, faced
 and disdained ;
 Courage that shuns
 Only foolhardiness ;—even by these are ye worthy your
 guns !

Wherefore—and unto ye only—power has been given ;
 Yea ! beyond man, over men, over desolate cities and riven ;
 Yea ! beyond space, over earth and the seas and the sky's
 high dominions ;
 Yea ! beyond time, over Hell and the fiends and the Death-
 Angel's pinions !
 Vigilant ones,
 Loose them, and shatter, and spare not We are the guns !

Gilbert Frankau

X
 A KISS

SHE kissed me when she said good-bye—
 A child's kiss, neither bold nor shy.

We had met but a few short summer hours ;
 Talked of the sun, the wind, the flowers,

Sports and people ; had rambled through
 A casual catchy song or two,

And walked with arms linked to the car
 By the light of a single misty star.

(It was war-time, you see, and the streets were dark
 Lest the ravishing Hun should find a mark.)

And so we turned to say good-bye ;
 But somehow or other, I don't know why,

—Perhaps t'was the feel of the khaki coat
 (She'd a brother in Flanders then) that smote

Her heart to a sudden tenderness
 Which issued in that swift caress—

Somehow, to her, at any rate
 A mere hand-clasp seemed inadequate ;

And so she lifted her dewy face
 And kissed me—but without a trace

Of passion,—and we said good-bye . . .
 A child's kiss. . . . neither bold nor shy.

My friend, I like you—it seemed to say—
 Here's to our meeting again some day !
 Some happier day . . .
 Good-bye.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

August, 1916.

THE POPLARS

O, a lush green English meadow—it's there that I
 would lie—
 A skylark singing overhead, scarce present to the eye,
 And a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

The elm is aspiration and death is in the yew,
 And beauty dwells in every tree from Lapland to Peru ;
 But there's magic in the poplars when the wind goes
 through.

When the wind goes through the poplars and blows them
 silver white,
 The wonder of the universe is flashed before my sight :
 I see immortal visions ; I know a god's delight.

I catch the secret rhythm that steals along the earth,
 That swells the bud, and splits the burr, and gives the oak
 its girth,
 That mocks the blight and canker with its eternal birth.

It wakes in me the savour of old forgotten things,
 Before "reality" had marred the child's imaginings:
 I can believe in fairies—I see their shimmering wings.

I see with the clear vision of that untainted prime,
 Before the fool's bells jangled in and Elfland ceased to
 chime,
 That sin and pain and sorrow are but a pantomime—

A dance of leaves in ether, of leaves threadbare and sere,
 From whose decaying husks at last what glory shall appear
 When the white winter angel leads in the happier year.

And so I sing the poplars; and when I come to die
 I will not look for jasper walls, but cast about my eye
 For a row of wind-blown poplars against an English sky.

Bernard Freeman Trotter

Oxford, September, 1916.

X THE CATHEDRAL

HOPE and mirth are gone. Beauty is departed.
 Heaven's hid in smoke, if there's Heaven still.
 Silent the city, friendless, broken-hearted,
 Crying in quiet as a widow will.

Oh, for the sound here of a good man's laughter,
 Of one blind beggar singing in the street,
 Where there's no sound, excepting a blazing rafter
 Falls, or the patter of a starved dog's feet.

I have seen Death, and comrades' crumbled faces,
 Yea, I have closed dear eyes with half a smile;
 But horror's in this havoc of old places
 Where driven men once rested from their hurry
 And girls were happy for a little while,
 Forgiving, praying, singing, feeling sorry.

William G. Shakespeare

MEMORIES

FAR up at Glorian the wind is sighing.
 And, as the light grows less,
 Across the downland sounds the plovers' crying,
 The voice of loneliness.

Thither, from this sad waste of waters streaming,
 All the unending night,
 My heart returns, to see by Kennet gleaming
 One cottage window-light.

Yet for your sake it is that I must roam now,
 Dear lands, dear lads I know ;
 I love you so, I could not stay at home now,
 Nor pay the debt I owe.

E. Hilton Young

LINES WRITTEN IN A FIRE-TRENCH¹

TIS midnight, and above the hollow trench,
 Seen through a gaunt wood's battle-blasted trunks
 And the stark rafters of a shattered grange,
 The quiet sky hangs huge and thick with stars.
 And through the vast gloom, murdering its peace,
 Guns bellow and their shells rush swishing ere
 They burst in death and thunder, or they fling
 Wild jangling spirals round the screaming air.
 Bullets whine by, and Maxims drub like drums,
 And through the heaped confusion of all sounds
 One great gun drives its single vibrant "Broum,"
 And scarce five score of paces from the wall
 Of piled sandbags and barb-toothed nets of wire,
 (So near and yet what thousand leagues away!)

¹ Written in fire trench above "Glencorse Wood," Westhoek, April 11, 1915.

The unseen foe both adds and listens to
 The self-same discord, eyed by the same stars.
 Deep darkness hides the desolated land,
 Save where a sudden flare sails up and bursts
 In whitest glare above the wilderness,
 And for one instant lights with lurid pallor
 The tense, packed faces in the black redoubt.

W. S. S. Lyon

BACK TO LONDON: A POEM OF LEAVE

I HAVE not wept when I have seen
 My stricken comrades die;
 I have not wept when we have made
 The place where they should lie;
 My heart seemed drowned in tears, but still
 No tear came to my eye.

There is a time to weep, saith One,
 A season to refrain;
 How should it ope, this fount of tears,
 While I sat in the train,
 So that all blurred the landscape moved
 Out with the window-pane?

But one short day since I had left
 A land upheaved and rent,
 Where Spring brings back no bourgeoning,
 As Nature's force were spent,
 Yet now I travelled in a train
 Thro' the kindly land of Kent!

A kindly land, a pleasant land,
 As welcome sight to me
 As after purgatorial pains
 The Plains of Heaven might be,
 When the wondrous Goodness that is God
 Draws a soul from jeopardy.

A pleasant land, a peaceful land
Of wooded hill and weald,
Where kine stand knee-deep in the grass,
And sheep graze in the field ;
A blessed land, where a wounded heart
Might readily be healed.

A wholesome land, where each white road
Leads to a ruddy hearth ;
Where still is heard the sound of song
And the kindly note of mirth ;
Where the strong man cheerful wakes to toil
And the dead sleep sound i' the earth.

I have not wept when I have seen
My chosen comrades die ;
I have not wept while we have digged
The grave where they should lie ;
But now I lay my head in my hand
Lest my comrades see me cry.

The little children, two by two,
Stand on the five-barred gate,
And wave their hands to waft us home
Like passengers of state ;
My heart is very full, so full
It holds no room for hate.

The children climb the five-barred gate
And blow us kisses five,
The little cripple in his car
Waves from the carriage drive:
Blessed are the dead, but blessed e'en more
We soldiers still alive !

Lo ! we draw near to London town,
The troop-train jolts and drags,
The friendly poor come forth once more
To greet us in their rags—
The very linen on the line
Flutters and flaunts like flags !

The girls within the factory grim
Smile at the broken pane ;
The seamstress in her lonely room
Sighs o'er her task again ;
The servant shakes her duster forth
To signal our speeding train ;

The station names go flitting past
Like old familiar friends ;
The smoke cloud with the clouds aloft
In wondrous fashion blends,
And lo ! we enter London town,
To where all journeying ends.

I have not wept when I have seen
A hundred comrades die ;
I have not wept when that we shaped
The house where they must lie—
But now I hide my head in my hand
Lest my comrades see me cry.

These are the scenes, these the dear souls,
'Mid which our lot was cast,
To this loved land, if Fate be kind,
We shall return at last,
For this our stern steel line we hold—
Lord, may we hold it fast !

Joseph Lee

GERMAN PRISONERS

WHEN first I saw you in the curious street
Like some platoon of soldier ghosts in grey,
My mad impulse was all to smite and slay,
To spit upon you—tread you 'neath my feet.
But when I saw how each sad soul did greet
My gaze with no sign of defiant frown,
How from tired eyes looked spirits broken down,
How each face showed the pale flag of defeat,

And doubt, despair, and disillusionment,
 And how were grievous wounds on many a head,
 And on your garb red-faced was other red ;
 And how you stooped as men whose strength was spent,
 I knew that we had suffered each as other,
 And could have grasped your hand and cried, " My
 brother ! "

Joseph Lee

THE CHALLENGE OF THE GUNS

BY day, by night, along the lines their dull boom rings,
 And that reverberating roar its challenge flings.
 Not only unto thee across the narrow sea,
 But from the loneliest vale in the last land's heart
 The sad-eyed watching mother sees her sons depart.

And freighted full the tumbling waters of ocean are
 With aid for England from England's sons afar.
 The glass is dim ; we see not wisely, far, nor well,
 But bred of English bone, and reared on Freedom's wine,
 All that we have and are we lay on England's shrine.

A. N. Field

RED POPPIES IN THE CORN

I'VE seen them in the morning light,
 When white mists drifted by :
 I've seen them in the dusk o' night
 Glow 'gainst the starry sky.
 The slender waving blossoms red,
 Mid yellow fields forlorn :
 A glory on the scene they shed,
 Red Poppies in the Corn.

I've seen them, too, those blossoms red,
 Show 'gainst the Trench lines' screen.
 A crimson stream that waved and spread
 Thro' all the brown and green :

I've seen them dyed a deeper hue
Than ever nature gave,
Shell-torn from slopes on which they grew
To cover many a grave.

Bright blossoms fair by nature set
Along the dusty ways,
You cheered us, in the battle's fret,
Thro' long and weary days :
You gave us hope : if fate be kind,
We'll see that longed-for morn,
When home again we march and find
Red Poppies in the Corn.

W. Campbell Galbraith

HORSE BATHING PARADE

A FEW clouds float across the grand blue sky,
The glorious sun has mounted zenith-high,
Mile upon mile of sand, flat, golden, clean,
And bright, stretch north and south, and fringed with green,
The rough dunes fitly close the landward view.
All else is sea ; somewhere in misty blue
The distant coast seems melting into air—
Earth, sky, and ocean, all commingling there—
And one bold, lonely rock, whose guardian light
Glistens afar by day, a spire snow-white.
Here, where the ceaseless blue-green rollers dash
Their symmetry to dazzling foam and flash,
We ride our horses, silken flanks ashine,
Spattered and soaked with flying drops of brine,
The sunny water tosses round their knees,
Their smooth tails shimmer in the singing breeze.
White streaks of foam sway round us, to and fro,
With shadows swaying on the sand below ;
The horses snort and start to see the foam,
And hear the breaking roar of waves that come,
Or, pawing, splash the brine, and so we stand,
And hear the surf rush hissing up the sand.

W. Kersley Holmes

BEFORE ACTION

BY all the glories of the day
 And the cool evening's benison,
 By that last sunset touch that lay
 Upon the hills when day was done,
 By beauty lavishly outpoured
 And blessings carelessly received,
 By all the days that I have lived,
 Make me a soldier, Lord.

By all of all man's hopes and fears,
 And all the wonders poets sing,
 The laughter of unclouded years,
 And every sad and lovely thing ;
 By the romantic ages stored
 With high endeavour that was his,
 By all his mad catastrophes,
 Make me a man, O Lord.

I, that on my familiar hill
 Saw with uncomprehending eyes
 A hundred of thy sunsets spill
 Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
 Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
 Must say good-bye to all of this ;—
 By all delights that I shall miss,
 Help me to die, O Lord.

William Noel Hodgson

AFTER ACTION

(A SOUL REMEMBERS)

ONCE, in my moment of earth,
 Before the immortal re-birth,
 I thought of my flesh as a thing
 Like to the house of a king,—
 Beautiful, worthy to stand
 Proud on the heavenly strand.

I remember it now as a clod
 Prone in the gardens of God,—
 Mean, without honour or beauty,
 Justified but by the duty
 Of spending its pittance of power
 In rearing a heavenly flower.

Robert Haven Schaufler

A CONFESSION OF FAITH

WHO would remember me were I to die,
 Remember with a pang and yet no pain;
 Remember as a friend, and feel good-bye
 Said at each memory as it wakes again?

I would not that a single heart should ache—
 That some dear heart will ache is my one grief.
 Friends, if I have them, I would fondly take
 With me that best of gifts, a friend's belief.

I have believed, and for my faith, reaped tares;
 Believed again, and, losing, was content;
 A heart perchance touched blindly, unawares,
 Rewards with friendship faith thus freely spent.

Bury the body—it has served its ends;
 Mark not the spot, but "On Gallipoli,"
 Let it be said, "he died." Oh, Hearts of Friends,
 If I am worth it, keep my memory.

James Sprent

HEREAFTER

IT'S Autumn-time on Salisbury Plain.

Let it be Autumn-time again
 When life is cured of this black pain
 And I go home, go home again,
 By Highgate on the Hill.

For there's a little wood I know
 Where all the trees of wonder grow,
 And shadows like cool waters flow
 'Twixt ivied banks on beds of moss,—
 Mingle and merge and fade and cross.
 And you may come and you may go
 And never in that holy place
 Look upon a German face.

The trees have all grown as they will
 In the wood by Highgate on the Hill :
 Great oaks with many a lichen sash
 And elm and birch, and may and ash,
 In twos and threes they stand together
 In all the splendid autumn weather.
 And in between and left and right
 Are laurel bushes green and bright,
 Acorns and chestnuts patter down
 On leaves all gold and red and brown,
 All gold and red and brown and grey,
 That dance the afternoon away.

October's quick and golden rains
 Wander in rivers down the lanes,
 Or make, in hollows, little ponds
 Where pebbles shine like diamonds.
 From breakfast-time till after tea
 In ev'ry branch of ev'ry tree
 The starlings, like a lot of boys,
 For love of life make heaps of noise :
 Such noise,—there is no gladder sound
 In all the glad year's tuneful round ;
 Such placid anger, peaceful rage—
 What actors on what airy stage,
 What comedy for what a wage !
 Children and birds and autumn trees,—
 The world were well content with these.

When bloody William and his son
 Are safely dead at last, and one

May go believing there's no dearth
Of glory yet upon the Earth,—
A glory, not of fire and smoke
And things that burst and blind and choke,
A wonder, not of eyes that turn
To some new thing to blast and burn,
A wisdom, not of thrusts and stabs
And stripes and stars and scarlet tabs,
A worship, not of poisoned breath
And little children done to death,—
These shall delight my soul at last
When then is now and now is past,
Where the many-scented dews distil
In the wood by Highgate on the Hill.
There I shall find forgotten themes,
And empty husks of faded dreams
Whose seed, far scattered, soon or late,
Shall find soil and germinate ;
Remember I am still a boy
And haply rediscover joy,
Youth and all that follows after
Vanished vision and lost laughter.
All the wood will shout and sing
At my great remembering,
Ev'ry leaf will be a voice
Tuned to welcome and rejoice,
Sky and wind and blade and tree
Stretch forth hands to welcome me.

Deep in the wood lie hidden springs
Of half of life's delightful things.
A stirring leaf, a bird in flight
Will start soft flames of coloured light
That leap and dance and flash and burn
Through waving grass and feathery fern.
Music will tell an ancient tale
When moonrise wakes a nightingale.
Here is the rich, sweet smell of earth,
Movement and melody and mirth :

Such mirth as flashes from the eyes
 Of Gabriel in Paradise,
 Such melody as when he sings,
 Such movement as his flaming wings,
 For woods and Paradise are one
 When seen beneath an autumn sun.
 I shall be home again and hear
 Sounds that subdue the soul's worst fear.
 I shall be home again and find
 All that is pitiful and kind,
 Healing for nerves left torn and sore
 By red monotony of War.

O Wood by Highgate on the Hill,
 When fighting's over be there still!

Ronald Lewis Carton

CAMBRAI AND MARNE

BEFORE our trenches at Cambrai
 We saw their columns cringe away.
 We saw their masses melt and reel
 Before our line of leaping steel.

A handful to their storming hordes
 We scourged them with the scourge of swords,
 And still, the more we slew, the more
 Came up, for every slain a score.

Between the hedges and the town
 Their cursing squadrons we rode down.
 To stay them we outpoured our blood
 Between the beetfields and the wood.

In that red hell of shrieking shell
 Unflinching our gunners fell.
 They fell, or ere the day was done,
 Beside the last unshattered gun.

But still we held them, like a wall
On which the breakers vainly fall—
Till came the word, and we obeyed,
Reluctant, bleeding, undismayed.

Our feet, astonished, learned retreat,
Our souls rejected still defeat.
Unbroken still, a lion at bay,
We drew back grimly from Cambrai.

In blood and sweat, with slaughter spent,
They thought us beaten as we went ;
Till suddenly we turned and smote
The shout of triumph in their throat.

At last, at last we turned and stood—
And Marne's fair water ran with blood.
We stood by trench and steel and gun,
For now the indignant flight was done.

We ploughed their shaken ranks with fire.
We trod their masses into mire.
Our sabres drove through their retreat,
As drives the whirlwind through young wheat.

At last, at last we flung them back
Along their drenched and smoking track.
We hurled them back, in blood and flame,
The reeking ways by which they came.

By cumbered road and desperate ford,
How fled their shamed and harassed horde !
Shout, Sons of Freemen, for the day
When Marne so well avenged Cambrai.

Charles G. D. Roberts

BATTLE HYMN

LORD God of battle and of pain,
Of triumph and defeat,
Our human pride, our strength's disdain
Judge from Thy mercy-seat ;
Turn Thou our blows of bitter death
To Thine appointed end ;
Open our eyes to see beneath
Each honest foe a friend.

Give us to fight with banners bright
And flaming swords of faith ;
We pray Thee to maintain Thy right
In face of hell and death.
Smile Thou upon our arms, and bless
Our colours in the field,
Add Thou, to righteous aims, success
With peace and mercy seal'd.

Father and Lord of friend and foe
All-seeing and all-wise,
Thy balm to dying hearts bestow,
Thy sight to sightless eyes ;
To the dear dead give life, where pain
And death no more dismay,
Where, amid Love's long terrorless Reign,
All tears are wiped away.

Donald F. Gould Johnson.

THE PEACEMAKER

UPON his will he binds a radiant chain,
For Freedom's sake he is no longer free.
It is his task, the slave of Liberty,
With his own blood to wipe away a stain.
That pain may cease, he yields his flesh to pain
To banish war, he must a warrior be.
He dwells in Night, eternal Dawn to see,
And gladly dies, abundant life to gain.

What matters Death, if Freedom be not dead?
No flags are fair, if Freedom's flag be furled.
Who fights for Freedom, goes with joyful tread
To meet the fires of Hell against him hurled,
And has for captain Him whose thorn-wreathed head
Smiles from the Cross upon a conquered world.

Joyce Kilmer

AUXILIARIES

CHAPLAIN TO THE FORCES

["I have once more to remark upon the devotion to duty, courage, and contempt of danger which has characterized the work of the Chaplains of the Army throughout this campaign."—*Sir John French, in the Neuve Chapelle dispatch.*]

AMBASSADOR of Christ you go
Up to the very gates of Hell,
Through fog of powder, storm of shell,
To speak your Master's message: "Lo,
The Prince of Peace is with you still,
His peace be with you, His good-will."

It is not small, your priesthood's price,
To be a man and yet stand by,
To hold your life while others die.
To bless, not share the sacrifice,
To watch the strife and take no part—
You with the fire at your heart.

But yours, for our great Captain Christ,
To know the sweat of agony,
The darkness of Gethsemane,
In anguish for these souls unpriced.
Vicegerent of God's pity you,
A sword must pierce your own soul through.

In the pale gleam of new-born day,
Apart in some tree-shadowed place,
Your altar but a packing case,
Rude as the shed where Mary lay,
Your sanctuary the rain-drenched sod,
You bring the kneeling soldier God.

As sentinel you guard the gate
'Twixt life and death, and unto death
Speed the brave soul whose failing breath
Shudders not at the grip of Fate,
But answers, gallant to the end,
"Christ is the Word—and I His friend."

Then God go with you, priest of God,
For all is well and shall be well.
What though you tread the roads of Hell,
Your Captain these same ways has trod.
Above the anguish and the loss
Still floats the ensign of His Cross.

Winifred M. Letts

SONG OF THE RED CROSS

O GRACIOUS ones, we bless your name
Upon our bended knee ;
The voice of love with tongue of flame
Records your charity.

Your hearts, your lives right willingly ye gave,
That sacred ruth might shine ;
Ye fell, bright spirits, brave amongst the brave,
Compassionate, divine.

Example from your lustrous deeds
The conqueror shall take,
Sowing sublime and fruitful seeds
Of *aidos* in this ache.

And when our griefs have passed on gloomy wing,
 When friend and foe are sped,
 Sons of a morning to be born shall sing
 The radiant Cross of Red ;
 Sons of a morning to be born shall sing
 The radiant Cross of Red.

Eden Phillpotts

THE HEALERS

IN a vision of the night I saw them,
 In the battles of the night.
 'Mid the roar and the reeling shadows of blood
 They were moving like light,

Light of the reason, guarded
 Tense within the will,
 As a lantern under a tossing of boughs
 Burns steady and still.

With scrutiny calm, and with fingers
 Patient as swift
 They bind up the hurts and the pain-writhen
 Bodies uplift,

Untired and defenceless ; around them
 With shrieks in its breath
 Bursts stark from the terrible horizon
 Impersonal death ;

But they take not their courage from anger
 That blinds the hot being ;
 They take not their pity from weakness ;
 Tender, yet seeing ;

Feeling, yet nerved to the uttermost ;
 Keen, like steel ;
 Yet the wounds of the mind they are stricken with,
 Who shall heal ?

They endure to have eyes of the watcher
In hell, and not swerve
For an hour from the faith that they follow,
The light that they serve.

Man true to man, to his kindness
That overflows all,
To his spirit erect in the thunder
When all his forts fall,—

This light, in the tiger-mad welter,
They serve and they save.
What song shall be worthy to sing of them—
Braver than the brave ?

Laurence Binyon

THE RED CROSS NURSE

THE battle-smoke still fouled the day,
With bright disaster flaming through ;
Unchecked, absorbed, she held her way—
The whispering death still past her flew.

A cross of red was on her sleeve ;
And here she stayed, the wound to bind,
And there, the fighting soul relieve,
That strove its Unknown Peace to find.

A cross of red . . . yet one has dreamed
Of her he loved and left in tears ;
But unto dying sight she seemed
A visitant from other spheres.

The whispering death—it nearer drew,
It holds her heart in strict arrest . . .
And where was one, are crosses two—
A crimson cross is on her breast !

Edith M. Thomas

KEEPING THE SEAS

WIRELESS

NOW to those who search the deep—
 Gleam of Hope and Kindly Light,—
Once, before you turn to sleep,
 Breathe a message through the night.
Never doubt that they'll receive it.
Send it, once, and you'll believe it.

Think you these aerial wires
 Whisper more than spirits may ?
Think you that our strong desires
 Touch no distance when we pray ?
Think you that no wings are flying
'Twixt the living and the dying ?

Inland here, upon your knees,
 You shall breathe from urgent lips
Round the ships that guard your seas
 Fleet on fleet of angel ships ;
Yea, the guarded may so bless them
That no terrors can distress them.

You shall guide the darkling prow,
 Kneeling—thus—and far inland ;
You shall touch the storm-beat brow
 Gently as a spirit-hand.
Even a blindfold prayer may speed them,
And a little child may lead them.

Alfred Noyes

KILMENY

(A SONG OF THE TRAWLERS)

DARK, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside ;
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest
When *Kilmeny* went out, at the turn of the tide.
And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen.
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the Clyde,
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,
Not even at dawn, to his newly-wed bride ;
And a wireless that whispered above like a gnome,
The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin.
O, it may have been mermaids that lured her from home,
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest.
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had died ;
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast ;
And "Well done, *Kilmeny* !" the admiral cried.
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come,
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine ;
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,
Though they sing all the night to old England, their
queen,
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

Alfred Noyes

THE VINDICTIVE

HOW should we praise those lads of the old *Vindictive*
Who looked Death straight in the eyes,
Till his gaze fell,
In those red gates of hell ?

England, in her proud history, proudly enrolls them,
And the deep night in her remembering skies
With purer glory
Shall blazon their grim story.

There were no throngs to applaud that hushed adventure.
They were one to a thousand on that fierce emprise.
The shores they sought
Were armoured, past all thought.

Oh, they knew fear, be assured, as the brave must know
it,
With youth and its happiness bidding their last good-
byes ;
Till thoughts, more dear
Than life, cast out all fear.

For if, as we think, they remembered the brown-roofed
homesteads,
And the scent of the hawthorn hedges when daylight
dies,
Old happy places,
Young eyes and fading faces ;

One dream was dearer that night than the best of their
boyhood,
One hope more radiant than any their hearts could
prize—
The touch of your hand,
The light of your face, England !

So, age to age shall tell how they sailed through the
darkness,

Where, under those high, austere, implacable stars,
Not one in ten
Might look for a dawn again.

They saw the ferryboats, *Iris* and *Daffodil*, creeping
Darkly as clouds to the shimmering mine-strewn bars,
Flash into light!
Then thunder reddened the night.

The wild white swords of the searchlights blinded and
stabbed them.

The sharp black shadows fought in fantastic wars.
Black waves leapt whitening,
Red decks were washed with lightning.

But, under the twelve-inch guns of the black land-batteries,
The hacked bright hulk, in a glory of crackling spars,
Moved to her goal
Like an immortal soul,

That, while its raw rent flesh in a furnace is tortured,
Reigns by a law no agony ever can shake,
And shines in power
Above all shocks of the hour.

Oh, there, while the decks ran blood and the star-shells
lightened,

The shattering ship that the enemy never could break
Swept through the fire
And grappled her heart's desire.

There, on a wreck that blazed with the soul of England,
The lads that died in the dark for England's sake
Knew, as they died,
Nelson was at their side ;

Nelson, and all the ghostly fleets of his island,
Fighting beside them there, and the soul of Drake !—
Dreams, as we knew,
Till these lads made them true.

*How should we praise you, lads of the old Vindictive,
Who looked Death straight in the eyes,
Till his gaze fell,
In those red gates of hell?*

Alfred Noyes

THE CHIVALRY OF THE SEA

(Dedicated to the memory of Charles Fisher, late student of Christ Church, Oxford.)

OVER the warring waters, beneath the wandering skies,
The heart of Britain roameth, the Chivalry of the sea,
Where Spring never bringeth a flower, nor bird singeth in
a tree ;
Far, afar, O beloved, beyond the sight of our eyes,
Over the warring waters, beneath the stormy skies.

Staunch and valiant-hearted, to whom our toil were play,
Ye man with armour'd patience, the bulwarks night and
day,
Or on your iron coursers plough shuddering through the
Bay,
Or 'neath the deluge drive the skirmishing sharks of war :
Venturous boys who leapt on the pinnacle and row'd from
shore,
A mother's tear in the eye, a swift farewell to say,
And a great glory at heart that none can take away.

Seldom is your home-coming ; for aye your pennon flies
In unrecorded exploits on the tumultuous wave ;
Till, in the storm of battle, fast-thundering upon the foe,
Ye add your kindred names to the heroes of long ago,
And 'mid the blasting wrack, in the glad sudden death of
the brave,
Ye are gone to return no more.—Idly our tears arise ;
Too proud for praise as ye lie in your unvisited grave,
The wide-warring water, under the starry skies.

Robert Bridges

THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT

HAD I that fabled herb
Which brought to life the dead,
Whom would I dare disturb
In his eternal bed?
Great Grenville would I wake,
And with glad tidings make
The soul of mighty Drake
Upheave a glorying head.

As rose the misty sun,
Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
Welcomed a foe at hand,
Eager, with thunderous throat,
To sound, for all afloat,
The world-awakening note
The world can understand.

For ev'n as birds of night,
Hoary and tawny owl,
Do sometimes brave the light,
Like bolder, nobler fowl,
So did the foe that day
Come venturing forth for prey,
Where, on the ocean way,
Our ocean watchdogs prowled.

But brief and plain, 'mid men
Not born to yield or flee,
Our cannon spoke out then
The speech that keeps us free,
And battered, with hoarse boom,
Four warships to their doom,
While one, to a fiercer tomb,
Fled blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well,
 In days not wholly dire !
 Grenville, whom nought could quell,
 Unquenched is still thy fire.
 And thou that hadst no peer,
 Nelson, thou need'st not fear !
 Thy sons and heirs are here,
 And shall not shame their sire.

William Watson

THE SONG OF THE GUNS AT SEA

OH, hear ! Oh, hear !
 Across the sullen tide
 Across the echoing dome horizon-wide
 What pulse of fear
 Beats with tremendous boom ?
 What call of instant doom,
 With thunderstroke of terror and of pride,
 With urgency that may not be denied,
 Reverberates upon the heart's own drum
 Come ! . . . Come ! . . . for thou must come !

Come forth, O Soul !
 This is thy day of power.
 This is the day and this the glorious hour
 That was the goal
 Of thy self-conquering strife.
 The love of child and wife,
 The fields of Earth and the wide ways of Thought—
 Did not thy purpose count them all as nought
 That in this moment thou thyself mayst give
 And in thy country's life for ever live ?

Therefore rejoice
 That in thy passionate prime
 Youth's nobler hope disdained the spoils of Time
 And thine own choice
 Fore-earned for thee this day.

Rejoice ! rejoice to obey
In the great hour of life that men call Death
The beat that bids thee draw heroic breath,
Deep-throbbing till thy mortal heart be dumb
Come ! . . . Come ! . . . the time is come !

Henry Newbolt

THE MERCHANTMEN

THE skippers and the mates, they know !
The men aloft or down below,
They've heard the news and still they go.

The merchant ships still jog along,
By Bay or Cape, an endless throng,
As endless as a seaman's song.

The humbler tramps aloft display
The English flag as on the day
When no one troubled such as they.

The lesser ships—barks, schooners, brigs—
A motley crowd of many rigs,
Go on their way like farmers' gigs.

Where Æolus himself has thrones
The big four-master Glasgow owns
Through Trades and Roaring Forties drones.

The lofty liners in their pride
Stem every current, every tide :
At anchor in all ports they ride.

They signal Gib., which looks and winks ;
Grave Malta sees them as she thinks ;
They pass old Egypt's ageless Sphinx.

Sokotra knows them ; Zanzibar
Mirrors them in its oil ; they are
Hove to for pilots near and far.

For them Belle Isle and bright Penmarch
Shine million-candled through the dark,
They're inside Ushant, or by Sark.

Perim and Ormuz and Cochin
Know them and nod: the mingled din
Of cities where strange idols grin.

The wharves of sea-set Singapore,
Batavia and Colombo's shore,
Where over palms the monsoons roar.

The opened parts of shut Japan,
Chemulpo's harbour and Gensan,
Strange places, Chinese, Formosan!

Head-hunters watch them in close seas,
Timor, Gilolo, Celebes,
They sail by the New Hebrides.

Their spars are tried by southern gales,
Great alien stars shine on their sails
Set for the breeze or in the brails.

To carry home their golden rape
A thousand courses still they shape
By the lone Horn or windy Cape.

They've seen the hot seas' dreadful drouth,
The bitter gales of Sixty South,
Disasters fell and greedy mouth:

The menace of the berg and floe,
The blindness of the fog, and snow,
All these the English seamen know.

From Sydney to San Salvador
They know what they are seeking for:
Their gods are not the gods of war.

The sailor keeps a clean soul on the seas untrod ;
 There is room in the great spaces for the Vision of God
 Walking on the waters, bidding him not fear ;
 He has the very cleanest eyes a man can wear.

There's salt wind in Heaven and the salt sea-spray,
 And the little midshipmen boys are shouting at their play,
 There's a soft sound of waters lapping on the shore,
 The sailor he is home from sea to go back no more.

Katharine Tynan

OFF HELIGOLAND

GHOSTLY ships in a ghostly sea,—
 Here's to Drake in the Spanish main !—
 Hark to the turbines, running free,
 Oil-cups full and the orders plain.
 Plunging into the misty night,
 Surging into the rolling brine,
 Never a word, and never a light,—
 This for England, that love of mine !

Look ! a gleam on the starboard bow,—
 Here's to the *Fighting Temeraire* !
 Quartermaster, be ready now,
 Two points over, and keep her there.
 Ghostly ships—let the foemen grieve.
 Yon's the Admiral, tight and trim,
 And one more—with an empty sleeve—
 Standing a little aft of him !

Slender, young, in a coat of blue,—
 Here's to the *Agamemnon's* pride !—
 Out of the mists that long he knew,
 Out of the *Victory*, where he died,
 Here, to the battle-front he came.
 See, he smiles in his gallant way !
 Ghostly ships in a ghostly game,
 Roaring guns on a ghostly day !

There in his white silk smalls he stands,—
Here's to Nelson, with three times three!—
Coming out in the misty lands
Far, far over the misty sea.
Now the Foe is a crippled wreck,
Limping out of the deadly fight.
Smiling yond, on the quarterdeck
Stands the Spirit, all silver-bright.

J. Edgar Middleton

THE AUXILIARY CRUISER

[H.M. Auxiliary Cruiser ——— has been lost at sea with all hands. It is presumed that she struck a mine during the gale on the night of the 12th inst. The relatives have been informed.—*Admiralty Official.*.)

THE day closed in a wrath of cloud. The gale—
Like a fierce beast that shuns the light of day,
Skulking within the jungle till his prey
Steals forth at dusk to water at the well,—
Now leapt upon her, howling. Steep and swift,
The black sea boiled about her sky-flung bows,
And in the shrouds, the winds in mad carouse
Screamed: and in the sky's pall was no rift.

And it was cold. Oh, bitter cold it was,
The wind-whipped spray-drops froze before they fell
And tinkled on the iron decks like hail;
And every rope and block was cased in glass.
And ever wild and wilder grew the night.
Great seas lunged at her, bellowing in wrath,
Contemptuous, to sweep her from their path.
And not in all that waste one friendly light.

Alone, spray-blinded, through the clamorous murk,
By skill and courage besting the hungry sea,
Mocking the tempest's fury, staggered she.
The storm is foiled: now for the Devil's work!
The swinging bows crash down into the trough,
And with a sudden flame the sea is riven,
And a dull roar outroars the tempest even.
Her engine's pulse is stilled. It is enough.

Oh, have you ever seen a foundered horse—
 His great heart broken by a task too great
 For his endurance, but unbroken yet
 His spirit—striving to complete his course?
 Falling at last, eyes glazed and nostrils wide,
 And have not ached with pity? Pity now
 A brave ship shattered by a coward blow
 That once had spurned the waters in her pride.

And can you picture—you who dwell secure
 In sheltered houses, warm and filled with light,—
 The loneliness and terror of that fight
 In shrieking darkness? Feel with them (the sure
 Foundation of their very world destroyed),
 The sluggish lifting of the lifeless hull,
 Wallowing ever deeper till, with a dull
 Half-sob she plunges and the seas are void.

Yet—Oh be sure, they did not pass alone
 Into the darkness all uncomforted;
 For round them hovered England's mighty Dead
 To greet them: and a pale poop lantern shone
 Lighting them homeward, and a voice rang clear—
 As when he cheered his own devoted band—
 "Heaven's as near by sea as by the land,"
 Sir Humphrey Gilbert hailed them: "Be of cheer!"

N. M. F. Corbett

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE

OH, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day,
 I met a skipper that I knew, and to him I did say:
 "Now what's the cargo, Captain, that brings you up this
 way?"

"Oh, I've been up and down (said he) and round about
 also . . .

From Sydney to the Skagerack, and Kiel to Callao . . .
 With a leaking steam-pipe all the way to Californ-i-o . . .

“ With pots and pans and ivory fans and every kind of
thing,
Rails and nails and cotton bales, and sewer pipes and
string . . .
But now I’m through with cargoes, and I’m here to serve
the King !

“ And if it’s sweeping mines (to which my fancy somewhat
leans)
Or hanging out with booby-traps for the skulking sub-
marines,
I’m here to do my blooming best and give the beggars
beans !

“ A rough job and a tough job is the best job for me,
And what or where I don’t much care, I’ll take what it
may be,
For a tight place is the right place when it’s foul weather
at sea ! ”

.
There’s not a port he doesn’t know from Melbourne to
New York ;
He’s as hard as a lump of harness beef, and as salt as
pickled pork . . .
And he’ll stand by a wreck in a murdering gale and count
it part of his work !

He’s the terror of the fo’c’sle when he heals its various
ills
With turpentine and mustard leaves, and poultices and
pills . . .
But he knows the sea like the palm of his hand, as a
shepherd knows the hills.

He’ll spin you yarns from dawn to dark—and half of ’em
are true !
He swears in a score of languages, and maybe talks in
two !
And . . . he’ll lower a boat in a hurricane to save a
drowning crew.

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or three—
And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what the
risk may be . . .

For a tight place is the right place when it's wild weather
at sea!

C. Fox Smith

THE NORTH SEA GROUND

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OH, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may find,
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby
girls are kind,

An' Grimsby lads were never yet the lads to lag behind
When there's men's work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the high tide's flowin',
An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin' ;

Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were goin',
An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North Sea ground.

Soles in the Silver Pit—an' there we'll let 'em lie ;
Cod on the Dogger—oh, we'll fetch 'em by-an'-by ;
War on the water—an' it's time to serve an' die,

For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" they want you at the
trawlin'

(With your long sea-boots and your tarry old tarpaulin') ;
All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin'

In the Winter's weather off the North Sea ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear—the sea has taught
us how ;

It's well we've shaken hands with death—we'll not be
strangers now,

With death in every climbin' wave before the trawler's bow,
An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North Sea ground.

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the English
sea ;
Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they may
be ;
The sea it is their highway, an' we've got to sweep it free
For the ships passin' over the North Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie!" for the sea wind's cryin';
"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are flyin';"
An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',
Oh, the dead lyin' quiet on the North Sea ground!

C. Fox Smith

DESTROYERS

ON this primeval strip of western land,
With purple bays and tongues of shining sand,
Time, like an echoing tide,
Moves drowsily in idle ebb and flow ;
The sunshine slumbers in the tangled grass
And homely folk with simple greeting pass
As to their worship or their work they go.
Man, earth, and sea
Seem linked in elemental harmony
And my insurgent sorrow finds release
In dreams of peace.

But silent, grey,
Out of the curtained haze,
Across the bay
Two fierce destroyers glide with bows afoam
And predatory gaze,
Like cormorants that seek a submerged prey.
An angel of destruction guards the door
And keeps the peace of our ancestral home ;
Freedom to dream, to work, and to adore,
These vagrant days, nights of untroubled breath,
Are bought with death.

Henry Head

OUTWARD BOUND

THERE'S a waterfall I'm leaving
Running down the rocks in foam,
There's a pool for which I'm grieving
Near the water-ouzel's home,
And it's there that I'd be lying
With the heather close at hand
And the curlews faintly crying
'Mid the wastes of Cumberland.

While the midnight watch is winging
Thoughts of other days arise,
I can hear the river singing
Like the saints in Paradise ;
I can see the water winking
Like the merry eyes of Pan,
And the slow half-pounder sinking
By the bridge's granite span.

Ah ! to win them back and clamber
Braced anew with winds I love,
From the river's stainless amber
To the morning mist above,
See through cloud-rifts rent asunder,
Like a painted scroll unfurled,
Ridge and hollow rolling under
To the fringes of the world.

Now the weary guard are sleeping,
Now the great propellers churn,
Now the harbour lights are creeping
Into emptiness astern,
While the sentry wakes and watches
Plunging triangles of light
Where the water leaps and catches
At our escort in the night.

Great their happiness who seeing
Still with unbenighted eyes
Kin of theirs who gave them being,
Sun and earth that made them wise,
Die and feel their embers quicken
Year by year in summer time,
When the cotton grasses thicken
On the hills they used to climb.

Shall we also be as they be,
Mingled with our mother clay,
Or return no more, it may be ?
Who has knowledge, who shall say ?
Yet we hope that from the bosom
Of our shaggy father Pan,
When the earth breaks into blossom
Richer from the dust of man,

Though the high gods smite and slay us,
Though we come not whence we go,
As the host of Menelaus
Came there many years ago ;
Yet the selfsame wind shall bear us
From the same departing place
Out across the Gulf of Saros
And the peaks of Samothrace :

We shall pass in summer weather,
We shall come at eventide,
Where the fells stand up together
And all quiet things abide ;
Mixed with cloud and wind and river,
Sun-distilled in dew and rain,
One with Cumberland for ever
We shall go not forth again.

Nowell Oxland

WATCHMEN OF THE NIGHT

LORDS of the seas' great wilderness
The light-grey warships cut the wind ;
The headland dwindles less and less ;
The great waves, breaking, drench and blind
The stern-faced watcher on the deck,
While England fades into a speck.

Afar on that horizon grey
The sleepy homesteads one by one
Shine with their cheerful lights as day
Dies in the valley and is gone,
While the new moon comes o'er the hill
And floods the landscape, white and still.

But outward 'mid the homeless waste
The battle-fleet held on its way ;
On either side the torn seas raced,
Over the bridge blew up the spray ;
The quartermaster at the wheel
Steered through the night his ship of steel.

Once, from a masthead, blinked a light—
The Admiral spoke unto the Fleet ;
Swift answers flashed along the night,
The charthouse glimmered through the sleet ;
A bell rang from the engine-room,
And, ere it ceased—the great guns' boom !

Then thunder through the silence broke
And rolled along the sullen deep ;
A hundred guns flashed fire and spoke,
Which England heard not in her sleep
Nor dreamed of, while her fighting sons
Fed and fired the blazing guns.

Dawn broke in England, sweet and clear ;
 Birds in the brake, the lark in heaven
 Made musical the morning air ;
 But distant, shattered, scorched and riven,
 Gathered the ships—aye, dawn was well
 After the night's dark, raging hell.

But some came not with break of light,
 Nor looked upon the saffron dawn ;
 They keep the watch of endless Night,
 On the soft breast of ocean borne.
 O waking England, rise and pray
 For sons who guard thee night and day !

Cecil Roberts

Scapa Flow, May, 1916.

CAPTAINS ADVENTUROUS

CAPTAINS adventurous, from your ports of quiet,
 From the ghostly harbours, where your sea-beat
 galleons lie,
 Say, do your dreams go back across the sea-line
 Where cliffs of England rise grey against the sky ?

Say, do you dream of the pleasant ports of old-time—
 Orchards of old Devon, all afoam with snowy bloom ?
 Or have the mists that veil the Sea of Shadows
 Closed from your eyes all the memories of home ?

Feet of the Captains hurry through the stillness,
 Ghostly sails of galleons are drifting to and fro,
 Voices of mariners sound across the shadows,
 Waiting the word that shall bid them up and go.

“Lo, now,” they say, “for the grey old Mother calls us,”
 (Listening to the thunder of the guns about her shore,)
 “Death shall not hold us, nor years that lie between us,
 Sail we to England to strike for her once more.”

Captains adventurous, rest ye in your havens,
 Pipe your ghostly mariners to keep their watch below,
 Sons of your sons are here to strike for England,
 Heirs of your glory—Beatty, Jellicoe.

Yet shall your names ring on in England's story,
 You who were the prophets of the mighty years to be,
 Drake, Blake and Nelson, thundering down the ages,
 Captains adventurous, the Masters of the Sea.

Norah M. Holland

NORTH SEA

DAWN on the drab North Sea!—
 Colourless, cold, and depressing,
 With the sun that we long to see
 Refraining from his blessing.
 To the westward—sombre as doom:
 To the eastward—grey and foreboding:
 Comes a low, vibrating boom—
 The sound of a mine exploding.

Day on the drear North Sea!—
 Wearisome, drab, and relentless.
 The low clouds swiftly flee;
 Bitter the sky, and relentless.
 Nothing at all in sight
 Save the mast of a sunken trawler,
 Fighting her long, last fight
 With the waves that mouth and maul her.

Gale on the bleak North Sea!—
 Howling a dirge in the rigging.
 Slowly and toilsomely
 Through the great, grey breakers digging,
 Thus we make our way,
 Hungry, wet, and weary,
 Soaked with the sleet and spray,
 Desolate, damp, and dreary.

Fog in the dank North Sea!—
Silent and clammily dripping.
Slowly and mournfully,
Ghostlike, goes the shipping.
Sudden across the swell
Come the fog-horns hoarsely blaring
Or the clang of a warning bell,
To leave us vainly staring.

Night on the black North Sea!—
Black as hell's darkest hollow.
Peering anxiously,
We search for the ships that follow.
One are the sea and sky,
Dim are the figures near us,
With only the sea-bird's cry
And the swish of the waves to cheer us.

Death on the wild North Sea!—
Death from the shell that shatters
(Death we will face with glee,
'Tis the weary wait that matters):—
Death from the guns that roar,
And the splinters weirdly shrieking.
'Tis fight to the death; 'tis war;
And the North Sea is redly reeking!

Jeffery Day

THE AIRMEN

IN MEMORIAM A.H.

(AUBERON HERBERT, CAPTAIN LORD LUCAS, R.F.C. ;
KILLED NOVEMBER 3, 1916)

Νωμᾶται δ' ἐν ἀτρυγέτω χᾶει.

THE wind had blown away the rain
That all day long had soaked the level plain.
Against the horizon's fiery wrack,
The sheds loomed black.
And higher, in their tumultuous concourse met,
The streaming clouds, shot-riddled banners, wet
With the flickering storm,
Drifted and smouldered, warm
With flashes sent
From the lower firmament.
And they concealed—
They only here and there through rifts revealed
A hidden sanctuary of fire and light,
A city of chrysolite.

We looked and laughed and wondered, and I said :
That orange sea, those oriflammes outspread
Were like the fanciful imaginings
That the young painter flings
Upon the canvas bold,
Such as the sage and the old
Make mock at, saying it could never be ;

And you assented also, laughingly,
I wondered what they meant,
That flaming firmament,
Those clouds so grey, so cold, so wet, so warm,
So much of glory and so much of storm,
The end of the world, or the end
Of the war—remoter still to me and you, my friend.

Alas! it meant not this, it meant not that :
It meant that now the last time you and I
Should look at the golden sky,
And the dark fields large and flat,
And smell the evening weather,
And laugh and talk and wonder both together.

The last, last time. We nevermore should meet
In France or London street,
Or fields of home. The desolated space
Of life shall nevermore
Be what it was before.
No one shall take your place.
No other face
Can fill that empty frame.
There is no answer when we call your name.
We cannot hear your step upon the stair.
We turn to speak and find a vacant chair.
Something is broken which we cannot mend.
God has done more than take away a friend
In taking you ; for all that we have left
Is bruised and irremediably bereft.
There is none like you. Yet not that alone
Do we bemoan ;
But this : that you were greater than the rest,
And better than the best.

O liberal heart fast-rooted to the soil,
O lover of ancient freedom and proud toil,
Friend of the gipsies and all wandering song,
The forest's nursling and the favoured child
Of woodlands wild—

O brother to the birds and all things free,
Captain of liberty.
Deep in your heart the restless seed was sown ;
The vagrant spirit fretted in your feet ;
We wondered could you tarry long,
And brook for long the cramping street,
Or would you one day sail for shores unknown,
And shake from you the dust of towns, and spurn
The crowded market-place—and not return ?
You found a sterner guide ;
You heard the guns. Then, to their distant fire,
Your dreams were laid aside ;
And on that day, you cast your heart's desire
Upon a burning pyre ;
You gave your service to the exalted need,
Until at last from bondage freed,
At liberty to serve as you loved best,
You chose the noblest way. God did the rest.

So when the spring of the world shall shrive our stain,
After the winter of war,
When the poor world awakes to peace once more,
After such night of ravage and of rain,
You shall not come again.
You shall not come to taste the old Spring weather,
To gallop through the soft untrampled heather,
To bathe and bake your body on the grass.
We shall be there, alas !
But not with you. When Spring shall wake the earth,
And quicken the scarred fields to the new birth,
Our grief shall grow. For what can Spring renew
More fiercely for us than the need of you ?

That night I dreamt they sent for me and said
That you were missing, "missing, missing—dead"
I cried when in the morning I awoke,
And all the world seemed shrouded in a cloak ;
But when I saw the sun,
And knew another day had just begun,

I brushed the dream away, and quite forgot
The nightmare's ugly bl. t.
So was the dream forgot. The dream came true
Before the night I knew
That you had flown away into the air
Forever. Then I cheated my despair.
I said
That you were safe—or wounded—but not dead.
Alas! I knew
Which was the false and true.

And after days of watching, days of lead,
There came the certain news that you were dead ;
You had died fighting, fighting against odds,
Such as in war the gods
Æthereal dared when all the world was young,
Such fighting as blind Homer never sung,
Nor Hector nor Achilles ever knew ;
High in the empty blue.
High, high, above the clouds, against the setting sun,
The fight was fought, and your great task was done.

Of all your brave adventures this the last
The bravest was and best ;
Meet ending to a long embattled past,
This swift, triumphant, fatal quest,
Crowned with the wreath that never perisheth,
And diadem of honourable death ;
Swift Death aflame with offering supreme
And mighty sacrifice,
More than all mortal dream ;
A soaring death, and near to Heaven's gate ;
Beneath the very walls of Paradise.
Surely with soul elate,
You heard the destined bullet as you flew,
And surely your prophetic spirit knew
That you had well deserved that shining fate.

Here is no waste,
No burning Might-have-been,
No bitter after-taste,
None to censure, none to screen,
Nothing awry, nor anything misspent ;
Only content, content beyond content,
Which hath not any room for betterment.

God, who had made you valiant, strong and swift,
And maimed you with a bullet long ago,
And cleft your riotous ardour with a rift,
And checked your youth's tumultuous overflow,
Gave back your youth to you,
And packed in moments rare and few
Achievements manifold
And happiness untold,
And bade you spring to Death as to a bride,
In manhood's ripeness, power and pride,
And on your sandals the strong wings of youth.
He let you leave a name
To shine on the entablatures of truth,
Forever :
To sound forever in answering halls of fame.

For you soared onwards to that world which rags
Of clouds, like tattered flags,
Concealed ; you reached the walls of chrysolite,
The mansions white ;
And losing all, you gained the civic crown
Of that eternal town,
Wherein you passed a rightful citizen
Of the bright commonwealth ablaze beyond our ken.

Surely you found companions meet for you
In that high place ;
You met there face to face
Those you had never known, but whom you knew ;
Knights of the Table Round,
And all the very brave, the very true,
With chivalry crowned ;

The captains rare,
Courteous and brave beyond our human air ;
Those who had loved and suffered overmuch,
Now free from the world's touch.
And with them were the friends of yesterday,
Who went before and pointed you the way ;
And in that place of freshness, light and rest,
Where Lancelot and Tristram vigil keep
Over their King's long sleep,
Surely they made a place for you,
Their long-expected guest,
Among the chosen few,
And welcomed you, their brother and their friend,
To that companionship which hath no end.

And in the portals of the sacred hall
You hear the trumpet's call,
At dawn upon the silvery battlement,
Re-echo through the deep
And bid the sons of God to rise from sleep,
And with a shout to hail
The sunrise on the city of the Grail :
The music that proud Lucifer in Hell
Missed more than all the joys that he forewent.
You hear the solemn bell
At vespers, when the oriflammes are furled ;
And then you know that somewhere in the world,
That shines far-off beneath you like a gem,
They think of you, and when you think of them
You know that they will wipe away their tears,
And cast aside their fears ;
That they will have it so,
And in no otherwise ;
That it is well with them because they know,
With faithful eyes,
Fixed forward and turned upwards to the skies,
That it is well with you,
Among the chosen few,
Among the very brave, the very true.

Maurice Baring

TO THE WINGLESS VICTORY

A PRAYER

WINGLESS Victory, whose shrine
By the Parthenon
Glorified our youth divine,
Hearken!—they are gone,
The young eagles of our nest,
They, the brightest, bravest, best,
They are flown!

Lilies of France,
When first they flew,
Led their lone advance
Great heaven through;
Now soar they, brood on brood,
Like stars for multitude,
To France! France!

Save thou the golden flight
That wakes the morn,
And dares the azure height,
The tempests scorn!

Save them o'er land and sea,
In deeps of air!
Thy grace, where'er they be
Ensphere them there!

Save them, the country's pride,
Our wingèd youth!
And where they fall enskied,
Save thou the truth!
O Wingless Victory!

George Edward Woodberry

LETTER TO AN AVIATOR IN FRANCE

A SLOPE of summer sprinkled over
 With sweet tow-headed pigmy clover
 Melts suddenly to emerald air
 Between the moving leaves : for where
 The terrace plunges noiselessly,
 A woven wall of appletree
 (Bearing instead of apples now
 The redwinged blackbird on the bough,)
 Enchants the lawn of sun-stained green
 To seem as though it had not been.
 From where I sit, no roots are there
 Nor gnarly trunks show anywhere :
 Only the thick-leaved upper boughs
 Close-clustered for the robin's house.
 And tall above them up the sky
 The clear lake quivers like some high
 Wind-ruffled huge crystalline tree
 Whose roots like theirs are hid from me.
 It must have light and air and room,
 With clouds for leaves and hills for bloom,
 Those pale blue hills that flower along
 The living branches wild and strong—
 I hear you laugh and say :

“ *Why make*

*A tree of crystal from the lake ?
 Of course you may if you prefer
 Shape forests out of lake-water,
 Great stems of sapphire, shedding light !
 I understand you. It's all right.
 But since you are in fantastic mood,
 Build me a shelter in that wood
 To keep June sounds and colours in,
 And shut out the infernal din
 Of war my ears have heard and heard
 Until no meaning lights the word !”*
 Well, when it's done and you come home,
 Lift up the latch of gilded foam

And enter the transparent door
And cross the grooved and shining floor
Of a new house I'm building, sir,
Of foam and wind on lake-water,
With walls intangible about
The inner rooms, to keep war out!

But this is nonsense. I have lost
My whim. Your laugh recalled has cost
So many Spanish castles, dear!
And I confess there's no tree here
Heaven-tall, with hills upon its boughs,
No sheltering sunlight-raftered house,
But only water wide and bare,
And distant shore and empty air,
And far away across the world
A proud enduring flag unfurled.

Yet you and I could never live
But for the respite that dreams give.
Your letters have their intervals,
Their hints of magic: a bird calls
Or a strange cloud goes by. You hear
Music unknown to mortal ear,
And as you said in other days,
"Last night I dreamed" your message says.
So in the end, I scorn your laughter,
Lord of my secret thoughts! And after
War will come peace, you'll not deny,
And wider light for dreaming by.
Now, let's pretend as children do:
It is my way of reaching you.
Blue Vermont hills we'll say, are fruit
Which I may pluck, when it shall suit
My mood, and send like grapes to you,
All honey-rich and webbed with dew,
Packed in their cloudy leaves and cool
Of colour like a twilight pool.
And if you've wandered past the sky
On some new errand, comrade, I

Shall climb the tree the fruit grew on
To see which road it is you've gone.
How shall I plan to overtake
Those wings of yours? And I must make
In time to welcome you, a proud
White castle of some mountain cloud—
But no more now. . . . The old clock clangs
Somewhere within. A veery hangs
Small golden wreaths along the alder,
And mother Robin's babies called her
Just now from their leaf-hidden room,
And sunset roses are in bloom.

Grace Hazard Conkling

Lake Champlain, June, 1918.

TO A CANADIAN AVIATOR WHO DIED
FOR HIS COUNTRY IN FRANCE

TOSSED like a falcon from the hunter's wrist, }
A sweeping plunge, a sudden shattering noise,
And thou hast dared, with a long spiral twist,
The elastic stairway to the rising sun.
Peril below thee, and above, peril
Within thy car; but peril cannot daunt
Thy peerless heart: gathering wing and poise,
Thy plane transfigured, and thy motor-chant
Subduèd to a whisper—then a silence,—
And thou art but a disembodied venture }
In the void.

But Death, who has learned to fly,
Still matchless when his work is to be done,
Met thee between the armies and the sun;
Thy speck of shadow faltered in the sky;
Then thy dead engine and thy broken wings
Drooped through the arc and passed in fire,
A wreath of smoke—a breathless exhalation.
But ere that came a vision sealed thine eyes,

Lulling thy senses with oblivion ;
 And from its sliding station in the skies
 Thy dauntless soul upward in circles soared
 To the sublime and purest radiance whence it sprang.

In all their eyries eagles shall mourn thy fate,
 And leaving on the lonely crags and scaurs
 Their unprotected young, shall congregate
 High in the tenuous heaven and anger the sun
 With screams, and with a wild audacity
 Dare all the battle danger of thy flight ;
 Till weary with combat one shall desert the light,
 Fall like a bolt of thunder and check his all
 On the high ledge, smoky with mist and cloud,
 Where his neglected eaglets shriek aloud,
 And drawing the film across his sovereign sight
 Shall dream of thy swift soul immortal
 Mounting in circles, faithful beyond death.

Duncan Campbell Scott

CAPTAIN GUYNEMER

WHAT high adventure, in what world afar,
 Follows to-day,
 Mid ampler air,
 Heroic Guynemer ?
 What star,
 Of all the myriad planets of our night,
 Is by his glowing presence made more bright
 Who chose the Dangerous way,
 Scorning, while brave men died, ignobly safe to stay ?

Into the unknown Vast,
 Where few could follow him, he passed,—
 On to the gate—the shadowy gate—
 Of the Forbidden,
 Seeking the knowledge jealous Fate
 Had still so carefully from mortals hidden.

With vision falcon-keen,
His eyes beheld what others had not seen,
And his soul, with as clear a gaze,
Pierced through each clouded maze
Straight to the burning heart of things, and knew
The lying from the true.

A dweller in Immensity,
Of naught afraid,
He saw the havoc Tyranny had made,—
Saw the relentless tide of War's advance,
And high of heart and free,
Vowed his young life to Liberty—
And France!

O Compiègne! be proud of him—thy son,—
The greatest of the eagle brood,—
Who with intrepid soul the foe withstood,
And rests, his victories won!
Mourn not uncomforted, but rather say:—
*His wings were broken, but he led the way
Where myriad stronger wings shall follow;*
For Wrong shall not hold lasting sway,
To break the World's heart, nor betray
With cruel pledges hollow!

To us the battle draweth near.
We dedicate ourselves again,
Remembering, O Compiègne!
Thy Charioteer—
Thy peerless one, who died to make men free,
And in Man's grateful heart shall live immortally!
Florence Earle Coates

SEARCHLIGHTS

YOU who have seen across the star-decked skies
The long white arms of searchlights slowly sweep
Have you imagined what it is to creep
High in the darkness, cold and terror-wise,

For ever looked for by those cruel eyes
Which search with far-flung beams the shadowy deep,
And near the wings unending vigil keep
To haunt the lonely airman as he flies ?

Have you imagined what it is to know
That if *one* finds you, *all* their fierce desire
To see you fall will dog you as you go,
High in a sea of light and bursting fire,
Like some small bird, lit up and blinding white
Which slowly moves across the shell-torn night ?

Paul Bewsher

THE WOUNDED

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

FOOL that I was! my heart was sore,
Yea, sick for the myriad wounded men,
The maim'd in the war: I had grief for each one:
And I came in the gay September sun
To the open smile of Trafalgar Square,
Where many a lad with a limb foredone
Loll'd by the lion-guarded column
That holdeth Nelson statued thereon
Upright in the air.

The Parliament towers, and the Abbey towers,
The white Horseguards and grey Whitehall,
He looketh on all,
Past Somerset House and the river's bend
To the pillar'd dome of St. Paul,
That slumbers, confessing God's solemn blessing
On Britain's glory, to keep it ours—
While children true her prowess renew
And throng from the ends of the earth to defend
Freedom and honour—till Earth shall end.

The gentle unjealous Shakespeare, I trow,
In his country grave of peaceful fame
Must feel exiled from life and glow,
If he thinks of this man with his warrior claim,
Who looketh on London as if 'twere his own,
As he standeth in stone, aloft and alone,
Sailing the sky, with one arm and one eye.

October, 1917.

Robert Bridges

TO A SOLDIER IN HOSPITAL

COURAGE came to you with your boyhood's grace
Of ardent life and limb.
Each day new dangers steeled you to the test,
To ride, to climb, to swim.
Your hot blood taught you carelessness of death
With every breath.

So when you went to play another game
You could not but be brave :
An Empire's team, a rougher football field,
The end—perhaps your grave.
What matter ? On the winning of a goal
You staked your soul.

Yes, you wore courage as you wore your youth
With carelessness and joy.
But in what Spartan school of discipline
Did you get patience, boy ?
How did you learn to bear this long-drawn pain
And not complain ?

Restless with throbbing hopes, with thwarted aims,
Impulsive as a colt,
How do you lie here month by weary month
Helpless, and not revolt ?
What joy can these monotonous days afford
Here in a ward ?

Yet you are merry as the birds in spring,
Or feign the gaiety,
Lest those who dress and tend your wound each day
Should guess the agony.
Lest they should suffer—this is the only fear
You let draw near.

Greybeard philosophy has sought in books
And argument this truth,
That man is greater than his pain, but you
Have learnt it in your youth.
You know the wisdom taught by Calvary
At twenty-three.

Death would have found you brave, but braver still
You face each lagging day,
A merry Stoic, patient, chivalrous,
Divinely kind and gay.
You bear your knowledge lightly, graduate
Of unkind Fate.

Careless philosopher, the first to laugh,
The latest to complain,
Unmindful that you teach, you taught me this
In your long fight with pain :
Since God made man so good—here stands my creed—
God's good indeed.

Winifred M. Letts

X BETWEEN THE LINES

WHEN consciousness came back, he found he lay
Between the opposing fires, but could not tell
On which hand were his friends ; and either way
For him to turn was chancy—bullet and shell
Whistling and shrieking over him, as the glare
Of searchlights scoured the darkness to blind day.
He scrambled to his hands and knees ascare,
Dragging his wounded foot through puddled clay,
And tumbled in a hole a shell had scooped
At random in a turnip-field between
The unseen trenches where the foes lay cooped
Through that unending battle of unseen,
Dead-locked, league-stretching armies ; and quite spent
He rolled upon his back within the pit,
And lay secure, thinking of all it meant—
His lying in that little hole, sore hit,

But living, while across the starry sky
 Shrapnel and shell went screeching overhead—
 Of all it meant that he, Tom Dodd, should lie
 Among the Belgian turnips, while his bed . . .
 If it were he, indeed, who'd climbed each night,
 Fagged with the day's work, up the narrow stair,
 And slipt his clothes off in the candle-light,
 Too tired to fold them neatly in a chair
 The way his mother'd taught him—too dog-tired
 After the long day's serving in the shop,
 Inquiring what each customer required,
 Politely talking weather, fit to drop . . .

And now for fourteen days and nights, at least,
 He hadn't had his clothes off, and had lain
 In muddy trenches, napping like a beast
 With one eye open, under sun and rain
 And that unceasing hell-fire . . .

It was strange

How things turned out—the chances! You'd just got
 To take your luck in life, you couldn't change
 Your luck.

And so here he was lying shot
 Who just six months ago had thought to spend
 His days behind a counter. Still, perhaps . . .
 And now, God only knew how he would end!

He'd like to know how many of the chaps
 Had won back to the trench alive, when he
 Had fallen wounded and been left for dead,
 If any! . . .

This was different, certainly,
 From selling knots of tape and reels of thread
 And knots of tape and reels of thread and knots
 Of tape and reels of thread and knots of tape,
 Day in, day out, and answering "Have you got"'s
 And "Do you keep"'s till there seemed no escape
 From everlasting serving in a shop,
 Inquiring what each customer required,
 Politely talking weather, fit to drop,
 With swollen ankles, tired . . .

But he was tired
Now. Every bone was aching, and had ached
For fourteen days and nights in that wet trench—
Just duller when he slept than when he waked—
Crouching for shelter from the steady drench
Of shell and shrapnel . . .

That old trench, it seemed
Almost like home to him. He'd slept and fed
And sung and smoked in it, while shrapnel screamed
And shells went whining harmless overhead—
Harmless, at least, as far as he . . .

But Dick—
Dick hadn't found them harmless yesterday,
At breakfast, when he'd said he couldn't stick
Eating dry bread, and crawled out the back way,
And brought them butter in a lordly dish—
Butter enough for all, and held it high,
Yellow and fresh and clean as you would wish—
When plump upon the plate from out the sky
A shell fell bursting . . . Where the butter went,
God only knew! . . .

And Dick . . . He dared not think
Of what had come to Dick . . . or what it meant—
The shrieking and the whistling and the stink
He'd lived in fourteen days and nights. 'Twas luck
That he still lived . . . And queer how little then
He seemed to care that Dick . . . perhaps 'twas pluck
That hardened him—a man among the men—
Perhaps . . . Yet, only think things out a bit,
And he was rabbit-livered, blue with funk!
And he'd liked Dick . . . and yet when Dick was hit,
He hadn't turned a hair. The meanest skunk
He should have thought would feel it when his mate
Was blown to smithereens—Dick, proud as punch,
Grinning like sin, and holding up the plate—
But he had gone on munching his dry hunch,
Unwinking, till he swallowed the last crumb.
Perhaps 'twas just because he dared not let
His mind run upon Dick, who'd been his chum.
He dared not now, though he could not forget.

Dick took his luck. And, life or death, 'twas luck
 From first to last; and you'd just got to trust
 Your luck and grin. It wasn't so much pluck
 As knowing that you'd got to, when needs must,
 And better to die grinning . . .

Quiet now

Had fallen on the night. On either hand
 The guns were quiet. Cool upon his brow
 The quiet darkness brooded, as he scanned
 The starry sky. He'd never seen before
 So many stars. Although of course, he'd known
 That there were stars, somehow before the war
 He'd never realised them—so thick-sown,
 Millions and millions. Serving in the shop,
 Stars didn't count for much; and then at nights
 Strolling the pavements, dull and fit to drop,
 You didn't see much but the city lights.
 He'd never in his life seen so much sky
 As he'd seen this last fortnight. It was queer
 The things war taught you. He'd a mind to try
 To count the stars—they shone so bright and clear.

One, two, three, four . . . Ah, God, but he was tired . . .
 Five, six, seven, eight . . .

Yes, it was number eight.

And what was the next thing that she required?
 (Too bad of customers to come so late,
 At closing time!) Again within the shop
 He handled knots of tape and reels of thread,
 Politely talking weather, fit to drop . . .

When once again the whole sky overhead
 Flared blind with searchlights, and the shriek of shell
 And scream of shrapnel roused him. Drowsily
 He stared about him, wondering. Then he fell
 Into deep dreamless slumber.

.

He could see

Two dark eyes peeping at him, ere he knew
 He was awake, and it again was day—

An August morning, burning to clear blue.
The frightened rabbit scuttled . . .

Far away,
A sound of firing . . . Up there, in the sky
Big dragon-flies hung hovering . . . Snowballs burst
About them . . . Flies and snowballs. With a cry
He crouched to watch the airmen pass—the first
That he'd seen under fire. Lord, that was pluck—
Shells bursting all about them—and what nerve!
They took their chance, and trusted to their luck.
At such a dizzy height to dip and swerve,
Dodging the shell fire . . .

Hell! but one was hit,
And tumbling like a pigeon, plump . . .

Thank Heaven,
It righted, and then turned; and after it
The whole flock followed safe—four, five, six, seven,
Yes, they were all there safe. He hoped they'd win
Back to their lines in safety. They deserved,
Even if they were Germans . . . 'Twas no sin
To wish them luck. Think how that beggar swerved
Just in the nick of time!

He, too, must try
To win back to the lines, though, likely as not,
He'd take the wrong turn: but he couldn't lie
For ever in that hungry hole and rot,
He'd got to take his luck, to take his chance
Of being sniped by foes or friends. He'd be
With any luck, in Germany or France
Or Kingdom-come, next morning . . .

Drearily
The blazing day burnt over him, shot and shell
Whistling and whining ceaselessly. But light
Faded at last, and as the darkness fell
He rose and crawled away into the night.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

CONVALESCENCE

FROM out the dragging vastness of the sea,
 Wave-fettered, bound in sinuous seaweed strands,
 He toils toward the rounding beach, and stands
 One moment, white and dripping, silently,
 Cut like a cameo in lazuli,
 Then falls, betrayed by shifting shells, and lands
 Prone in the jeering water, and his hands
 Clutch for support where no support can be.
 So up, and down, and forward, inch by inch,
 He gains upon the shore, where poppies glow
 And sandflies dance their little lives away.
 The sucking waves retard, and tighter clinch
 The weeds about him, but the land-winds blow,
 And in the sky there blooms the sun of May.

Amy Lowell

GASSED

HE is blind and nevermore
 Shall the shining earth entrance
 Him, whose life once lay before
 Ardour like a bright romance ;
 But another world is given
 Youth thus robbed of half a heaven.

His companions do not speak
 When they would accost him : they
 Need but touch his hand or cheek,
 Then the sightless eyes survey
 Love with love, which apprehends
 Instantly compassionate friends.

In each several kindly hand
 Lies a warm identity :
 Blind folk see and understand
 Those whom they may never see,
 And the deaf may hear Love's word
 Uttered, though it be unheard.

When he walks about the streets
Every house means much to him ;
Every wayfarer he meets
Modest-faced or proudly prim—
He divines : each rolling wheel's
Movement in the town he feels.

Eden's gates to him are closed,
Yet new portals open wide,
Whence rare prospects are exposed ;
These he visions open eyed,
When imagination thrills
As he faces woods and hills.

Every breath of air that stirs
Has a meaning : every leaf,
Touched by him, responds ; the firs
Breathe a recompense for grief,
And the grasses whisper, too,
Words he does not misconstrue.

Few can hear the clover's voice
As he hears it : few are those
Who so thrillingly rejoice
When the gillyflowers disclose
Secrets that mean life to one
Robbed of stars, though not of sun.

Touch becomes his very soul,
Giving sense of sound with sight :
He is ravaged yet made whole
Even in black fate's despite :
Look ! He carries sad renown
As an emperor wears a crown !

Deaf and blind ! Yet he will know
When old enemies cross his path ;
For the devil-prompted foe,
Who inspired his quenchless wrath,
With incredible torment, gave
Gifts that make him more than brave.

Rowland Thirlmere

INVALIDED

HE limps along the city street,
Men pass him with a pitying glance ;
He is not there, but on the sweet
And troubled plains of France.

Once more he marches with the guns,
Reading the way by merry signs,
His Regent Street through trenches runs,
His Strand among the pines.

For there his comrades jest and fight,
And others sleep in that fair land ;
They call him back in dreams of night
To join their dwindling band.

He may not go ; on him must lie
The doom, through peaceful years to live,
To have a sword he cannot ply,
A life he cannot give.

Edward Shillito

THE WHITE COMRADE

(AFTER W. H. LATHAM'S *The Comrade in White*)

UNDER our curtain of fire,
Over the clotted clods,
We charged, to be withered, to reel
And despairingly wheel
When the bugles bade us retire
From the terrible odds.

As we ebbd with the battle-tide,
Fingers of red-hot steel
Suddenly closed on my side.
I fell, and began to pray.

I crawled on my hands and lay
Where a shallow crater yawned wide ;
Then,—I swooned. . . .

When I woke, it was yet day.
Fierce was the pain of my wound,
But I saw it was death to stir,
For fifty paces away
Their trenches were.
In torture I prayed for the dark
And the stealthy step of my friend
Who, staunch to the very end,
Would creep to the danger zone
And offer his life as a mark
To save my own.

Night fell. I heard his tread,
Not stealthy, but firm and serene,
As if my comrade's head
Were lifted far from that scene
Of passion and pain and dread ;
As if my comrade's heart
In carnage took no part ;
As if my comrade's feet
Were set on some radiant street
Such as no darkness might haunt ;
As if my comrade's eyes
No deluge of flame could surprise,
No death and destruction daunt,
No red-beaked bird dismay,
Nor sight of decay.

Then in the bursting shells' dim light
I saw he was clad in white.
For a moment I thought that I saw the smock
Of a shepherd in search of his flock.
Alert were the enemy, too,
And their bullets flew
Straight at a mark no bullet could fail ;
For the seeker was tall and his robe was bright ;
But he did not flee nor quail.

Instead, with unhurrying stride
He came,
And gathering my tall frame,
Like a child, in his arms. . . .

Again I swooned,
And awoke
From a blissful dream
In a cave by a stream.
My silent comrade had bound my side.
No pain now was mine, but a wish that I spoke,—
A mastering wish to serve this man
Who had ventured through hell my doom to revoke
As only the truest of comrades can.
I begged him to tell me how best I might aid him,
And urgently prayed him
Never to leave me, whatever betide ;
When I saw he was hurt—
Shot through the hands that were clasped in prayer !
Then as the dark drops gathered there
And fell in the dirt,
The wounds of my friend
Seemed to me such as no man might bear.
Those bullet-holes in the patient hands
Seemed to transcend
All horrors that ever these war-drenched lands
Had known or would know till the mad world's end.

Then suddenly I was aware
That his feet had been wounded, too ;
And, dimming the white of his side,
A dull stain grew.
“ You are hurt, White Comrade ! ” I cried.
His words I already foreknew :
“ These are old wounds,” said he,
“ But of late they have troubled me.”

Robert Haven Schauffler

OUT OF THE CONFLICT

THE ward is strangely hushed to-day ;
The morning nurses sober-eyed
Regard the screened place where, they say,
At midnight, Number Twenty died.
So many weeks of weary hours
He lay and heard our busy tread,
As patient as the wistful flowers
That spent their fragrance near his bed—
So oft we saw in passing by,
His questing glance, his dreamful face,
We shall regard resentfully
The stranger that must fill his place . . .

What vision rapt him through the dim
Slow hours ? Like wraiths upon the sight
All common changes seemed to him
Of dawn and day, of eve and night ;
Each brought its sounds of whispering feet,
Its faces, glimmering, ghost by ghost—
Yet scarce he left his dream to greet
Those comers who would mourn him most.
For in his sight shone such a star
As, after tempests loud and rude,
To sea-worn eyes foretells some far
Relief—a port of quietude ;
And, homing to that bourn, he heard
The call so many wanderers know
From meadows lulled by bee and bird
Where he was happy long ago—
Where simple things were ecstasy,
And life a game among the flowers,
And every hurt and malady
Was healed by gentler hands than ours . . .
Not jacinth wall and golden street
Perchance so rapt his dying gaze ;
For him, Heaven's wonder was the sweet
Lost wonder of his childhood's days ;

Perchance he sought no blissful shore,
No place with hosts of myriad blest,
But just to lay, a child once more,
His tired head on his mother's breast.

Ah, well, to-day all dreams come true
For those closed eyes where riddles cease ;
He leaves the warring world he knew,
And ratifies, ere we, his peace.
God rest him, then . . . but we must turn
To face the same sad tasks again—
To tend new convoys, and discern
The same dream in the eyes of pain.

Alberta Vickridge, V.A.D.

THE FALLEN

THE DEAD

I

BLOW out, you bugles, over the rich Dead !
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.
These laid the world away ; poured out the red
Sweet wine of youth ; gave up the years to be
Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,
That men call age ; and those who would have been,
Their sons, they gave, their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow ! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage ;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again ;
And we have come into our heritage.

II

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.
These had seen movement and heard music ; known
Slumber and waking ; loved ; gone proudly friendèd ;
Felt the quick stir of wonder ; sat alone ;
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter
 And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,
 Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance
 And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white
 Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,
 A width, a shining peace, under the night.

Rupert Brooke

HIC JACET
 QUI IN HOC SAECULO FIDELITER
 MILITAVIT

HE that has left hereunder
 The signs of his release
 Feared not the battle's thunder
 Nor hoped that wars should cease ;
 No hatred set asunder
 His warfare from his peace.

Nor feared he in his sleeping
 To dream his work undone,
 To hear the heathen sweeping
 Over the lands he won ;
 For he has left in keeping
 His sword unto his son.

Henry Newbolt

FOR THE FALLEN

WITH proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
 England mourns for her dead across the sea.
 Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
 Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill ; Death august and royal
 Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres,
 There is music in the midst of desolation
 And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted :
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old :
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again ;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home ;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time ;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night ;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain ;
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

Laurence Binyon

TWO SONNETS

I

SAINTS have adored the lofty soul of you.
Poets have whitened at your high renown.
We stand among the many millions who
Do hourly wait to pass your pathway down.
You, so familiar, once were strange : we tried
To live as of your presence unaware.
But now in every road on every side
We see your straight and steadfast signpost there.

I think it like that signpost in my land,
 Hoary and tall, which pointed me to go
 Upward, into the hills, on the right hand,
 Where the mists swim and the winds shriek and blow,
 A homeless land and friendless, but a land
 I did not know and that I wished to know.

II

Such, such is Death : no triumph : no defeat :
 Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,
 A merciful putting away of what has been.

And this we know : Death is not Life effete,
 Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen
 So marvellous things know well the end not yet.

Victor and vanquished are a-one in death :
 Coward and brave : friend, foe. Ghosts do not say,
 "Come, what was your record when you drew
 breath ?"

But a big blot has hid each yesterday
 So poor, so manifestly incomplete.
 And your bright Promise, withered long and sped,
 Is touched, stirs, rises, opens and grows sweet
 And blossoms and is you, when you are dead.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

June 12, 1915.

THE DEAD

WHEN you see millions of the mouthless dead
 Across your dreams in pale battalions go,
 Say not soft things as other men have said,
 That you'll remember. For you need not so.
 Give them not praise. For, deaf, how should they know
 It is not curses heaped on each gashed head ?
 Nor tears. Their blind eyes see not your tears flow.
 Nor honour. It is easy to be dead.

Say only this, "They are dead." Then add thereto,
 "Yet many a better one has died before."
 Then scanning all the o'ercrowded mass, should you
 Perceive one face that you loved heretofore,
 It is a spook. None wears the face you knew.
 Great Death has made all his for evermore.

Charles Hamilton Sorley

IN FLANDERS FIELDS

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IN Flanders fields the poppies blow
 Between the crosses, row on row,
 That mark our place; and in the sky
 The larks, still bravely singing, fly
 Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
 We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
 Loved and were loved, and now we lie
 In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
 To you from failing hands we throw
 The torch; be yours to hold it high.
 If ye break faith with us who die
 We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
 In Flanders fields.

John McCrae

THE ANXIOUS DEAD

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear
 Above their heads the legions pressing on:
 (These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
 And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
 The coming dawn that streaks the day afar:
 Then let your mighty chorus witness be
 To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
 That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
 That we will onward, till we win or fall,
 That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
 They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
 Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
 And in content may turn them to their sleep.

John McCrae

TO OUR FALLEN

YE sleepers, who will sing you?
 We can but give our tears—
 Ye dead men, who shall bring you
 Fame in the coming years?
 Brave souls . . . but who remembers
 The fame that fired your embers? . . .
 Deep, deep the sleep that holds you
 Who one time had no peers.

Yet maybe Fame's but seeming
 And praise you'd set aside,
 Content to go on dreaming,
 Yea, happy to have died
 If of all things you prayed for—
 All things your valour paid for—
 One prayer is not forgotten,
 One purchase not denied.

But God grants your dear England
 A strength that shall not cease
 Till she have won for all the Earth
 From ruthless men release,
 And made supreme upon her
 Mercy and Truth and Honour—
 Is this the thing you died for?
 Oh, Brothers, sleep in peace!

Robert Ernest Vernède

THE FALLEN SUBALTERN

THE starshells float above, the bayonets glisten ;
 We bear our fallen friend without a sound ;
 Below the waiting legions lie and listen
 To us, who march upon their burial ground.

Wound in the flag of England here, we lay him ;
 The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave ;
 What other winding sheet should now array him,
 What other music should salute the brave ?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,
 When all his golden banners are unfurled,
 So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,
 And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those who come this way, in days hereafter,
 Will know that here a boy for England fell,
 Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,
 And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute ; the bayonets clash and glisten ;
 With arms reversed we go without a sound :
 One more has joined the men who lie and listen
 To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

1915.

Herbert Asquith

LAMENT

WE who are left, how shall we look again
 Happily on the sun, or feel the rain,
 Without remembering how they who went
 Ungrudgingly and spent
 Their all for us, loved, too, the sun and rain ?

A bird among the rain wet lilac sings—
 But we, how shall we turn to little things
 And listen to the birds and winds and streams
 Made holy by their dreams,
 Nor feel the heart-break in the heart of things ?

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

 VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

GOD, I am travelling out to death's sea,
 I, who exulted in sunshine and laughter,
 Thought not of dying—death is such waste of me!
 Grant me one comfort: Leave not the hereafter
 Of mankind to war, as though I had died not—
 I, who in battle, my comrade's arm linking,
 Shouted and sang—life in my pulses hot
 Throbbing and dancing! Let not my sinking
 In dark be for naught, my death a vain thing!
 God, let me know it the end of man's fever!
 Make my last breath a bugle call, carrying
 Peace o'er the valleys and cold hills, for ever!

John Galsworthy

[From *A Sheaf*. Copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

A HARROW GRAVE IN FLANDERS

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,
 One of a hundred grains untimely sown,
 Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,
 He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,—
 School triumphs, earned apace in work and play;
 Friendships at will; then love's delightful dawn
 And mellowing day;

Home fostering hope; some service to the State;
 Benignant age; then the long tryst to keep
 Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate
 His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil
 From life's alembic, through this holier fate,
 The man's essential soul, the hero will?
 We ask; and wait.

Crewe

THE DEBT

NO more, old England, will they see—
Those men who've died for you and me.

So lone and cold they lie ; but we,
We still have life ; we may still greet
Our pleasant friends in home and street ;
We still have life, are able still
To climb the turf of Bignor Hill,
To see the placid sheep go by,
To hear the sheep-dog's eager cry,
To feel the sun, to taste the rain,
To smell the Autumn's scents again
Beneath the brown and gold and red
Which old October's brush has spread,
To hear the robin in the lane,
To look upon the English sky.

So young they were, so strong and well,
Until the bitter summons fell—
Too young to die.
Yet there on foreign soil they lie,
So pitiful, with glassy eye
And limbs all tumbled anyhow :
Quite finished, now.
On every heart—lest we forget—
Secure at home—engrave this debt !

Too delicate is flesh to be
The shield that nations interpose
'Twixt red Ambition and his foes—
The bastion of Liberty.
So beautiful their bodies were,
Built with so exquisite a care :
So young and fit and lithe and fair.
The very flower of us were they,
The very flower, but yesterday !
Yet now so pitiful they lie,
Where love of country bade them hie
To fight this fierce Caprice—and die.

All mangled now, where shells have burst,
 And lead and steel have done their worst ;
 The tender tissues ploughed away,
 The years' slow processes effaced :
 The Mother of us all—disgraced.

And some leave wives behind, young wives ;
 Already some have launched new lives :
 A little daughter, little son—
 For thus this blundering world goes on.
 But never more will any see
 The old secure felicity,
 The kindnesses that made us glad
 Before the world went mad.
 They'll never hear another bird,
 Another gay or loving word—
 Those men who lie so cold and lone,
 Far in a country not their own ;
 Those men who died for you and me,
 That England still might sheltered be
 And all our lives go on the same
 (Although to live is almost shame).

E. V. Lucas

RIDDLES, R.F.C.¹

(1916)

HE was a boy of April beauty ; one
 Who had not tried the world ; who, while the sun
 Flamed yet upon the eastern sky, was done.

Time would have brought him in her patient ways—
 So his young beauty spoke—to prosperous days,
 To fullness of authority and praise.

He would not wait so long. A boy, he spent
 His boy's dear life for England. Be content :
 No honour of age had been more excellent.

John Drinkwater

¹ Lieutenant S. G. Ridley, Royal Flying Corps, sacrificed his life in the Egyptian desert in an attempt to save a comrade. He was twenty years of age.

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

I DREAMED that overhead
I saw in twilight grey
The Army of the Dead
Marching upon its way,
So still and passionless,
With faces so serene,
That scarcely could one guess
Such men in war had been.

No mark of hurt they bore,
Nor smoke, nor bloody stain ;
Nor suffered any more
Famine, fatigue, or pain ;
Nor any lust of hate
Now lingered in their eyes—
Who have fulfilled their fate,
Have lost all enmities.

A new and greater pride
So quenched the pride of race
That foes marched side by side
Who once fought face to face.
That ghostly army's plan
Knows but one race, one rod—
All nations there are Man,
And the one King is God.

No longer on their ears
The bugle's summons falls ;
Beyond these jangled spheres
The Archangel's trumpet calls ;
And by that trumpet led
Far up the exalted sky
The Army of the Dead
Goes by, and still goes by—
Look upward, standing mute ;
Salute.

Barry Pain

THE SPECTRAL ARMY

I DREAM that on far heaven's steep
 To-night Christ lets me stand by Him
 To see the many million ghosts
 Tramp up Death's highway, wide and dim.

The young are older than the old,
 Their eyes are strained, their faces grey
 With horror's twilight dropped too soon
 Upon a scarcely opened day.

The guns move light as carven mist,
 The weary footsteps make no sound,
 As up the never-ending hill
 They come on their last death-march bound.

Their heads are lifted. As they pass
 They look at Christ's red wounds, and smile
 In gallant comradeship: they know
 Golgotha's terrible defile.

They too have drained a bitter gall,
 Heart's Calvary they know full well,
 And every man, or old or young,
 Has stared into the deeps of Hell.

Yet brave and gay that spectral host
 Goes by. Like Christ, on bloody sod
 They gladly paid a price, like Him
 They left the reckoning to God.

G. O. Warren

TO A DOG

PAST happiness dissolves. It fades away,
 Ghost-like, in that dim attic of the mind
 To which the dreams of childhood are consigned.
 Here, withered garlands hang in slow decay,
 And trophies glimmer in the dying ray
 Of stars that once with heavenly glory shined.
 But you old friend, are you still left behind
 To tell the nearness of life's yesterday?

Ah, boon companion of my vanished boy,
For you he lives ; in every sylvan walk
He waits ; and you expect him everywhere.
How would you stir, what cries, what bounds of joy,
If but his voice were heard in casual talk,
If but his footstep sounded on the stair !

John Jay Chapman

FOR FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

(Killed in action, July 31, 1917.)

YOU fell ; and on a distant field, shell shatter'd,
Soaked with blood ; while, in your dying, Erin
Knew naught of you, nor folded you for rest.
You will not sleep beneath a mound where kings
Were coffin'd long ago in carven stone
And dream in peace amid an emerald land
Of many memories and swift-wing'd song.
And yet I think that you are not forgotten ;
For even in the Irish air there will be
Somewhat of you ; in the wide beam of sunlight
Streaming athwart the mountains to the fields
Furrowed and brown, where languid rooks, and gulls
With their sharp crying, circle, or sit and sun
Themselves. The song of birds shall speak of you ;
The blackbird chirping cheerily of spring,
When hawthorn blows and gorse runs through the
hedge ;
The lark lost in the morning ; and the stream
Sparkling, or dark with pools, where salmon leap.
You will not be forgotten ; for your songs
Have brought the beauty of the Irish land
To many dimming eyes and homesick hearts.
Poet and Soldier, could your land forget ?
For you each morning shall her fields be wet.

Norreys Jephson O'Conor

R. 15

THE LAST HERO

WE laid him to rest with tenderness ;
 Homeward we turned in the twilight's gold ;
 We thought in ourselves with dumb distress—
 All the story of earth is told.

A beautiful word at the last was said :
 A great deep heart like the hearts of old
 Went forth ; and the speaker had lost the thread,
 Or all the story of earth was told.

The dust hung over the pale dry ways
 Dizzily fired with the twilight's gold,
 And a bitter remembrance blew in each face
 How all the story of earth was told.

A. E.

THE ISLAND OF SKYROS

HERE, where we stood together, we three men,
 Before the war had swept us to the East
 Three thousand miles away, I stand again
 And hear the bells, and breathe, and go to feast.
 We trod the same path, to the selfsame place,
 Yet here I stand, having beheld their graves,
 Skyros whose shadows the great seas erase,
 And Seddul Bahr that ever more blood craves.
 So, since we communed here, our bones have been
 Nearer, perhaps, than they again will be,
 Earth and the worldwide battle lie between,
 Death lies between, and friend-destroying sea.
 Yet here, a year ago, we talked and stood
 As I stand now, with pulses beating blood.

I saw her like a shadow on the sky
 In the last light, a blur upon the sea,
 Then the gale's darkness put the shadow by,
 But from one grave that island talked to me ;

And, in the midnight, in the breaking storm,
I saw its blackness and a blinking light,
And thought, "So death obscures your gentle form,
So memory strives to make the darkness bright ;
And, in that heap of rocks, your body lies,
Part of the island till the planet ends,
My gentle comrade, beautiful and wise,
Part of this crag this bitter surge offends,
While I, who pass, a little obscure thing,
War with this force, and breathe, and am its king."
John Masefield

RUPERT BROOKE

I

YOUR face was lifted to the golden sky
Ablaze beyond the black roofs of the square
As flame on flame leapt, flourishing in air
Its tumult of red stars exultantly
To the cold constellations dim and high :
And as we neared the roaring ruddy flare
Kindled to gold your throat and brow and hair
Until you burned, a flame of ecstasy.

The golden head goes down into the night
Quenched in cold gloom—and yet again you stand
Beside me now with lifted face alight,
As, flame to flame, and fire to fire you burn . . .
Then, recollecting, laughingly you turn,
And look into my eyes and take my hand.

II

Once in my garret—you being far away
Tramping the hills and breathing upland air,
Or so I fancied—brooding in my chair,
I watched the London sunshine feeble and grey
Dapple my desk, too tired to labour more,
When, looking up, I saw you standing there
Although I'd caught no footstep on the stair,
Like sudden April at my open door.

Though now beyond earth's farthest hills you fare,
 Song-crowned, immortal, sometimes it seems to me
 That, if I listen very quietly,
 Perhaps I'll hear a light foot on the stair
 And see you, standing with your angel air,
 Fresh from the uplands of eternity.

III

Your eyes rejoiced in colour's ecstasy,
 Fulfilling even their uttermost desire,
 When, over a great sunlit field afire
 With windy poppies streaming like a sea
 Of scarlet flame that flaunted riotously
 Among green orchards of that western shire,
 You gazed as though your heart could never tire
 Of life's red flood in summer revelry.

And as I watched you, little thought had I
 How soon beneath the dim low-drifting sky
 Your soul should wander down the darkling way,
 With eyes that peer a little wistfully,
 Half-glad, half-sad, remembering, as they see
 Lethean poppies, shrivelling ashen grey.

IV

October chestnuts showered their perishing gold
 Over us as beside the stream we lay
 In the Old Vicarage garden that blue day,
 Talking of verse and all the manifold
 Delights a little net of words may hold,
 While in the sunlight water-voles at play
 Dived under a trailing crimson bramble-spray,
 And walnuts thudded ripe on soft black mould.

Your soul goes down unto a darker stream
 Alone, O friend, yet even in death's deep night
 Your eyes may grow accustomed to the dark
 And Styx for you may have the ripple and gleam
 Of your familiar river, and Charon's bark
 Tarry by that old garden of your delight.

Wilfrid Wilson Gibson

RUPERT BROOKE

(IN MEMORIAM)

I NEVER knew you save as all men know
 Twitter of mating birds, flutter of wings
 In April coverts, and the streams that flow—
 One of the happy voices of our Springs :

A voice for ever stilled, a memory,
 Since you went eastward with the fighting ships,
 A hero of the great new Odyssey,
 And God has laid His finger on your lips.

Moray Dalton

TO RUPERT BROOKE

THOUGH we, a happy few,
 Indubitably knew
 That from the purple came
 This poet of pure flame,

The world first saw his light
 Flash on an evil night,
 And heard his song from far
 Above the drone of war.

Out of the primal dark
 He leapt, like lyric lark,
 Singing his aubade strain ;
 Then fell to earth again.

We garner all he gave,
 And on his hero grave,
 For love and honour strew,
 Rosemary, myrtle, rue.

Son of the Morning, we
 Had kept you thankfully ;
 But yours the asphodel :
 Hail, singer, and farewell !

Eden Phillpotts

[From *Plain Song*, 1914-1916. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London.]

LORD KITCHENER

UNFLINCHING hero, watchful to forsee
 And face thy country's peril wheresoe'er,
 Directing war and peace with equal care,
 Till by long duty ennobled thou wert he
 Whom England call'd and bade: "Set my arm free
 To obey my will and save my honour fair,"—
 What day the foe presumed on her despair
 And she herself had trust in none but thee:

Among Herculean deeds the miracle
 That mass'd the labour of ten years in one
 Shall be thy monument. Thy work was done
 Ere we could thank thee; and the high sea swell
 Surgeth unheeding where thy proud ship fell
 By the lone Orkneys, at the set of sun.

Robert Bridges

June 8, 1916.

KITCHENER

THERE is wild water from the north;
 The headlands darken in their foam
 As with a threat of challenge stubborn earth
 Booms at that far wild sea-line charging home.

The night shall stand upon the shifting sea
 As yesternight stood there,
 And hear the cry of waters through the air,
 The iron voice of headlands start and rise—
 The noise of winds for mastery
 That screams to hear the thunder in those cries.
 But now henceforth there shall be heard
 From Brough of Bursay, Marwick Head,
 And shadows of the distant coast,
 Another voice bestirred—
 Telling of something greatly lost
 Somewhere below the tidal glooms, and dead.

Beyond the uttermost
 Of aught the night may hear on any seas
 From tempest-known wild water's cry, and roar
 Of iron shadows looming from the shore,
 It shall be heard—and when the Orcades
 Sleep in a hushed Atlantic's starry folds
 As smoothly as, far down below the tides,
 Sleep on the windless broad sea-wolds
 Where this night's shipwreck hides.

By many a sea-holm where the shock
 Of ocean's battle falls, and into spray
 Gives up its ghosts of strife; by reef and rock
 Ravaged by their eternal 'brute affray
 With monstrous frenzies of their shore's green foe;
 Where overstream and overfall and undertow
 Strive, snatch away;
 A wistful voice, without a sound,
 Shall dwell beside Pomona, on the sea,
 And speak the homeward and the outward-bound,
 And touch the helm of passing minds
 And bid them steer as wistfully—
 Saying: "He did great work, until the winds
 And waters hereabout that night betrayed
 Him to the drifting death! His work went on—
 He would not be gainsaid. . . .
 Though where his bones are, no man knows, not one!"

John Helston

WHERE KITCHENER SLEEPS

O GRIM and iron-bastioned,
 Tumultuous Orcades,
 Of vast and awful maelstroms,
 And eagle-taloned seas;—
 Great is your cruel sovereignty,
 But greater than all your might,
 Was he, this strong world-captain,
 Who entered your halls to-night.

Wild were the headland skerries,
 And wilder the sunset's frown,
 And the kelpie lords were abroad in the dark,
 When Kitchener went down ;
 Down in the hour of duty
 His worldwide task scarce done,
 'Mid the thunder of cannonading surfs,
 And the searchlight gleam of the sun.

What fitter and truer ending,
 Than greatly thus to die,
 Called to his sleep in the kingly deep,
 'Mid the pageant of water and sky ;
 To sink to his long, last slumber,
 With Ocean to cradle his form ;
 And draw round the sweep of his lordly sleep
 The mighty curtains of storm !

Yes, famed is the storied abbey
 Where slumber our kingly dead ;
 And solemn the lofty-domed St. Paul's
 Where the last sad rites are said ;
 But where in all earth's sepulchres
 For this iron soul more meet,
 Than to keep his rest where the titan surfs
 Thunder at Bursay's feet ?

Wilfred Campbell

KITCHENER'S MARCH

NOT the muffled drums for him
 Nor the wailing of the fife.
 Trumpets blaring to the charge
 Were the music of his life.
 Let the music of his death
 Be the feet of marching men.
 Let his heart a thousandfold
 Take the field again !

Of his patience, of his calm,
Of his quiet faithfulness,
England, build your hero's cairn !
He was worthy of no less.
Stone by stone, in silence laid,
Singly, surely, let it grow.
He whose living was to serve
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down
For the mighty sea to keep.
There's a spirit cannot die
While one heart is left to leap
In the land he gave his all,
Steeled alike to praise and hate.
He has saved the life he spent—
Death has struck too late.

*Not the muffled drums for him
Nor the wailing of the fife—
Trumpets blaring to the charge
Were the music of his life.
Let the music of his death
Be the feet of marching men.
Let his heart a thousandfold
Take the field again !*

Amelia Josephine Burr

[From *Life and Living*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL EARL
ROBERTS OF KANDAHAR AND PRETORIA

Born, 1832. Died, on Service at the Front, Nov. 14th, 1914.

[Reprinted by permission of the Proprietors of *Punch*.]

HE died, as soldiers die, amid the strife,
Mindful of England in his latest prayer ;
God, of His love, would have so fair a life
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,
 But, as of old, among his own he went,
 Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,
 A courage still unspent.

So was his end ; and, in that hour, across
 The face of War a wind of silence blew,
 And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss
 Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay
 For sign of worship on his warrior-bier ?
 What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,
 Would he have held most dear ?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft ;
 Not vain regret for counsel given in vain ;
 Not pride of that high record he had left,
 Peerless and pure of stain ;

But service of our lives to keep her free,
 The land he served ; a pledge above his grave
 To give her even such a gift as he,
 The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell
 His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,
 And through the mist the guns he loved so well
 Thunder a last salute !

Owen Seaman

[From *Life and Living*. Copyright, 1917, by George H. Doran Company.]

EDITH CAVELL

THE world hath its own dead ; great motions start
 In human breasts, and make for them a place
 In that hushed sanctuary of the race
 Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.
 Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art,
 A name to pray on, and to all a face
 Of household consecration ; such His grace
 Whose universal dwelling is the heart.

O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow,
And knew no service save of Christ the Lord !
Thy country now is all humanity !
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show
In the harsh scything of the German sword,
And beautifies the world that saw it die !

George Edward Woodberry

BEFORE MARCHING, AND AFTER

(In Memoriam F. W. G.)

ORION swung southward aslant
Where the starved Egdon pine-trees had thinned,
The Pleaids aloft seemed to pant
With the heather that twitched in the wind ;
But he looked on indifferent to sights such as these,
Unswayed by love, friendship, home joy or home sorrow,
And wondered to what he would march on the morrow.

The crazed household clock with its whirr
Rang midnight within as he stood,
He heard the low sighing of her
Who had striven from his birth for his good ;
But he still only asked the spring starlight, the breeze,
What great thing or small thing his history would borrow
From that Game with Death he would play on the morrow.

When the heath wore the robe of late summer,
And the fuchsia-bells, hot in the sun,
Hung red by the door, a quick comer
Brought tidings that marching was done
For him who had joined in that game overseas
Where Death stood to win ; though his memory would
borrow
A brightness therefrom not to die on the morrow.

Thomas Hardy

September, 1915.

TO OUR DEAD

SLEEP well, heroic souls, in silence sleep,
 Lapped in the circling arms of kindly death !
 No ill can vex your slumbers, no foul breath
 Of slander, hate, derision mar the deep
 Repose that holds you close. Your kinsmen reap
 The harvest you have sown, while each man saith :
 " So would I choose, when danger threateneth,
 Let my death be as theirs." We dare not weep.

For you have scaled the starry heights of fame,
 Nor ever shrunk from peril and distress
 In fight undaunted for the conqueror's prize ;
 Therefore your death, engirt with loveliness
 Of simple service done for England's name,
 Shall shine like beacon-stars of sacrifice.

W. L. Courtney

TELLING THE BEES

(AN OLD GLOUCESTERSHIRE SUPERSTITION)

THEY dug no grave for our soldier lad, who fought and
 who died out there :
 Bugle and drum for him were dumb, and the padre said no
 prayer ;
 The passing bell gave never a peal to warn that a soul was
 fled,
 And we laid him not in the quiet spot where cluster his
 kin that are dead.

But I hear a foot on the pathway, above the low hum of
 the hive,
 That at edge of dark, with the song of the lark, tells that
 the world is alive :
 The master starts on his errand, his tread is heavy and
 slow,
 Yet he cannot choose but tell the news—the bees have a
 right to know.

Bound by the ties of a happier day, they are one with us
 now in our worst ;
 On the very morn that my boy was born they were told the
 tidings the first :
 With what pride they will hear of the end he made, and
 the ordeal that he trod—
 Of the scream of shell, and the venom of hell, and the flame
 of the sword of God.

Wise little heralds, tell of my boy ; in your golden tabard
 coats
 Tell the bank where he slept, and the stream he leapt,
 where the spangled lily floats :
 The tree he climbed shall lift her head, and the torrent he
 swam shall thrill,
 And the tempest that bore his shouts before shall cry his
 message still. *G. E. Rees*

THE HOUSE OF DEATH

SURELY the Keeper of the House of Death
 Had long grown weary of letting in the old—
 Of welcoming the aged, the short of breath,
 Sad spirits, duller than their tales oft-told.
 He must have longed to gather in the gold
 Of shining youth to deck his dreary spaces—
 To hear no more old wail and sorrowing.
 And now he has his wish, and the young faces
 Are crowding in : and laughter fills Death's places ;
 And all his courts are gay with flowers of Spring.
A. T. Nankivell

GERVAIS

(Killed at the Dardanelles.)

BEES hummed and rooks called hoarsely outside the
 quiet room
 Where by an open window Gervais, the restless boy,
 Fretting the while for cricket, read of Patroclus' doom
 And flower of youth a-dying by far-off windy Troy.

Do the old tales, half-remembered, come back to haunt
 him now
 Who leaving his glad school-days and putting boyhood by
 Joined England's bitter Iliad? Greek beauty on the brow
 That frowns with dying wonder up to Hissarlik's sky!

Margaret Adelaide Wilson

THE DEAD

I FEARED the lonely dead, so old were they,
 Decrepit, tired beings, ghastly white,
 With withered breasts and eyes devoid of sight,
 Forever mute beneath the sodden clay;
 I feared the lonely dead, and turned away
 From thoughts of sombre death and endless night;
 Thus, through the dismal hours I longed for light
 To drive my utter hopelessness away.

But now my nights are filled with flowered dreams
 Of singing warriors, beautiful and young;
 Strong men and boys within whose eyes there gleams
 The triumph song of worlds unknown, unsung;
 Grim death has vanished, leaving in its stead
 The shining glory of the living dead.

Sigourney Thayer

TO THE FALLEN

OUT of the flame-scarred night one came to me
 And whispered, "He is dead." . . . But I, who find
 Thy resurrection in each noble mind,
 Thy soul in every deed of chivalry,
 I can but think, while lives nobility,
 While honour lights a path for humankind,
 While aught is beautiful, or aught enshrined,
 Death hath o'ertaken but not conquered thee.

Until all loveliness shall pass away,
 Until the darkness dies no more in dawn,
 Until the lustre of the stars is shed,
 Till no dream mocks the madness of the fray,
 Till love has learnt to leer and pride to fawn,
 Till heaven is sunk in hell—thou are not dead.

Claude Houghton

SPORTSMEN IN PARADISE

THEY left the fury of the fight,
 And they were very tired.
 The gates of Heaven were open quite,
 Unguarded and unwired.
 There was no sound of any gun,
 The land was still and green ;
 Wide hills lay silent in the sun,
 Blue valleys slept between.

They saw far off a little wood
 Stand up against the sky.
 Knee-deep in grass a great tree stood . . .
 Some lazy cows went by . . .
 There were some rooks sailed overhead,
 And once a church-bell pealed.
 " *God ! but it's England,*" someone said,
 " *And there's a cricket-field !*"

T. P. Cameron Wilson

THE DEAD

THE dead are with us everywhere,
 By night and day ;
 No street we tread but they have wandered there
 Who now lie still beneath the grass
 Of some shell-scarred and distant plain,
 Beyond the fear of death, beyond all pain.
 And in the silence you can hear their noiseless footsteps
 pass—
 The dead are with us always, night and day.

Where once the sound of mirth would rouse
 The sleeping town,
 The laughter has died out from house to house ;
 And where through open window late
 At night would float delightful song,
 And glad-souled music from the light-heart revel-throng,
 In quadrangle and street the windows darkly wait
 For those who cannot wake the sleeping town.

This city once a bride to all
 Who entered here,
 A lover magical who had in thrall
 The souls of those who once might know
 Her kiss upon their lips and brow—
 A golden, laughter-hearted lover then, but now
 A mother grey, whose sees Death darken as they go,
 Son after son of those who entered there.

Yet sometimes at the dead of night
 I see them come—
 The darkness is suffused with a great light
 From that radiant, countless host :
 No face but is triumphant there,
 A flaming crown of youth imperishable they wear.
 A thousand years that passed have gained what we to-day
 have lost,
 The splendour of their sacrifice for years to come.

A. E. Murray

TO A CANADIAN LAD, KILLED IN THE WAR

O NOBLE youth that held our honour in keeping,
 And bore it sacred through the battle flame,
 How shall we give full measure of acclaim
 To thy sharp labour, thy immortal reaping ?
 For though we sowed with doubtful hands, half sleeping,
 Thou in thy vivid pride hast reaped a nation,
 And brought it in with shouts and exultation,
 With drums and trumpets, with flags flashing and leaping.

Let us bring pungent wreaths of balsam, and tender
 Tendrils of wild-flowers, lovelier for thy daring,
 And deck a sylvan shrine, where the maple parts
 The moonlight, with lilac bloom, and the splendour
 Of suns unwearied ; all unwithered wearing
 Thy valour stainless in our heart of hearts.

Duncan Campbell Scott

TO SOME WHO HAVE FALLEN

SPRING is God's season ; may you see His Spring
 Somewhere, the larch and ash buds burgeoning,
 Round catkin tassels and the blossomed spine
 Of blackthorn, and the golden celandine,
 And little rainwashed violet leaves unfurled
 To deck young April in another world.

We cannot know how much a dead man hears,
 What awful music of the distant spheres,
 But you may linger still, you may not be
 Too far from us to share the ecstasy
 Of all the larks that nest upon our hills,
 Or miss the flowering of the daffodils.

Since if, as some folks say, ourselves do make
 Our Heaven, yours will hold, for old times' sake,
 The farms and orchards that you left behind,
 Steep lichened roofs, and rutted lanes that wind
 Through green lush meadows up from Wealden towns
 To the bare beauty of our Sussex Downs.

Moray Dalton

IN MEMORIAM

Private D. Sutherland, killed in Action in the German Trench, May 16, 1916, and Others who Died.

SO you were David's father,
 And he was your only son,
 And the new-cut peats are rotting
 And the work is left undone,

Because of an old man weeping,
Just an old man in pain,
For David, his son David,
That will not come again.

Oh, the letters he wrote you,
And I can see them still,
Not a word of the fighting
But just the sheep on the hill
And how he should get the crops in
Ere the year got stormier,
And the Bosches have got his body,
And I was his officer.

Your were only David's father,
But I had fifty sons
When we went up in the evening
Under the arch of the guns,
And we came back at twilight—
O God! I heard them call
To me for help and pity
That could not help at all.

Oh, never will I forget you,
My men that trusted me,
More my sons than your fathers',
For they could only see
The little helpless babies
And the young men in their pride.
They could not see you dying,
And hold you while you died.

Happy and young and gallant,
They saw their first-born go,
But not the strong limbs broken
And the beautiful men brought low,
The piteous writhing bodies,
The screamed, "Don't leave me, Sir,"
For they were only your fathers
And I was your officer.

E. A. Mackintosh

THE SILENT TOAST¹

THEY stand with reverent faces,
And their merriment give o'er,
As they drink the toast to the unseen host
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment
In the midst of the feast and song,
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet
And the brilliant lights around ;
But they charge again on the hideous plain
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,
Through the waste of No Man's Land,
Their hearts afire with a wild desire,
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,
Or the black night loud with rain,
Some face comes back on the fiery track
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,
And the bonds that are forged by death,
Now grip the soul with a strange control
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,
Once more the tables shine,
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall
Are lit with a light divine.

Frederick George Scott

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

¹ At our banquets at the Front the toast to the Dead was drunk in silence. It was naturally a very impressive moment.

RESURRECTION

NOT long did we lie on the torn, red field of pain.
 We fell, we lay, we slumbered, we took rest,
 With the wild nerves quiet at last, and the vexed brain
 Cleared of the wingèd nightmares, and the breast
 Freed of the heavy dreams of hearts afar.
 We rose at last under the morning star.
 We rose, and greeted our brothers, and welcomed our foes.
 We rose ; like the wheat when the wind is over, we rose.
 With shouts we rose, with gasps and incredulous cries,
 With bursts of singing, and silence, and awestruck eyes,
 With broken laughter, half tears, we rose from the sod,
 With welling tears and with glad lips, whispering, "God."
 Like babes, refreshed from sleep, like children, we rose,
 Brimming with deep content, from our dreamless repose.
 And, "What do you call it?" asked one. "I thought I
 was dead."
 "You are," cried another. "We're all of us dead and
 flat."
 "I'm alive as a cricket. There's something wrong with
 your head."
 They stretched their limbs and argued it out where they
 sat.
 And over the wide field friend and foe
 Spoke of small things, remembering not old woe
 Of war and hunger, hatred and fierce words.
 They sat and listened to the brooks and birds,
 And watched the starlight perish in pale flame,
 Wondering what God would look like when He came.

Hermann Hagedorn

THE PLAYERS

WE challenged Death. He threw with weighted dice.
 We laughed and paid the forfeit, glad to pay—
 Being recompensed beyond our sacrifice
 With that nor Death nor Time can take away.

Francis Bickley

FALLEN

WE talked together in the days gone by
Of life and of adventure still to come,
We saw a crowded future, you and I,
And at its close two travellers come home,
Full of experience, wise, content to rest,
Having faced life and put it to the test.

Already we had seen blue skies grow bleak,
And learned the fickleness of fate, firsthand ;
We knew each goal meant some new goal to seek,
Accepting facts we couldn't understand ;
You seemed equipped for life's most venturous way—
Death closed the gallant morning of your day.

Oh, many a one still watching others go
Might fall, and leave no such heart-sickening gap.
What waste, what pity 't seems to squander so
Courage that dared whatever ill might hap,
While laggards, fearful both of worst and best,
Hoard up the life you hazarded with zest !

It seems like waste to others, but to you
And the thronged heroes who have paid the price,
Yourselves, your hopes, and all you dreamed and knew,
Were counted as a puny sacrifice—
You knew, with keener judgment, all was gained,
If honour at the last shone still unstained !

W. Kersley Holmes

"SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"

"SOMEWHERE in France"—we know not where he lies,
'Mid shuddering earth and under anguished skies !
We may not visit him, but this we say :
Though our steps err, his shall not miss their way.
From the exhaustion of War's fierce embrace
He, nothing doubting, went to his own place.
To him has come, if not the crown and palm,
The kiss of Peace—a vast, sufficing calm !

So fine a spirit, daring, yet serene,—
 He may not, surely, lapse from what has been :
 Greater, not less, his wondering mind must be ;
 Ampler the splendid vision he must see.
 'Tis unbelievable he fades away,—
 An exhalation at the dawn of day !

Nor dare we deem that he has but returned
 Into the Oversoul, to be discerned
 Hereafter in the bosom of the rose,
 In petal of the lily, or in those
 Far jewelled sunset skies that glow and pale,
 Or in the rich note of the nightingale.
 Nay, though all beauty may recall to mind
 What we in his fair life were wont to find,
 He shall escape absorption, and shall still
 Preserve a faculty to know and will.
 Such is my hope, slow climbing to a faith :
 (We know not Life, how should we then know Death ?)
 From our small limits, and withholdings free,
 Somewhere he dwells and keeps high company ;
 Yet tainted not with so supreme a bliss
 As to forget he knew a world like this.

John Hogben

TO TONY (AGED 3)

(In memory T. P. C. W.)

GEMMED with white daisies was the great green world
 Your restless feet have pressed this long day through—
 Come now and let me whisper to your dreams
 A little song grown from my love for you.

There was a man once loved green fields like you,
 He drew his knowledge from the wild birds' songs ;
 And he had praise for every beauteous thing,
 And he had pity for all piteous wrongs

A lover of earth's forests—of her hills,
And brother to her sunlight—to her rain—
Man, with a boy's fresh wonder. He was great
With greatness all too simple to explain.

He was a dreamer and a poet, and brave
To face and hold what he alone found true.

He was a comrade of the old—a friend
To every little laughing child like you.

And when across the peaceful English land,
Unhurt by war, the light is growing dim,
And you remember by your shadowed bed
All those—the brave—you must remember him,

And know it was for you who bear his name
And such as you that all his joy he gave—

His love of quiet fields, his youth, his life,
To win that heritage of peace you have.

Marjorie Wilson

TO MY GODSON

THEY shall come back through Heaven's bars
When June has filled the world with joy,
And you are seeking playmates, boy,
To share your Kingdom of the stars;
Or part with you the bracken fronds
Where golden armoured knights may ride,
Or learn where baby rabbits hide,
Or dabble in the silver ponds.

O all the pipes of fairyland
Shall give you royal welcoming
And all the fairy bells shall ring
And you will wander hand in hand.
But through the music gay and sweet
That fairies teach their chosen ones
Shall sound an echo of the guns
And high ambition's drum will beat.

For they who died lest all that's good
 And beautiful and brave and free
 Should sink in Hell's obscurity,
 These claim you in a brotherhood.
 The lot is fallen, O child to you
 To finish all they had to leave,
 And by their sacrifice achieve
 The manifold desires they knew.

And you shall feel their ardour burn
 Like flaming fires within your heart,
 In all your life they'll have a part
 And all their secrets you shall learn.
 They would have guided your young feet,
 Kind, but so far from boyhood's day,
 But death has found a surer way
 Of making comradeship complete.

O all the pipes of fairyland
 Shall play for you, shall play for them,
 Their flame of radiant life will stem
 Evil you scarce could understand.
 They'll bid you raise your wondering eyes,
 Till, far above you, you shall see
 The Beauty that they knew might be,
 Calling you from the starlit skies.

Mildred Huxley

NEW HEAVEN

PARADISE now has many a Knight,
 Many a lordkin, many lords,
 Glimmer of armour, dinted and bright,
 The young Knights have put on new swords.

Some have barely the down on the lip,
 Smiling yet from the new-won spurs,
 Their wounds are rubies, glowing and deep,
 Their scars amethyst—glorious scars.

Michael's army hath many new men,
Gravest Knights that may sit in stall,
Kings and Captains, a shining train,
But the little young Knights are dearest of all.

Paradise now is the soldiers' land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry band ;
And the young Knights' laughter pleaseth God.

Katharine Tynan

THE OLD SOLDIER

LEST the young soldiers be strange in heaven,
God bids the old soldier they all adored
Come to Him and wait for them, clean, new-shriven,
A happy doorkeeper in the House of the Lord.

Lest it abash them, the strange new splendour,
Lest it affright them, the new robes clean ;
Here's an old face, now, long-tried, and tender,
A word and a hand-clasp as they troop in.

"My boys," he greets them : and heaven is homely,
He their great captain in days gone o'er ;
Dear is the friend's face, honest and comely,
Waiting to welcome them by the strange door.

Katharine Tynan

RÉVEILLÉ

IN the place to which I go,
Better men than I have died.
Freeman friend and conscript foe,
Face to face and side by side,
In the shallow grave abide.

Melinite that seared their brains,
 Gas that slew them in a snare,
 War's inferno of strange pains,
 What are these to them who share
 That great boon of silence there ?

When like blood the moon is red ;
 And a shadow hides the sun,
 We shall wake, the so-long dead,
 We shall know our quarrel done,—
 Will God tell us who has won ?

Ronald Lewis Carton

A LAMENT FROM THE DEAD

PEACE! Vex us not : we are the Dead,
 We are the Dead for England slain.
 (O England and the English Spring,
 The English Spring, the Spring-tide rain :
 Ah, God, dear God, in England now !) . . .
 The snows of Death are on our brow :
 Peace! Vex us not !

Brothers, the footfalls of the year
 (The Maiden month's in England now !) . . .
 I feel them pass above my head :
 Alas, they echo on my heart !
 (Ah, God, dear God, but England now !) . . .
 Peace! Vex me not, for I am dead ;
 The snows of Death are on my brow :
 Peace! Vex me not !

Brothers, and I—I taste again,
 Again I taste the Wine of Spring.
 (O Wine of Spring and Bread of Love,
 O lips that kiss and mouths that sing :
 O Love and Spring in England now !) . . .
 Peace! Vex me not, but pass above :
 Sweet English Love, fleet English Spring—
 Pass! Vex me not !

Brothers, my brothers, I pray you—hark !
I hear a song upon the wing,
Upon the silver wing of morn !
It is—dear God !—it is the lark—
It is the lark above the corn,
The fledgling corn of England's Spring ! . . .
Ah ! pity thou my wearied heart :
Cease ! Vex me not !

Brothers, I beg you be at rest,
Be quite at rest for England's sake :
The flowerful hours in England now
Sing low your sleep in English ears :
And would ye have your sorrows wake
The Mother's heart to further tears ? . . .
Nay ! be at peace, her loyal dead.
Sleep ! Vex her not !

Walter Lightowler Wilkinson

WOMEN AND THE WAR

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET

THERE'S a woman sobs her heart out,
With her head against the door,
For the man that's called to leave her,
—God have pity on the poor!
But it's beat, drums, beat,
While the lads march down the street,
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Keep your tears until they go.

There's a crowd of little children
Who march along and shout,
For it's fine to play at soldiers
Now their fathers are called out.
So it's beat, drums, beat;
But who'll find them food to eat?
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
Ah! the children little know.

There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman,
And he her only one.
But its beat, drums, beat,
Though God knows when we shall meet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow:
We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,
 For she thinks a war is grand,
 And it's fine to see the lads pass,
 And it's fine to hear the band.
 So it's beat, drums, beat,
 To the fall of many feet ;
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 God go with you where you go !

Winifred M. Letts

THE ENDLESS ARMY

And the fathers of the children go out to that Endless Army, and come not
 again.

WITH folded hands beside the fire
 Silent she muses. Scarlet flames
 Leap from the ashes, then, like bloom
 Of briefest hour, faint and fade,
 While secret, darker, grows the room.

Dream-shielded from the changeful world
 Upstairs the children lie asleep.
 The gliding moonlight enters in,
 Unearthly, reminiscent, still,
 And touching sleeping brow and chin—

With magic art of light and shade
 A strangeness carves upon their youth.
 The moonbeans, lighter than a breath
 Dream-stirred, have sculptured deep and pale
 A less than life, a more than death.

Yet not alone the moonlight there,
 For she who watched the ebbing fire
 Leans breathlessly above the bed . . .
 Her yearning eyes explore each face
 To find once more her blessed dead.

The reverent moonlight lays a veil
 On hair grown silver 'neath her ray
 And waits . . . Outside, the moaning trees
 Are hung like harps in branching night,
 Swept by the fingers of the breeze.

The wind, the Moon, and Memory . . .
 Slow tears, and grief, and Life and Death . . .
 'Mid that great company, asleep
 The children lie in marble peace,
 Unknowing who the vigil keep.

*And always down the quiet road
 A soundless tramp of ghostly feet . . .
 Remembered, half-dreamt battle cry . . .
 While past the house, beneath the trees
 Dim regiments of shades march by.*

G. O. Warren

THE MOTHER

HER boys are not shut out. They come
 Homing like pigeons to her door,
 Sure of her tender welcome home,
 As many a time before.

Their bed is made so smooth and sweet,
 The fire is lit—the table spread ;
 She has poured water for their feet,
 That they be comforted.

As with a fluttering of wings
 They are come home, come home to stay ;
 With all the bitter dreadful things
 Forgot, clean washed away.

They are so glad to stay, so glad
 They nestle to her gown's soft flow,
 As in the loving times they had,
 Long ago, long ago.

Oh, not like lonely ghosts in mist
Her boys come from the night and rain,
But to be clasped, but to be kissed,
And not go out again.

Katharine Tynan

THE DEVONSHIRE MOTHER

THE king have called the Devon lads and they be
answering fine—
But the shadows seem to bide this way, for all the sun
do shine,
For there's Squire's son have gone for one, and Parson's
son—and mine.

I mind the day mine went from me—the skies was all
aglow—
The cows deep in our little lane was comin' home so
slow—
“And don't ee never grieve yourself,” he said, “because
I go.”

His arms were strong around me, then. He turned and
went away—
I heard the little childer dear a-singin' at their play,
The meanin' of an aching heart is hid from such as they.

And scarce a day goes by but now I set my door ajar,
And watch the road that Jan went up the time he went
to war,
That when he'll come again to me I'll see him from afar.

And in my chimney seat o' nights, when quiet grows the
farm,
I pray the Lord he be not cold whiles I have fire to
warm—
And give the mothers humble hearts whose boys are kept
from harm.

And then I take the Book and read before I seek my rest,
 Of how that other Son went forth (them parts I like the
 best),
 And left His mother lone for Him she'd cuddled to her
 breast.

I like to think when nights were dark and Him at prayer
 maybe,
 Upon the gurt dark mountain side, or in His boat at sea,
 He worried just a bit for her, who'd learnt Him at her
 knee.

And maybe when He minds her ways, He will not let
 Jan fall—
 I'm thinkin' He will know my boy, with his dear ways
 an' all—
 With his tanned face, his eyes of blue, and he so strap-
 pin' tall.

Marjorie Wilson

THE HEART-CRY

SHE turned the page of wounds and death
 With trembling fingers. In a breath
 The gladness of her life became
 Naught but a memory and a name.

*Farewell! Farewell! I might not share
 The perils it was yours to dare.
 Dauntless you fronted death: for me
 Rests to face life as fearlessly.*

F. W. Bourdillon

MY SON

HERE is his little cambric frock
 That I laid by in lavender so sweet,
 And here his tiny shoe and sock
 I made with loving care for his dear feet.

I fold the frock across my breast,
And in imagination, ah, my sweet,
Once more I hush my babe to rest,
And once again I warm those little feet.

Where do those strong young feet now stand?
In flooded trench, half numb to cold or pain,
Or marching through the desert sand
To some dread place that they may never gain.

God guide him and his men to-day!
Though death may lurk in any tree or hill,
His brave young spirit is their stay,
Trusting in that they'll follow where he will.

They love him for his tender heart
When poverty or sorrow asks his aid,
But he must see each do his part—
Of cowardice alone he is afraid.

I ask no honours on the field,
That other men have won as brave as he—
I only pray that God may shield
My son, and bring him safely back to me!

Ada Tyrrell

HOMES

THE lamplight's shaded rose
On couch and chair and wall,
The drowsy book let fall,
The children's heads, bent close
In some deep argument,
The kitten, sleepy-curved,
Sure of our good intent,
The hearth-fire's crackling glow:
His step that crisps the snow,
His laughing kiss, wind-cold. . .

Only the very old
 Gifts that the night-star brings,
 Dear homely evening-things,
 Dear things of all the world,
 And yet my throat locks tight.

*Somewhere far off I know
 Are ashes on red snow
 That were a home last night.*

Margaret Widdemer

SONG

SHE goes all so softly,
 Like a shadow on the hill,
 A faint wind at twilight
 That stirs, and is still.

She weaves her thoughts whitely,
 Like doves in the air,
 Though a grey mound in Flanders
 Clouds all that was fair.

Edward J. O'Brien

HARVEST MOON

OVER the twilight field,
 Over the glimmering field
 And bleeding furrows, with their sodden yield
 Of sheaves that still did writhe,
 After the scythe ;
 The teeming field, and darkly overstrewn
 With all the garnered fullness of that noon—
 Two looked upon each other.
 One was a Woman, men had called their mother :
 And one the Harvest Moon.

And one the Harvest Moon
Who stood, who gazed
On those unquiet gleanings, where they bled ;
Till the lone Woman said :

“ But we were crazed . . .
We should laugh now together, I and you ;
We two.
You, for your ever dreaming it was worth
A star's while to look on, and light the earth ;
And I, for ever telling to my mind
Glory it was and gladness, to give birth
To human kind.
I gave the breath,—and thought it not amiss,
I gave the breath to men,
For men to slay again ;
Lording it over anguish, all to give
My life, that men might live,
For this.

“ You will be laughing now, remembering
We called you once Dead World, and barren thing.
Yes, so we called you then,
You, far more wise
Than to give life to men.”

Over the field that there
Gave back the skies
A scattered upward store
From sightless eyes,
The furrowed field that lay
Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune
Of throbbing clay,—but dumb and quiet soon,
She looked ; and went her way,
The Harvest Moon.

Josephine Preston Peabody

HARVEST MOON : 1916

MOON, slow rising, over the trembling sea-rim,
 Moon of the lifted tides and their folded burden
 Look, look down. And gather the blinded oceans,
 Moon of compassion.

Come, white Silence, over the one sea pathway :
 Pour with hallowing hands on the surge and outcry,
 Silver flame ; and over the famished blackness,
 Petals of moonlight.

Once again, the formless void of a world-wreck
 Gropes its way through the echoing dark of chaos ;
 Tide on tide, to the calling, lost horizons,—
 One in the darkness.

You that veil the light of the all-beholding,
 Shed white tidings down to the dooms of longing,
 Down to the timeless dark ; and the sunken treasures,
 One in the darkness.

Touch, and hearken,—under that shrouding silver,
 Rise and fall, the heart of the sea and its legions,
 All and one ; one with the breath of the deathless,
 Rising and falling.

Touch and waken so, to a far hereafter,
 Ebb and flow, the deep, and the dead in their longing :
 Till at last, on the hungering face of the waters,
 There shall be Light.

*Light of Light, give us to see, for their sake.
 Light of Light, grant them eternal peace ;
 And let light perpetual shine upon them ;
 Light, everlasting.*

Josephine Preston Peabody

THE JOURNEY

X
I WENT upon a journey
To countries far away,
From province unto province
To pass my holiday.

And when I came to Serbia,
In a quiet little town
At an inn with a flower-filled garden
With a soldier I sat down.

Now he lies dead at Belgrade.
You heard the cannon roar!
It boomed from Rome to Stockholm,
It pealed to the far west shore.

And when I came to Russia,
A man with flowing hair
Called me his friend and showed me
A flowing river there.

Now he lies dead at Lemberg,
Beside another stream,
In his dark eyes extinguished
The friendship of his dream.

And then I crossed two countries
Whose names on my lips are sealed . . .
Not yet had they flung their challenge
Nor led upon the field

Sons who lie dead at Liège,
Dead by the Russian lance,
Dead in southern mountains,
Dead through the farms of France.

I stopped in the land of Louvain,
So tranquil, happy, then.
I lived with a good old woman,
With her sons and her grandchildren.

Now they lie dead at Louvain,
 Those simple kindly folk.
 Some heard, some fled. It must be
 Some slept, for they never woke.

I came to France. I was thirsty.
 I sat me down to dine.
 The host and his young wife served me
 With bread and fruit and wine.

Now he lies dead at Cambrai—
 He was sent among the first.
 In dreams she sees him dying
 Of wounds, of heat, of thirst.

At last I passed to Dover
 And saw upon the shore
 A tall young English captain
 And soldiers, many more.

Now they lie dead at Dixmude,
 The brave, the strong, the young!
 I turn unto my homeland,
 All my journey sung!

Grace Fallow Norton

MOTHER AND MATE

LIGHTLY she slept, that splendid mother mine
 Who faced death, undismayed, two hopeless years. . .
 ("Think of me sometimes, son, but not with tears
 Lest my soul grieve," she writes. Oh, this divine
 Unselfishness!). . .

Her favourite print smiled down—
 The stippled Cupid, Bartolozzi-brown—
 Upon my sorrow. Fire-gleams, fitful, played
 Among her playthings—Toby mugs and jade. . . .

And then I dreamed that—suddenly, strangely clear—
 A voice I knew not, faltered at my ear :
 “ Courage ! ” . . . Your own dear voice, loved since, and
 known !

And now that she sleeps well, come times *her* voice
 Whispers in day-dreams : “ Courage, son ! Rejoice
 That, leaving you, I left you not alone.”

Gilbert Frankau

PIERROT GOES TO WAR

IN the sheltered garden, pale beneath the moon,
 (Drenched with swaying fragrance, redolent with June !)
 There, among the shadows, some one lingers yet—
 Pierrot, the lover, parts from Pierrette.

Bugles, bugles, bugles, blaring down the wind,
 Sound the flaming challenge—*Leave your dreams behind !*
Come away from shadows, turn your back on June—
Pierrot, go forward to face the golden noon !

In the muddy trenches, black and torn and still,
 (How the charge swept over, to break against the hill !)
 Huddled in the shadows, boyish figures lie—
 They whom Death, saluting, called upon to die.

Bugles, ghostly bugles, whispering down the wind—
Dreams too soon are over, gardens left behind.
Only shadows linger, for love does not forget—
Pierrot goes forward—but what of Pierrette ?

Gabrielle Elliot

October, 1917.

GREY KNITTING

SOMETHING sings gently through the din of battle,
 Something spreads very softly rim on rim,
 And every soldier hears, at times, a murmur
 Tender, incessant,—dim.

A tiny click of little wooden needles,
 Elfin amid the gianthood of war ;
 Whispers of women, tireless and patient,
 Who weave the web afar.

Whispers of women—tireless and patient,
 “This is our heart’s love,” it would seem to say,
 “Wrought with the ancient tools of our vocation,
 Weave we the web of love from day to day.”

And so each soldier, laughing, fighting,—dying
 Under the alien skies, in his great hour,
 May listen, in death’s prescience all-enfolding,
 And hear a fairy sound bloom like a flower—

I like to think that soldiers, gaily dying
 For the white Christ on fields with shame sown deep,
 May hear the tender song of women’s needles,
 As they fall fast asleep.

Katherine Hale

AT PARTING

IT was sad weather when you went away,
 Wind, and the rain was raining every day.
 And all night long I heard in lonesome sleep
 The water running under the bows of the ship,
 All the dark night and till the dawning grey.

At Salonika it is golden weather.
 Go light of heart, O child, light as a feather,
 Valiant and full of laughter, free as air.
 God is at Salonika—here and there
 God and my heart are keeping watch together.

But O when you come back, though skies should weep,
 The water running under the bows of the ship
 Shall in my dreams make music exquisite
 And my all happy sleep be drenched with it,
 And you coming home, home through the hours of
 sleep.

Katharine Tynan

MISSING

L ORD, how can he be dead ?
For he stood there just this morn
With the live blood in his cheek
And the live light on his head.
Dost Thou remember, Lord, when he was born,
And all my heart went forth thy praise to seek,
(I, a creator even as Thou,)—
To force Thee to confess
The little, young, heart-breaking loveliness,
Like willow-buds in Spring, upon his brow ?
Newest of unfledged things,
All perfect but the wings.
Master, I lit my tender candle-light
Straight at the living fire that rays abroad
From thy dread altar, God !
How should it end in night ?

Lord, in my time of trouble, of tearing strife,
Even then I loved thy will, even then I knew
That nothing is so beautiful as life ! . . .
Is not the world's great woe thine anguish too ?
It hath not passed, thine hour,
Again Thou kneelest in the olive-wood.
The lands are drunk with sharp-set lust of power,
The kings are thirsting, and they pour thy blood.
But we, the mothers, we that found thy trace
Down terrible ways, that looked upon thy face
And are not dead—how should we doubt thy grace ?

How many women in how many lands—
Almost I weep for them as for mine own—
That wait beside the desolate hearthstone !
Always before the embattled army stands
The horde of women like a phantom wall,
Barring the way with desperate, futile hands.
The first charge tramples them, the first of all !

Dost thou remember, Lord, the hearts that prayed
 As down the shouting village street they swung,
 The beautiful fighting-men? The sunlight flung
 His keen young face up like an unfleshed blade . . .
 O God, so young!

Lord, hast Thou gone away?
 Once more through all the worlds thy touch
 I seek.

Lord, how can he be dead?
 For he stood here just this day
 With the live blood in his cheek,
 And the live light in his head.
 Lord, how can he be dead?

Beatrice W. Ravenel

SPRING IN WAR-TIME

I FEEL the spring far off, far off,
 The faint, far scent of bud and leaf—
 Oh, how can spring take heart to come
 To a world in grief,
 Deep grief?

The sun turns north, the days grow long,
 Later the evening star grows bright—
 How can the daylight linger on
 For men to fight,
 Still fight?

The grass is waking in the ground,
 Soon it will rise and blow in waves—
 How can it have the heart to sway
 Over the graves,
 New graves?

Under the boughs where lovers walked
 The apple-blooms will shed their breath—
 But what of all the lovers now
 Parted by Death,
 Grey Death?

Sara Teasdale

PEACE

“ WHEN THERE IS PEACE ”

“ *WHEN there is Peace our land no more
Will be the land we knew of yore.*”

Thus do our facile seers foretell
The truth that none can buy or sell
And e'en the wisest must ignore.

When we have bled at every pore,
Shall we still strive for gear and store?
Will it be Heaven? Will it be Hell,
When there is peace?

This let us pray for, this implore:
That all base dreams thrust out at door,
We may in loftier aims excel
And, like men waking from a spell,
Grow stronger, nobler, than before,
When there is Peace.

Austin Dobson

CLEAN HANDS

MAKE this thing plain to us, O LORD!
That not the triumph of the sword—
Not that alone—can end the strife,
But reformation of the life—
But full submission to Thy Word!

Not all the stream of blood outpoured
 Can Peace—the Long-desired—afford ;
 Not tears of Mother, Maid or Wife . . .
 Make this thing plain !

We must root out our sins ignored,
 By whatsoever name adored ;
 Our secret sins, that, ever rife,
 Shrink from the operating knife ;
 Then shall we rise, renewed, restored . . .
 Make this thing plain !

Austin Dobson

PEACE

(NOVEMBER 11, 1918)

PEACE, battle-worn and starved, and gaunt and pale,
 Rises like mist upon a storm-swept shore,
 Rises from out the bloodstained fields and bows her head,
 Blessing the passionate dead
 Who gladly died that she might live for evermore.

Unheeding generations come and go,
 And careless men and women will forget,
 Caught in the whirling loom whose tapestried To-day
 Flings Yesterday away,
 And covers up the crimsoned West whose sun has set.

But faithful ghosts, like shepherds, will return
 To call the flocking shades and break with them
 Love-bread, and Peace will strain them to her breast, and
 weep,
 And deathless vigil keep.
 Yea, Peace, while worlds endure, will sing their requiem.

G. O. Warren

AFTER THE WAR

AFTER the war—I hear men ask—what then ?
As though this rock-ribbed world, sculptured with fire,
And bastioned deep in the ethereal plan,
Can never be its morning self again
Because of this brief madness, man with man ;
As though the laughing elements should tire,
The very seasons in their order reel ;
As though indeed yon ghostly golden wheel
Of stars should cease from turning, or the moon
Befriend the night no more, or the wild rose
Forget the world, and June be no more June.

How many wars and long forgotten woes
Unnumbered, nameless, made a like despair,
In hearts long stilled ; how many suns have set
On burning cities blackening the air,—
Yet dawn came dreaming back, her lashes wet
With dew, and daisies in her innocent hair.
Nor shall, for this, the soul's ascension pause,
Nor the sure evolution of the laws
That out of foulness lift the flower to sun,
And out of fury forge the evening star.

Deem not Love's building of the world undone— !
Far Love's beginning was, her end is far ;
By paths of fire and blood her feet must climb,
Seeking a loveliness she scarcely knows,
Whose meaning is beyond the reach of Time.

Richard Le Gallienne

WHEN IT IS FINISHED

WHEN it is finished, Father, and we set
The war-stained buckler and the bright blade by,
Bid us remember then what bloody sweat,
What thorns, what agony,

Purchased our wreaths of harvest and ripe ears ;
 Whose empty hands, whose empty hearts, whose tears
 In this Gethsemane
 Ransomed the days to be.

We leave them to Thee, Saviour. We've no price,
 No utmost treasure of the seas or lands,
 No words, no deeds, to pay their sacrifice.
 Only while England stands,
 Their pearl, their pride, their altar,—not their grave,—
 Bid us remember in what hours they gave
 All that mankind may give
 That we might live.

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

REVEILLÉ

ENDLED the watches of the dark ; oh hear the bugles blow—
 The bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn ;
 A shudder moves the living East ; the stars are burning low
 Above the crystal cradle of a day that's newly born.
 Arise ye slumbering legions ; wake for honour and for right ;
 Awake, arise, ye myriad men, to faith and justice sworn ;
 High heaven's fires are flashing on the valley and the height,
 And the bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn.
 Within the holy of your hearts, oh hear the bugles blow—
 The bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn,
 And welcome with their clarion ineffable foreglow
 Of a sunrise where the souls of men are being newly born.
 Awake, arise, ye legions, to the challenge of the dead ;
 Arise, awake and follow in the footsteps they have worn ;
 For their spirits are the glory of the dayspring overhead,
 And their bugles blow Reveillé at the golden gates of morn.

Eden Phillpotts

[From *Plain Song*, 1914–1916. Reprinted by permission of William Heinemann, London.]

WHEN I COME HOME

WHEN I come home, dear folk o' mine,
We'll drink a cup of olden wine ;
And yet, however rich it be,
No wine will taste so good to me
As English air. How I shall thrill
To drink it in on Hampstead Hill
When I come home !

When I come home, and leave behind
Dark things I would not call to mind,
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,
And see white sheets and pillows spread.
And there is one who'll softly creep
To kiss me, ere I fall asleep,
And tuck me 'neath the counterpane,
And I shall be a boy again,
When I come home !

When I come home from dark to light,
And tread the roadways long and white,
And tramp the lanes I tramped of yore,
And see the village greens once more,
The tranquil farms, the meadows free,
The friendly trees that nod to me,
And hear the lark beneath the sun,
'Twill be good pay for what I've done,
When I come home !

Leslie Coulson

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