

IN MEMORIAM

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL ROBERTS, V.C., K.G.

(R. Kipling)

He passed in the very battle-smoke
Of the war that he had descried;
Three hundred miles of cannon spoke
When the Master-Gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the guns,
But before his eye grey and dim
He had seen the faces of the sons
Whose sires had served with him.

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved;
Flawless in faith and fame,
Whom neither ease nor honours moved
A hair's-breadth from his aim.

Lieutenant-Commander Clive Phillipps-Wolley, H.M.S. Hogue, and our Kinsmen and Brethren, Soldiers who Have Died on the Field of Honour

THE ARMY OF THE DEAD

(Barry Pain)

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 tangled 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!