## The Western School Journal

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By War's red evolution we have risen
Far, since fierce Erda chose her conquering few,
And out of Death's red gates and Time's grey prison
They burst, elect from battle, tried and true.

And here to us the eternal charge is given
To rise and make our low world touch God's high;
To hasten God's own kingdom, Man's own heaven,
And teach Love's grander army how to die.

No kingdom then, no long-continuing city
Shall e'er again be 'stablished by the sword;
No blood-bought throne defy the powers of pity,
No despot's crown outweigh one helot's word.

Imperial England, breathe thy marching orders:
The great host waits; the end, the end is close,
When earth shall know thy peace in all her borders,
And all her deserts blossom with thy rose.

Princedoms and peoples rise and flash and perish As the dew passes from the flowering thorn; Yet the one Kingdom that our dreams still cherish Lives in a light that blinds the world's red morn.

Hasten the Kingdom, England, the days darken; We would not have thee slacken watch or ward, Nor doff thine armour till the whole world hearken, Nor till Time bid thee lay aside the sword.

Hasten the Kingdom; hamlet, heath and city, We are all at war, one bleeding bulk of pain; Little we know; but one thing—by God's pity— We know, and know all else on earth is vain.

Who saves his life shall lose it! The great ages
Bear witness—Rome and Babylon and Tyre
Cry from the dust-topped lips of all their sages—
There is no hope if man can climb no higher.

Hasten the Kingdom, England, queen and mother; Little we know of all Time's works and ways; Yet this, this, this is sure; we need none other Knowledge or wisdom, hope or aim or praise.

But to keep this one stormy banner flying
In this one faith that none shall e'er disprove,
Then drive the embattled world before thee, crying,
There is one Emperor, whose name is Love.

Extract from 'In Time of War''—Noyes.