

A WAR CHANT

O ENGLAND! Thy foe hath hated thee long,
And his hate is a deadly thing;
It was held in his heart till its growth was strong,
Now, words have woven it into a song
For little children to sing.

It is hatred that fashioned his shot and shell,
And hatred hid death in the sea;
In hatred the cannon have sounded a knell
O'er the little homes where the peaceful dwell,
And the humble-hearted be.

Thy foe hath swept the blue from the sky
In a fury of smoke and flame;
His guns are not stilled where the wounded lie,—
He hath shown no pity to those who die
For the glory of his name.

He sealed his hate with the blood of his men—
O, the young in their coats of grey!—
They are cast aside, and in river, and fen,
Deep-hidden, where none will find them again
Till the last white judgment day.

Now mirth is forgotten and joy is dead;
The world hath accepted its pain;
Still, over old battlefields, newly red,
The shattered ranks of his army are led
In pomp and a high disdain.

Thy anger grows slowly, for thou art great,
O England! thou well beloved land;
When its tide is full-risen, then thou art Fate,—
And the angel who stands before the gate,
The sword of flame in his hand!