

Fight and in hope, for battle is banned,
The world shall yet rejoice,
For the peoples rise in wrath, to demand
Henceforth no war shall trouble the land
Except at a people's voice.

H. D. Rawnsley.

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BY ORDER OF THE PEOPLE.

FOR what, in the sight of Heaven, do the young soldiers
die—
The flower of France and England—think you they
know not why?
On the stormy floods of battle like straws their lives
are tost,
That the rule of the just free peoples be not forever
lost.

And we, who have wrought our freedom, see we no
sign, no light?
Shall the reek of carnage blind us to the white star of
right?
Where are the souls of our fathers, full-statured men,
who saw
That Christ, who died for the people, had left to the
world a Law?