

Dear beyond price the long field and the fallow,
Where dark elm-shadows loose a tender sun.
What spring could crown the cup, what harvest hallow
More than these deaths have done?

Noon to great noon shall tell their boyhood's story,
Dawn on far hill shall know them lovelier yet.
Twilight shall fall the fairer for their glory.
The stars shall not forget.

Marjorie Pickthall.

OUT THERE.

Out there, the salt spray whips
The blood from frozen faces and dumb lips,
Young eyes grow old with watching, hair turns white.
In the long vigils of the North Sea night;
And the white crest of every curling wave
Is the grim headstone of a sailor's grave.

For those who sweep the seven seas,
Lord of the Deep, we pray,
If theirs be the Sum of Sacrifice
Grant us the Right to Pay.

Out there, grim fragments lie
In awful heaps beneath the leaden sky,
And Noise unceasing stuns the reeling brain;
Colder than Death, the bullet's sharper pain
Unheeded passes, and with scarce a moan
Young lives go out into the dark, alone.