

WAR MUSIC

Oft on the brink of battle from the whirr
Of warlike sounds, emerges, swells and fills
The air fierce martial music that instills
New strength. Its rousing themes recur
To blare of brass and tube, or blur
Of droning pipes as the bold chanter shrills
Defiance to the foe. War music wills
Superbly with an aim that cannot err.
When on the forward march the troopers go
The pungent sweetness of the fifes, and throb
Of the persistent drum keep nerves athill
And pulses marking time to eager flow
Of ichor in the veins, the while the sob
And sough of guns and shells are never still.

ART AND WAR

Not war itself—black evil at the worst,
Destruction's direst hour—of Art the friend
But the creative forces that attend
The testing time of nations. War accursed,
Steeped in foul wrong by ruthless envy nursed
Yet serves to rally finer powers to expend
Rich latent gifts from sources without end,
Unheard, unseen, unheeded at the first;
That fuller strength to keener insight wed
May bring to birth plans of heroic mould
Momentous aims to shape new destinies;
Out of the very heart of evil, led
By poets, painters, seers, will unfold
Fresh forms of beauty for awaiting eyes.