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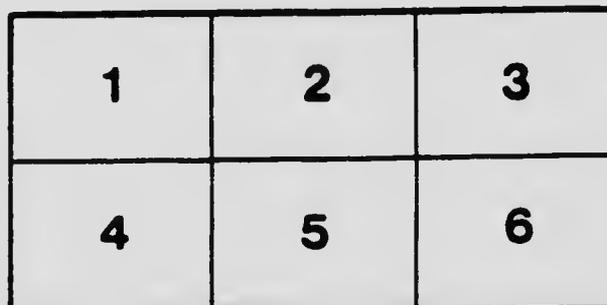
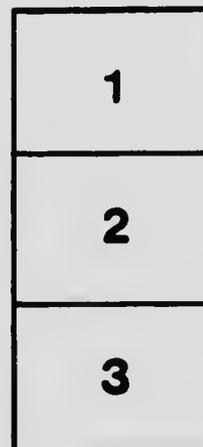
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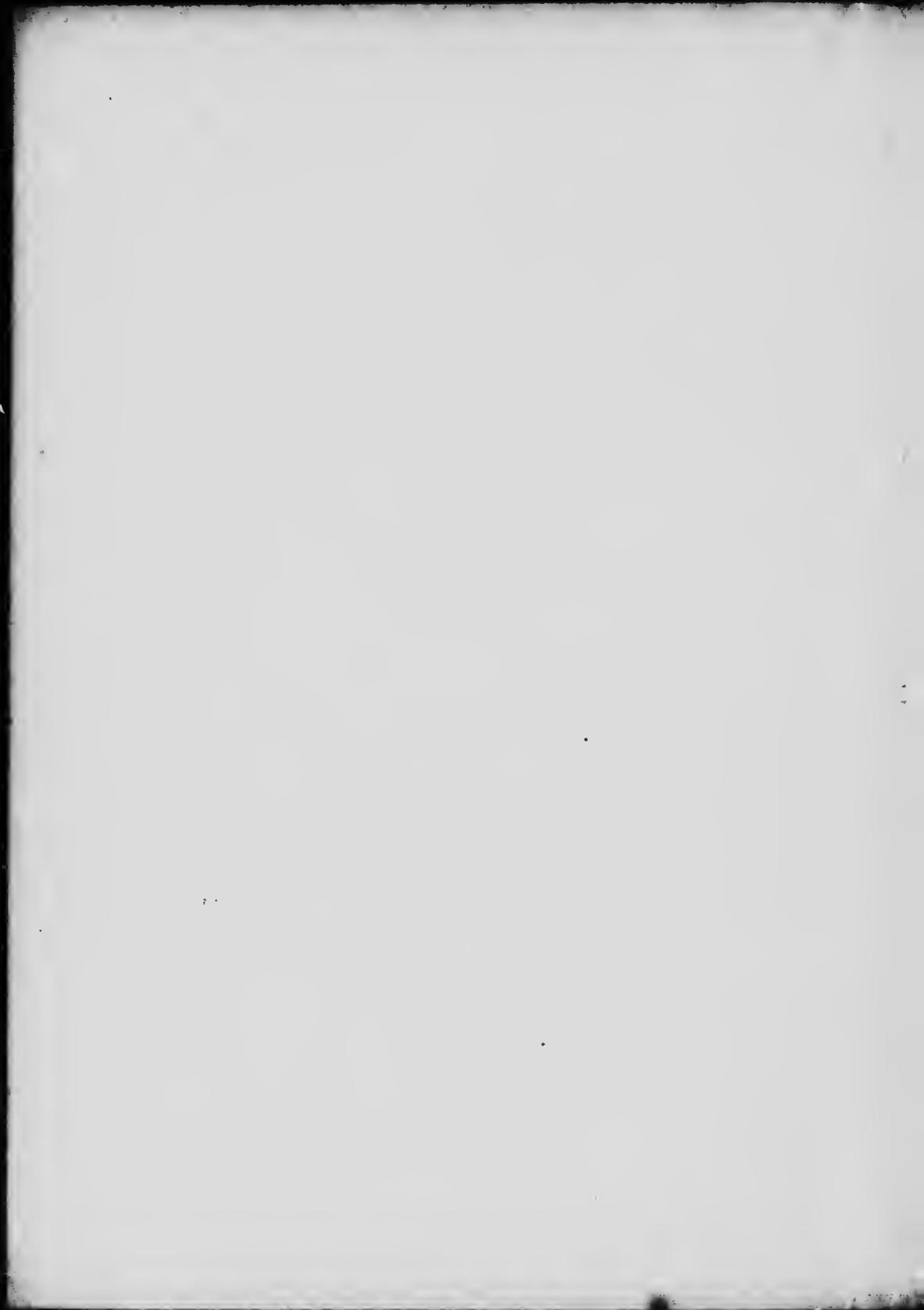
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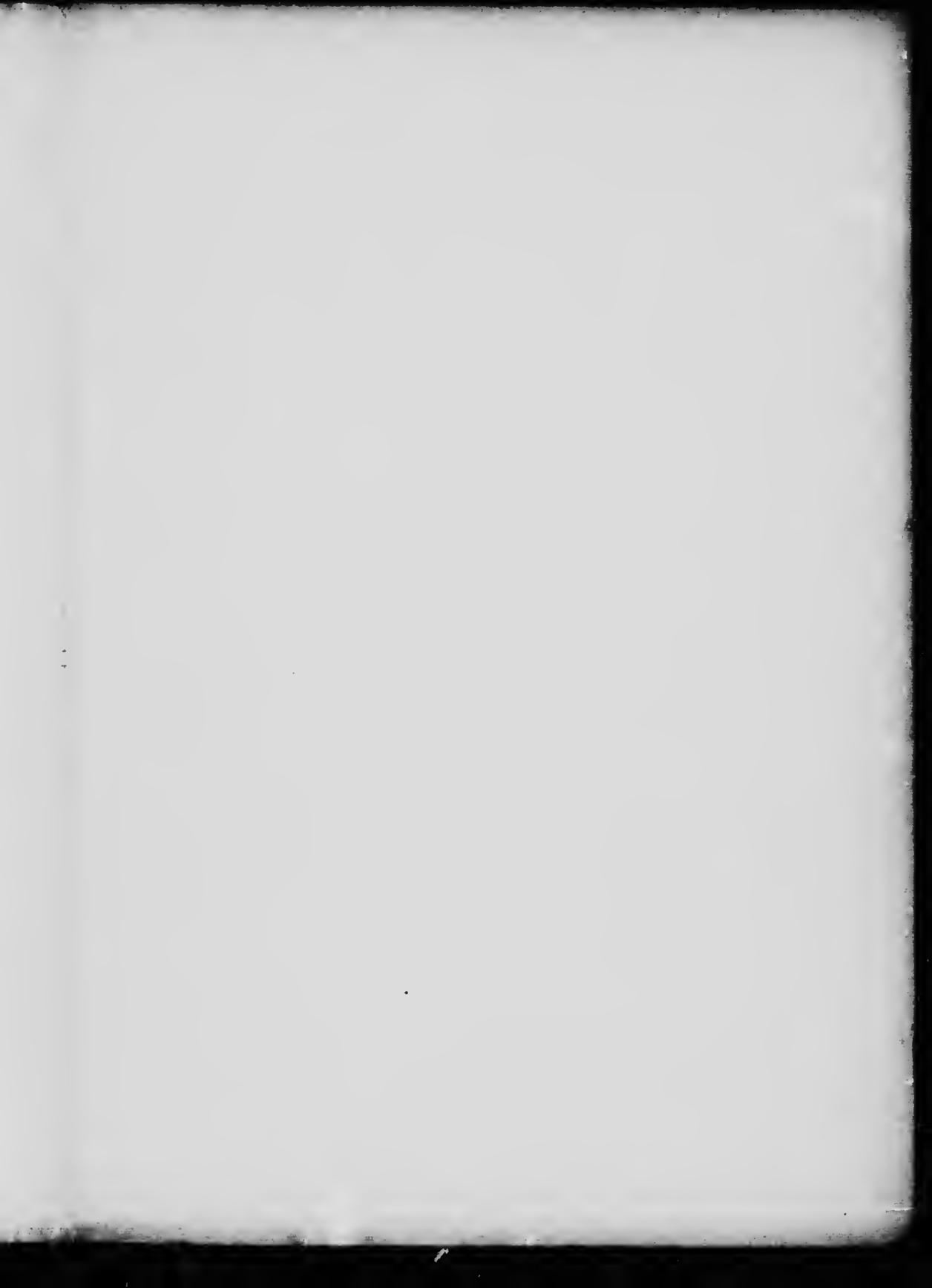
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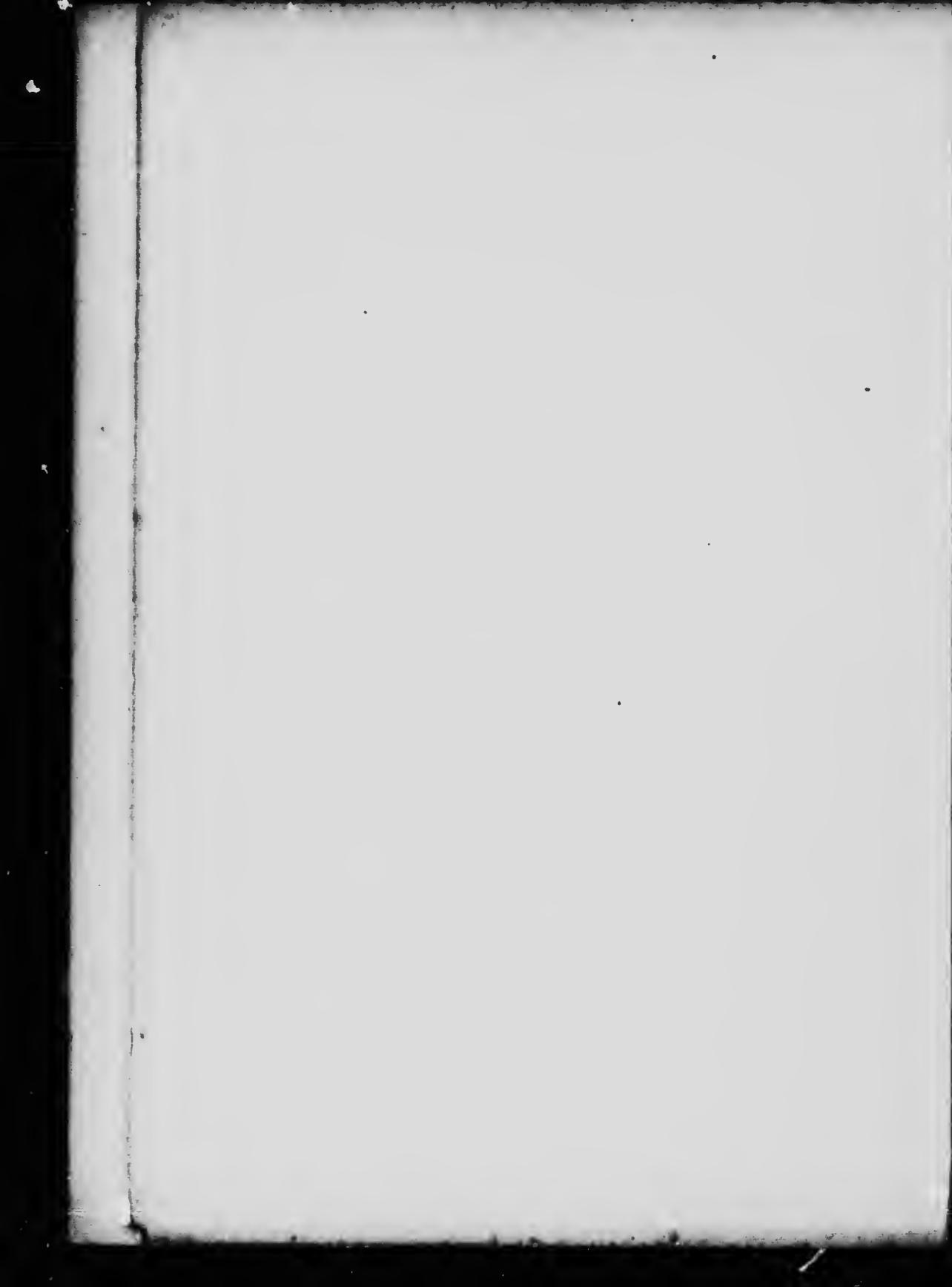
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AND OTHER POEMS
BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

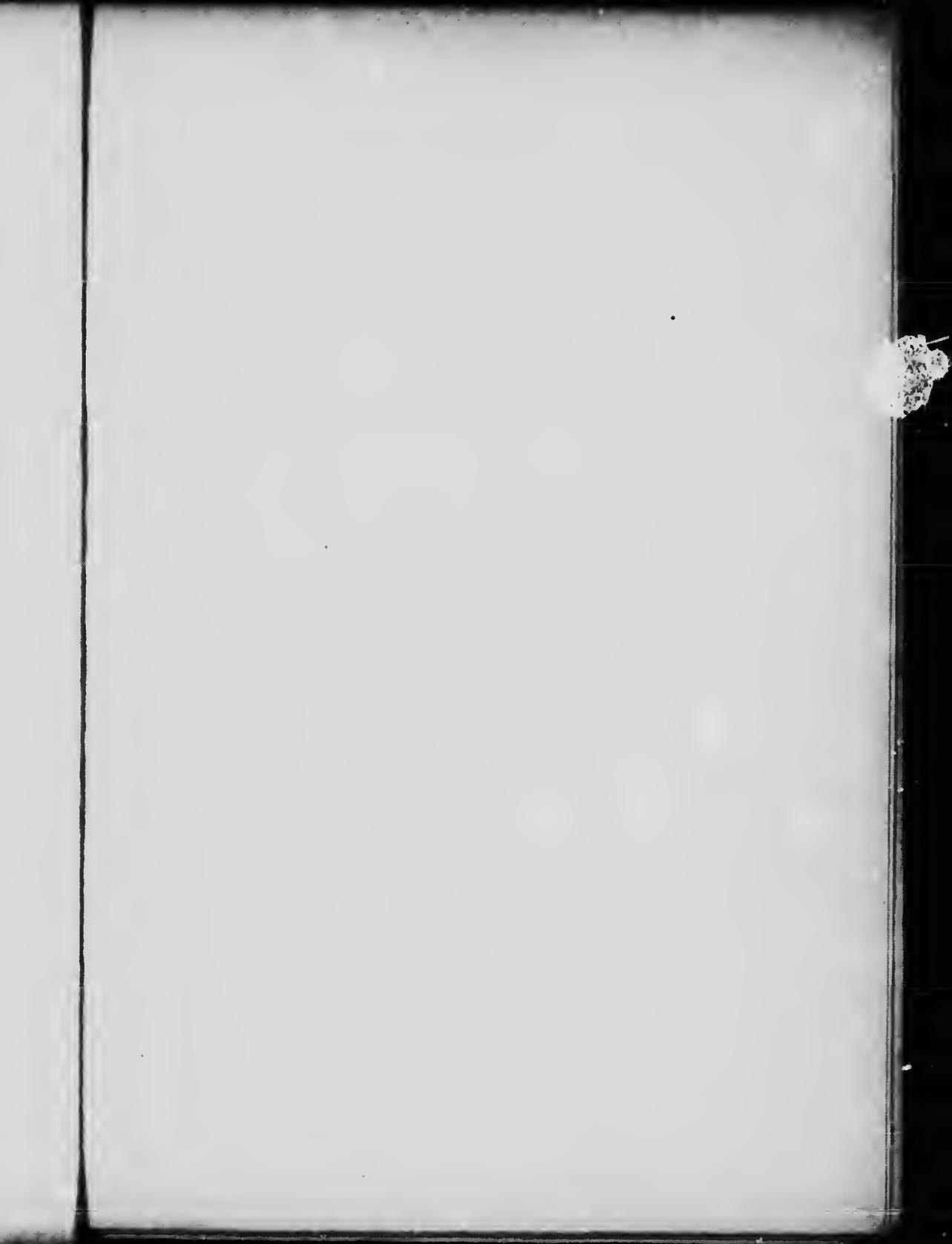


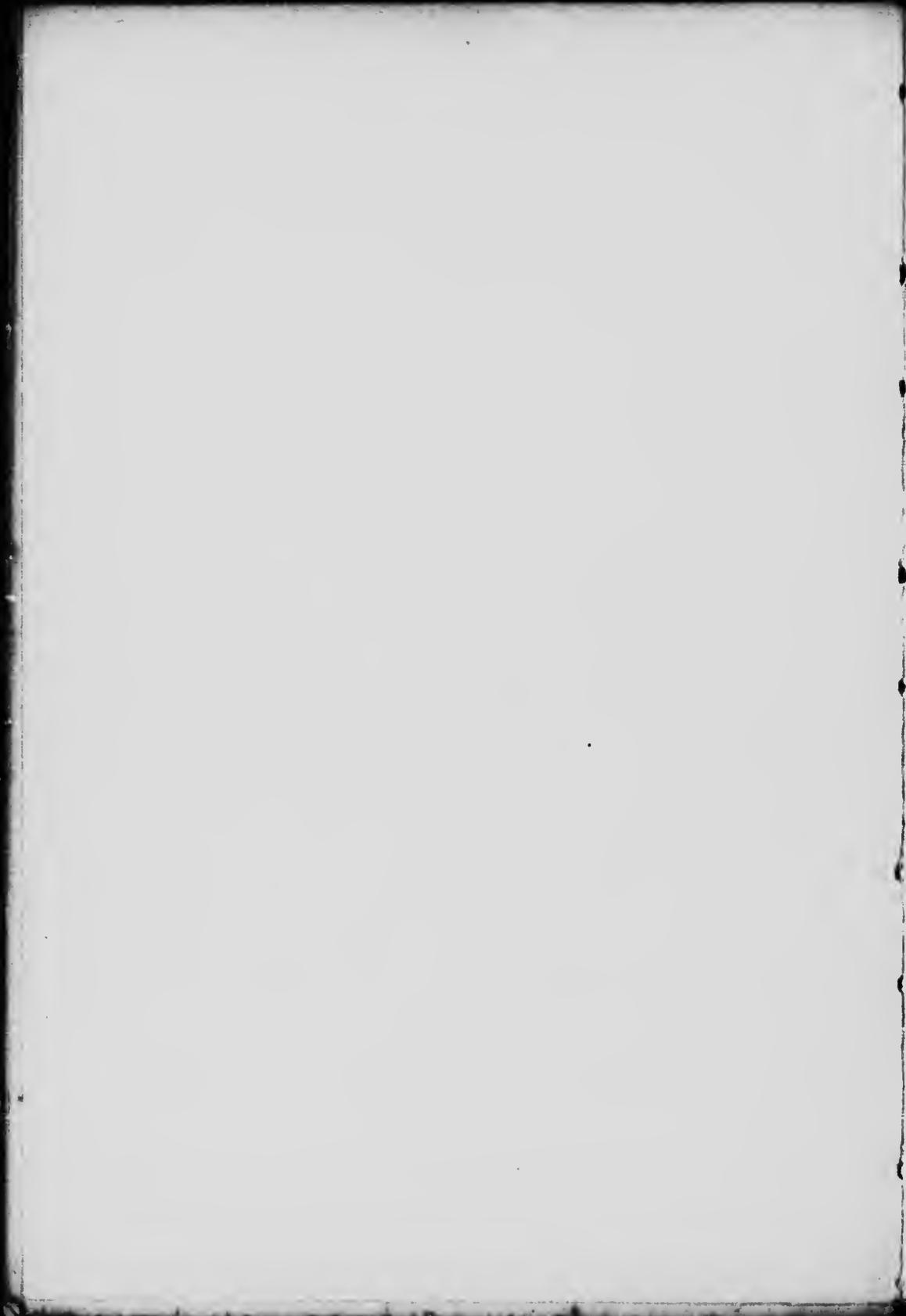












THE SILK-HAT SOLDIER

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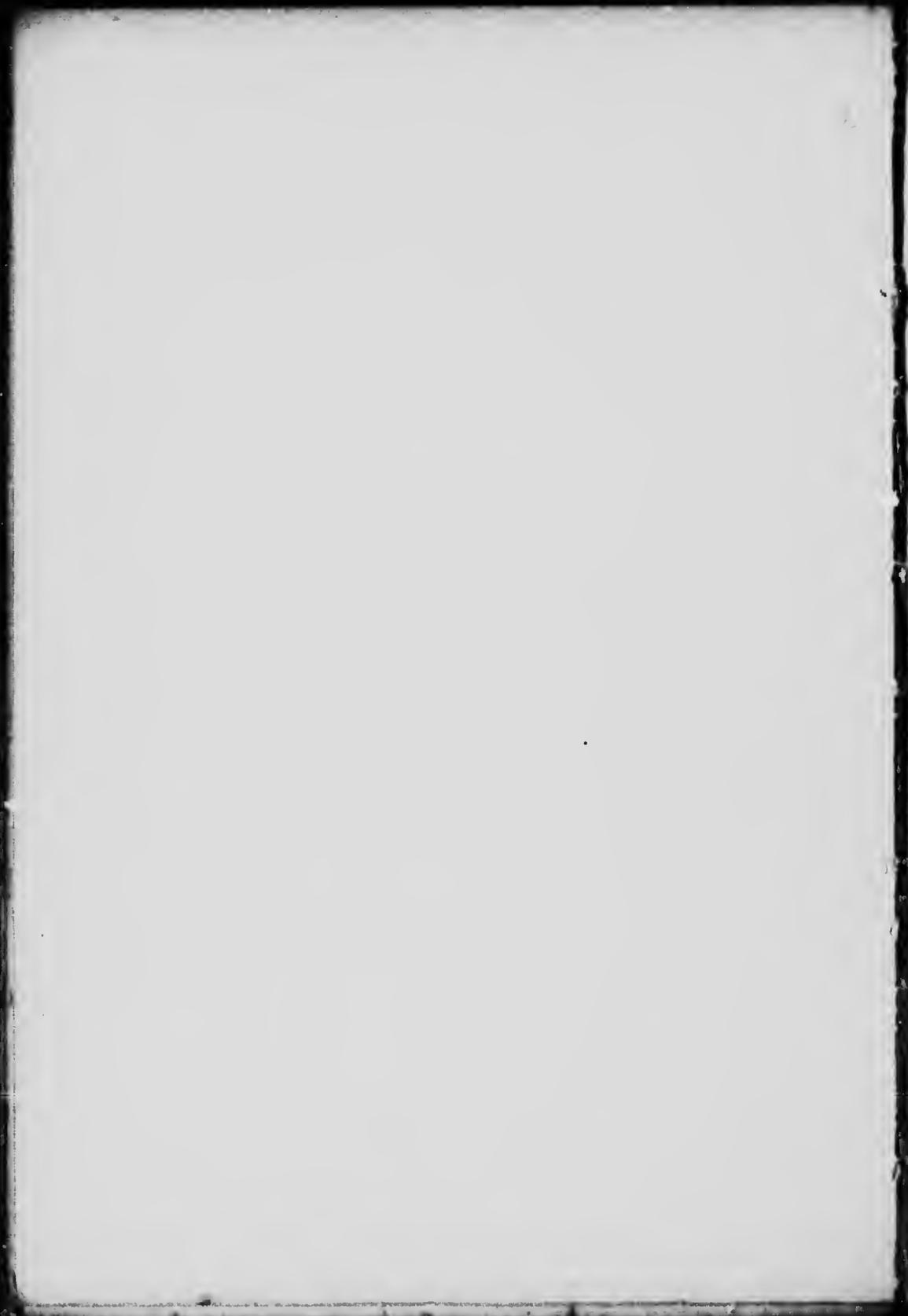
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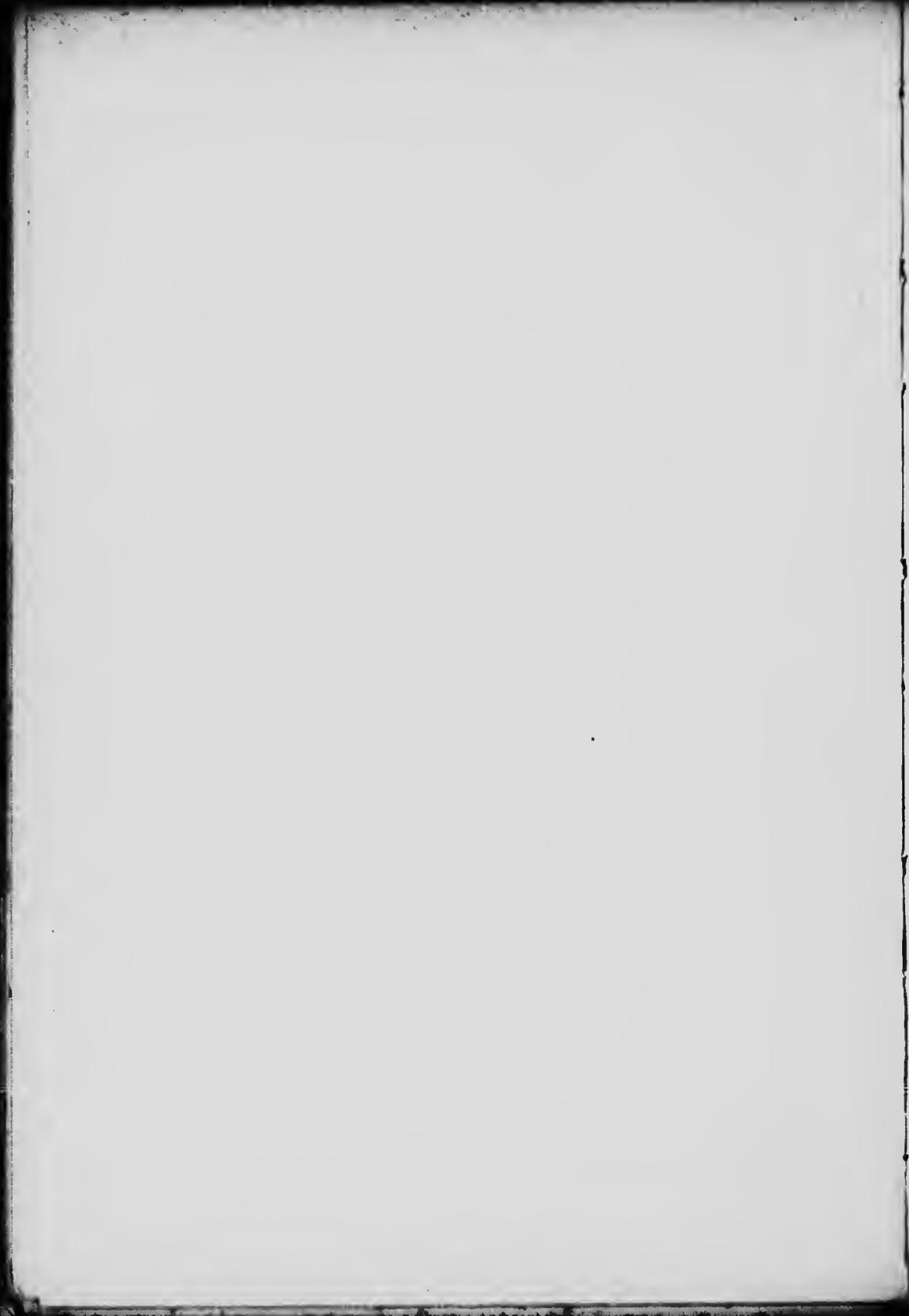
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THE SILK-HAT SOLDIER

*“ British colonists resident in London
volunteer, and not even silk hats are
doffed before training begins.”*

New York Times



'THE SILK-HAT SOLDIER

I SAW him in a picture, and I felt I'd like to
cry—

He stood in line,

The man "for mine,"

A tall silk-hatted "guy"—

Right on the call,

Silk hat and all,

He'd hurried to the cry—

For he loved England well enough for
England to die.

THE SILK-HAT SOLDIER

I've seen King Harry's helmet in the Abbey
hanging high—

The one he wore

At Agincourt ;

But braver to my eye

That city toff

Too keen to doff

His stove-pipe—bless him—why ?

For he loves England well enough for Eng-
land to die.

And other fellows in that line had come, too,
on the fly.

Their joys and toys,

Brave English boys,

For good and all put by ;

THE SILK-HAT SOLDIER

O you brave best,
Teach all the rest
How pure the heart and high
When one loves England well enough for
England to die.

One threw his cricket-bat aside, one left the
ink to dry ;

All peace and play
He's put away,
And bid his love good-bye—
"O mother mine !
O sweetheart mine !

No man of yours am I—
If I love not England well enough for Eng-
land to die."

THE SILK-HAT SOLDIER

I guess it strikes a chill somewhere, the
bravest won't deny,

All that you love

Away to shove,

And set your teeth to die ;

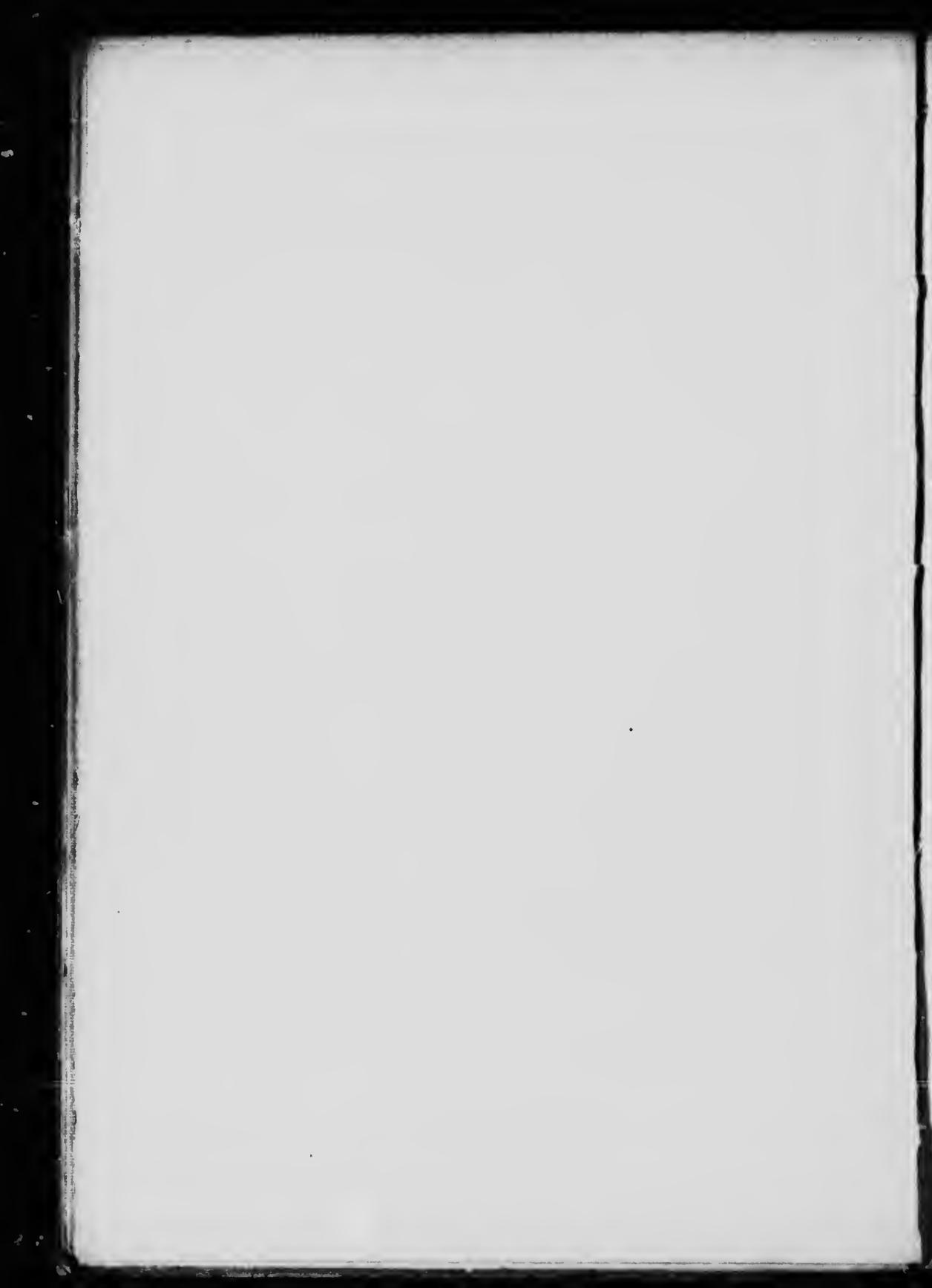
But better dead,

When all is said,

Than lapped in peace to lie—

If we love not England well enough for
England to die.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE
PEOPLES



THE CRY OF THE LITTLE
PEOPLES

THE Cry of the Little Peoples went up to
God in vain ;
The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and
the Schleswig Dane.

We ask but a little portion of the green,
ambitious earth ;
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of
our birth.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

We ask not coaling-stations, nor ports in the
China seas,

We leave to the big-child nations such rivalries
as these.

We have learned the lesson of time, and we
know three things of worth ;

Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of
our birth.

O leave us our little margins, waste ends of
land and sea,

A little grass, and a hill or two, and a shadow-
ing tree ;

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

O leave us our little rivers that sweetly catch
the sky,
To drive our mills, and to carry our wood, and
to ripple by.

Once long ago, as you, with hollow pursuit
of fame,
We filled all the shaking world with the sound
of our name ;

But now are we glad to rest, our battles and
boasting done,
Glad just to sow and sing and reap in our
share of the sun.

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

Of this O will ye rob us,—with a foolish
mighty hand,

Add, with such cruel sorrow, so small a land
to your land?

So might a boy rejoice him to conquer a hive
of bees,

Overcome ants in battle,—we are scarcely
more mighty than these—

So might a cruel heart hear a nightingale
singing alone,

And say, “I am mighty! See how the sing-
ing stops with a stone!”

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

Yea, he were mighty indeed, mighty to crush
and to gain ;

But the bee and the ant and the bird were
the mighty of brain.

And what shall you gain if you take us and
bind us and beat us with thongs,
And drive us to sing underground in a
whisper our sad little songs ?

Forbid us the very use of our heart's own
nursery tongue—

Is this to be strong, ye nations, is this to be
strong ?

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

Your vulgar battles to fight, and your grocery
conquests to keep,

For this shall we break our hearts, for this
shall our old men weep ?

What gain in the day of battle—to the Russ,
to the German, what gain,

The Czech, and the Pole, and the Finn, and
the Schleswig Dane ?

The Cry of the Little Peoples goes up to God
in vain,

For the world is given over to the cruel sons
of Cain ;

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

The hand that would bless us is weak, and the
hand that would break us is strong,
And the power of pity is nought but the
power of a song.

The dreams that our fathers dreamed to-day
are laughter and dust,
And nothing at all in the world is left for a
man to trust.

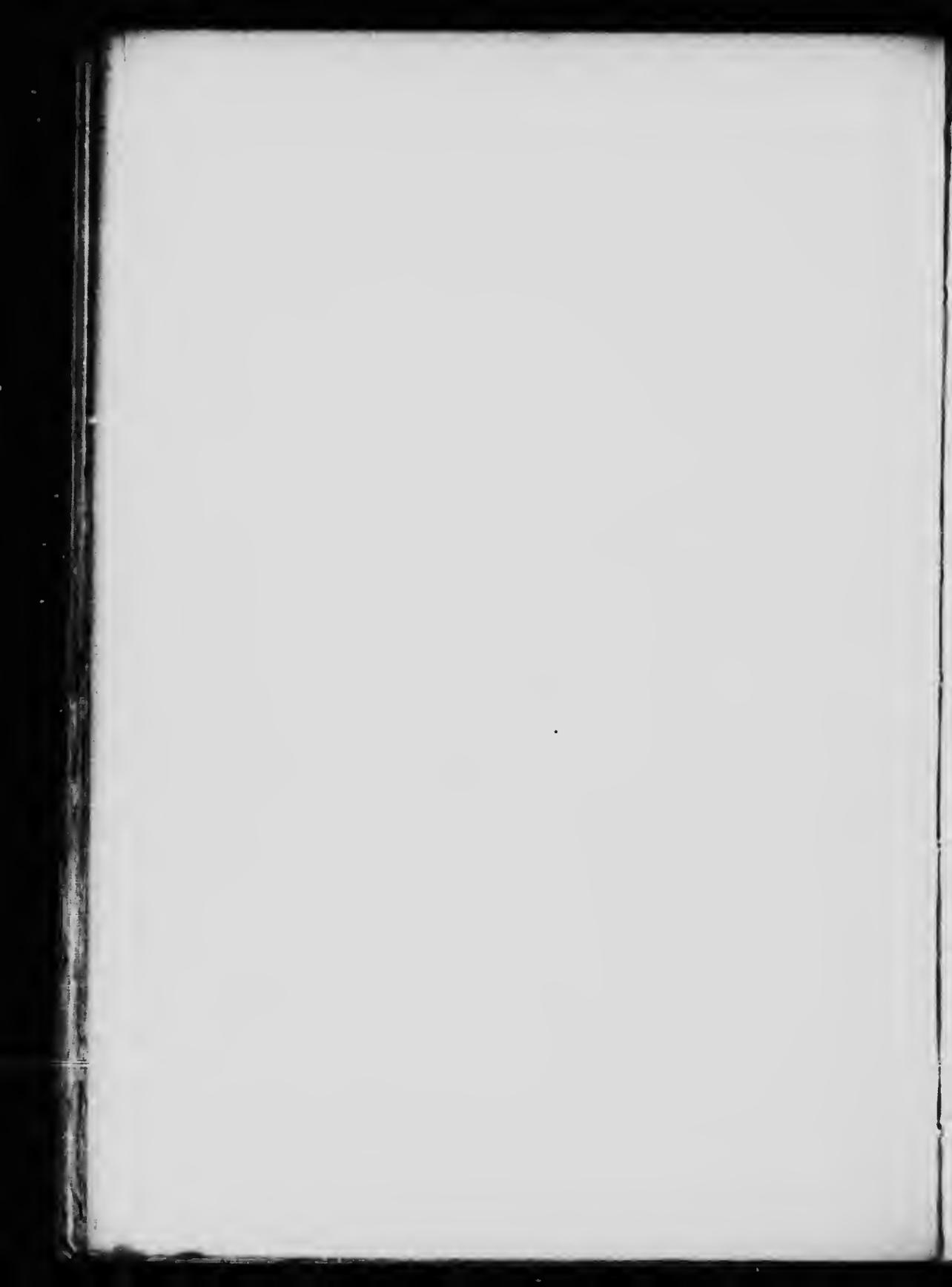
Let us hope no more, or dream, or prophesy,
or pray,
For the iron world no less will crash on its
iron way ;

THE CRY OF THE LITTLE PEOPLES

And nothing is left but to watch, with a help-
less, pitying eye,
The kind old aims for the world, and the kind
old fashions die.

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

D



CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

I

THIS is the year that has no Christmas Day,
Even the little children must be told
That something sad is happening far away—
Or, if you needs must play,
As children must,
Play softly, children, underneath your
 breath !
For over our hearts hangs low the shadow
 of death,
Those hearts to you mysteriously old,

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

Grim grown-up hearts that ponder night and
day

On the straight lists of broken-hearted dead,
Black narrow lists no tears can wash away,
Reading in which one cries out here and here
And falls into a dream upon a name.

Be happy softly, children, for a woe

Is on us, a great woe for little fame,—

Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,

And leave the holly for another year,

Its berries are too red.

II

AND lovers, like to children, will not you
Cease for a little from your kissing mirth,
Thinking of other lovers that must go
Kissed back with fire into the bosom of
earth,—

Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
Be happy softly, lovers, for you too
Shall be as sad as they another year,
And then for you the holly be berries of
blood,

And mistletoe strange berries of bitter tears.

Ah! lovers, leave you your beatitude,

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

Give your sad eyes and ears
To the far griefs of neighbour and of friend,
To the great loves that find a little end,
Long loves that in a sudden puff of fire
With a wild thought expire.

III

AND you, ye merchants, you that eat and cheat,
Gold-seeking hucksters in a noble land,
Think when you lift the wine up in your hand
Of a fierce vintage tragically red,
Red wine of the hearts of English soldiers
 dead,

Who ran to a wild death with laughing feet—
That we may sleep and drink and eat and
 cheat.

Ah! you brave few that fight for all the rest,
And die with smiling faces strangely blest,
Because you die for England—O to do

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

Something again for you,
In this great deed to have some little part ;
To send so great a message from the heart
Of England that one man shall be as ten,
Hearing how England loves her English-
men !

Ah ! think you that a single gun is fired
We do not hear in England. Ah ! we hear,
And mothers go with proud unhappy eyes
That say : It is for England that he dies,
England that does the cruel work of God,
And gives her well-beloved to save the world.
For this is death like to a woman desired,
For this the wine-press trod.

IV

AND, England, when forgot this passing woe,
Because of all your captains, strength on
strength,

Think too, when the sure end has come at
length,

Victory for England—for God means it so—
Be strong in kindness for the little dead,
The stubborn tribe that could not understand,
But, child-like, fought the purposes of Time ;
England, so strong to slay, be strong to spare ;
England, have courage even to forgive,
Give back the little nation leave to live,

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

To shear its sheep and grow its lazy corn,—
Children there are that must be whipped to
grow,
And some small children must be whipped
with fire.

V

AND you in churches, praying this Christmas
morn,

Pray as you never prayed that this may be
The little war that brought the great world
peace ;

Undazzled with its glorious infamy,

O pray with all your hearts that war may
cease,

And who knows but that God may hear the
prayer.

So it may come about next Christmas Day
That we shall hear the happy children play

CHRISTMAS IN WAR-TIME

Gladly aloud, unmindful of the dead,
And watch the lovers go
To the old woods to find the mistletoe.
But this year, children, if you needs must play,
Play very softly, underneath your breath ;
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death
Makes England holy with sorrow this
 Christmas Day ;
Yes ! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year—
Its berries are too red.

THE ILLUSION OF WAR

THE ILLUSION OF WAR

WAR

I abhor,

And yet how sweet

The sound along the marching street

Of drum and fife, and I forget

Wet eyes of widows, and forget

Broken old mothers, and the whole

Dark butchery without a soul.

Without a soul—save this bright drink

Of heady music, sweet as hell ;

And even my peace-abiding feet

Go marching with the marching street,

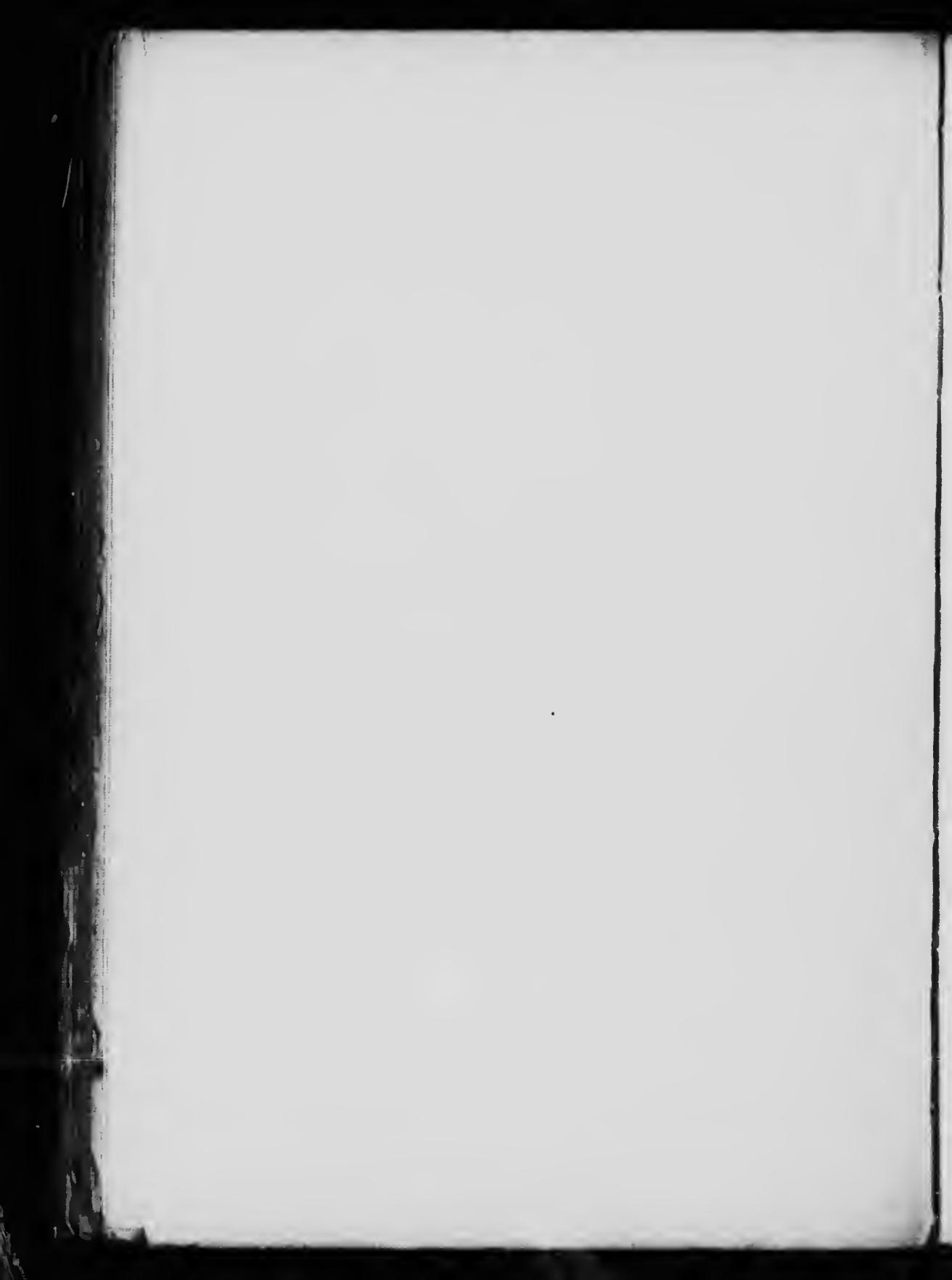
THE ILLUSION OF WAR

For yonder, yonder goes the fife,
And what care I for human life !
The tears fill my astonished eyes
And my full heart is like to break,
And yet 'tis all embannered lies,
A dream those little drummers make.

O it is wickedness to clothe
Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks
Hidden in music, like a queen
That in the garden of glory walks,
Till good men love the thing they loathe.
Art, thou hast many infamies,
But not an infamy like this.
O snap the fife and still the drum,
And show the monster as she is.

SOLDIER GOING TO THE
WAR

F



SOLDIER GOING TO THE
WAR

SOLDIER going to the war—

Will you take my heart with you,
So that I may share a little
In the famous things you do?

Soldier going to the war—

If in battle you must fall,
Will you, among all the faces,
See my face the last of all?

SOLDIER GOING TO THE WAR

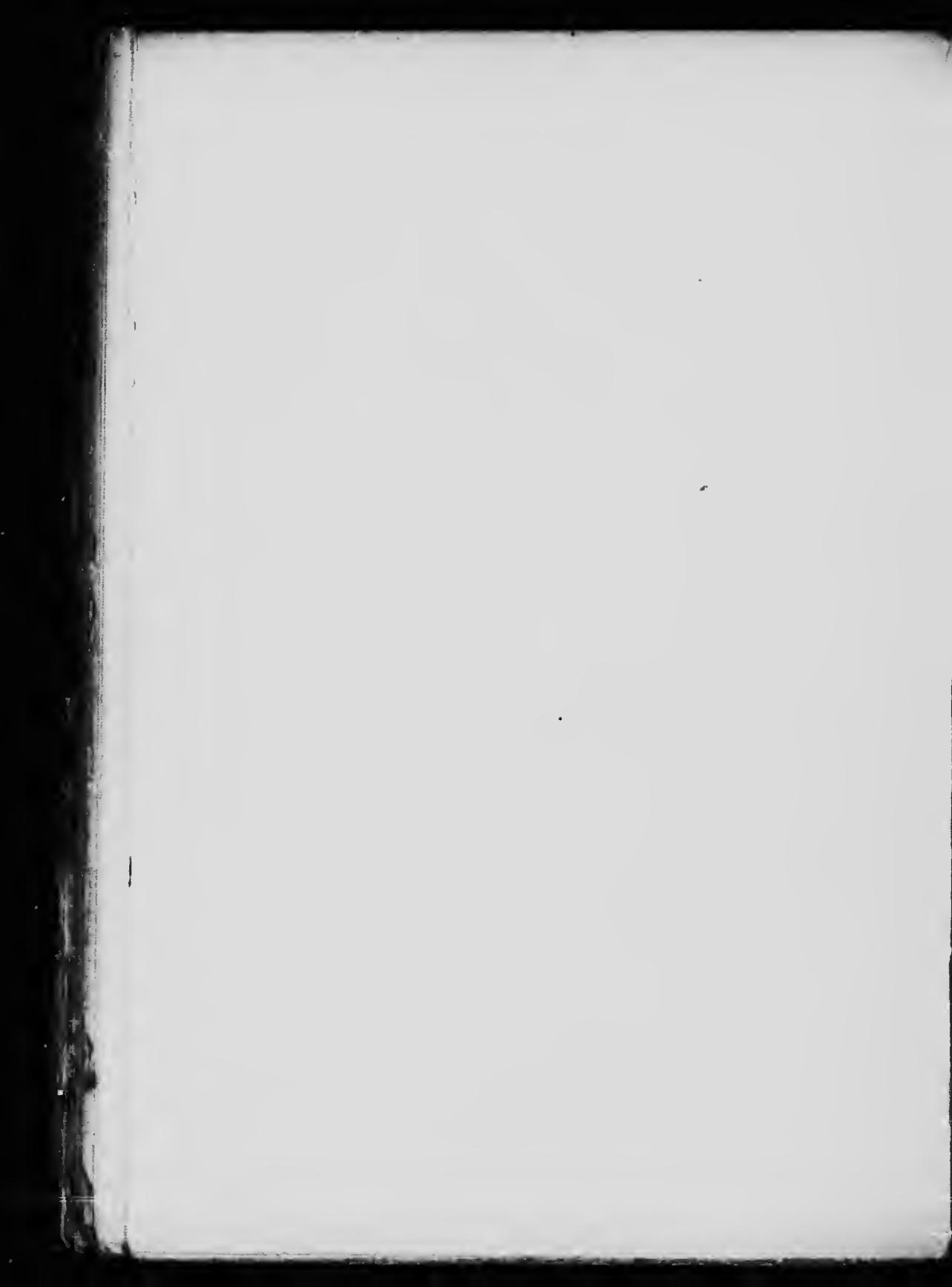
Soldier coming from the war—

**Who shall bind your sunburnt brow
With the laurel of the hero,
Soldier, soldier—vow for vow !**

Soldier coming from the war—

**When the street is one wide sea,
Flags and streaming eyes and glory—
Soldier, will you look for me ?**

TO BELGIUM



TO BELGIUM

OUR tears, our songs, our laurels—what are
these

To thee, in thy Gethsemane of loss
Stretched in thine unimagined agonies
On Hell's last engine of the Iron Cross?

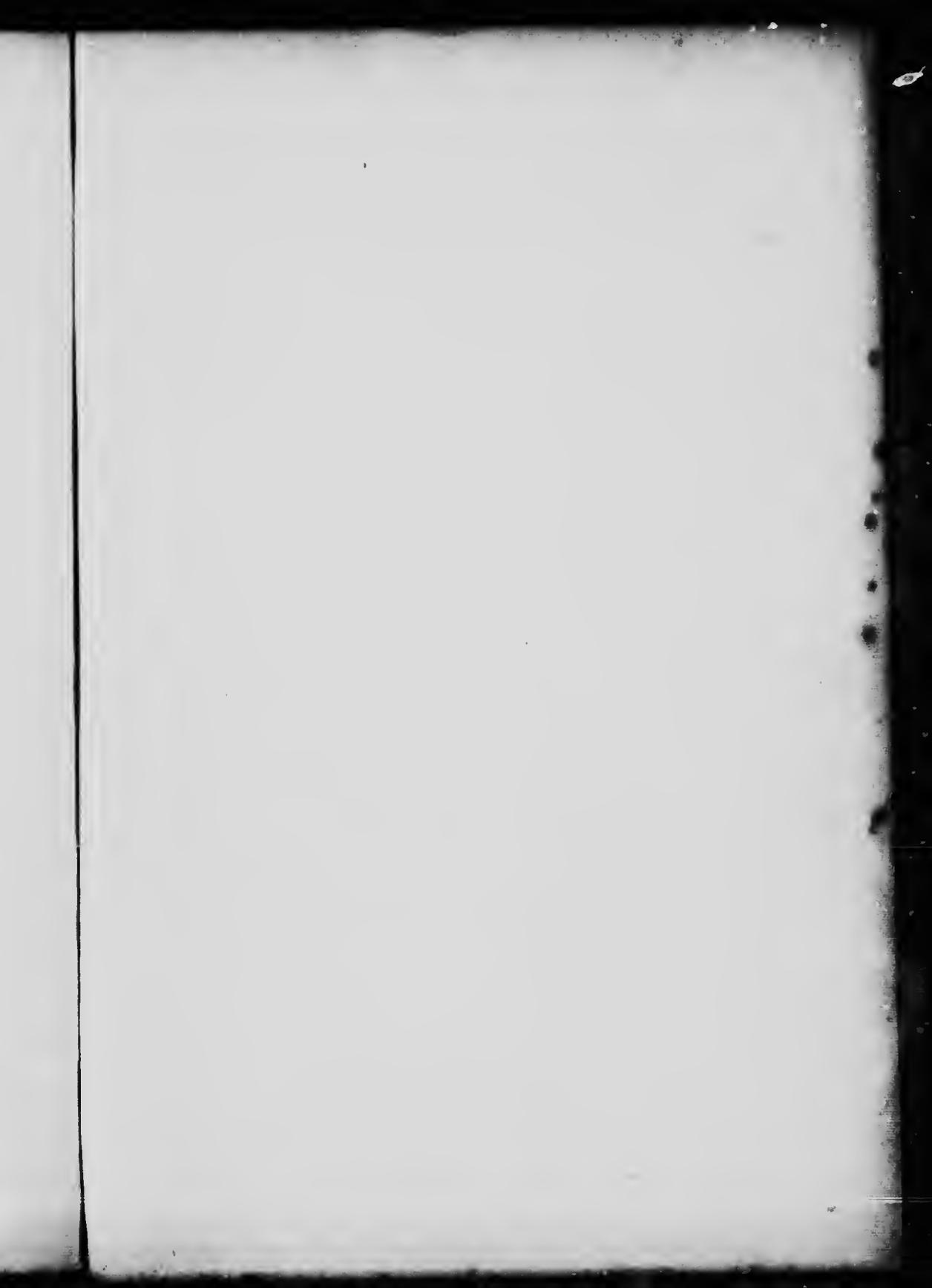
For such a world as this that thou shouldst
die

Is price too vast—yet, Belgium, hadst
thou sold

Thyself, O then had fled from out the earth
Honour for ever, and left only Gold.

TO BELGIUM

Nor diest thou—for soon shalt thou awake,
And, lifted high on our victorious shields,
Watch the new sunrise driving for your
sons
The hated German shadows from your
fields.



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