

Major F. V. Longstaff

WAR LYRICS

from

BRITISH COLUMBIA

by

ERNEST MCGAFFEY

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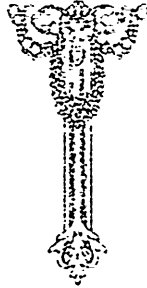
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Dedicated

to

Sir Richard McBride, K. C. M. G., K. C.

*Premier of British Columbia
Canada*



56327



Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

WHILE BRITAIN RULES THE SEA

NOW by the light of Nelson's fame,
The soul of Francis Drake,
By bold Sir Walter Raleigh's name,
And Collingwood, and Blake—
There is no need that British men
Should ever bend the knee;
The sword is mightier than the pen
While Britain rules the sea.

Her faith is centred in the past,
Her loyal hearts of oak,
Shall never, while her navies last,
Endure an alien yoke.
Her fleets have furrowed all the tides,
Wherever tides may be;
The Empire safe at anchor rides
While Britain rules the sea.

From far Australia's shining sands,
From Canada's wide shores,
From India's coral-crusted sands,
To London's very doors—
One voice is heard, one call goes back,
Its echo sounding free:
We'll fly aloft the Union Jack
While Britain rules the sea.

GOOD-BYE

GOOD-BYE! Farewell! Your out-
bound ship is lying
Beside the pier, her British colours
flying;
And westward flung, the sunset's rose is
dying.

Through eager crowds your winding
column traces
In khaki garbed, with even, measured
paces,
Past waving flags, and rapt and shining
faces.

All day the city's restless heart was
beating,
With pulse that reckoned on the final
greeting,
And throb which guessed the parting
and the meeting.

Good-bye! Farewell! With you our
hopes will follow
To bring you back through war's grim
echoes hollow,
With Spring's return of daffodil and
swallow.

The day will come, as God is in His
heaven,
When hate's black cloud shall melt in
war's red levin,
With Herod crushed, his mail-clad
Empire riven.

To you who come, by race and courage
fated,
You who have wrought, and steadfast
watched and waited,
To freedom pledged, to country conse-
crated;

Good-bye! Farewell! The twilight veils
are falling
And sluggish tides to seaward slow are
crawling,
While clear and shrill a bugle's notes
are calling.

Or peace or war, and each will claim its
booty;
Yet deathless lives, the man who does
his duty.
Death, more than Life, reveals the rarest
beauty.

Clasp hands and go; we do not stop to
borrow
From vain regret, nor yield one tear to
sorrow.
Your turn to-day; it may be ours to-
morrow.

Hail and farewell! The prayers we
whisper of you,
Shall march with you, shall haunt the
void above you.
Living or dead, remember that we love
you.

LANGEMARCK

UNRUFFLED, dauntless, consecrate,
Where blinding storms of shrapnel
drench,
Stand those who smile at death or fate
Staunch heroes of the field and trench.

For whether life be long or brief
What matters, since we all must die?
Men of the crimson maple leaf,
Not theirs to question when or why.

Beyond the echoing cannonade,
Above the watch of steadfast stars,
Their reckoning with the world is made
Their souls have crossed the harbour bars.

Theirs only to redeem their kind:
To face the battle's tempest whirled,
To fight for liberty, and bind
Its quickening zone about the world.

We bound their glory, sheaf by sheaf,
We heard the world recount their praise,
Men of the crimson maple leaf
Their valour shall outlast the days,

The weeks, the months that rise before
The wan horizon of the years,
Which beckons on from shore to shore
Across the lapse of time and tears,

Until the sounds of cannon cease
And closer gripped through all her lands,
Rock-anchored or in war or peace
Unchanged, unscarred, The Empire stands.

EDITH CAVELL

MARTYR to duty done
Nobly and well;
Dead, with a glory won
Ages will tell.

All that she suffered for
Still to be sought;
All she has perished for
Sacrifice wrought.

One with the soldiers
Who valiantly came,
Fighting for liberty—
Sacred her name.

Not to be hidden
Low in the grave;
Shrined with the bravest
Of all of the brave.

What a rare soul was her's,
Steadfast, sublime;
Sister to Jeanne d'Arc,
Crowned for all time!

Never forgotten,
So will she stand;
Never forgiven
The murderer's hand!

Sound her the bugle's blast,
Toll her no knell;
Carve her a monument
There where she fell!

Sound her a bugle strain,
Tearless each cheek.
What! has she died in vain?
Liberty—speak!

PEACE

PEACE? Yes! when over many
countries blighted
The steps of freedom come.
When countless wrongs are past, yet
never righted
To souls forever dumb.

When shrapnel shells no longer plough
the tillage;
Or harrow up the slain,
Where steeple-top and the once-smiling
village
Lie level with the plain.

Peace when the Prussian is ground down
and under
War's iron-shodden heel,
And blotted out by cannons' rolling
thunder
And gleaming lines of steel.

Peace when at last the writhing scaly serpent
Of German hate is dead;
Not sooner, though each long-contested arpent
Be steeped in living red.

By the mute lips of women pure and
blameless,
By soldiers crucified;
By all those horrors, shuddering and
nameless,
Flung broadcast, far and wide:

Must we fight on; until the clouds dissever,
While warring lightnings cease,
And the spent foe by shore and hill and river
Kneels down and begs for peace.

BRITISH COLUMBIA TO ENGLAND

FROM the wastes of the frozen Yukon
High up in the Northern lands;
From the shores of the blue Pacific
Ringed round with its silent sands;
From the towns and the hiving cities
And the far-off Kootenay,
We have come to the tryst together
And we're here in the fight to stay.

Ranger and hunter and rancher
And men from the lumber camp;
Doctor and lawyer and banker
And miner with cast-off lamp;
Farmer and preacher and idler,
Where there's a will there's a way,
We have come to the tryst together
And we're here in the fight to stay.

English, Irish, and Scotch are we
And men of the Maple Leaf;
Sons of the old-time Loyalists
And heirs of the Scottish Chief;
Cornish and Welsh and Islanders
And the Lion's whelps at bay,
We have come to the tryst together
And we're here in the fight to stay.

We have burned our boats behind us,
We came when you signalled "Come";
We have taken the sword and rifle
To march to the pipes and drum.
We ask for a fight to a finish,
For that is the only way;
We have come to the tryst together
And we're here in the fight to stay.

FIGHT ON!

FIGHT on! Fight on!
Until the dusk is broken
And the lone East's far token
Shall glimmer faint and wan.

Fight to the last!
Until the scene has shifted,
And the black veil is lifted
From battles overcast.

This for our pride:
The men who went before us
To join the cannons' chorus
Not nobler could have died.

This for our strength:
We are but just beginning;
The years must prove the winning,
And we shall win at length.

This for our pledge:
Though young and old be taken
Our purpose is unshaken,
And naught will dull our edge.

What coward soul
Dares whisper a foreboding,
Or hint of fears corroding
To us who see the goal?

Fight to the end!
With shattered sword or rifle;
Not fumes of hell may stifle
Nor death our spirits bend.

Fight on! Fight on!
We are but just awaking,
Already day is breaking.
Look! Yonder shines the dawn!

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