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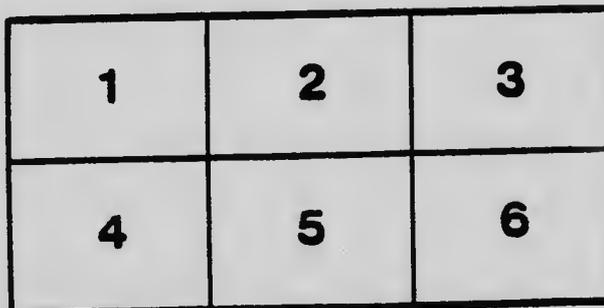
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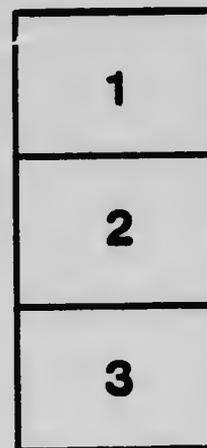
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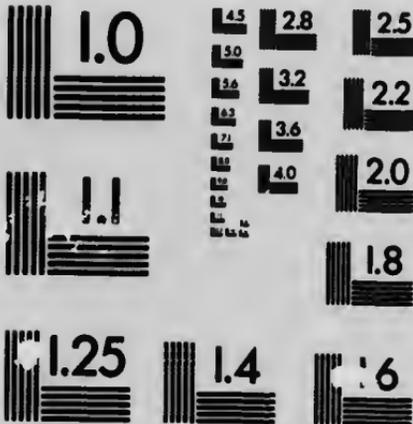
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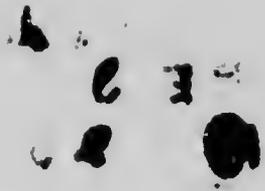
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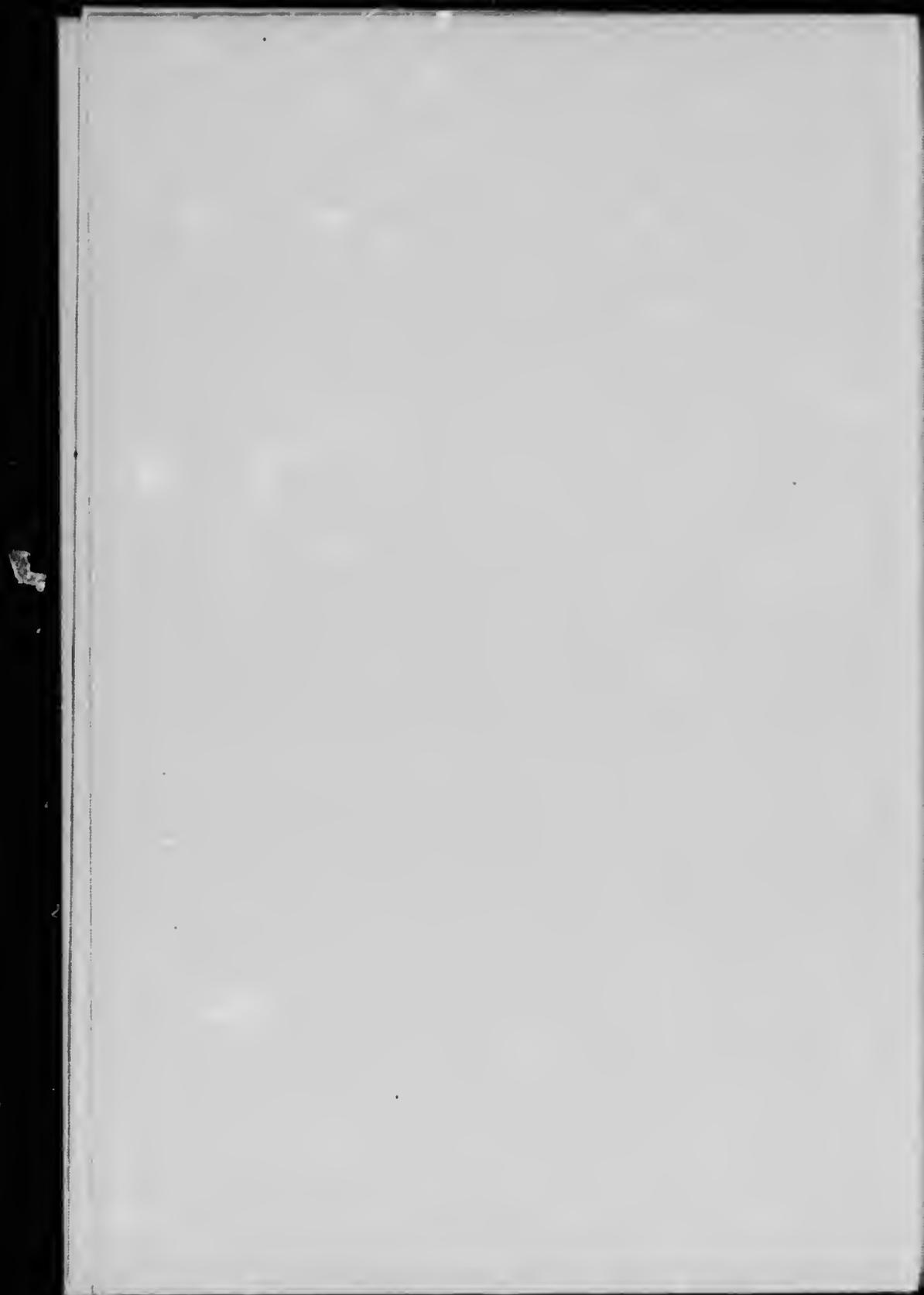
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# In the Day of Battle

POEMS OF THE GREAT WAR

SELECTED BY

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

THIRD EDITION

TORONTO  
WILLIAM BRIGGS  
1918

69408

8526

H6

1918

All the profits from the sale of this edition will be sent to Lady Drummond for the King George and Queen Mary Maple Leaf Clubs. The sale of the first and second editions has resulted in substantial contributions to these clubs whose popularity is evidence of the important place they fill in the life of Canadian soldiers on leave in London.

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CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

✓

HUMBLY DEDICATED TO THE  
MEN FROM THE NORTH, SOUTH,  
EAST AND WEST WHO HAVE  
HASTENED TO "RAISE THE  
TRUMPET FROM THE DUST,"  
AND TO THE BRAVE WOMEN  
WHO HAVE MADE THE  
SUPREME SACRIFICE IN THE  
TIME OF THE EMPIRE'S  
URGENT NEED. . . . .

## NOTE TO THIRD EDITION

---

Repeatedly during the last year, when our courage may have become faint and our vision dimmed, there has come to us from the Front, insistent as a bugle call, the voice of the Soldier Poet, proclaiming, not so much the glories of war as a realization of the high spiritual significance of his task and a conviction, virile and certain, that

"We who have seen men broken  
We know man is divine,"

Through the fine resolve and clarity of vision we also sometimes hear the note of yearning for "the familiar hill," seen in his "wounded dreams of home."

In this third edition of "In the Day of Battle," for which the compiler bespeaks the same generous reception as was accorded the preceding editions, the reader will find a few additional poems in which those notes of high courage and pathos appear dominant, sometimes in separate poems, but often blended in one. In many cases permission to use these poems has been kindly granted by the near relatives of men who have fallen in the fight.

The uniform courtesy of both authors and publishers has made available many new poems for the book, including some of the finest sea songs in our own or any other language. Many of these poems envisage for us the spirit and meaning of these tragic times; most of them are instinct with the emotion and fervour which only great national crises can evoke.

The work of collecting these war poems, though arduous, will have brought its full reward if they only bring a ray of solace and comfort to hearts sorely stricken by this "tragedy of a world at strife."

CARRIE ELLEN HOLMAN

Prince Edward Island,  
June, 1918

## FOREWORD

---

**A**MONG the books inspired by the war, few need less apology than those of which this little volume is representative, compilations of the more or less fugitive verse appearing in journals, celebrating various stages of the struggle, and then perhaps carried off into oblivion by some wind of great events. A compilation captures the winged words and treasures them. It deserves to have an honoured place in the long array of more formidable volumes, for it is undeniable that among the minor results of the Great War is a vast output of war literature. Volumes of history, theory and prophecy weigh down our shelves, pamphlets cover our tables "thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa." Among these latter is one on Poetry and War by the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Sir Herbert Warre, and at the head of his paper we find the suggestive old lines of Samuel Daniel:

What good is like to this—  
To do worthy the writing, and to write  
Worthy the reading and the world's delight?

It is a good motto and sets us thinking of one aspect of this extraordinary epoch of which the end is not yet, namely the relation of its literature to its action. Of deeds worthy the writing we have no lack, of writing

to match those deeds we have quantity indeed, but how much of it will long be held worthy the reading and the world's delight?

The question must remain as yet unsettled. Here, as in other sections of the huge historic field, there has been controversy. Most of the critics who have considered the poetry of the war have expressed something less than enthusiasm. A learned writer in the *Times* tries to account for the lack of first-rate quality by saying that the time is not yet ripe for poetical expression. His text is Wordsworth's famous saying that poetry is "Emotion recollected in tranquillity." It sounds a plausible theory, but close upon its publication comes the keen utterance of Mr. Punch, prompt to put his finger upon a fallacy. "Of course war songs are never written during the white heat of war time," says, in effect, this clear-eyed satirist; "that is why the Marseillaise has never been produced."

We who are readers and not writers may well leave theories alone and ponder thankfully the verse which the war period has produced and is still producing. And for such pondering the present volume gives us much material, put before us in convenient and attractive form. Many of its pieces will certainly live in the popular memory long after the war, and some few will be enshrined in the treasuries of national literature, side by side with the immortal songs of old.

It is undeniable that there are aspects of this colossal strife to which no poet has as yet done justice. It would need a giant of poesy to rise to the height of its great argument. Not to mention innumerable exploits worthy of Shaksperian treatment, the great drama

perpetually playing in the air yet fails of adequate presentation in poetic words. The moral issues have drawn much ink, yet it can hardly be said that the inevitable word has been uttered. Belgium and France, Serbia and Poland have had melodious tears shed for their blood-drenched fields, yet they wait for a mourner whose passionate lament shall cry to heaven and sound through the ages like Milton's for the Piedmontese.

It is worthy of note that some of the finest of the war pieces are not those which voice the bugle note of actual conflict, but those which sound the deeper chord of that intense and ideal patriotism which alone can justify war. In the lyrics of Alfred Noyes, the glorious sonnets of Rupert Brooke, and in the verse of many a humbler rhymster there breathes the same ideal. England and Truth, England and Humanity, England and Freedom—these are great battle-cries, and it is well for us that they should be set to music once again.

This little book comes from a Canadian publishing house for circulation in Canada. Some few of the pieces are by Canadian writers. In its way it may symbolize the part which Canada has been privileged to play in the tremendous drama. Gorgeous tragedy with sceptred pall has come sweeping by once more, through a world which was becoming forgetful of her power, and into her train she has swept us all. From peaceful Canadian farms and mines and cities and villages she has drawn her followers, and many of them she will never permit to return.

That bitter sentence, "never to return," is so branded into the consciousness of many of us to-day it is

difficult to see beyond it. Yet it must not be the last thought of those who work or wait, nor will it be the last word of the war poets. Canada, which heard some harsh criticism of her sons in the early days of warfare, now listens with sorrowful pride while friend and enemy tell her that they know how to die. Canada, smarting under the humiliating knowledge that her domestic history is not free from corrupting stains, may well find a new inspiration giving promise of a fairer day in the deeds of her battalions abroad. With undying pride the country must now cherish the memory of that shining army of youths who will never be old, who at the call of a cause and under the ancient banners of their race, "poured out the red sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be of hope and joy."

And the task is still unfinished, and others must follow where they have led. A Canadian poet voices their solemn charge:

Take up our quarrel with the foe:  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high.  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

In the tragic procession of events since the first edition of this little book appeared is one which has brought special sorrow to Canada. The poet of "In Flanders Fields" has joined that band in which he enrolled himself prophetically in his phrase, "We are the Dead."

SUSAN E. CAMERON.

Royal Victoria College,  
McGill University.

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## IN THE DAY OF BATTLE

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### CANADA TO ENGLAND.

GREAT names of thy great captains gone before  
Beat with our blood, who have that blood of thee:  
Raleigh and Grenville, Wolfe, and all the free,  
Fine souls who dared to front a world in war.  
Such only may outreach the envious years,  
Where feebler crowns and fainter stars remove;  
Nurtured in one remembrance and one love,  
Too high for passion and too stern for tears.

O! little isle our fathers held for home,  
Not, not alone thy standards and thy hosts  
Lead where thy sons shall follow, Mother Land:  
Quick as the north wind, ardent as the foam,  
Behold, behold the invulnerable ghosts  
Of all past greatnesses about thee stand.

*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall.*

*The Times.*

## THE TRUMPET.

THY trumpet lies in the dust,  
The wind is weary, the light is dead. Ah, the evil day!  
Come, fighters, carrying your flags, and singers with  
your songs!  
Come, pilgrims, hurrying on your journey!  
The trumpet lies in the dust waiting for us.

I was on the way to the temple with my evening offerings,  
Seeking for the heaven of rest after the day's dusty  
toil;  
Hoping my hurts would be healed and stains in my  
garments washed white,  
When I found thy trumpet lying in the dust.

Has it not been the time for me to light my lamp?  
Has the evening not come to bring me sleep?  
O, thou blood-red rose, where have my poppies faded?  
I was certain my wanderings were over and my debts  
all paid,  
When suddenly I came upon thy trumpet lying in the  
dust.

Strike my drowsy heart with thy spell of youth!  
Let my joy in life blaze up in fire.  
Let the shafts of awakening fly, piercing the heart of  
night, and a thrill of dread shake the palsied  
blindness,  
I have come to raise thy trumpet from the dust.

Sleep is no more for me—my walk shall be through  
showers of arrows.  
Some shall run out of their houses and come to my  
side—some shall weep,  
Some in their beds shall toss and groan in dire dreams :  
For to-night thy trumpet shall be sounded.

From thee I had asked peace, only to find shame.  
Now I stand before thee—help me to don my armour !  
Let hard blows of trouble strike fire into my life.  
Let my heart beat in pain—beating the drum of thy  
victory.  
My hands shall be utterly emptied to take up thy  
trumpet.

*Rabindranath Tagore.*

*The Times.*

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### THE VIGIL.

ENGLAND! where the sacred flame  
Burns before the inmost shrine,  
Where the lips that love thy name  
Consecrate their hopes and thine ;  
Where the banners of thy dead  
Weave their shadows overhead,  
Watch beside thine arms to-night,  
Pray that God defend the Right.

Think that when to-morrow comes  
War shall claim command of all,  
Thou must hear the roll of drums,  
Thou must hear the trumpet's call.

Now, before they silence ruth,  
Commune with the voice of truth;  
England! on thy knees to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

Hast thou counted up the cost,  
What to foeman, what to friend?  
Glory sought is Honour lost,  
How should this be knighthood's end?  
Knowst thou what is Hatred's meed?  
What the surest gain of Greed?  
England! wilt thou dare to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right?

Single-hearted, unafraid,  
Hither all thy heroes came;  
On this altar's steps were laid  
Gordon's life and Outram's fame.  
England! if thy will be yet  
By their great example set,  
Here beside thine arms to-night  
Pray that God defend the Right.

So shalt thou, when morning comes,  
Rise to conquer or to fall;  
Joyful hear the rolling drums,  
Joyful hear the trumpet call.  
Then let Memory tell thy heart:  
*"England! what thou wert thou art!"*  
Gird thee with thy ancient might,  
Forth! and God defend the Right!

*Sir Henry Newbolt.*

TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL  
EARL ROBERTS,  
OF KANDAHAR AND PRETORIA.

(Born 1832. Died on service at the Front, November 14th,  
1914.)

He died as soldiers die, amid the strife,  
Mindful of England in his latest prayer;  
God, of His love, would have so fair a life  
Crowned with a death as fair.

He might not lead the battle as of old,  
But, as of old, among his own he went,  
Breathing a faith that never once grew cold,  
A courage still unspent.

So was his end; and, in that hour, across  
The face of War a wind of silence blew;  
And bitterest foes paid tribute to the loss  
Of a great heart and true.

But we who loved him, what have we to lay  
For sign of worship on his warrior-bier?  
What homage, could his lips but speak to-day,  
Would he have held most dear?

Not grief, as for a life untimely reft;  
Not vain regret for counsel given in vain;  
Not pride of that high record he has left,  
Peerless and pure of stain;

But service of our lives to keep her free,  
The land he served; a pledge above his grave  
To give her even such a gift as he,  
The soul of loyalty, gave.

That oath we plight, as now the trumpets swell  
His requiem, and the men-at-arms stand mute,  
And through the mist the guns he loved so well  
Thunder a last salute!

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

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TO THE MEMORY OF FIELD-MARSHAL  
EARL KITCHENER.

(Born, June 24th, 1850. Died on service, June 5th, 1916.)

SOLDIER of England, you who served her well  
And in that service, silent and apart,  
Achieved a name that never lost its spell  
Over your country's heart;—

Who saw your work accomplished ere at length  
Shadows of evening fell, and creeping Time  
Had bent your stature or resolved the strength  
That kept its manhood's prime;—

Great was your life, and great the end you made,  
As through the plunging seas that whelmed your head  
Your spirit passed, unconquered, unafraid,  
To join the gallant dead.

But not by death that spell could pass away  
That fixed our gaze upon the far-off goal,  
Who, by your magic, stand in arms to-day  
A nation one and whole,

Now doubly pledged to bring your vision true  
Of darkness vanquished and the dawn set free,  
In that full triumph which your faith foreknew  
But might not live to see.

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

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### KITCHENER'S MARCH.

Nor the muffled drums for him,  
Nor the wailing of the fife.  
Trumpets blaring to the charge  
Were the music of his life.  
Let the music of his death  
Be the feet of marching men.  
Let his heart a thousandfold  
Take the field again!

Of his patience, of his calm,  
Of his quiet faithfulness,  
England, raise your hero's cairn!  
He is worthy of no less.  
Stone by stone, in silence laid,  
Singly, surely, let it grow.  
He whose living was to serve  
Would have had it so.

There's a body drifting down  
For the mighty sea to keep.  
There's a spirit cannot die  
While a heart is left to leap  
In the land he gave his all,  
Steel alike to praise and hate.  
He has saved the life he spent—  
Death has struck too late.

*Not the muffled drums for him,  
Nor the wailing of the fife.  
Trumpets blaring to the charge  
Were the music of his life.  
Let the music of his death  
Be the feet of marching men.  
Let his heart a thousandfold  
Take the field again!*

*Amelia Josephine Burr.*

Reprinted from "Life and Living."  
Copyright, George H. Doran & Co., 1916.

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### PRO PATRIA.

ENGLAND, in this great fight to which you go,  
Because, where Honour calls you, go you must,  
Be glad, whatever comes, at least to know  
You have your quarrel just.

Peace was your care; before the nations' bar  
Her cause you pleaded and her ends you sought;  
But not for her sake, being what you are,  
Could you be bribed and bought.

Others may spurn the pledge of land to land,  
May with the brute sword stain a gallant past ;  
But by the seal to which you set your hand,  
Thank God, you still stand fast !

Forth, then, to front that peril of the deep  
With smiling lips and in your eyes the light,  
Steadfast and confident, of those who keep  
Their storied scutcheon bright.

And we, whose burden is to watch and wait,  
High hearted ever, strong in faith and prayer,  
We ask what offering we may consecrate,  
What humble service share.

To steel our souls against the lust of ease ;  
To find our welfare in the general good ;  
To hold together, merging all degrees  
In one wide brotherhood ;

To teach that he who saves himself is lost ;  
To bear in silence though our hearts may bleed ;  
To spend ourselves, and never count the cost,  
For other's greater need ;

To go our quiet ways, subdued and sane ;  
To hush all vulgar clamour of the street ;  
With level calm to face alike the strain  
Of triumph or defeat ;

This be our part, for thus we serve you best,  
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,  
You warrior sons, to whom in this high test  
Our fortunes we confide.

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

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## BELGIUM.

HEART-STRUCK she stands—Our Lady of all Sorrows—  
Circled with ruin, sunk in deep amaze ;  
Facing the shadow of her dark to-morrows,  
Mourning the glory of her yesterdays.

Yet is she queen, by every royal token,  
There, where the storm of desolation swirled ;  
Crowned only with the thorn—despoiled and broken—  
Her kingdom is the heart of all the world.

She made her breast a shield, her sword a splendour,  
She rose like flame upon the darkened ways ;  
So, through the anguish of her proud surrender  
Breaks the clear vision of undying praise.

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

*The Nation* (New York).

## THE BELGIAN FLAG.

RED for the blood of soldiers,  
Black, yellow and red—  
Black for the tears of mothers,  
Black, yellow and red—  
And yellow for the light and flame  
Of the fields where the blood is shed!

To the glorious flag, my children,  
Hark! the call your country gives,  
To the flag in serried order!  
He who dies for Belgium lives!

Red for the purple of heroes,  
Black, yellow and red—  
Black for the veils of widows,  
Black, yellow and red—  
And yellow for the shining crown  
Of the victors who have bled!

To the flag, the flag, my children,  
Hearken to your country's cry!  
Never has it shone so splendid,  
Never has it flown so high!

Red for the flames in fury,  
Black, yellow and red—  
Black for the mourning ashes,  
Black, yellow and red—  
And yellow of gold, as we proudly hail  
The spirits of the dead!

To the flag, my sons! Your country  
With her blessing "Forward!" cries.  
Has it shrunken? No, when smallest,  
Larger, statelier, it flies!  
Is it tattered? No, 'tis stoutest  
When destruction it defies!

*Emile Cammaerts.*

From "War Poems and Other Translations," by Lord Curzon.

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### THE WOMEN OF BELGIUM TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND.

Oh, English women! see our country's dying;  
Her lifeblood from her gaping wounds is sighing,  
Her bitter wrongs to God for vengeance crying!

The Iron Hand has struck, but in the smiting  
Its own dishonour on the wall is writing,  
And Belgium's funeral pyre the world is lighting.

If we had failed or shrunk before the paying,  
If we had saved our dearest from the slaying,  
What price had you not paid for the delaying?

Oh, mothers! who your man-grown sons are keeping,  
Oh, fathers! to the patriot's duty sleeping,  
Oh, lovers! at the thought of parting, weeping,  
Awake and give us men to do our reaping!

*Mary Booth.*

*The Queen.*

## RESURGAM.

LIÈGE, Louvain, Malines, Alost—  
Like tolling of a churchbell slow,  
As deep, as soft, the sweet names flow—  
Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost.

Martyred with flames that swept away  
Thy glories, doomed Liège, to-day  
Thy voice is heard—"Think not that I  
In my consumèd body die!  
I shall arise, for strong and whole  
Survives a conquered people's soul."  
And comes the echo, tolling slow,  
From dark Malines and lost Alost,  
That failed not on their kindled pyre;  
While proud Louvain, the heart's desire,  
In bitter ruin laid,  
With words by pain unmuted, cries:  
"Lo! Belgium's life but sleeping lies,  
Be ye who love her undismayed,  
She will awake and rise!"

Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost—  
While man shall love and pity know,  
Like saints' names murmured, these shall flow—  
Liège, Louvain, Malines, Alost.

*Agnes Kendrick Gray.*

*Boston Transcript.*

## THE SPIRES OF OXFORD.

(Seen from the train.)

I saw the spires of Oxford  
As I was passing by.  
The gray spires of Oxford  
Against a pearl-gray sky.  
My heart was with the Oxford men  
Who went abroad to die.

The years go fast in Oxford,  
The golden years and gay.  
The hoary Colleges look down  
On careless boys at play.  
But when the bugles sounded war  
They put their games away.

They left the peaceful river,  
The cricket-field, the quad,  
The shaven lawns of Oxford  
To seek a bloody sod—  
They gave their merry youth away  
For country and for God.

God rest you happy, gentlemen,  
Who laid your good lives down,  
Who took the khaki and the gun  
Instead of cap and gown.  
God bring you to a fairer place  
Than even Oxford town.

*W. M. Letts.*

*Westminster Gazette.*

THE ORION'S FIGUREHEAD AT WHITE-  
HALL.

ALL wind and rain, the clouds fled fast across the even-  
ing sky—

Whitehall a-glimmer like a beach the tide has scarce  
left dry;

And there I saw the figurehead which once did grace  
the bow

Of the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
In the days that are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of those great  
fights of old,

And ships from out whose oaken sides Trafalgar's  
thunder rolled;

There was *Ajax*, *Neptune*, *Téméraire*, *Revenge*, *Levia-  
than*,

With the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
When *Victory* led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now; but still the names  
they bore

And still the hearts that manned them live to sail the  
seas once more;

To sail and fight, and watch and ward, and strike as  
stout a blow

As the old bold *Orion*,  
The fighting old *Orion*,  
In the wars of long ago.

They watch, the gaunt gray fighting ships, in silence  
bleak and stern;  
They wait—not yet, not yet has dawned the day for  
which they burn!  
They're watching, waiting for the word that sets their  
thunders free,  
    Like the old bold *Orion*,  
    The fighting old *Orion*,  
    When Nelson sailed the sea.

Oh! waiting is a weary game, but Nelson played it too,  
And, be it late or be it soon, such deeds are yet to do  
As never your starry namesake saw who walked the  
midnight sky—  
    Old bold *Orion*,  
    Fighting old *Orion*,  
    Of the great old years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game, we'll play it with the  
best;  
Or be the game a watching game, we'll watch and never  
rest;  
But the fighting game it pays for all when the guns  
begin to play  
    (Old bold *Orion*,  
    Fighting old *Orion*)  
    Like the guns of yesterday.

*C. Fox-Smith.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

## THE SEARCHLIGHTS.

(Political morality differs from individual morality, because there is no power above the State.—*General von Bernhardt.*)

Shadow by shadow, stripped for fight  
The lean black cruisers search the sea.  
Night-long their level shafts of light  
Revolve, and find no enemy.  
Only they know each leaping wave  
May hide the lightning, and their grave.

And in the land they guard so well  
Is there no silent watch to keep?  
An age is dying, and the bell  
Rings midnight on a vaster deep:  
But over all its waves, once more,  
The searchlights move, from shore to shore.

And captains that we thought were dead,  
And dreamers that we thought were dumb,  
And voices that we thought were fled,  
Arise, and call us, and we come;  
And "Search in thine own soul," they cry;  
"For there, too, lurks thine enemy."

Search for the foe in thine own soul,  
The sloth, the intellectual pride;  
The trivial jest that veils the goal  
For which our fathers lived and died;  
The lawless dreams, the cynic Art,  
That rend thy nobler self apart.

Not far, not far into the night,  
These level swords of light can pierce;  
Yet for her faith does England fight,  
Her faith in this our universe,  
Believing Truth and Justice draw  
From founts of everlasting law;

The law that rules the stars, our stay,  
Our compass through the world's wide sea,  
The one sure light, the one sure way,  
The one firm base of Liberty;  
The one firm road that men have trod  
Through Chaos to the throne of God.

Therefore a Power above the State,  
The unconquerable Power returns;  
The fire, the fire that made her great  
Once more upon her altar burns;  
Once more, redeemed and healed and whole,  
She moves to the Eternal Goal.

*Alfred Noyes*

By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

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### FALL IN.

WHAT will you lack, sonny, what will you lack  
When the girls line up the street,  
Shouting their love to the lads come back  
From the foe they rushed to beat?  
Will you send a strangled cheer to the sky  
And grin till your cheeks are red?  
But what will you lack when your mate goes by  
With a girl who cuts you dead?

Where will you look, sonny, where will you look  
When your children yet to be  
Clamour to learn of the part you took  
In the War that kept men free?  
Will you say it was naught to you if France  
Stood up to her foe or bunked?  
But where will you look when they give the glance  
That tells you they know you finked?

How will you fare, sonny, how will you fare  
In the far-off winter night,  
When you sit by the fire in an old man's chair  
And your neighbours talk of the fight?  
Will you slink away, as it were from a blow,  
Your old head shamed and bent?  
Or say—I was not with the first to go,  
But I went, thank God, I went?

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call  
For men who are brave and strong?  
Is it naught to you if your country fall,  
And Right is smashed by Wrong?  
Is it football still and the picture-show,  
The pub and the betting odds,  
When your brothers stand to the tyrant's blow  
And England's call is God's?

*Harold Begbie.*

*Daily Chronicle.*

## THE GUNBOAT.

Out in the good clean water, where it's blue and wide  
and deep,  
The pride of Britain's navy lies with thunders all  
asleep;  
And the men they fling their British songs along the  
open sky,  
But the little modest gunboat, she's a-creepin' in to die!  
  
The first line's swingin' lazy on the purple outer ring,  
The proudest ships that ever kept the honour of a king!  
But nosin' down the roadway past the bones of other  
wrecks,  
Goes the doughty little gunboat with her manhood on  
her decks!  
  
Oh! the first line's in the offing, with its shotted light-  
nings pent,  
The proudest fleet that ever kept the King his sacra-  
ment!  
But down the deathsome harbour, where a ship may  
find her grave,  
The plucky little gunboat is a-sinkin' 'neath the wave!  
  
Then sing your British chanteys to the ends of all the  
seas,  
And fling your British banners to the Seven Oceans'  
breeze—  
But when you tell the gallant tale beneath the open sky,  
Give honour to the gunboat that was not too small to  
die!

*Dana Burnet.*

Published by Harper and Bros.

## CALLED UP.

COME, tumble up, Lord Nelson, the British Fleet's  
a-looming!

Come, show a leg, Lord Nelson, the guns they are  
a-booming!

'Tis a longish line of batt'le, such as we did never see;  
An' 'tis not the same old round-shot as was fired by  
you an' me!

*What see'st thou, Sir Francis?*—Strange things I see  
appearing!

*What hearest thou, Sir Francis?*—Strange sounds I do  
be hearing!

They are fighting in the heavens; they're at war beneath  
the sea!

Ay, their ways are mighty different from the ways o'  
you an' me!

*See'st thou nought else, Sir Francis?*—I see great lights  
a-seeking!

*Hearst thou nought else, Sir Francis?*—I hear thin  
wires a speaking!

Three leagues that shot hath carried!—God, that such  
could ever be!

There's no mortal doubt, Lord Nelson—they ha' done  
wi' you an' me!

*Look thou again, Sir Francis!*—I see the flags a-flap-  
ping!

*Hearken once more, Sir Francis!*—I hear the sticks  
a-tapping!

'Tis a sight that calls me thither!—Tis a sound that  
bids me "come!"

'Tis the old Trafalgar signal!—'Tis the beating of my  
drum!

*Art thou ready, good Sir Francis?—See they wait upon  
the quay!*

Praise be to God, Lord Nelson, they ha' thought of you  
an' me!

*Dudley Clark.*

*The Times.*

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### THE YOUNGER SON.

THE younger son has earned his bread in ways both  
hard and easy,  
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to Zambesi;  
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's best,  
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time enough  
to rest.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha'  
thought of meeting you?"

Thought you were in Turkestan, or China or Peru!"—

It's a long trail in peace time where the roving Britons  
stray,

But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's left the bronchos to be bust by who in thunder  
chooses;

He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's  
caboose;

He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavy, pick  
and plough,  
For young blood is fighting blood, and England needs  
him now.

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the  
world been using you?"

What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"  
It's a long trail in peace time where the roving Britons  
stray,

But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled here  
and yonder,

No road too rough for him to tread, no land too wide  
to wander,

For young blood is roving blood, and the spring of life  
is best,

And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time  
enough to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long fare-  
well to you,

(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuctoo!)

Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep is best,  
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to rest.

*C. Fox-Smith.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

## NON-COMBATANT.

BEFORE one drop of angry blood was shed  
I was sore hurt and beaten to my knee;  
Before one fighting man reeled back and died  
The War-Lords struck at me.

They struck me down—an idle, useless mouth,  
As cumbrous—nay, more cumbrous—than the dead.  
With life and heart afire to give and give,  
I take a dole instead.

With life and heart afire to give and give,  
I take and eat the bread of charity;  
In all the length of all this eager land  
No man has need of me.

That is my hurt—my burning, beating wound;  
That is the spear-thrust driven through my pride!  
With aimless hands, and mouth that must be fed,  
I wait and stand aside.

Let me endure it, then, with stiffened lip:  
I, even I, have suffered in the strife!  
Let me endure it, then—I give my pride  
Where others give a life.

*Cicely Hamilton.*

*Westminster Gazette.*

## HIS ONLY WAY.

I stood to-day high on the downs  
And talked long with a shepherd lad;  
I found him pondering by his sheep,  
Motionless, staring-eyed, and sad.

But, leaning on his Pyecombe crook—  
Long polished by his father's hand—  
He told, with slow-tongued eagerness,  
This love-tale of his Sussex land:

“Me and my mate, Dick, loved a girl,  
But he was always down at plough,  
And in and out the village, like,  
And—well, he 'listed, anyhow;

“While I bides up here 'long me sheep;  
And our girl, though she liked us two  
Equal it seemed, she took his ring—  
As, sure, she'd right enough to do.

“Well, Dick, he fought and met his death,  
Somewheres in Flanders, so 'tis said;  
And I can't go to her, I feels,  
Because of Dick there lying dead.

“They do tell she gets pine and thin,  
And mopes and mourns that bitterly,  
But I can't go and say a word,  
Because he died for her, you see.

“ And day by day I sees it more—  
I’ve pieced it all out clear and plain—  
As I must go like Dick has gone,  
Afore I looks at her again.

“ Old wall-eyed Bob, there, ’ll pine awhile  
And listen, maybe, for my call;  
And master he’ll be proper mad,  
With lambing coming on and all.

“ But there ’tis, and there ain’t two ways;  
He went, and ’tis the only thing;  
Else I shall grow to hate the hill,  
And get ashamed o’ shepherding.

“ That there’s her window down below,  
Aside the copse, where I could see  
(It seems a score o’ years ago)  
Our girl stand waving up to me.

“ Come Sunday, then, I’ll ’list for sure  
(The same as you done, Dick, old lad!);  
Then, if I gets back, I can go  
Fair, like, and face her proud and glad.”

*Habberton Lulham.*

From “The Other Side of Silence.” Simpkin, Marshall  
& Co., 4 Stationers’ Hall Court.

TO ONE WHO TAKES HIS EASE.

Look in your heart! make inquisition there  
Of service done in this supreme of hours—  
What sacrifice for England's sake you bear,  
To what high use or humble put your powers!  
If, pleading local duty's louder call  
Or weight of years that checks the soaring wing,  
You are excused the dearest gift of all,  
What of the next best thing?

No doubt the war has touched you—that we guess,  
And so have some of your importunate friends;  
From time to time you post them, when they press,  
A little cheque for charitable ends;  
You have reduced your tribute to the hunt,  
Declined to bring the family to Town,  
Discharged your second footman to the Front  
And shut a tweezy down.

Hearing that each is bound to do his bit  
In that estate where he is set by Heaven,  
You trouble less about your trousers' fit,  
And eat six courses in the place of seven.  
Upon your pint of champagne still you count,  
But later drinks you temperately dock  
(Because at clubs the alcoholic fount  
Closes at ten o'clock).

A hundred needs cry out to such as you  
For willing labour—watches of the night,  
Shells to be filled, a turn of work to do,  
That sets a good man free to go and fight.  
But tasks like these entail a lack of rest,  
They put a strain on people's arms and backs ;  
And you've enough to bear with rents depressed,  
And all that super-tax.

Well, if you're satisfied, then all is said ;  
If, sheltered close and snug, you shirk the blast,  
Immune in idleness of hand and head,  
False to your cause, disloyal to your caste,  
When gallant men from yonder hell of flame  
Come back awhile to heal the wounds of war  
And find you thus, you'll hear no word of blame,  
But they will think the more.

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

---

### THE NEW SCHOOL.

THE halls that were loud with the merry tread of young  
and careless feet  
Are still with a stillness that is too drear to seem like  
holiday,  
And never a gust of laughter breaks the calm of the  
dreaming street  
Or rises to shake the ivied walls and frighten the  
doves away.

The dust is on book and on empty desk, and the tennis-  
racquet and balls  
Lie still in their lonely locker and wait for a game  
that is never played,  
And over the study and lecture-room and the river and  
meadow falls  
A stern peace, a strange peace, a peace that War has  
made.

For many a youthful shoulder now is gay with an  
epaulet,  
And the hand that was deft with a cricket-bat is  
defter with a sword,  
And some of the lads will laugh to-day where the  
trench is red and wet,  
And some will win on the bloody field the accolade  
of the Lord.

They have taken their youth and mirth away from the  
study and playing-ground  
To a new school in an alien land beneath an alien  
sky;  
Out in the smoke and roar of the fight their lessons and  
games are found,  
And they who were learning how to live are learning  
how to die.

And after the golden day has come and the war is at  
an end  
A slab of bronze on the chapel wall will tell of the  
noble dead.

And every name on that radiant list will be the name  
of a friend,  
A name that shall through the centuries in grateful  
prayers be said.

And there will be ghosts in the old school, brave ghosts  
with laughing eyes,  
On the field with a ghostly cricket-bat, by the stream  
with a ghostly rod ;  
They will touch the hearts of the living with a flame  
that sanctifies,  
A flame that they took with strong young hands  
from the altar-fires of God.

*Outlook.*

*Joyce Kilmer.*

---

### THE MAN IN THE TRENCH.

(Written after the great Battle of Ypres.)

CAN you not hear me, young man in the street?  
Is it nothing to you who pass by,  
Who down the dim-lit ways in thousands roam?  
From here I watch you, through the driving sleet,  
Under the evening sky,  
Hurrying home.  
Home! how the word sounds like a bell—  
I wonder if you know, as I know well,  
That in this trench  
Of death and stench  
I stand between your home and hell.

I am the roof that shields you from the weather,  
I am the gate that keeps the brigand back,  
When pillage, fire and murder come together,  
I am the wall that saves your home from sack.  
Man! when you look upon the girl you prize,  
Can you imagine horror in those eyes?  
You have not seen, you cannot understand,  
This trench is England, all this ruined land  
Is where you wander, or field, or strand,  
Save for God's grace, and for the guns that rest  
Upon this dripping mudbank of the west.  
Our blood has stained your threshold—will you stain  
Your soul, give nothing and take all our gain?  
Why did I come? I ask not nor repent;  
Something blazed up inside me and I went.  
The khaki fringe is frayed, and now a rent  
Needs men—needs men, and I am almost spent.  
Night, and the "ready" . . . so sleep well, my  
friend . . .  
The guns again are going . . . I must stick it to  
the end.

*James Bernard Fagan.*

*The Daily Telegraph, Nov., 1914.*

## THE MESSAGES.\*

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five  
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three  
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

Back from the trenches, more dead than alive,  
Stone-deaf and dazed, and with a broken knee,  
He hobbled slowly, muttering vacantly :

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five  
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three  
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

"Their friends are waiting, wondering how they  
thrive—

Waiting a word in silence patiently . . .  
But what they said or who their friends may be—

"I cannot quite remember . . . There were five  
Dropt dead beside me in the trench—and three  
Whispered their dying messages to me. . . ."

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

---

\* This and the following five poems are from "Battle and  
Other Poems." The Macmillan Co.

## BREAKFAST.

We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,  
Because the shells were screeching overhead.  
I bet a rasher to a loaf of bread  
That Hull United would beat Halifax  
When Jimmy Stainthorpe played full back instead  
Of Billy Bradford. Ginger raised his head  
And cursed, and took the bet—and dropt back dead.  
We eat our breakfast lying on our backs,  
Because the shells were screeching overhead.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

---

## THE RETURN.

He went, and he was gay to go;  
And I smiled on him as he went.  
My son—'twas well he couldn't know  
My darkest dread, nor what it meant—

Just what it meant to smile and smile  
And let my son go cheerily—  
My son . . . and wondering all the while  
What stranger would come back to me.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

TO THE MEMORY OF RUPERT BROOKE.

He's gone.  
I do not understand.  
I only know  
That as he turned to go  
And waved his hand  
In his young eyes a sudden glory shone:  
And I was dazzled by a sunset glow,  
And he was gone.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

April 23rd.

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HIT.

Out of the sparkling sea  
I drew my tingling body clear, and lay  
On a low ledge the livelong summer day,  
Basking, and watching lazily  
White sails in Falmouth Bay.

My body seemed to burn  
Salt in the sun that drenched it through and through,  
Till every particle glowed clean and new,  
And slowly seemed to turn  
To lucent amber in a world of blue . . . .  
I felt a sudden wrench—  
A trickle of warm blood—  
And found that I was sprawling in the mud  
Among the dead men in the trench.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

## THE FATHER.

THAT was his sort,  
It didn't matter  
What we were at  
But he must chatter  
Of this and that  
His little son  
Had said and done:  
Till, as he told  
The fiftieth time  
Without a change  
How three-year-old  
Prattled a rhyme,  
They got the range  
And cut him short.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*

---

## THE WORD.

THE pain had been sharp—  
'Twas an oath on his lips when he died.  
Yet, sung to a harp  
By an angel, it can't be denied,  
The word would sound well;  
For within it there lurked his intent,  
Not suited to hell,  
And in heaven they sing what he meant.

*Armel O'Connor.*

*The Westminster Gazette.*

## THE LARK.

From wrath-red dawn to wrath-red dawn,  
The guns have brayed without abate;  
And now the sick sun looks upon  
The bleared, blood-beltered fields of hate,  
As if it loathed to rise again.  
How strange the hush! Yet, sudden, hark!  
From yon down-trodden gold of grain,  
The leaping rapture of a lark.

*A fusillade of melody,  
That sprays us from yon trench of sky;  
A new amazing enemy  
We cannot silence though we try;  
A battery on radiant wings,  
That from yon gap of golden fleece  
Hurls at us hopes of such strange things  
As joy and home and love and peace.*

Pure heart of song! do you not know  
That we are making earth a hell?  
Or is it that you try to show  
Life still is joy and all is well?  
Brave little wings! Ah, not in vain  
You beat into that bit of blue:  
Lo! we, who drink the dregs of pain,  
Lift shining eyes, see Heaven too.

*Robert W. Service.*

*Maclean's Magazinc.*

## SONNEZ! CLAIRONS!

SONNEZ, clairons de la Justice :  
Clamez au monde épouvanté  
Du Kaiser la duplicité ;  
Pour que, sur lui, s'appesantisse  
Le mépris lourd des coeurs bien nés.  
Sonnez, clairons de la Justice,  
Sonnez !

Sonnez, clairons de la Bataille :  
A travers monts, et prés, et bois,  
Sonnez, le réveil des Gaulois !  
Pour que se ruent, cambrant la taille.  
Les jeunes comme leurs aînés,  
Sonnez, clairons de la Bataille,  
Sonnez ! sonnez !

Sonnez, clairons de la Victoire :  
Que l'orgueil alsacien-lorrain  
Rugisse en votre voix d'airain !  
Pour nous rouvrir—ô Joie ! ô Gloire !—  
Les deux pays abandonnés,  
Sonnez, clairons de la Victoire,  
Sonnez ! Sonnez ! Sonnez !

*Théodore Botrel,*

*"Chansonnier des Armées."*

From "Les Chants du Bivouac." Librairie Payot et  
Cie, Paris, 106, Boulevard Saint Germain.

## VOILA LES "KAKIS."

(Chanson improvisée a la Ferté-milon le 1er septembre,  
pendant que défilaient les troupes anglaises.)

Sur l'air de la "Polka des Anglais."

### I.

Dès l'premier jour de guerre  
La loyale Angleterre  
Envoyait aux combats  
Ses plus vaillants soldats  
Conduits par French-le-brave,  
Toujours correct et grave,  
Ah! qu'ils ont donc bon air  
Les guerriers d'Kitchener!

### *Refrain.*

Voilà les "Kakis"  
Qui nous ont conquis  
Tant ils sont exquis  
(*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*)  
Lorsque, bravement,  
Flegmatiquement,  
Ils cogn'nt sur l'Allimand:  
*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*

### II.

Froid'ment, comm' sans fatigue.  
Sur un petit air de gigue  
Ils font sauter en l'air  
Les soldats du Kaiser;

Et pour rythmer la danse,  
Les grands pibroks s'avancent  
Qui sont, chacun le sait,  
Les binious écossais :

*Refrain.*

L'Highlander accourt  
A notre secours  
En p'tit jupon court  
(*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*)  
Il a, c'est connu,  
L'jarret bien tendu :  
Ca s'voit à l'oeil nu!  
*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*

III.

Tant et plus qu'on en d'mande  
Après les gâs d'Irlande  
S'amèn'nt les Canadiens  
Qui sont nos petits-cousins ;  
En vient d'Alexandrie,  
De l'Inde et de l'Australie :  
S'il nous en faut toujours  
En viendra d'chez les " Bours " !

*Refrain.*

Ajoutez cu'trois cents  
Cuirassés géants  
Gard'nt nos Océans  
(*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*)

Et croyez, têtus  
Qu'l'Allemagne est battue:  
'Kaiser est f. . . . ichu  
*Aoh! yès! Very Well!*

*Théodore Botrel,  
"Chansonnier des Armées."*

From "Les Chants du Bivouac." Librairie Payot  
et Cie, Paris, 106, Boulevard Saint Germain.

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### ON GOING INTO ACTION.

Now the weak impulse and the blind desire  
Give way at last to the all-conquering will.  
Love now must pause, and fancy cease, until  
The soul has won that freedom born of fire.  
Sing, then, no songs upon the sweet-voiced lyre:  
But choose some nobler instrument, whose shrill,  
Nerve-bracing notes my doubting heart shall fill  
With a new courage that will never tire.  
Sing me the dead men's glorious deeds again!  
Tell how they suffered, die'd, but would not fail!  
Stir me to action! Let me feel their pain,  
Their strength, their mystery:—that at the tale  
I rise with such clear purpose in my brain  
That even Hell's own gates should not prevail.

*H. R. Freston.*

(Killed in action in France, Jan. 24th, 1916.)

*The Times.*

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## THE MOUTH ORGAN.

Oh! there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't no  
'Ighland pipers  
To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Chapelle  
and Wipers;  
So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the 'cart  
o' man—  
Why, Billy with 'is mouth organ 'e does the best 'e can.  
There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns  
'ave sent 'em flyin',  
An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin'  
shells acryin';  
The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked, and the blackbirds 'ad to  
fit. . . .  
So Billy with 'is mouth organ, 'e ups and does 'is bit.  
'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh and  
soary;  
'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' repertory;  
But when 'e's played the lot, why then, 'is course is  
straight and plain,  
'E starts at the beginnin' and 'e plays 'em all again!  
'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in the  
trenches;  
'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas an' 'e's played 'em to  
the Frenchies;  
'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle deep in slime,  
But Billy with 'is mouth organ 'e's at it all the time.  
Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may betide  
'im,  
'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is left  
inside 'im;

And when we march up Potsdam an' goose-step  
through Berlin,  
Why, Billy, with 'is mouth organ, 'e'll play the army  
in!

*C. Fox-Smith.*

B. special permission of *Punch*.

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### THE SOLDIER.\*

Let should die, think only this of me:  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That's for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given;  
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;  
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*Rupert Brooke.*

(Died on a French hospital-ship, on St. George's  
Day, 1915, and buried on the island of Scyros.)

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\* This and the following two poems are printed by special  
permission of the Literary Executor and Sidgwick and Jack-  
son, Ltd.

## PEACE.

Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His  
hour,

And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleep-  
ing,

With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,

To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,

Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,

Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,

And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,

And all the little emptiness of love!

Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found  
release there,

Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending

Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;

Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there

But only agony, and that has ending;

And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

*Rupert Brooke.*

---

## THE DEAD.

Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!

There's none of these so lonely and poor of old,

But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold.

These laid the world away; poured out the red

Sweet wine of youth; gave up the years to be

Of work and joy, and that unhopèd serene,

That men call age; and those who would have been,

Their sons, they gave their immortality.

Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,  
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love, and Pain.  
Honour has come back, as a king to earth,  
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;  
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;  
And we have come into our heritage.

*Rupert Brooke.*

---

### THE LONG DEAD.

UNDER their stones they lie, in great cathedrals,  
dust and ashes.  
But they are not there.  
Under grass they lie, in little churchyards,  
dust and ashes.  
But they are not there.  
Far in strange lands they lie, with no sign over them,  
dust and ashes.  
But they are not there.  
Under deep seas they lie, lost in sea changes,  
pearl and coral.  
But they are not there.

From all their places,  
their worshipped and their unknown places,  
they are gone to where the new comers  
give golden shining  
above the dark battle.

*Helen Mackay.*

From "London One November." Published by Andrew  
Melrose, Ltd.

"DULCE ET DECORUM."

O YOUNG and brave, it is not sweet to die,  
To fall and leave no record of the race,  
A little dust trod by the passers-by,  
Swift feet that press your lonely resting-place ;  
Your dreams unfinished, and your song unheard—  
Who wronged your youth by such a careless word?

All life was sweet—veiled mystery in its smile ;  
High in your hands you held the brimming cup ;  
Love waited at your bidding for a while,  
Not yet the time to take its challenge up ;  
Across the sunshine came no faintest breath  
To whisper of the tragedy of death.

And then, beneath the soft and shining blue,  
Faintly you heard the drum's insistent beat ;  
The echo of its urgent note you knew,  
The shaken earth that told of marching feet ;  
With quickened breath you heard your country's call,  
And from your hands you let the goblet fall.

You snatched the sword, and answered as you went,  
For fear your eager feet should be outrun,  
And with the flame of your bright youth unspent  
Went shouting up the pathway to the sun.  
O valiant dead, take comfort where you lie  
So sweet to live? Magnificent to die!

*Mrs. Robertson Glasgow.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

## THE FALLEN SUBALTERN.

THE star shells float above, the bayonets glisten;  
We bear our fallen friend without a sound;  
Below the waiting legions lie and listen  
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Wound in the flag of England, here we lay him;  
The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave;  
What other winding sheet should now array him,  
What other music should salute the brave?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,  
When all his golden banners are unfurled,  
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,  
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those who come this way in days hereafter,  
Will know that here a boy for England fell,  
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,  
And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute; the bayonets clash and glisten;  
With arms reversed we go without a sound:  
One more has joined the men who lie and listen  
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

*Herbert Asquith.*

From "The Volunteer." Published by Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd.

IN MEMORIAM.

LIEUTENANT ROY TESSIER SEAVER  
SACHS,

THE CANADIAN SCOTISH, SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS,  
VANCOUVER.

(Killed in action, June 14th, 1916.)

QUEEN of the snows, was ever purer heart  
Than this thy son's to help of Britain given?  
With fuller sacrifice have any striven  
To play for Europe's peace a warrior's part?  
Not from the thoughtless wrangling of the mart  
But from the student's cell uncalled, undriven  
He crossed the seas with one bright star in heaven—  
Duty, the pole-star of his patriot chart.

Oh! never pipes more sorrowfully played  
For one by life and deed to all endeared  
Their loud lament above a soldier's sleep;  
Here plant the maple, let no stone be reared,  
And every autumn bid its whispering shade  
Of his gold heart a golden memory keep.

*H. D. Rawnsley.*

## THE ROLL OF HONOUR.

YOUR faces haunt me from the printed pages,  
The roll call of our valiant English dead ;  
What woman's hands, I wonder, clung in parting ?  
What woman's heart breaks, now the shot is sped ?  
We speak of Glory and the Cause you died for,  
We lay our homage on your blood-stained grave,  
Will Glory help to ease the women's anguish  
Or solace them for these dear dead they gave ?

Yea surely. For your spirits go before them,  
You, who made Death a crown about your lives !  
And in the splendour of your souls that conquered  
We learn this lesson. Blest is he who strives  
For Love and Faith, for Truth and priceless Honour ;  
These cannot pass away with mortal breath ;  
God guards them safe, and in His mighty keeping  
Are also those who nobly looked on Death !

*Margaret Peterson.*

*Daily Chronicle.*

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## THE VOLUNTEER.

HERE lies a clerk who half his life had spent  
Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,  
Thinking that so his days would drift away  
With no lance broken in life's tournament ;  
Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes  
The gleaming eagles of the legions came,  
And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,  
Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied ;  
From twilight to the halls of dawn he went ;  
His lance is broken ; but he lies content  
With that high hour in which he lived and died.  
And falling thus, he wants no recompense,  
Who found his battle in the last resort ;  
Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,  
Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

*Herbert Asquith.*

From "The Volunteer." Published by Sidgwick and Jackson,  
Ltd.

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### IN FLANDERS FIELDS.

In Flanders fields the poppies grow  
Between the crosses, row on row,  
That mark our place, and in the sky,  
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,  
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the dead ; short days ago  
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,  
Loved and were loved, and now we lie  
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe!  
To you from failing hands we throw  
The torch ; be yours to hold it high !  
If ye break faith with us who die  
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow  
In Flanders fields.

*Lieut.-Col. John McCrae.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

## THE LURE OF ENGLAND.

THERE'S a misty sea-girt island in the sunset-haunted  
west,  
I can see it in my wounded dreams of home ;  
I can see the dwindling hedgerows where the sparrow  
builds her nest,  
And the grassland with its throw of daisied foam.

Oh! there's spring upon the island, and the greening  
lures me back  
To mysterious meres and woodways in the west ;  
. . . They have stripped my manhood from me,  
they have stretched me on the rack . . .  
Take me home, a blinded, broken thing, to rest!

I can never see the island with its fields of sheeted  
gold,  
And the wisps of sunset drifting in the west ;  
Darkness drowns the dim green valleys, and the silent  
hills of old,  
And the hedges where the sparrow builds her nest.

Let me put my blind eyes down among the bluebells  
and the grass,  
Let me feel the brimming coolness on my brow ;  
Let me touch the dewy bracken, where the dreamful  
shadows pass ;  
I have bled for England ; let her heal me now !

*C. A. Renshaw.*

By special permission of *Poetry Review*, London.

## WOUNDED.

HERE day by day and night by night,  
Pinned to the self-same bed I lie,  
While one by one, in furtive flight,  
The hooded weeks steal quickly by.

Somewhere o'er the uncounted dead  
The guns, I know, toll out the day,  
And every hour the spiriting lead  
Flicks the bright souls of men away.

But here life's simple, woven all  
Of morning light and evening gloom;  
The lawn and the dark hospital,  
And always this three-windowed room.

And often friends come pitying me,  
That, wounded, I should be shut out  
From misty moor and tossing sea,  
And winds that sweep the world about.

Pity me not. Life's simple, yes,  
But this small world, intensely known,  
Takes on a magic loveliness,  
Like wind that comes, like wind that's flown,

For, as I lie, struck down and lame,  
My spirit quickens suddenly;  
Red lilies by me seem to flame  
A challenge to the grizzled sky.

And, as night falls across the lawn,  
Across the bridge, each glowing lamp  
Seems distant, league on league withdrawn,  
The watch-fire of no mortal camp.

And pigeons, circling round the trees,  
And wheeling downward to my bed,  
Shine silver in the morning breeze  
Like souls of the light-hearted dead.

*S. G. Tallents.*

*Spectator.*

---

### BATTLE SLEEP.

SOMEWHERE, O sun, some corner there must be  
Thou visitest, where down the strand  
Quietly, still, the waves go out to sea  
From the green fringes of a pastoral land.

Deep in the orchard-bloom the roof-trees stand,  
The brown sheep graze along the bay;  
And through the apple-boughs above the sand  
The bees' hum sounds no fainter than the spray.

There, through uncounted hours, declines the day  
To the low arch of twilight's close;  
And, just as night about the moon grows gray,  
One sail leans westward to the fading rose.

Giver of dreams, O thou with scatheless wing  
Forever moving through the fiery hail,  
To flame-seared lids the cooling vision bring,  
And let some soul go seaward with that sail!

*Edith Wharton.*

*Century.*

## KITCHENER.

No man in England slept, the night he died :  
The harsh, stern spirit passed without a pang,  
And free of mortal clogs his message rang.  
In every wakeful mind the challenge cried :  
*Think not of me: one servant less or more*  
*Means nothing now: hold fast the greater thing—*  
*Strike hard, love truth, serve England and the King!*

Servant of England, soldier to the core,  
What does it matter where his body fall?  
What does it matter where they build the tomb?  
Five million men, from Calais to Khartoum,  
These are his wreath and his memorial.

*Christopher Morley.*

By special permission of *Life*.

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## A GRAVE IN FLANDERS.

HERE in the marshland, past the battered bridge,  
One of a hundred grains untimely sown,  
Here, with his comrades of the hard-won ridge,  
He rests unknown.

His horoscope had seemed so plainly drawn,—  
School triumphs, earned apace in work and play ;  
Friendships at will : then love's delightful dawn  
And mellowing day.

Home fostering hope ; some service to the State ;  
Benignant age ; then the long tryst to keep  
Where in the yew-tree shadow congregate  
His fathers sleep.

Was here the one thing needful to distil  
From life's alembic, through his holier fate,  
The man's essential soul, the hero will?  
We ask ; and wait.

*Lord Crewe.*

*The Harrovian.*

---

### EDITH CAVELL.

THE world hath its own dead ; great motions start  
In human breasts, and make for them a place  
In that hushed sanctuary of the race  
Where every day men come, kneel, and depart.  
Of them, O English nurse, henceforth thou art  
A name to pray on, and to all a face  
Of household consecration ; such His grace  
Whose universal dwelling is the heart.  
O gentle hands that soothed the soldier's brow  
And knew no service save of Christ the Lord !  
Thy country now is all humanity.  
How like a flower thy womanhood doth show  
In the harsh scything of the German sword,  
And beautifies the world that saw it die !

*C. F. Woodberry.*

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A. B. V.

I bow my head, O brother, brother, brother,  
But may not grudge you, that were All to me.  
Should anyone lament when this our mother  
Mourns for so many sons on land and sea?  
God of the love that makes two lives as one,  
Give also strength to see that England's will be done.

Let it be done, yea, down to the last tittle,  
Up to the fulness of all sacrifice.  
Our dead feared this alone—to give too little.  
Then shall the living murmur at the price?  
The hands withdrawn from ours to grasp the plough  
Would suffer only if the furrow faltered now.

Know, fellow-mourners—be our cross too grievous—  
That One who sealed our symbol with His blood  
Vouchsafes the vision that shall never leave us:  
Those humble crosses in the Flanders mud.  
And think there rests all-hallowed in each grave  
A life given freely for the world He died to save.

And, far ahead, dim tramping generations,  
Who never felt and cannot guess our pain,—  
Though history count nothing less than nations,  
And fame forget where grass has grown again—  
Shall yet remember that the world is free.  
It is enough. For this is immortality.

I raise my head, O brother, brother, brother.  
The organ sobs for triumph to my heart.  
What! who will think that ransomed Earth can smother  
Her own great soul of which you are a part!  
The requiem music dies as if it knew  
The inviolate peace where 'tis already well with you.

R. V.

*Spectator.*

---

### A SKYLARK BEHIND THE TRENCHES.

THOU little voice! Thou happy sprite,  
How didst thou gain the air and light—  
That sing'st so merrily?  
How could such little wings  
Give thee thy freedom from these dense  
And fetid toms—these burrows whence  
We peer like frightened things?  
In the free sky  
Thou sail'st while here we crawl and creep  
And fight and sleep  
And die.

How canst thou sing while Nature lies  
Bleeding and torn beneath thine eyes,  
And the foul breath  
Of rank decay hangs like a shroud  
Over the fields the shell hath ploughed?  
How canst thou sing, so gay and glad,  
While all the heavens are filled with death  
And all the world is mad?

Yet sing! For at thy song  
The tall trees stand up straight and strong,  
And stretch their twisted arms;  
And smoke ascends from pleasant farms,  
And the shy flowers their odours give.  
Once more the riven pastures smile,  
And for a while  
We live.

*E. D. S.*

France, May, 1916.

*The Times.*

---

AT BETHLEHEM—1915.

THE travellers are astir—  
Bearing frowns for incense,  
Scorns for myrrh.

War flings its sign a far—  
There's blood upon the Manger,  
Blood upon the Star.

Dear Lord:  
Who fain would find the Saviour  
Find the Sword.

*E. T. Sandford.*

*Nation.*

"KILLED IN ACTION."—APRIL, 1916.

I.

HE never saw his misty English lanes  
Break into myriad bloom, or the new grass  
Gleam in the sunlight, or swift shadows pass  
Across a haze of bluebells, or Spring rains  
Drip from red may and gold laburnum-chains  
At sunset; never saw his wind-blown heath  
Tremble with hidden life, or the white wreath  
Of cloud-drift roll from off his sun-lit plains.

These things he loved with his big English heart  
(Clean as fresh wind upon an open trail).  
These things he dreamed of in the bullet-hail  
With eyes that watched the dawn in many times.  
. . . He is dead . . . and on his hills the  
sun still climbs,  
And o'er his plains the drifting cloud-ships start.

II.

Dead in some alien grave of suffering France,  
Where homesteads smoke and human harvests rot,  
Where shell-scooped craters reek and fume with hot  
Assaults, and o'er red plains the death-mists dance.  
Dead in his youth, his golden utterance  
And clean thoughts stifled suddenly—a blot  
Flung on his dreams—Desires and Pains forgot  
In Death's stern lonely soul-deliverance.

And lo! far-off across the faint grey sea,  
Are things he loved and yearned for—England's  
skies,  
Dream-glades of bluebells, winds across wet hay,  
Laughter of little children, triumph-cries  
Of moorland winds, the urgent ecstacy  
Of birds, and low sad sounds of tired day.

### III.

Six thousand miles he came with love astir—  
A strong storm-shaken thing for England's sake—  
From dark pine-gloomis where leaping cataracts  
break  
In living foam,—where God's artificer  
Has dreamed of God, and every ice-clad spur  
Leans to itself in some blue-bosomed lake.  
When England called, he leaped with soul awake,  
And came six thousand miles to fight for her.

Forgotten every lake and giant height  
And sweeping torrent! England lured him home—  
England—the Mother crying for her son.  
He rushed to her, heart-hungry o'er the foam,  
And died with name unknown and spurs unwon  
A son of England's smitten in the fight.

*C. A. Renshaw.*

## THE OLD ROAD TO PARADISE.

*Ours is a dark Eastertide and a scarlet spring,  
But high up by Heaven's gate all the saints sing,  
Glad for the great companies returning to their King!*

Oh, in youth the morn's a rose, dusk an amethyst,  
All the roads from dusk to dawn gayly wind and  
twist—

The old road to Paradise, easy it is missed!

But out on the wet battlefields few the roadways wind  
(One to grief, one to death, no road that's kind),  
The old road to Paradise, plain it is to find!

(St. Martin in his colonel's cloak, Joan in her mail,  
David in his robe and sword—none there be that fail—  
Down the road to Paradise they stand to greet and  
hail!)

Where the dark's a terror-thing, morn a hope doubt-  
crossed,  
Where the lads lie thinking long out in rain and frost,  
There they find their God again long ago they lost.

Where the night comes cruelly, where the hurt men  
moan,  
Where the crushed forgotten ones whisper prayers  
alone,  
Christ along the battlefields comes to lead His own.

Souls that might have withered in the world's hot glare,  
Blown and gone like shrivelled things dusty on the air,  
Rank on rank they follow Him, young and strong and  
fair!

*Ours is a sad Eastertide and a woeful day,  
Yet high up at Heaven's gate all the saints are gay.  
For the old road to Paradise—'tis a crowded way!*

*Margaret Widdemer.*

*Good Housekeeping.*

---

### THREE HILLS.

THERE is a hill in England,  
Green fields and a school I know,  
Where the balls fly fast in summer,  
And the whispering elm trees grow,  
A little hill, a dear hill,  
And the playing fields below.

There is a hill in Flanders,  
Heaped with a thousand slain,  
Where the shells fly night and noontide  
And the ghosts that died in vain,  
A little hill, a hard hill,  
To the souls that died in pain.

There is a hill in Jewry,  
Three crosses pierce the sky,  
On the midmost He is dying  
To save all those who die,  
A little hill, a kind hill,  
To the souls in jeopardy.

*Everard Owen.*

*The Times.*

## 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 forever, and left only Gold.

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 shadow from your fields.

*Richard Le Gallienne*

From "The Silk-Hat Soldier." Published by John Lane.

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## THE REFUGEES.

PAST the marching men, where the great road runs,  
Out of burning Ypres three pale women came:  
One was a widow (listen to the guns!)—  
She wheeled a heaped-up barrow. One walked lame  
And dragged two little children at her side,  
Tired and coughing with the dust. The third  
Nestled a dead child on her breast and tried  
To suckle him. They never spoke a word. . . .

So they came down along the great Ypres road.  
A soldier stayed his mirth to watch them pass,  
Turned and in silence helped them with their load,  
And led them to a field and gave them bread. . . .  
I saw them hide their faces in the grass  
And cry, as women cried when Christ was dead.

*Capt. W. G. Shakespeare.*

*Spectator.*

---

### CHRIST IN FLANDERS.

We had forgotten You, or very nearly—  
You did not seem to touch us very nearly—  
Of course we thought about You now and then;  
Especially in any kind of trouble—  
We knew that You were good in time of trouble—  
But we are very ordinary men.

And there were always other things to think of—  
There's lots of things a man has got to think of—  
His work, his home, his pleasure, and his wife;  
And so we only thought of You on Sunday—  
Sometimes, perhaps, not even on a Sunday—  
Because there's always lots to fill one's life.

And, all the while, in street or lane or byway—  
In country lane, in city street, or byway—  
You walked among us, and we did not see.  
Your feet were bleeding as You walked our pavements—  
How *did* we miss Your footprints on our pavements?—  
Can there be other folk as blind as we?

Now we remember ; over here in Flanders—  
(It isn't strange to think of You in Flanders)—  
This hideous warfare seems to make things clear.  
We never thought about You much in England ;  
But now that we are far away from England,  
We have no doubts, we know that You are here.

You helped us pass the jost along the trenches—  
Where, in cold blood, we waited in the trenches—  
You touched its ribaldry and made it fine.  
You stood beside us in our pain and weakness—  
We're glad to think You understand our weakness—  
Somehow it seems to help us not to whine.

We think about You kneeling in the Garden—  
Ah! God! the agony of that dread Garden—  
We know You prayed for us upon the Cross.  
If anything could make us glad to bear it.  
'Twould be the knowledge that You willed to bear it—  
Pain—Death—the uttermost of human loss.

Though we forgot You, You will not forget us—  
We feel so sure that You will not forget us—  
But stay with us until this dream is past.  
And so we ask for courage, strength, and pardon—  
Especially, I think, we ask for pardon—  
And that You'll stand beside us to the last.

*Spectator.*

*L. W.*

## A FLEMISH VILLAGE.

GONE is the spire that slept for centuries,  
Whose image in the water, calm and low,  
Was mingled with the lilies' green and snow,  
And lost itself in river mysteries.  
The church lies broken near the fallen spire ;  
For here, among these old and human things,  
Death swept along the street with feet of fire,  
And went upon his way with moaning wings.  
Above the cluster of these homes forlorn,  
Where giant fleeces of the shell are rolled,  
O'er pavements by the kneeling herdsmen worn,  
The wounded saints look out to see their fold.

And silence follows fast, no evening peace,  
But leaden stillness, when the thunder wanes,  
Haunting the slender branches of the trees,  
And settling low upon the listless plains!

*Spectator.*

*H. A.*

---

## FOUR THINGS I ASK.

FOUR things, Almighty God, I ask  
For England in her awful task.

The passionate heart of one who fights,  
Compassionate even when she smites.

Set lips, and close, from which shall fall  
Speech, grave and pure, if speech at all.

Hands bloody—since it must be!—seen  
By Thee, indubitably clean.

Eyes which, though dimmed with blood or tear,  
Or the dark shadow itself, see clear.

Four things I ask: four things and one—  
*The mind that was in Christ Thy Son.*

So well equipped shall England stand,  
Arise again at Heaven's command.

So view her from Thy seat above,  
God! full of noble wrath—and love.

*G. H. Leonard.*

*British Weekly.*

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### REVENGE FOR RHEIMS.

THOU Permanence amid all things that pass!  
Unchanging Thought amid the drift of change;  
Thou Rally of the Soul in days of dross,  
How art Thou fallen!

Thou Prayer, that ever-rising, yet remained,  
That for seven hundred years didst sing and soar,  
Spirit with wings outspread tip-toe on Earth.  
How art Thou fallen!

Thou Vision frozen, and Thou Sigh transfixed;  
Thou Camp of dreams, Thou Fort of faith unstormed,  
Time-worn, yet wearying t'ward Eternity,  
How art Thou fallen!

Thou wast to France her Inspiration old,  
Thou hadst for ivy earliest memories;  
From Thee her Knights, her Angels long looked down;  
How art Thou fallen!

What vengeance for Thy ruin shall She hurl?  
O, be that vengeance that the ruin stand,  
Only those Choirs for ever unrestored!  
Ever unfallen!

*Stephen Phillips.*

From "Panama." Published by John Lane.

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### THE FLIGHT INTO ENGLAND.

(Noël Belge.)

FORWARD through the dark blue night,  
Forward the wanderers pressed,  
Joseph trudged at the ass's head  
In front and took no rest,  
And the mother clasped the infant child  
Against her empty breast.

Forward through the dark blue night  
They trotted, six leagues hence,  
Six leagues of flight from city walls  
And soldiers in their tents,  
From bloody men and the woeful cries  
Of the Holy Innocents.

"What seekest thou so fast, old man,  
Along with thy young wife?"  
"We seek new men, we seek new skies,  
New hearts, new souls, new life,  
To shield the blessed Son of God  
From the blast of deadly strife."

Forward through the dark blue night  
They have fled, with foot so fleet,  
The sound of their footfall dies away  
And is lost in the desert street,  
And the wind has swept from every path  
The traces of their feet.

*Emile Cammaerts.*

From "War Poems and Other Translations," by Lord  
Curzon. Published by John Lane.

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### THE BLIND MAN AND HIS SON.

"THE distant boom of angry guns  
No longer fills my ear.  
Oh! whither have we fled, my son?  
Tell me that I may hear."  
"Father, we are in England!"

"No more I hear the stormy wind  
Amid the rigging roar,  
I feel beneath my tottering feet  
The firm ground of the shore.  
Is this the end of all our woes?  
Shall we not suffer more?"  
"Father, we are in England!"

" I hear the sound of kindly speech,  
But do not understand,  
I feel I've wandered very far,  
Far from the fatherland;  
How comes it that these tones are not  
Those of an unknown land?"  
" Father, we are in England!"

" I feel in all the air around  
Freedom's sweet breath respire,  
I feel celestial fingers creep  
Along my quivering lyre;  
The birds, the trees, the babbling streams  
Speak to me of our home,  
Why does my grief less bitter grow  
And rest so dear become?"  
" Father, we are in England!"

" Bend down upon thy knees, my son,  
And take into thy hand,  
Thy wounded hand, and mine, somewhat  
Of the earth of this good land,  
That dreaming of our home, we two  
May kiss the soil of England!"

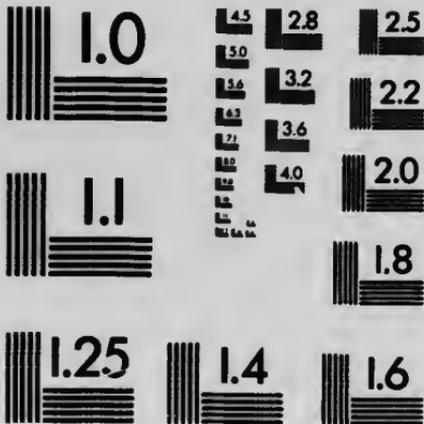
*Emile Cammaerts.*

From "War Poems and Other Translations," by Lord  
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## KEEPER.

WHAT would the world be without you,  
if you failed her?  
Girdled with your silver girdle,  
You have held your place so long;  
Girdled with your silver girdle,  
You have stood aside, untroubled.  
You have stood and watched and listened,  
and kept balance.  
When they turned to you for judgment,  
you have spoken.  
Who would speak as you have spoken,  
if in this you failed the world?  
Girdled with your silver girdle,  
you stood ready.  
Always when your strength was needed,  
you were strong.  
Always when your word was spoken,  
by your strength you have upheld it.  
Who would answer the world's voices  
if you failed her?

*Helen Mackay.*

From "London One November." Published by Andrew  
Melrose, Ltd.

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## OUT OF ROME.

OUT of Rome they march as when  
Scipio led his serried men,  
While the cry of "Viva! Viva!"  
Rings again and yet again.

They, in dreams of high desire,  
Rousing them to holy ire,  
On the Capitolian altars  
Have beheld the vestal fire.

Rear and vanguard, first and last,  
They have caught the virile, vast,  
Emulous centurion ardour  
From some legion of the past.

Win they laurel wreath or rue,  
We must feel that this is true,  
That the ancient Roman valour  
Thrills through Italy anew!

*Clinton Scollard.*

From "Italy in Arms."

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### A CURE FOR DEPRESSION.

MOMENTS there are of transient gloom  
When life for me appears to lose  
Its rosy aspect and assume  
The turnip's pessimistic hues ;

As when o' mornings, gazing out  
Across my patch of fog-grey river,  
I feel a twitch of poor man's gout,  
Or else a touch of liver ;

Or when, forgetting Watts's rhymes  
On puppy dogs that bark and bite,  
The *Westminster* attacks the *Times*,  
Starting a most unseemly fight ;

Or when I find some Labour sheet  
Still left at large to boom rebellion,  
Or hear the thin pacific bleat  
Of " my hon. friend " Trevelyan ;

When enemy craft career above  
Unchallenged (till they've had their fling) ;  
Or little Willy's vernal shove  
Anticipates the dawn of spring ;

When neutrals want an open door  
Kept wide for their commercial dealings,  
And we must miss to lose the War  
Rather than hurt their feelings.

Such moments, making Hope look bleak,  
And Courage turn a little blue,  
Even with hearts as tough as teak,  
May well occur ; but when they do,

This thought will readjust your bile,  
And prove the best of appetizers :  
*Would I exchange* (here's where you smile)  
*Our chances with the Kaiser's?*

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

"THE DAY."

You boasted the Day and toasted the Day,  
And now the Day has come.  
Blasphemer, braggart and coward all,  
Little you reck of the numbing ball,  
The blasting shell of the "white arm's" fall,  
As they speed poor humans home.

You spied for the Day, you lied for the Day;  
And woke the Day's red spleen,  
Monster who asked God's aid Divine,  
Then strewed His seas with thy ghastly mine;  
Not all the waters of the Rhine  
Can wash thy foul hands clean.

You dreamed for the Day, you schemed for the Day;  
Watch how the Day will go,  
Slayer of age and youth and prime  
(Defenceless slain for never a crime),  
Thou art steeped in crime as a hog in slime,  
False friend and cowardly foe.

You have sown for the Day, you have grown for the  
Day;  
Yours is the harvest red,  
Can you hear the groans and the awful cries?  
Can you see the heap of slain that lies,  
And sightless, turned to the flame-split skies,  
The glassy eyes of the dead?

You have wronged for the Day, you have longed for  
the Day

That lit the awful flame.

'Tis nothing to you that hill and plain  
Yield sheaves of dead men amid the grain;  
That widows mourn for their loved ones slain,  
And mothers curse thy name.

But a fter the Day there's a price to pay  
For the sleepers under the sod,  
And He you have mocked for many a day—  
Listen and hear what He has to say :—  
“Vengeance is Mine, I will repay.”  
What can you say to God?

*Henry Chappell.*

*The Daily Express.*

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### SOLDIER'S SONG.

*I shall return, my lass, my lass;  
I shall be with you in the spring,  
War, like Winter, will pass, will pass.  
I shall return!*

This is no final kiss I give :  
There will be more in months to come.  
Courage! Droop not gray and dumb!  
I shall live on . . . as you will live.

How do I know? I cannot say.  
Ask of the robins southward bound!  
Love, we too shall both be found  
Here with a song this coming May.

*I shall return, my lass, my lass;  
I shall be with you in the spring,  
War, like Winter, will pass, will pass.  
I shall return!*

*Richard Butler Glaenzer.*

*Boston Transcript.*

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### THE PLACE WAS BASKING IN THE SUN.

THE place was basking in the sun,  
Extremely warm and bright;  
The mailed fist was stretching out  
To grab whate'er it might;  
And this was very wrong, because  
It wasn't very right.

The world was watching sulkily,  
A frown upon her face,  
Because she thought the mailed fist  
Distinctly out of place.  
"His clear intention," she remarked,  
"Amounts to a disgrace."

The Kaiser and the Chancellor  
Were walking hand in hand;  
They wept like anything to see  
Such lots of foreign land;  
"If this were only Germanized,"  
They said, "it *would* be grand!"

"If seven hosts of peaceful Huns  
Swept it with fire and sword,  
Do you suppose," the Kaiser said,  
"Culture could be restored!"  
"I doubt it," said the Chancellor,  
And looked a trifle bored.

"Oh, Nations, come and walk with us,"  
The wily Kaiser cried,  
"A pleasant talk, a pleasant walk,  
O'er frontiers far and wide;  
For we can do with two of you  
To help on either side!"

The wise Italian winked his eye  
And cautiously arose;  
Then slowly spread his fingers out  
And placed them to his nose,  
Meaning to say that he would do  
As he chose.

The Magyar Austrians hurried up,  
Eager to take a hand,  
Willing to walk a little way  
Behind the German band;  
Their simple Czechs looked out of place  
'Midst uniforms so grand.

The Kaiser and the Chancellor  
Walked on a mile or two,  
Until they reached the Balkan States,  
Conveniently new ;  
A spot where raising trouble was  
An easy thing to do.

"The time has come," the Kaiser said,  
"To talk of blood and wars ;  
Of Me, and Germany, and God ;  
And Culture, and the Cause ;  
And why the sea is much too hot ;  
And whether bears have claws !"

"Please, sir," the simple Austrians cried,  
Turning a little blue,  
"We did not know that was the sort  
Of thing you meant to do !"  
"How kind I am," the Kaiser said,  
"To plan this treat for you.

"A place within the summer sun  
Is what attracts my gaze ;  
A certain studied frightfulness  
Shall hall-mark all our ways ;  
So hand your dry old treaties up,  
And let us start a blaze !

"It was so nice of you to come  
And help us toe the line ;  
Your aid is quite essential to  
My long-prepared design !"  
The Chancellor said nothing but,  
"This paper's burning fine !"

"It seems a shame," the Austrians cried,  
"To kindle such a fire;  
The dirty smoke is in our eyes;  
Our feet are in the mire."  
The Kaiser answered nothing but,  
"Send off another wire!"

"I mourn you," said the Chancellor,  
"I deeply sympathize,  
We did not know the job was such  
A very nasty size!"  
The Kaiser put his helmet on,  
And looked extremely wise.

"Oh, Austrians," said the Chancellor,  
"You are a simple race,  
Shall we be trotting off to find  
Some other sunny place?"—  
But answer came there none, because  
They'd vanished into space.

*Horace Wyatt.*

From "Malice in Kulturland."

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### YOU ARE OLD, FATHER WILLIAM.

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
"And the end of your life is in sight;  
Yet you're frequently patting your God on the head—  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," said his sire, "I established my case  
As a being apart and divine;  
And I think if I try to keep God in His place,  
He ought to support me in mine."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And flight is exceedingly tiring;  
And yet you attempt, like an eagle, to soar—  
What made you so very aspiring?"

"From my youth," said the sage, "I was never the  
thing;  
My conduct was always absurd;  
And now I feel certain, unless I take wing,  
That Europe will give me the bird."

"You are old," said the youth, "and a bit double-faced,  
And your head is too large for your hat;  
Yet you try to remodel the world to your taste—  
Pray what is the meaning of that?"

"In my youth," said his sire, "from the day of my  
birth,  
Such merit through culture I got,  
That its blessings I'd force on the whole blooming  
earth,  
If it meant killing off all the lot."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I think you're  
aware,  
For it's certainly time that you knew it;  
Yet I see you throw bricks, not buns, to the bear—  
Do you think it is tactful

" I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father, " and now I have done ;  
Do you think I could listen all day to such stuff ?  
Trot along, and steal pictures, my son !"

*Horace Wyatt.*

From " Malice in Kulturland."

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### TRUTHFUL WILLIE.

A SIMPLE, earnest-minded youth,  
Who wore in both his eyes  
A calm, pellucid lake of Truth—  
What should he know of lies?

I met a gentle German Prince,  
His name was Truthful WILL,  
An honest type—and ever since,  
His candour haunts me still.

" About this War—come, tell me, Sir,  
If you would be so kind,  
Just any notions which occur  
To your exalted mind."

" Frankly, I cannot bear," said he.  
" The very thought of strife ;  
It seems so sad ; it seems to me  
A wicked waste of life.

" Thank Father's God that I can say  
My constant aim was Peace ;  
I simply lived to see the Day  
(*Der Tag*) when wars would cease.

" But, just as I was well in train  
To realize my dream,  
Came England, all for lust of gain,  
And spoilt my beauteous scheme.

" But tell me how the rumours run ;  
Be frank and tell the worst  
Touching myself ; you speak to one  
With whom the Truth comes first."

" Prince," I replied, " the vulgar view  
Pictured you on your toes  
Eager for gore ; they say that you  
Were ever bellicose.

" 'Twas you, the critics say, who led  
The loud War Party's cry  
For blood and iron." " Oh!" he said,  
" Oh! what a dreadful lie!

" War Party? Well, I'm father's pet,  
And if such things had been,  
He must have let me know, and yet  
I can't think what you mean."

" But your BERNHARDI," I replied,  
" He preached the Great War Game."  
" BERNHARDI! who was he?" he cried ;  
" I never heard his name!

“ Dear father must be told of him ;  
Father, who loathes all war,  
Is looking rather grey and grim,  
But that should make him roar !”

So, with a smile that knew no art,  
He left me well content  
Thus to have communed, heart to heart,  
With one so innocent.

And still I marvelled, having scanned,  
Those eyes so full of Truth,  
“ Oh, why do men misunderstand  
This bright and blameless youth ?”

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

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#### AT THE GOLDEN HORN.

THE sunrise cry from many minarets  
Floats down the vernal morning, clear and cool ;  
From Asian shores a bland breeze westward sets,  
And stirs the almond trees of Istamboul.

As on the mosques the first rays slantwise shine,  
And golden glory floods the gloomy gray,  
The city of imperial Constantine  
Uplifts her weary lids to greet the day.

The torpor of decay upon her lies;  
Her heart is palsied though her face be fair,  
Though still majestic to the cloudless skies  
*Aya Sofia* rears its dome in the air.

What though the fitful glow of life seem warm,  
There broods a fatal apathy o'er all;—  
It is the hush that bodes the breaking storm,  
The calm that comes before the final fall!

*Clinton Scollard.*

From "The Vale of Shadows."

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### THE KAISER AND BELGIUM.

He said: "Thou petty people, let me pass!  
What canst thou do but bow to me and kneel?"  
But sudden a dry land caught fire like grass,  
And answer hurtled but from shell and steel.  
He looked for silence but a thunder came;  
Upon him from Liège a leaden hail!  
All Belgium flew up at his throat in flame,  
Till at her gates, amazed, his legions quail!  
Take heed, for now on haunted ground thy tread,  
There bowed a mightier War-Lord to his fall;  
Fear! lest that very grass again grow red  
With blood of German now, as then of Gaul!  
If him whom God destroys He maddens first,  
Then thy destruction slake thy madman's thirst.

*Stephen Phillips.*

From "Panama." Published by John Lane.

## THE PYRES.

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
And the roaring yellow and red.  
Trooper, trooper, why so white?  
We are out to gather our dead.  
We have brought dry boughs from the bloody wood  
And the torn hill-side;  
We have felled great trunks, wet with blood  
Of brothers that died;  
We have piled them high for a flaming bed,  
Hemlock and ash and pine for a bed,  
A throne in the night, a throne for a bed—  
And we go to gather our dead.

There where the oaks loom, dark and high,  
Over the sombre hill,  
Body on body, cold and still,  
Under the stars they lie.  
There where the silver river runs,  
Careless and calm as fate,  
Mowed, mowed by the terrible guns,  
The stricken brothers wait.  
There by the smouldering house, and there  
Where the red smoke hangs on the heavy air,  
Under the ruins, under the hedge,  
Cheek by cheek at the forest-edge;  
Back to breast, three men deep,  
Hearing not bugle or drum,  
In the desperate trench they died to keep,  
Under the starry dome they sleep,  
Murmuring, "Brothers, come!"

This way! I heard a call  
Like a stag's when he dies;  
Under the willows I saw him fall,  
Under the willows he lies.  
Give me your hand. Raise him up.  
Lift his head. Strike a light.  
This morning we shared a crust and a cup,  
He wants no supper to-night.  
Take his feet. Here the shells  
Broke all day long,  
Moaning and shrieking hell's  
Bacchanalian song!  
Last night he helped me bear  
Men to hell's fêting.  
To-morrow, maybe, somewhere,  
We, too, shall lie waiting.

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
Weary and sick and dumb,  
Under the flickering, faint starlight  
The drooping gleaners come.  
Out of the darkness, dim  
Shadowy shadow-bearers,  
Dragging into the bale fire's rim  
Pallid death-farers.

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
In the plain, on the hill;  
No volleys for their last rite,  
We need our powder—to kill.  
High on their golden bed,  
Pile up the dead!

Pyres in the night, in the night!  
Torches, piercing the gloom!  
Look! How the sparks take flight!  
Stars, stars, make room!  
Smoke, that was bone and blood!  
Hark! The deep roar.  
It is the souls telling God  
The Glory of WAR!

*Hermann Hagedorn.*

*The Outlook.*

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I AM WAR.

I AM a pestilence  
Sweeping the world—  
Hate is the root of me,  
Death is the fruit of me,  
Swift is my stroke;  
Blood is the sign of me,  
Steel is the twine of me,  
Thus shall ye know me:  
I am the death of Life,  
I am the life of Death,  
I am War!

I am a madness  
Riding the necks of men—  
Champing of nations armed,  
Stamping of war-horse hoofs  
Charging unbridled;

Clashing of bayonets,  
Flashing of sword-blades,  
Rumbling of cannon-wheels,  
Crumbling of kingdoms,  
These are my harbingers :  
I am the death of Law,  
I am the law of Death,  
I am War !

I am a harlot  
Seducing the nations ;  
Diplomats lie for me,  
Patriots die for me,  
Lovers I lack not—  
Cannon-mouths speak of me,  
Battlefields reek of me,  
Widowed wives shriek of me,  
Cursing my name :  
I am the death of Joy,  
I am the joy of Death,  
I am War !

*Alter Brody*

*The Outlook.*

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### AMMUNITION COLUMN.

(Written within sound of the guns on the British front.)

*I am only a cog in a giant machine, a link of an endless  
chain,  
And the rounds are drawn, and the rounds are fired,  
and the empties return again;*

*Railroad, lorry and limber, battery, column and park;  
To the shelf where the set fuse waits the breech, from  
the quay where the shells embark—*

We have watered and fed, and eaten our beef; the long  
dull day drags by,

As I sit here watching our "Archibalds" *strafing* an  
empty sky;

Puff and flash on the far-off blue round the speck one  
guesses the 'plane—

Smoke and spark of the gun-machine that is fed by the  
endless chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, a little link in the  
chain,

Waiting a word from the wagon-lines that the guns are  
hungry again:—

*Column-wagon to battery-wagon, and battery-wagon  
to gun;*

*To the leader kneeling 'twixt trail and wheel from the  
shops where the steam-lathes run—*

There's a lone mule braying against the line where the  
mud cakes fetlock-deep!

There's a lone soul humming a hint of a song in the  
barn where the drivers sleep;

And I hear the plash of the orderly's horse as he can-  
ters him down the lane—

Another cog in the gun-machine, a link in the selfsame  
chain.

I am only a cog in a giant machine, but a vital link in  
the chain;

And the Captain has sent from the wagon-line to fill  
his wagons again;—

*From wagon-limber to gunpit dump; from loader's  
forearm at breech,  
To the working party that melts away when the shrapnel  
bullets screech.*

So the restless section pulls out once more in column  
of route from the right,  
At the tail of a blood-red afternoon; so the flux of  
another night  
Bears back the wagons we fill at dawn to the sleeping  
column again . . . .  
Cog on cog in the gun-machine, link on link in the  
chain!

*Gilbert Frankau.*

From "The Song of the Guns." Houghton, Mifflin Co., Boston.

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### THE BALLAD OF THE IRON CROSS.\*

UPON my coat a cross is pinned,  
Upon the cross a soul;  
Upon my heart a weight I bear  
For honour and for dole—  
An iron cross with eight sharp points  
With silver edged around.

An iron cross with eight sharp points,  
With each point like a nail;  
An iron cross with eight sharp points,  
And each one with its tale—  
Each of a hundred souls I sent  
In agony to hell!

---

\* The Commander of Submarine No. 12 has been awarded the Iron Cross.—*War News.*

It was a still and starless night  
When we sailed down the Strait ;  
Our boat was swift, our men were bold,  
Our hearts were firm as fate,  
When in the darkness we discerned  
The masthead of the foe.

It was a still and starless night  
When we dived beneath the wave—  
Our boat was swift, our men were bold,  
And we heard a quick-fire rave ;—  
And down we dived beneath the sea  
To strike for life or death.

It was a still and starless night  
When the word was heard from me—  
And a fearful flash lit up the sky  
And a roaring rent the sea—  
And down she sank with all her guns  
And twice four hundred men !

She did not fire a single shot  
When we fled into the night ;  
She could not signal to the shore  
To warn them of her plight—  
And down she sank with all her guns  
And twice four hundred men !

We did not stop a moment  
To save the struggling men,  
But listened to the pulsing fear  
That tremored through us then—  
And we slunk away like a beast of prey  
Into the yawning night.

*God pity us! We did not stop  
To save the struggling men,  
But listened to the pulsing fear  
That tremored through us then;  
And we skulked away like a beast of prey  
Into the yawning night!*

It was a gray and ghastly day  
When we sailed into port;  
They cheered us from the crowded shores,  
They thundered from the fort—  
But in my spirits stalked remorse,  
And horror in my heart.

The news flashed over a thousand wires,  
The story was retold;  
They toasted me in court and camp,  
They called me brave and bold;  
And on the lapel of my coat  
They pinned the Iron Cross!

Five and forty sinful souls  
Plunged with me in the murk—  
Five and forty willing men  
That did the devil's work—  
But me they gave an Iron Cross  
To wear upon my heart!

I did not drive the engine,  
I did not steer the ship;  
I did not loose the hellish bolt  
Upon its fearful trip—  
But me they gave the Iron Cross  
To crucify my soul!

An Iron Cross with eight sharp points,  
With each point like a nail;  
An Iron Cross with eight sharp points,  
And each one with its tale—  
Each of a hundred souls I sent  
In agony to hell!

Eight hundred beautiful bodies of men  
Plunged in the vast-bottomed deep;  
Eight hundred beautiful souls of men  
Hushed in eternal sleep—  
I cannot look upon the sun  
A-thinking of them there!

I cannot look upon the sun,  
I cannot breathe the air;  
I cannot look upon the earth  
With fields and flowers fair—  
A-thinking of eight hundred men  
Rotting beneath the sea.

*Christ pity me! I cannot bear  
The burden on my soul;  
The way is long and set with thorns  
And darkness is the goal—  
Christ pity me! I cannot bear  
The weight of such a Cross!*

*Alter Brody.*

*The Outlook.*

## THE NEW MARS.

I WAR against the folly that is War,  
The sacrifice that pity hath not stayed,  
The Great Delusion men have perished for,  
The lie that hath the soul of men betrayed :  
I war for justice and for human right,  
Against the lawless tyranny of Might.

A monstrous cult has held the world too long  
The worship of a Moloch that hath slain  
Remorselessly the young, the brave, the strong  
Indifferent to the unmeasured pain,  
The accumulated horror and despair,  
That stricken Earth no longer wills to bear.

My goal is *peace*,—not peace at any price,  
While yet ensanguined jaws of Evil yawn  
Hungry and pitiless : nay, peace were vice  
Until the cruel dragon-teeth be drawn,  
And the wronged victims of Oppression be  
Delivered from its hateful rule, and free !

When comes that hour, resentment laid aside,  
Into a ploughshare will I beat my sword ;  
The weaker Nation's strength shall be my pride,  
Their gladness my exceeding great reward ;  
And not in vain shall be the tears now shed,  
Nor vain the service of the gallant dead.

I war against the folly that is War,  
The futile sacrifice that naught hath stayed,  
The Great Delusion men have perished for,  
The lie that hath the souls of men betrayed:  
For faith I war, humanity, and trust;  
For peace on earth—a *lasting* peace, and *just!*

*Florence Earle Coates.*

*The Athenæum.*

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### ODS OF WAR.

FATE wafts us from the pygmies' shore;  
We swim beneath the epic skies:  
A Rome and Carthage war once more,  
And wider empires are the prize;  
Where the peaked galleys clashed, lo, these  
Our iron dragons of the seas.

High o'er the cloudy battle sweep  
The wingèd chariots in their flight.  
The steely creatures of the deep  
Cleave the dark water's ancient night.  
Below, above, in wave, in air  
New worlds for conquest everywhere.

More terrible than spear or sword  
Those stars that burst with fiery breath:  
More loud the battle cries are poured  
Along a hundred leagues of death.  
So do they fight. How have ye warred,  
Defeated Armies of the Lord?

This is the Dark Immortal's hour ;  
His victory, whoever fail ;  
His prophets have not lost their power :  
Caesar and Attila prevail.  
These are your legions still, proud ghosts,  
These myriad embattled hosts.

How wanes Thine empire, Prince of Peace !  
With the fleet circling of the suns  
The ancient gods their power increase.  
Lo, how Thine own anointed ones  
Do pour upon the warring bands  
The devil's blessing from their hands.

Who dreamed a dream 'mid outcasts born  
Could overbrow the pride of kings ?  
They pour on Christ the ancient scorn.  
His dove its gold and silver wings  
Has spread. Perhaps it nests in flame  
In outcasts who abjure His name.

Choose ye your rightful gods, nor pay  
Lip reverence that the heart denies,  
O Nations. Is not Zeus to-day,  
The thunderer from the epic skies,  
More noble than the Prince of Peace? Is Thor  
Not nobler for a world at war ?

They fit the dreams of power we hold,  
Those gods whose names are with us still.  
Men in their image made of old  
The high companions of their will.  
Who seek an airy empire's pride,  
Would they pray to the Crucified ?

O outcast Christ, it was too soon  
For flags of battle to be furled  
While life was yet at the hot hot noon.  
Come in the twilight of the world:  
Its kings may greet Thee without scorn  
And crown Thee then without a thorn.

"A. E."

---

FORWARD.

*A thousand creeds and battle-cries,  
A thousand warring social schemes,  
A thousand new moralities,  
And twenty thousand thousand dreams!*

*Each on his own anarchic way,  
From the old order breaking free,—  
Our ruined world desires, you say,  
License, once more, not Liberty.*

But ah, beneath the struggling foam,  
When storm and change are on the deep,  
How quietly the tides come home,  
And how the depths of sea-shine sleep;

And we who march towards a goal,  
Destroying only to fulfil  
The law, the law of that great soul  
Which moves beneath your alien will;

We, that like foemen meet the past  
Because we bring the future, know  
We only fight to achieve at last  
A great reunion with our foe;

Reunion in the truths that stand  
When all our wars are rolled away ;  
Reunion of the heart and hand  
And of the prayers wherewith we pray ;

Reunion in the common needs,  
The common strivings of mankind ;  
Reunion of our warring creeds  
In the one God that dwells behind.

Then—in that day—we shall not meet  
Wrong with new wrong, but right with right ;  
Our faith shall make your faith complete  
When our battalions reunite.

Forward!—what use in idle words?—  
Forward, O warriors of the soul !  
There will be breaking up of swords  
When that new morning makes us whole.

*Alfred Noyes.*

By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

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### STAIN NOT THE SKY.

YE gods of battle, lords of fear,  
Who work your iron will as well  
As once ye did with sword and spear,  
With rifled gun and rending shell,—  
Masters of sea and land, forbear  
The fierce invasion of the inviolate air !

With patient daring man hath wrought  
A hundred years for power to fly,  
And shall we make his wingèd thought  
A hovering horror in the sky,  
Where flocks of human eagles sail,  
Dropping their bolts of death on hill and dale?

Ah! no, the sunset is too pure,  
The dawn too fair, the noon too bright,  
For wings of terror to obscure  
Their beauty, and betray the night  
That keeps for man, above his wars,  
The tranquil vision of untroubled stars.

Pass on, pass on, ye lords of fear!  
Your footsteps in the sea are red,  
And black on earth your paths appear,  
With ruined homes and heaps of dead.  
Pass on, and end your transient reign,  
And leave the blue of heaven without a stain.

The wrong ye wrought will fall to dust,  
The right ye shielded will abide;  
The world at last will learn to trust  
In law to guard, and love to guide;  
The Peace of God that answers prayer  
Will fall like dew from the inviolate air.

*Henry Van Dyke.*

*The Independent.*

## TO LESSING.

May, 1915.

You do not know—nay—for if you knew,  
Your soul would burst the bounds of time and space  
To stand here crying in the market-place,  
Crying to those who know not what they do.  
Of all thy country's children, you  
The best could serve her in her desperate case—  
You whom no power could force to aught of base,  
Whose life was but the passion to be true.  
Ah! to what end your spirit's high emprise,  
Schiller's white flame, Goethe's Olympic calm,  
If after you come men of low surmise,  
Men who belie your truth without a qualm,  
Who think to enjoy—God's love—a *place in the sun*,  
With all around black Hell and faith fordone!

*R. R. Morgan.*

*The Living Age.*

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## LUTHER.

LUTHER, the world has need of thee!  
Thy country needs thee at this hour  
To scourge its world-embattled power  
And stir to flame democracy.  
Aye, for the fervour of thy words  
Were more than guns, were more than swords!

Couldst thou but speak as thou of old  
Didst, with thy stern admonishings,  
The dawn of far diviner things  
Might come; the people might behold  
The fall of arrogance, the fall  
Of that which holds fair freedom thrall!

Luther, the world has need of thee!  
Thy country needs thy voice to show  
What pain, what wantonness, what woe  
Hate works, and greed and jealousy.  
Thy voice!—for then might topple down  
Sceptre and prince and king and crown!

*Clinton Scollard.*

From "The Vale of Shadows."

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## FIVE SOULS.

### FIRST SOUL.

I WAS a peasant of the Polish plain;  
I left my plough because the message ran:—  
Russia, in danger, needed every man  
To save her from the Teuton; and was slain.  
*I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### SECOND SOUL.

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer ;  
I gladly left my mountain home to fight  
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite ;  
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.  
*I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### THIRD SOUL.

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,  
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled  
His felon blow at France and at the world ;  
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.  
*I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### FOURTH SOUL.

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,  
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes  
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose  
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.  
*I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

### FIFTH SOUL.

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde.  
There came a sudden word of wars declared,  
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,  
Asking our aid : I joined the ranks, and died,  
*I gave my life for freedom—This I know:  
For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

W. N. Ewer.

## GERMANY, MY GERMANY!

GERMANY, my Germany!  
Land of magic and of song,  
To all youth thou dost belong.  
Often in my childhood dreams  
Have I sailed thy castled streams;  
Met, when lost in woodland ways,  
Thy immortal elves and fays;  
And have hailed thy Christmas tree  
Whence the Christchild smiled on me.

Germany, my Germany!  
How I tremble lest the years  
Bring thee legacies of tears!  
Lay thy proud ear to the ground,  
Hear that muffled, angry sound  
From hearts bereft on distant strands,  
From ravaged homes in nearer lands—  
A fearsome note—I yearn to save  
Thy children from that tidal wave!

Germany, my Germany!  
Not for valour in fair fight  
Swells the warning voice to-night;  
But for deeds that brand thy name  
With the burning mark of shame—  
From this carnival of crime  
Snatch thy noble soul in time,  
Before the rising flood of Hate  
Engulf and leave thee desolate.

*Mary Thacher Higginson*

Originally appeared in the *New York Evening Post*.

## TWO ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

"Who are you, friend?"  
"No friend. Your foe.  
You shot me in the battle of the Aisne."  
"I?"  
"You shot a bullet through my breast,  
And ended all my hopes."  
"And did you die?"  
"I died, friend, cursing you."  
"I prayed you would not die!  
I shut my eyes and shot at you.  
I prayed you would not die!"  
"I died. But just before  
My eyes were covered with that film  
That shuts out light  
I shot at you."  
"Ah, you, then!"  
"I."  
"God help us both!"

. . . . .  
"What did you leave behind you  
That you loved?"  
"A woman white as a pale flower,  
And trembling like a flower  
Blown by the pathless wind.  
I held her to my heart.  
And kissed her on the mouth,  
And left her,  
Trembling like a flower. . . .  
And you? What did you leave?"  
"My wife and my young child,

A boy with yellow hair  
And wistful questioning eyes  
That smiled at me  
While she wept clinging to me.  
I had to tear her strong young arms  
From round my neck."  
" God help the women waiting in the world!"

. . . . .  
" Here, take my hand!  
I would our women folk  
Could see us now,  
Together, arm holding arm;  
And weep upon each other's hearts,  
Each comfort each,  
For lack of us."

" The phantom hosts  
On phantom horses, wild with fear,  
Ride flying by  
To seek and question God,  
Why this should be."  
" Here, take my hand,  
Dear brother whom I killed  
And who killed me.  
Let us go on together  
Up to God,  
And question with the rest."

*The Outlook.*

*Lucine Finch.*

## TOWARDS THE MORNING.

UNKNOWN, unknowing, thro' the night,  
Two scions of immortal race  
Strove, grappling, might with utmost might,  
In fell, implacable embrace.  
Each fought avenging the disgrace  
Of outraged Truth and Trampled Right.  
At daybreak, by the wan sad light,  
Each looked into a Sister's face.

*C. H. Herford.*

*The Nation.*

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## QUO VADITIS?

"WHERE do ye go  
Pale line of broken men?"  
We only know  
To die. Could we die twice we'd die again.

"Wherefore?" The call  
Of a strange voice—was it of death or birth?  
Came to us all  
To all of us, the men of all the earth.

"And to what end?"  
We ask not, but we see  
The self-same light which kindles in our friend  
Shine from the faces of our enemy.

" Same light, Same doom ;  
And for what purpose ?" Deep  
We lie in the same womb  
The slain—the slain, together in one sleep.

*Margaret Sackville.*

*The Nation.*

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### THE LINT.

(After the French of Sully Prudhomme, composed in 1870  
during the siege of Paris by the Prussians.)

THERE is no star on the black night.  
With downcast eyes and patient ken,  
Joan strips and folds the bandage white  
For wounded men.

Her lover's in the ranks. Poor heart !  
To-day she watched his form grow dim,  
And all her men-folk too depart  
Along with him.

To her is borne by dark, by day,  
The surly cannon's dreadful threat  
Over the starving town that aye  
Replies, " Not yet !"

So hour by hour she smoothes the bale,  
Still piling up the linten heap,  
Till now she feels her fingers fail  
And fall on sleep.

And while, her holy labour o'er,  
She lies at last in sleep well-earned,  
She feels the handle of her door  
is softly turned.

An unknown visitant is there,  
A mild and frank-eyed maiden pale,  
That hides her crown of golden hair  
In grief's dark veil.

"The red cross on my sleeve is sewn,  
Fear nothing then," she says. "The gray  
Long road I trod, how I am known,  
You'll know straightway.

"Margaret's my name. I've left behind  
My Rhineland home. And, fond and true  
I love a lad whose heart's unkind—  
The same as you.

"Ah! by the burden of our woes,  
Our hopes, our years that both accord,  
We are sisters. Then leave hate to those  
That wield the sword.

"And let us both strip lint to bind,  
For blood is red in every limb,  
And those that love have but one mind.  
Come, weep for him."

Thus spake the fair young girl, bereft.  
And swift with fervid fingers then  
Joan drew the long thread from the web  
For wounded men.

*The Nation.*

*Wilfrid Thorley.*

HARVEST MOON: 1914.

OVER the twilight field,  
The overflowing field,—  
Over the glimmering field,  
And bleeding furrows with their sodden yield  
Of sheaves that still did writhe,  
After the scythe ;  
The teeming field and darkly overstrewn  
With all the garnered fulness of that noon—  
Two looked upon each other.  
One was a Woman men had called their mother ;  
And one, the Harvest Moon.

And one, the Harvest Moon,  
Who stood, who gazed  
On those unquiet gleanings where they bled ;  
Till the lone Woman said :

“ But we were crazed. . . .  
We should laugh now together, I and you,  
We two.  
You, for your ever dreaming it was worth  
A star's while to look on and light the Earth ;  
And I, for ever telling to my mind,  
Glory it was, and gladness, to give birth  
To humankind !  
Yes, I, that ever thought it not amiss  
To give the breath to men,  
For men to slay again :  
Lording it over anguish but to give  
My life, that men might live  
For this.

You will be laughing now, remembering  
I called you once Dead World, and barren thing,  
Yes, so we named you then,  
You, far more wise  
Than to give life to men."

Over the field, that there  
Gave back the skies  
A scattered upward stare  
From blank white eyes,—  
The furrowed field that lay  
Striving awhile, through many a bleeding dune  
Of throbbing clay, but dumb and quiet soon,  
She looked, and went her way- -  
The Harvest Moon.

*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

*Boston Transcript.*

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### FOR TWO VOICES.

" O MOTHER, mother, isn't it fun,  
The soldiers marching past in the sun!"  
" Child, child, what are you saying?  
Come to Church. We should be praying."  
" Look, mother, at their bright spears!"  
" The leaves are falling like women's tears."  
" You are not looking at what I see."  
" Nay, but I look at what must be."  
" Hark to the pipes! See the flags flying!"  
" I hear the sound of a girl crying."  
" How many hundreds before they are done!"  
" How many mothers wanting a son!"

"Here rides the general pacing slow!"  
"Well he may, if he knows what I know."  
"O this war, what a glorious game!"  
"Sin and shame, sin and shame."

— Maurice Hewlett.

A LITTLE GRIMY-FINGERED GIRL.

(La Place du Théâtre Française, Paris, February, 1918.)

A LITTLE grimy-fingered girl

In stringy black and broken shoes

Stands where sharp human eddies swirl

And offers—*news*:

News from the front, "*L'Intransigeant,*

*M'sieu, comme d'ordinaire?*" Her smile

Is friendly though her face is gaunt;

There is no guile,

No mere mechanic flash of teeth,

No calculating leer of glance. . . . .

You wear your courage like a wreath,

Daughter of France.

Back of old sorrow in tired eyes,

Back of endurance through the night

That wearies you and makes you wise,

I see a light

Unshaken, proud, that does not pale.

And you are nobody, my dear:

"*Une vraie gamine,*" who does not quail,

Who knows not fear.

Rattle your sabres, Lords of Hate,

Ye shall not force them to their knees!

A street-girl scorns your God, your State—

The least of these. *Lee Wilson Dodd.*

*The Outlook.*

IN FRANCE'S FLOWERED FIELDS.

IN France's flowered fields they lie,  
And she will hold them close and dear;  
Above their graves her trees will sigh,  
Her grasses shroud them year by year.

On summer noons the sun will stream  
In cheerful warmth across their beds;  
By night the moon's slant, filmy beam  
Build aureoles about their heads.

The fitful winds will make them moan,  
A dirge be sung by every breeze;  
And they shall lie apart, alone,  
Through all the coming centuries.

Dwelling in silences so vast  
No thought to that high tower may climb;  
An austere beauty holds them fast  
Beyond the boundaries of time.

They were to us mere laughing boys,  
But in the passing of a breath  
They turned from life's scarce-tasted joys  
To this high majesty of death.

O France, when coming springs shall break  
In foam of bloom to hide thy scars,  
And flower of human kindness make  
An end of agonies and wars,—

Forget not these, our sons, who came  
At that first wild, bewildered cry,  
With their young British hearts aflame,  
Upon thy tragic hills to die.

Still have them in thy guarding care,  
A holy and a cherished trust,  
And let thy children come with prayer  
To dream awhile beside their dust.

To dream of tender love and ruth,  
And give a passing thought to these  
Who trod the star-lit ways of truth,  
Bondsmen of British loyalties.

And since upon thy heart lies now  
The richest ransom ever paid—  
White roses torn from England's brow  
Beside thy broken lilies laid—

Be thou our friend for evermore,  
In ties of common anguish bound,  
That we may know the sons we bore  
Lie not in unregarded ground.

*Helena Coleman.*

*University Magazine.*

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IN FRANCE. 1914.

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"  
An old bent man to a mother said,  
As they met at morn by a little stall  
Where the baker sold them their loaves of bread.

"Is it well with Henri and Jean and Paul?"  
And the mother bowed as beneath a rod;  
Then she answered, "Aye, it is well with them all,  
Well with them all—they are all with God!"

*Clinton Scollard.*

From "The Vale of Shadows."

## TO WOMEN.

Your hearts are lifted up, your hearts  
That have foreknown the utter price.  
Your hearts burn upward like a flame  
Of splendour and of sacrifice.

For you, you too, to battle go,  
Not with the marching drums and cheers,  
But in the watch of solitude  
And through the boundless night of fears.

Swift, swifter than those hawks of war,  
Those threatening wings that pulse the air,  
Far as the vanward ranks are set,  
You are gone before them, you are there!

And not a shot comes blind with death,  
And not a stab of steel is pressed  
Home, but invisibly it tore  
And entered first a woman's breast.

Amid the thunder of the guns,  
The lightnings of the lance and sword,  
Your hope, your dread, your throbbing pride,  
Your infinite passion is outpoured.

From hearts that are as one high heart,  
Withholding naught from doom and bale  
Burningly offered up,—to bleed,  
To bear, to break, but not to fail!

*Lawrence Binyon.*

Published by Elkin Matthews.

## LAUREL AND CYPRESS.

I WATCHED him swinging down the street,  
The fairest lad in all the line,  
His kilt and khaki, braw and neat,  
My first-born—mine!

He sleeps beneath the blood-red sod—  
A letter from the King to say:  
"Fallen in Honour's Cause." . . . Thank God!  
But ay! But ay!

*J. Napier Milne.*

*The Bookman.*

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## THE WOMAN'S TOLL.

O MOTHER, mourning for the son who keeps  
His last dread watch by unfamiliar streams,  
Or for that other, gay of heart, who sleeps  
Where the great waters guard his secret dreams,  
Amid your tears take comfort for a space,  
They showed them worthy of their island race.

O Wife, who heard across the wintry sea  
Death's trumpet shrill for him who goes no more  
Riding at dawn with that brave company  
Whose fellowship no morning shall restore,  
In its dark heart your bitterest hour shall bring  
Scents from the scattered petals of the spring.

O Maid, with wondering eyes untouched of grief,  
War's dreadful shadow spares your innocent years,  
Yet shall you deem the ways of sunshine brief,  
Paying long hence your toll of hidden tears  
For love that perished ere the web was spun,  
And children that shall never see the sun.

*The Nation.*

*Ruth Duffin.*

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### SORROW.

OCHONE, it's the sorrow that's upon me!  
(Childer, quit yer playin' at the door!)  
The sun was shinin', but I knew it wouldn't last,  
The signs were bad, an' I saw it comin' fast;  
Did ye hear last night the wailin' iv the blast?—  
An' sorrow came down upon the wind.

Wirra, it's the grief that's come upon me!  
(Childer, quit yer talkin' at the doo !)  
The farm dog barked, an' the red cock crew,  
An' the fire went out when the cold wind blew;  
I've heard bad news, an' I know it's true,  
For sorrow came down upon the wind.

Ochone, it's the grief that's come upon me!  
(Childer, quit yer shoutin' at the door!)  
Him that was young, an' beautiful, an' tall!  
When he waved good-bye I niver thought he'd fall;  
It's meself doesn't know what till do at all, at all.  
For sorrow's come down upon the wind.

Ochone, it's the fear that's come upon me!  
(Childer, quit yer laughin' at the door!)  
Himself worked hard for till gain our daily bread,  
An' now it's the childer that be till go unfed,  
For far on the battlefield he's stretched out dead,  
An' sorrow's come down upon the wind.

Dear God, it's the sorrow that's upon me,  
(Childer, quit yer cryin' at the door!)  
There's naught till do but to kneel and humbly pray  
To Christ in Heaven to be our help this day,  
An' to care for the soul iv him that's gone away--  
For sorrow's come down upon the wind.

*E. Margaret Du P. Archer.*

*Westminster Gazette.*

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## HOME AGAIN.

THEY give us sweets and picture-books and cigarettes  
and things,  
And they speaks to us respectful-like as though we all  
was kings;  
And they asks us silly questions, but they means well  
in their way,  
So we tells them how we fought and fell on such and  
such a day.  
And we talks a bit to please them when the ladies  
come to call;  
But the things that we have done and seen they haven't  
seen at all.

There's lots o' people shouting "Britannia rules the waves,"  
An' it's Britons this and Britons that and Britons  
won't be slaves.  
The music 'alls are gay with flags and girls and noise  
and light,  
We used to think that *this* was war—before we went  
to fight.  
But now the folk who crowd about and seize us by the  
hand,  
We just don't answer what they says—they wouldn't  
understand.

There 're things that don't bear thinking of and things  
you never tell;  
It's waste of breath to talk to folk who haven't *been*  
in hell.  
And the blessed daily papers—why we'd like to take  
the lot  
Right out of safe old England and let them *see* us shot.  
There's heaps to tell them if we could, but it doesn't  
seem worth while,  
So we hold our tongues and tempers, and when we can  
we smile.

They're just like kiddies at their play, but we—we've  
felt and seen;  
And between the likes of them and us there 're days  
and nights between.  
Such days, such nights!—there ain't no words, not  
human, to express—  
But we often wish they'd think a bit and chatter rather  
less;

But you want a bit o' pluck for that and quite a lot o'  
brain—  
And since they haven't got them, well—we simply *can't*  
explain.

*Margaret Sackville.*

*The Sphere.*

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### GRAY GAUNTLET.

GRAY Gauntlet, you of the wristlets wrought  
Of homespun soft and gray,  
Do you hear the flashing needles click  
Three thousand miles away?  
Oh, it's purl and plain,  
And a toss of the arm,  
For freeing the endless thread:  
And mystic whisp'rings with each stitch  
Too sacred to e'er be said.

Gray gauntlet, you of the sword must go,  
We of the spindle stay:  
And our needles speed that our lads may march  
Mail-coated in woollen gray.  
Oh it's slip and bind,  
And seam and count,  
And turn the heels with care:  
No craven fears in the meshes hide  
But only a murmured prayer.

*Elmina Atkinson.*

*The Bookman.*

## THE LAD OUT THERE.

OH, power of Love, if still you lean  
Above a world so black with hate,  
Where yet—it has ever been—  
The loving heart is desolate,  
Look down upon the lad I love  
(My brave lad, tramping through the mire),  
I cannot light his welcoming fire,  
Light thou the stars for him above!  
Now nights are dark and mornings dim,  
Let him in his long watching know  
That I, too, count the minutes slow,  
And light the lamp of love for him.  
The sight of death, the sleep forlorn,  
The old homesickness vast and dumb—  
Amid these things so bravely borne,  
Let my long thoughts above him come,  
I see him in the weary file;  
So young he is, so dear to me,  
With ever-ready sympathy  
And wistful eyes and cheerful smile.  
However far he travels on,  
Thought follows, like the willow-wren  
That flies the stormy seas again  
To lands where her delight is gone.  
Whatever he may be or do  
While absent far beyond my call,  
Bring him, the long day's march being through,  
Safe home to me some evenfall!

*Mary Webb.*

*The Daily News.*

## SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

SOLDIER, soldier, off to the war,  
Take me a letter to my sweetheart O!  
He's gone away to France  
With his carbine and his lance,  
And a lock of brown hair of his sweetheart O.

Fair maid of London, happy may you be,  
To know so much of your sweetheart O!  
There's not a handsome lad,  
To get the chance he's had,  
But would skip, with a kiss for his sweetheart O.

Soldier, soldier, whatever shall I do  
If the cruel Germans take my sweetheart O?  
They'll pen him in the jail  
And starve him thin and pale,  
With never a kind word from his sweetheart O!

Fair maid of London, is that all you see  
Of the lad you've taken for your sweetheart O?  
He'll make his prison ring  
With his "God save the King"  
And his "God bless the blue eyes of my sweetheart  
O!"

Soldier, soldier, if by shot or shell  
They wound him, my dear lad, my sweetheart O!  
He'll lie bleeding in the rain  
And call me, all in vain,  
Crying for the fingers of his sweetheart O!

Pretty one, pretty one, now take a word from me:  
Don't you grudge the life-blood of your sweetheart  
O!

For you must understand  
He gives it to our land  
And proud should fly the colours of his sweetheart  
O!

Soldier, soldier, my heart is growing cold—  
If a German shot kill my sweetheart O!  
I could not lift my head  
If my dear love lay dead  
With his wide eyes waiting for his sweetheart O!

Poor child, poor child, go to church and pray,  
Pray God to spare you your sweetheart O!  
But if he live or die  
The English flag must fly  
And England take care of his sweetheart O!

*Daily Chronicle.*

*Maurice Hewlett.*

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### WOMEN TO MEN.

God bless you, lads!  
All women of the race,  
As forth you go,  
Wish you with steadfast face  
The best they know.

God cheer you, lads!  
Out in the bitter nights,  
Down the drear days,  
Through the red reeking fights  
And wasted ways.

God bring you, lads,  
Back to the Motherland,  
True laurels gained,  
Glory in either hand,  
Honour unstained.

Women of Britain's race,  
As forth you go,  
Wish you with proud glad face  
The best they know:  
God bless you, lads!

*M. L. Haskins.*

By special permission of *Punch*.

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### COURTESAN.

THIS thing is theirs.  
Those other women,  
they have it for their own.  
Theirs is the right to pride,  
the right to grief.

Those other women, women of men's houses,  
where children may be—  
I have made mock of them

And now this thing is theirs.

Theirs is the road and theirs the field,  
as always was the house.

For them the men go out upon the road.  
And to each one of them  
if her man fall,  
belongs the field wherein he lies.

The burden of the war is theirs to bear,  
and bearing it they have a right to sing  
of love and death and glory,  
honour and faith and sacrifice,  
exultantly.

Is the house fallen?  
Theirs was the right to fall with it.

The men go out to battle.

Those other women have the right  
to laugh them off  
and weep for them after.

And I, I have no right  
to even look upon it.

*Helen Mackay.*

From "London One November." Published by Andrew  
Melrose, Ltd.

## HOW DOETH THE GERMAN PRESS BUREAU.

How doth the German Press Bureau  
Improve each shining tale,  
Till Victory's unceasing flow  
Seems very like a whale!

How thick its yarns—and yet how thin!  
How wide it spreads its views,  
And takes the simple public in  
With gently garbled news.

*Horace Wyatt.*

From "Maïce in Kulturland."

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## VAS-Y, MON HOMME.

### I.

" JE t'écris c'billet, mon bon Jean,  
Pour te dir'que je suis ben fière  
D'apprendr'qu'on t'a nommé sergent  
Pour ta bel'conduite à la guerre ;  
Tout ça, du reste, n'm'étonn'pas,  
Car de tous les homm's du village  
T'es non seul'ment le plus beau gâs  
Mais, 'cor c'ti-la qu'a l'plus d'courage.

" Vas-y, mon homme et cogn'dans l'tas !  
Moi, je n'pleurnich'ni ne soupire :  
Tu fais ton D'voir lorsque tu t'bats . . . .  
Moi je fais l'mien quand j'ai le sourire !

## II.

“ Par chez nous, a c't'heure, entre voisins  
On ne fait plus qu'un'famille unique :  
Ya plus d'poivrots, plus d'assassins,  
On n'caus'plus jamais politique.  
Nos blés sont coupés d'puis lundi,  
Ben engerbés, ben mis en meule :  
Avec notr'fieu qui s'dégourdit  
J'pourrai . . . bientôt . . . les rentrer seule ;

“ C'est un petit homme aux bras musclés :  
Les pieds d'aplomb dans ses galoches  
Il m'a dit, hier : j'vas battre les blés  
Pendant que l'pèr' va battr' les Boches!

## III.

“ Et puis, grand'nouvell 'pour la fin,  
Cherche voir! devin' devinette! . . .  
Eh ben! voilà: depuis c'matin  
T'es papa d'un 'gross 'pouponnette!  
Ell'te ressemble; oh! que c'est ben toi!  
Elle a tes bons grands yeux que j'aime  
Et comme elle est solid', ma foi,  
On t'espér'ra pour le baptême ;

“ Adieu, mon homm'! Fais pour le mieux! . . .  
J'finis ma lettr'; v'la nuit noire.  
Tâch'de revenir victorieux  
Pour que la p'tit'se nomme Victoire!”

*Théodore Botrel,  
“Chansonnier des Armées.”*

From “Les Chants du Bivouac,” Librairie Payot et  
Cie, Paris, 106, Boulevard Saint Germain.

## PIETA: A HOMAGE TO BELGIUM.

### I.

You Men of Antwerp, who have lifted down  
Once more from His high cross, the Crucified,  
And from the hands and feet, and pierced side  
Wiped your own blood, above that anguished crown ;  
There by the belfry tower that glorified  
The upward gaze of Flanders and Brabant ;—  
Men of Namur, Liège, unconquered Ghent  
And leafy, fair Ardennes ;—  
Is it with you again,  
As with those far Judæan brother-men  
Who saw their glory, and the living Word  
Of all men's longing slain, and sepulchred ?—  
His Body left alone,  
Unto His own :  
And their despair, wherewith to seal the stone.  
And are your words the broken words they had  
As once they walked together and were sad,  
Along the smouldering, desolated ways ?  
*" Now is it many days  
Since all these things were done  
Before the Sun.  
And lo, the very God that gave us breath  
Is scourged and put to death."*

Brothers, it is not true.  
By all new born Compassion, now we know  
The Lord is risen indeed ; and walks with you.  
Though your worn eyes are holden ;—yes,  
Through all the wilderness,

Through the black desert there,  
The waste of rankling embers, where They go,  
As snowflakes on the air,  
Unknowing whither, and unknowing whence.  
The wingless Innocents,  
The little children. And, of all that mourn!  
Mothers of trampled sons,  
Perishing, outcast ones,  
The Women, Women, broken, bruised and spent  
Dragging a blinded flight to banishment,  
Faint, with the weight of woe in men unborn!  
Homeless—and guiltless; west, and west, and north,  
Whither the lords of Famine drive them forth,  
Along the awful footprints trodden red;—  
But shepherded  
Of Him who had not where to lay His head.

Heroes, He walks with these—  
The Refugees.  
Heroes, He walks with you,  
Your widening realm made new,  
Your kingdom vaster now than ever then;  
Your world-wide empire in the souls of men.

## II.

And you, New World?—  
Now that the lightning blast  
Of tangled hates has left your heart aghast,  
What is your answering deed  
To men in need?  
The Eyes, that once their startled eyes could see  
Through the blue morning mist of Galilee.

Are on you now, with their one "*Lov'st thou Me?*" . . .  
And with the cry of light that follows death,  
"*Thou knowest that we love Thee!*" sobs all breath.  
And, "*Feed my lambs,*" He saith.  
Ah, by that word to keep,  
By all the sharpness of their more-than-death,  
"*With nothing left them but their eyes to weep*"—  
Shall we not feed His sheep?

### III.

Now, with the cold, draws near the Holy Time  
When there shall sound no chime  
From towers that look alone  
On glories overthrown.  
There shall no tongue of bell  
Proclaim Emmanuel!  
To mock with homage thus  
Our tortured God-with-us.

Far on the Syrian plains, the shepherds there  
May pipe to moonlit air  
While tidings of the Hope of all men's dream,  
Men yet blaspheme.  
O New World, do not mock  
The desolation of this perishing flock  
With chime or festival,  
While shames and sorrows call  
Above the wind, the scourging, bitter wind  
For these that never sinned;  
Save that they held the unconquerable gate  
Of human Hope, against the hordes of Hate.  
Look on that Mother-Country, face to face—

Stricken that men might Live.  
And to that ruined manger-place,  
Gather, and gather;—GIVE!—  
O fair-of-fortune—hope and humbleness,  
Gather and garner—bless  
Your lowly offerings  
Of precious things.  
Open your treasures forth for her;  
Your gold, your frankincense, and myrrh.

*Josephine Preston Peabody.*

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### THE WIFE OF FLANDERS.

Low and brown barns, thatched and re-patched and  
tattered,  
Where I had seven sons until to-day,  
A little hill of hay your spur has scattered. . . .  
This is not Paris. You have lost your way.

You, staring at your sword to find it brittle,  
Surprised at the surprise that was your plan,  
Who, shaking and breaking barriers not a little,  
Find never more the death-door of Sedan—

Must I for more than carnage call you claimant,  
Paying you a penny for each son you slay?  
Man, the whole globe in gold were no repayment  
For what *you* have lost. And how shall I repay?

What is the price of that red spark that caught me  
From a kind farm that never had a name?  
What is the price of that dead man they brought me?  
For other dead men do not look the same.

How should I pay for one poor graven steeple  
Whereon you shattered what you shall not know?  
How should I pay you, miserable people?  
How should I pay you everything you owe?

Unhappy, can I give you back your honour?  
Though I forgave, would any man forget?  
While all the great green land has trampled on her  
The treason and terror of the night we met.

Not any more in vengeance or in pardon  
An old wife bargains for a bean that's hers.  
You have no word to break, no heart to harden.  
Ride on and prosper. You have lost your spurs.

*G. K. Chesterton.*

By permission of Messrs. Burns and Oates, Ltd., London.

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### THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

O YOU that still have rain and sun,  
Kisses of children and of wife,  
And the good earth to tread upon,  
And the mere sweetness that is life,  
Forget not us, who gave all these  
For something dearer, and for you!  
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!  
Remember, he who fails the challenge  
Fails us, too.

Now in the hour that shows the strong—  
The soul no evil powers affray—  
Drive straight against embattled Wrong:  
Faith knows but one, the hardest, way.  
Endure; the end is worth the throe.  
Give, give; and dare, and again dare!  
On, to that Wrong's great overthrow!  
We are with you, of you: we the pain and  
Victory share.

*Laurence Binyon.*

*The Times.*

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#### A PRAYER OF THE PEOPLES.\*

God of us, who kill our kind!  
Master of this blood-tracked mind,  
Which from wolf and Caliban  
Staggers towards the star of Man—  
Now, on Thy cathedral stair,  
God, we cry to Thee in prayer!

Where our stifled anguish bleeds,  
Strangling through Thine organ reeds,  
Where our voiceless songs suspire  
From the corpses in Thy choir—  
Through Thy charred and shattered nave,  
God, we cry on Thee to save!

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\*From "The Present Hour," published by The Macmillan Co. of New York, by whose courtesy it is here reprinted.

Save us from our tribal gods!  
From the racial powers, whose rods—  
Wreathed with stinging serpents—stir  
Odin and old Jupiter  
From their ancient hells of hate  
To invade Thy dawning state.

Save us from their curse of kings!  
Free our souls' imaginings  
From the feudal dreams of war;  
Yea, God, let us nevermore  
Make, with slaves' idolatry,  
Kaiser, czar, or king of *Thee!*

We who, craven in our prayer,  
Would lay off on Thee our care—  
Lay instead on us Thy load;  
On our minds Thy spirit's goad,  
On our laggard wills Thy whips  
And Thy passion on our lips!

Fill us with the reasoned faith  
That the prophet lies who saith  
All this web of destiny,  
Torn and tangled, cannot be  
Newly wove and redesigned  
By the Godward human mind.

Teach us, so, no more to call  
Guidance supernatural  
To our help, but—heart and will—

Know ourselves responsible  
For our world of wasted good  
And our blinded brotherhood.

Lord, our God! to whom, from clay,  
Blood and mire, Thy peoples pray—  
Not from Thy cathedral's stair  
Thou hearest:—Thou criest *through* our prayer;  
For our prayer is but the gate:  
We, who pray, ourselves are fate.

*Percy Mackaye.*

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BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING.

Ye that have faith to look with fearless eyes  
Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
And know that out of death and night shall rise  
The dawn of ampler life;  
Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,  
That God has given to you the priceless dower  
To live in these great times, and bear your part  
In Freedom's crowning hour;  
That ye may tell your sons who see the light  
High in the heavens—their heritage to take—  
"I saw the powers of darkness put to flight;  
I saw the morning break."

*Sir Owen Seaman.*

## FLOWERING THORN.

COLD the winter ocean beats  
Against the English shore;  
I remember well a May  
When England hawthorn wore,—  
Hawthorn white and hawthorn red,  
Pale, sweet lilacs on her head  
Wreathèd in a coronal;  
Oleanders by the wall,  
Old, gray garden walls where climb  
Dark-leaved ivies, rich with time.

Now the leaden winter rain  
Falls on England in her pain;  
Falls on Lancashire, where grew  
Violets in woods we knew,—  
Falls on paths he trod with me,  
In that May-time, lingeringly.

Now the winds of winter cry  
O'er the lakes that frozen lie,  
Gray and sombre, mirroring  
No bright sapphire skies of spring.  
Far in Flanders wild winds sweep  
O'er my love's entrenched sleep.  
Blotting out his war-world grim,  
Do these scenes come back to him?

Ah, does he recall in dreams  
One early, thrush-thrilled morn,  
May-sweet with English primrose,  
And white with flow'ring thorn?

*Agnes Kendrick Gray.*

*Boston Transcript.*

AMERICA TO FRANCE AND GREAT  
BRITAIN.

FRANCE! Britain! to your stalwart sons  
We owe our hearthstones undefiled,  
Our living cities:—to your guns  
The laughter of each little child.

France! Britain! in the deadly pall  
That hangs athwart your eastern skies.  
We see the measure of our call,  
The need of holy sacrifice.

France! Britain! in your debt we stand  
As never nation stood before,—  
Henceforth the honour of our land  
Speaks only where our cannons roar.

In gilded word and burnished phrase  
There is no balm for blood that flows  
From those who through infernal days  
Fight liberty's eternal foes.

Before the judgment seat of God  
Ten thousand hopes will not outweigh  
One single square of bloody sod  
Held from the Hun in red affray.

Late to the battlefield we come  
Unready, tortured with the shame  
Of seeing brothers grim and dumb  
Dying,—where we should feel the flame.

France! Britain! when the stars look down  
Upon the last great battle place,

Pray God we may have won our crown,—  
The right to meet you face to face!

*Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer.*  
(Master Signal Electrician, U.S.N.A.)

*The Outlook.*

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### THE NAME OF FRANCE.

GIVE us a name to fill the mind  
With the shining thoughts that lead mankind—  
The glory of learning, the joy of art—  
A name that tells of a splendid part  
In the long, long toil and the strenuous fight  
Of the human race to win its way  
From the ancient darkness into the day  
Of freedom, brotherhood, equal right—  
A name like a star, a name of light:  
I give you, France!

Give us a name to stir the blood  
With a warmer glow and a swifter flood  
At the touch of a courage that conquers fear—  
A name like the call of a trumpet, clear  
And silver-sweet and iron-strong,  
That brings three million men to their feet,  
Ready to march and steady to meet  
The foe who threatens that name with wrong—  
A name that rings like a battle-song:  
I give you, France!

Give us a name to move the heart  
With the strength that noble griefs impart—  
A name that speaks of the blood out-poured  
To save mankind from the sway of the sword—

A name that calls the world to share  
The burden of sacrificial strife  
Where the cause at stake is the world's free life  
And the rule of the people everywhere—  
A name like a vow, a name like a prayer:  
I give you, France!

*Henry Van Dyke*

From "The Red Flower"; copyright, 1916, 1917, by Charles  
Scribner's Sons.

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### SAINTE JEANNE OF FRANCE.

1915.

SAINTE JEANNE went harvesting in France,  
But ah! what found she there?  
The little streams were running red,  
And the torn fields were bare;  
And all about the ruined towers  
Where once her king was crowned,  
The hurtling ploughs of war and death  
Had scored the desolate ground.

Sainte Jeanne turned to the hearts of men,  
That harvest might not fail;  
Her sword was girt upon her thigh,  
Her dress was silvern mail;  
And all the war-worn ranks were glad  
To feel her presence shine;  
Her smile was like the mellow sun  
Along that weary line.

She gave her silence to their lips,  
Her visions to their eyes,

And the quick glory of her sword  
She lent to their emprise ;  
The shadow of her gentle hand  
Touched Belgium's burning cross,  
And set the seal of power and praise  
On agony and loss.

Sainte Jeanne went harvesting in France,  
And oh! what found she there?  
The brave seed of her scattering  
In fruitage everywhere ;  
And where her strong and tender heart  
Was broken in the flame,  
She found the very heart of France  
Had flowered to her name.

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

*The Nation (New York).*

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### TO GREAT BRITAIN.

BRITAIN! you with a heart of flame  
One as in days gone by,  
You who honour your Nelson's name  
How could you hear the word of shame  
Nor rise and give it the lie!

Better endure war's worst of ills  
The woes of a hundred fights,  
Than cower behind your banks and tills  
And smug with your money, your mines, your mills,  
Forswear a neighbour's rights.

For how could you hope for a wide world's trust  
If, traitor by land and sea,

---

You had let French lilies lie in the dust  
Nor challenged for peace the War-Lord's lust  
And struck for a Europe free.

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.*

From "European War Poems." Originally appeared in *The English Review*.

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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?

This is the law to bind us, when sense and self go  
wild,—  
That the sword be strong for mercy, that the shield be  
over the child,  
That the great eternal standards ride high above the  
strife,  
And the soul of a mighty people be dearer than blood  
or life.

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

*Outlook (New York).*

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### RESOLVE.

It cannot be that, having seen the day,  
We should endure the tyranny of the night;  
For if we have not sinned against the light,  
Nor made an idol of the sword, as they,  
The powers of darkness set in proud array  
Shall not o'ermaster us. The sword shall smite  
The abusers of the sword, and all their might  
Shall wither, and their glory pass away.

No more shall lawless force be throned as God,  
The troubled nations of the earth no more  
Shall humbly wait upon a despot's nod,  
And when the sacred cause for which they bled  
Is surely 'stablished, we will turn and pour  
Libations to the uncomplaining dead.

*F. E. Maitland.*

*The Times.*

IS WAR THE ONLY THING THAT HAS NO  
GOOD IN IT?

THEY say that "War is hell," the "great accursed,"  
The sin impossible to be forgiven;  
Yet I can look upon it at its worst,  
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form  
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true  
That He who made the earthquake and the storm  
Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span,  
Abbreviated by each passing breath,  
It is the true humanity of Man,  
Victorious over death.

The long expectance of the upward gaze,  
Sense ineradicable of things afar,  
Fair hope of finding after many days  
The bright and morning star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,  
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,  
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside  
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need  
Have won a fiery and unequal fray,  
No infantry has ever done such deed  
Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell,  
Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,  
The gallant Private learns to practise well  
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made  
A mighty music solemnly, what time  
The oratorio of the cannonade  
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,  
The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,  
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,  
The just—recorded name—

The faithful following of the flag all day,  
The duty that brings no nation's thanks,  
The Ama Nesciri\* of some grim and grey  
A Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,  
The patient strength that is too proud to press,  
The duty done for duty, not reward,  
The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,  
Taking their path of duty high and higher,  
What do we deem that they, too, may have learned  
For that baptismal fire?

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\* The heading of a remarkable chapter in the "De Imitatione Christi."

Not that the only end beneath the sun  
Is to make every sea a trading lake,  
And all our splendid English history one  
Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week,  
Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's  
crown,  
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek,  
Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers—not like those whose race is run—  
Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,  
Them no reveille and no morning gun  
Shall ever waken more.

And the boy beauty passed from off the face  
Of those who lived, and into it instead  
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,  
Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the spirit lent,  
And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,  
And to them came a great presentiment  
Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many-coloured flames  
At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,  
The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames  
God's pictures in the skies.

*William Alexander,  
Late Primate of all Ireland.*

Written during the Boer war.

## A THANKSGIVING.

Nor for our harvest,  
Our fields' increase,  
Not for our safety,  
Our vaunted peace,  
Our word-clad justice,  
Our light-flung gift,  
But for hearts that waken,  
For dreams that lift—  
We praise Thee, O God!

For Belgium's sword  
That faltered never,  
For the splendid woe  
Of her lost endeavour;  
For the great free peoples  
In grim advance,  
For the might of England,  
The light of France—  
We praise Thee, O God!

For Italy's flower  
Of fearless youth;  
For Russia's waking  
From dream to truth;  
For the flame of Serbia  
That mounts in death,  
The fire that fails not  
With blood and breath—  
We praise Thee, O God!

For dull ease broken  
By sharpest dole,  
For the dart that is driven  
Through flesh to soul;  
For wrath made sterner  
By right's eclipse,  
For brave songs breaking  
From pain-wrung lips—  
We praise Thee, O God!

For faith that is born  
From the burning nest,  
For the spirit's flight  
On its starward quest,  
For peace that dwells  
At the heart of strife,  
For death that scatters  
The seed of life—  
We praise Thee, O God!

*Marion Couthouy Smith.*

*New York Times.*

## THE HARVESTING.

THIS did we know ;  
That there was life, and an endless loveliness  
Scattered the length and breadth of a living world ;  
All that there lay before and around was holiness  
Colouring all, could we look on the canvas un-  
furled :  
This in truth did we know.

Thus did we sow ;  
Awhile of the life which gave of a boundless store  
We chose what seemed were the easiest creeds to  
hold ;  
We looked for the cheapest things of life to adore  
And then? Could we blame the world that our  
hearts were cold?  
Thus as fools did we sow.

Now we have reaped ;  
Like souls in torment, learning of good from others,  
We with our vision cleared in the purge of strife,  
Have been taught in our pains the only truths from  
our brothers ;  
Now we have learned, and compassed the mean-  
ing of Life,  
Now when in pain we have reaped.

*W. Fothergill Robinson.*

By permission of *The Poetry Review*, London.

## INDIA TO ENGLAND.

Is there aught you need that my hands withhold,  
Rich gifts of raiment or grain or gold?  
Lo! I have flung to the East and West  
Priceless treasures torn from my breast,  
And yielded the sons of my stricken womb  
To the drum-beats of duty, the sabres of doom.

Gathered like pearls in their alien graves,  
Silent they sleep by the Persian waves;  
Scattered like shells on Egyptian sands,  
They lie with pale brows and brave, broken hands;  
They are strewn like blossoms mown down by chance,  
On the blood-brown meadows of Flanders and France.

Can ye measure the grief of the tears I weep,  
Or compass the woe of the watch I keep?  
Or the pride that thrills through my heart's despair,  
And the hope that comforts the anguish of prayer?  
And the far, sad glorious vision I see  
Of the torn red banners of Victory?

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease  
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,  
And your love shall offer memorial thanks  
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks,  
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones,  
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!

*The Times.*

*Sarogini Naidu.*

## THE HEART OF CANADA.

July, 1912.

BECAUSE her heart is all too proud—  
*Canada! Canada! fair young Canada—*  
To breathe the might of her love aloud,  
Be quick, O Motherland!  
Because her soul is wholly free,  
*Canada kneels—thy daughter, Canada—*  
England, look in her eyes and see,  
Honour and understand.

Because her pride at thy masthead shrines,  
*Canada! Canada!—queenly Canada—*  
Bows with all her breathing pines,  
All her fragrant firs.  
Because our isle is little and old,  
*Canada! Canada!—young-eyed Canada—*  
Gives thee, Mother, her hands to hold,  
And makes thy glory hers.

Because thy Fleet is hers for aye,  
*Canada! Canada!—clear-souled Canada—*  
Ere the war-cloud roll this way,  
Bids the world beware.  
Her heart, her soul, her sword are thine,  
*Thine the guns—the guns of Canada!—*  
The ships are foaming into line,  
And Canada will be there.

*Alfred Noyes.*

By special permission of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

## WHO SLEEPS?

MIDNIGHT and England; in the curtained room  
Shadow upon grey shadow creeps,  
Till black, all-conquering, dominates the gloom,  
And darkness cries—who sleeps?

Who sleeps—the bride? She girt him for the fight,  
Gay when her happy warrior went,  
Now empty arms she stretches to the night  
With passionate lament.

Who sleeps—the old man? Up the wind-swept street  
He heard a brown battalion come,  
And all night long his weary worn old feet  
Keep measure with the drum.

Who sleeps—the mother? Immemorial throes  
Torture her heart and laboured breath;  
This hour, it may be, her belovèd goes  
Undaunted into death.

Who sleeps—the barren woman, for her breast  
Passion, nor pain, nor rapture stirs?  
She wakes and watches for the first and best,  
A thousand sons are hers.

On desolated far-off battle fields, who sleep?  
We know not, but through summers green  
We know their rigid hands that hold, will keep  
The flag of England clean.

Who sleeps? Faint and forsworn, no sentinel  
Between the trenches' snarling lips;  
Not one on guard where moonlight waters swell  
Under the battleships.

They sleep not for whom furnace smoke-clouds roll,  
Nor they who forge for England's care,  
Armour laid on the anvil of her soul  
And hammered out with prayer.

Who sleeps—your God on His eternal hill,  
And Zion falls, and Rachel weeps?  
Captain of hosts and our salvation still,  
He slumbers not nor sleeps.

*Eleanor Alexander.*

*The Times.*

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## EPILOGUE.

### INTERCESSION.

Now the muttering gun-fire dies,  
Now the night has cloaked the slain,  
Now the stars patrol the skies,  
Hear our sleepless prayer again!  
They who work their country's will,  
Fight and die for Britain still,  
Soldiers, but not haters, know  
Thou must pity friend and foe.  
Therefore hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Thou whose wounded hands do reach  
Over every land and sea,  
Thoughts too deep for human speech  
Rise from all our souls to Thee;  
Deeper than the wrath that burns  
Round our hosts when day returns;  
Deeper than the peace that fills  
All these trenched and waiting hills.  
Hear, O hear!  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Pity deeper than the grave  
Sees, beyond the death we wield,  
Faces of the young and brave  
Hurled against us in the field.  
Cannon-fodder! They *must* come,  
We must slay them, and be dumb,  
Slaughter, while we pity, these  
Most implacable enemies.  
Master, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

They are blind, as we are blind,  
Urged by duties past reply.  
Ours is but the task assigned;  
Theirs to strike us ere they die.  
Who can see his country fall?  
Who but answers at her call?  
Who has power to pause and think  
When she reels upon the brink?  
Hear, O hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Shield them from that bitterest lie,  
    Laughed by fools who quote their mirth,  
When the wings of death go by,  
    And their brother shrieks on earth.  
Though they clamp their hearts with steel,  
Conquering *every* fear they feel,  
There are dreams they dare not tell.  
Shield, O! shield their eyes from hell.  
    Father, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Where the naked bodies burn,  
    Where the wounded toss at home.  
Weep and bleed and laugh in turn,  
    Yes, the masking jest may come.  
Let him jest who daily dies,  
But O! hide his haunted eyes.  
Pain alone he might control.  
Shield, O! shield, his wounded soul.  
    Master, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Peace? We steel us to the end.  
    Hope betrayed us, long ago.  
Duty binds both foe and friend.  
    It is ours to break the foe.  
Then, O God! that we might break  
This red Moloch for Thy sake;  
Know that Truth indeed prevails,  
And that Justice holds the scales.  
    Father, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

England, could this awful hour,  
Dawning on thy long renown,  
Mark the purpose of thy power,  
Crown thee with that mightier crown!  
Broadening to that purpose climb  
All the blood-red wars of Time . . . .  
Set the struggling peoples free,  
Crown with Law their Liberty!  
England, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

Speed, O! speed, what every age  
Writes with a prophetic hand.  
Read the midnight's moving page,  
Read the stars and understand:  
*Out of Chaos ye shall draw  
Deepening harmonies of Law  
Till around the Eternal Sun  
All your peoples move in one.*  
Christ-God, hear,  
Both for foe and friend, our prayer.

*Alfred Noyes.*

From "A Belgian Christmas Eve." By special permission  
of Frederick A. Stokes Co.

## ONWARD.

O CANADA, the blood of all thy sons  
Cries out, to-day, from fair and glorious deeds ;  
And spirit legions of Immortal Ones,  
Who died to serve their country and its needs—  
Pledge thee, anew, by their white Honour Roll,  
To loftier issues, born of sacrifice ;  
Bidding thee keep, unstained, that nobler soul,  
Which they have ransomed with so great a price.

*A. Beatrice Hickson.*

## INTO BATTLE.

THE naked earth is warm with Spring,  
And with green grass and bursting trees  
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,  
And quivers in the sunny breeze ;  
And Life in Colour and Warmth and Light,  
And a striving evermore for these ;  
And he is dead who will not fight ;  
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun  
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth ;  
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,  
And with the trees to newer birth ;  
And find, when fighting shall be done,  
Great rest, and fullness after death.

All the bright company of Heaven  
Hold him in their high comradeship,  
The Dog-Star, and the Sisters Seven,  
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,  
They stand to him each one a friend;  
They gently speak in the windy weather;  
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,  
And the little owls that call by night.  
Bid him be swift and keen as they,  
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him, "Brother, brother,  
If this be the last song you shall sing,  
Sing well, for you may not sing another;  
Brother, sing."

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,  
Before the brazen frenzy starts,  
The horses show him nobler powers;  
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks  
And all things else are out of mind,  
And only Joy of Battle takes  
Him by the throat, and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,  
Not caring much to know, that still  
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so  
That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,  
And in the air Death moans and sings;  
But they shall clasp him with strong hands,  
And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

*Julian Grenfell, D.S.O*

(Died of wounds, May 26, 1916.)

Flanders, April, 1915.

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### FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE.

For all we have and are,  
For all our children's fate,  
Stand up and meet the war,  
The Hun is at the gate!  
Our world has passed away  
In wantonness o'erthrown.  
There is nothing left to-day  
But steel, and fire, and stone.

Though all we knew depart,  
The old commandments stand:  
"In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word  
That sickened earth of old:  
"No law except the sword  
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."  
Once more it knits mankind,  
Once more the nations go  
To meet, and break, and bind  
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight,  
The ages' slow-bought gain  
They shrivelled in a night,  
Only ourselves remain  
To face the naked days  
In silent fortitude,  
Through perils and dismays  
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart  
The old commandments stand:  
"In patience keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will and soul.  
There's but one task for all,  
For each one life to give.  
Who stands if freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?

*Rudyard Kipling*

*The Times.*

A NATIVITY.

*The Babe was laid in the Manger  
Between the gentle kine,*

*All safe from cold and danger—*

“But it was not so with mine.

(With mine! With mine.)

Is it well with the child, is it well?”

The waiting mother prayed,

“For I know not where he fell,

And I know not where he is laid.”

*A Star stood forth in Heaven;*

*The watchers ran to see*

*The Sign of the Promise given—*

“But there comes no sign to me,

(To me! To me!)

My child died in the dark,

And I know not where he fell,

There was none to tend him or mark . . . .

Is it well with the child, is it well?”

*The Cross was raised on high,*

*The Mother grieved beside—*

“But the Mother saw Him die,

And took Him when He died,

(He died! He died!)

Seemly and undefiled

His burial-place was made. . . .

Is it well, is it well with the child?

For I know not where he is laid.”

*On the dawning of Easter Day  
Comes Mary Magdalene,  
But the stone was rolled away  
And the Body was not within.  
(Within! Within!)*

*"Ah! Who will answer my word?"  
The weeping mother prayed.  
"They have taken away my Lord,  
And I know not where He is laid."*

*The Star stands forth in Heaven,  
The watchers watch in vain  
For sign of the Promise given  
Of Peace on Earth again.  
(Again! Again!)*

*"But I know for Whom he fell,"  
The steadfast mother smiled.  
"Is it well with the child, is it well?—  
It is well—it is well with the child!"*

*Rudyard Kipling.*

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## A SOLDIER'S PORTRAIT.

(To F.)

ONE who has met with fear, and conquered it; with  
pain,  
And gladly suffered it: who's faced out every  
chance:  
Who enters battle cool and strong, with a clear  
brain,  
Having tasted in 'advance

His own death and his friends' death. One who loves  
life well;  
To whom the thought of home—the mere familiar  
thought—  
Is martial music 'mid the blinding shot and shell  
Of the fiercest battle fought.

A soldier, with a soldier's loyal faith; who sees  
God still the same when the swords of the world  
are bared;  
And waits with firm assurance for His dark decrees,  
Resolute, serene, prepared.

*George Rostrivor.*

From "Stars and Fishes." Published by John Lane.

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### I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH.

I HAVE a rendezvous with Death  
At some disputed barricade,  
When Spring comes back with rustling shade  
And apple blossoms fill the air.  
I have a rendezvous with Death  
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand  
And lead me into his dark land,  
And close my eyes and quench my breath—  
It may be I shall pass him still.

I have a rendezvous with Death  
On some scarred slope of battered hill,  
When Spring comes 'round again this year,  
And the first meadow flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep  
Pillowed in silk and scented down,  
Where Love throbs out in blissful sleep,  
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,  
Where hushed awakenings are dear. . . .  
But I've a rendezvous with Death  
At midnight in some flaming town,  
When Spring trips north again this year,  
And I to my pledged word am true,  
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

*Alan Seeger.*

(Died after being terribly wounded, April 4 or 5, 1916.)

From "Poems," by Alan Seeger. Published by Charles  
Scribners' Sons.

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## MARCHING WITH PAPA JOFFRE.

A Song to Fifes and Drums.

MARCHING!—What are they marching, there, for?  
*Rin-rin!—Ran!—Pata, pata, plan!*  
Papa Joffre he's coming from the war:  
*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Blue jacket and red breeches and mustachios gleaming  
white,  
With a Tommy on his left hand and a Johnny on his  
right,  
He has come to give America his Godspeed for the  
fight:

*Vive l'Amerique! Vive la France!*  
*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Fighting! What are they fighting, there, for?  
*Eho!—Eho!—Pata, pata, plan!*  
To make men free men, now and evermore:  
*Vive la—Vive la France!*

The Kaiser and his kaiserlings they guessed that they  
would go  
And ring the Paris Christmas bells, a-laying churches  
low;  
But Papa Joffre beside the Marne stood up and said:  
*No, no!*  
*A bas les Boches! Vive la France!*  
*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Cheering!—What are they cheering, there, for?  
*Hurrah!—Hurrah!—Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!*  
Red, white, blue flags—flaming for the war:  
*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Jack Poilu he's a true lad, as Papa Joffre has tried;  
John Bull he is another, and he marches Jack beside;  
And Yankee Doodle joins with them—three brothers,  
God for guide:

*Vive l'Amérique! l'Angleterre! la France!*  
*Vive la—Vive la France!*

Praying!—What are they praying, there, for?

*Dieu! Seigneur! A ton Esprit la gloire!*

The Peace of Justice reign forevermore!

*Vive l'Esprit de la France!*

We are marching in alliance that our faith may be  
restored;

We are fighting, we are cheering, for a nobler world-  
accord;

We are praying, through the tempest, unto Liberty,  
our Lord:

*Vive l'Alliance! Vive la France!*

*Vive la victoire della France!*

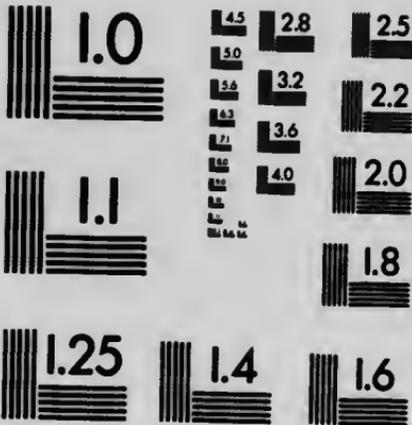
*Percy Mackaye.*

*Boston Transcript*



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## VIVE LA FRANCE!

"France is dying."—*Hindenburg.*

If France is dying, she dies as day  
In the splendour of noon, sun-aureoled,  
If France is dying, then youth is grey,  
And steel is soft and flame is cold.

*France cannot die! France cannot die!*

If France is dying, she dies as love  
When a mother dreams of her child-to-be.  
If France is dying, then God above  
Died with His Son upon the Tree.

*France cannot die! France cannot die!*

If France is dying, then manhood dies,  
Freedom and justice, all golden things.  
If France is dying, then life were wise  
To borrow of death such immortal wings.

*France cannot die! France cannot die!*

*Richard Butler Glaenser.*

*New York Times.*

---

## IN MEMORY.

LIEUTENANT ALFRED J. L. EVANS.

(Died December 7th, 1915, of wounds received in action.)

SAD hearts and weeping eyes,  
The bruised mind, the aching memory,  
Our portion these; for him the glad surprise  
The Master's face to see.

'The broken hopes we sigh,  
The young life ended that had scarce begun!  
But he, in joyful wonder, hears the cry,  
"Servant and friend, well done!"

Loving and loved, brave and true!  
Too brief his span; yet in Eternity  
Surely the Master still has work to do  
For such pure souls as he.

Pray we, his life above  
(Though his dear body rest beneath the sod),  
Bind us with one more golden chain of love  
Closer to Heaven and God.

*Edward J. Bidwell,  
Bishop of Ontario.*

---

### THE SILENT TOAST.

THEY stand with reverent faces,  
And their merriment give o'er,  
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,  
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment  
In the midst of the feast and song,  
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death  
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet  
And the brilliant lights around;  
But they charge again on the hideous plain  
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,  
Through the waste of No Man's Land,  
Their hearts afire with a wild desire  
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,  
Or the black night loud with rain,  
Some face comes back on the fiery track  
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,  
And the bonds that are forged by death,  
Now grip the soul with a strange control  
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,  
Once more the tables shine,  
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall  
Are lit with a light divine.

*Frederick George Scott.*

Vimy Ridge, April, 1917.

---

#### YULETIDE IN FRANCE.

O LITTLE sprig of rosemary, I pluck you in the garden,  
In this little Gallic garden, on this misty winter's day.  
I can hear the old rooks calling,  
And the distant shells are falling,  
But this little sprig of rosemary has borne my heart  
away.

O little sprig of rosemary, you bear me through the  
ages  
To the olden golden Yuletides that our fathers knew  
of yore,  
When the midnight Mass bell ringing,  
Set the carol singers singing,  
And sweet rosemary was scattered on the shining  
chancel floor.

O little sprig of rosemary, I hear the song and laughter  
When the boar's head was carried in, adown the  
armoured hall,  
And the rosemary and bay  
Were as sweet as new-mown hay,  
While the merriment of Yuletide was uniting great  
and small.

O little sprig of rosemary, I pluck you in the garden,  
And my heart is sore and heavy with the cares we have  
to-day,  
For the Christ has been among us,  
And the Angel Hosts have sung us  
All the happy songs of Heaven, but they sounded far  
away.

O little sprig of rosemary, as I pluck you in the garden,  
In this little Gallic garden where the brave are laid to  
rest,  
An English mother weeping,  
A sad, sad Yule is keeping,  
Remembering one who once was the Christ-Child on  
her breast.

O little sprig of rosemary, I thank you for the  
dreaming,  
In this hallowed Gallic garden, on this misty winter's  
day;  
Your mission is to leaven  
This poor earth with thoughts of heaven,  
When, for those brave hearts that slumber here, we  
fold our hands and pray.

*Frederick George Scott.*

From "In the Battle Silences."

---

### ALL THE HILLS AND VALES ALONG.

ALL the hills and vales along  
Earth is bursting into song,  
And the singers are the chaps  
Who are going to die, perhaps.  
O sing, marching men,  
Till the valley; ring again.  
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,  
So be glad, when you are sleeping.

Cast away regret and rue,  
Think what you are marching to.  
Little live, great pass.  
Jesus Christ and Barabbas  
Were found the same day.  
This died, that went his way.  
So sing with joyful breath;  
For why, you are going to death.  
Teeming earth will surely store  
All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,  
Earth that knows of death, not tears,  
Earth that bore with joyful ease  
Hemlock for Socrates,  
Earth that blossomed and was glad  
'Neath the cross that Christ had,  
Shall rejoice and blossom too  
When the bullet reaches you.  
Wherefore, men marching  
On the road to death, sing!  
Pour your gladness on earth's head,  
So be merry, so be dead.

From the hills and valleys earth  
Shouts back the sound of mirth,  
Tramp of feet and lilt of song  
Ringing all the road along.  
All the music of their going,  
Ringing, swinging, glad song-throwing,  
Earth will echo still, when foot  
Lies numb and voice mute.  
On, marching men, on  
To the gates of death with song.  
Sow your gladness for earth's reaping,  
So you may be glad, though sleeping.  
Strew your gladness on earth's bed,  
So be merry, so be dead.

*Charles Hamilton Sorley.*

(Killed in action near Hullach, October, 1915.)

From "Marlborough and Other Poems."  
University Press.

## CROCUSES IN NOTTINGHAM.

(From a Trench.)

Out here the dogs of war run loose,  
Their whipper-in is Death;  
Across the spoilt and battered fields  
We hear their sobbing breath.  
The fields where grew the living corn  
Are heavy with our dead;  
Yet still the fields at home are green  
And I have heard it said

That—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!  
Wild crocuses at Nottingham!  
Blue crocuses at Nottingham!  
Though here the grass is red.

There are little girls at Nottingham  
Who do not dread the Boche,  
Young girls at school at Nottingham  
(Lord! how I need a wash!)  
There are little boys at Nottingham  
Who never hear a gun;  
There are silly fools at Nottingham  
Who think we're here for fun.

When—

There are crocuses at Nottingham!  
Young crocus buds at Nottingham!  
Thousands of buds at Nottingham  
Ungathered by the Hun.

But here we trample down the grass  
Into a purple slime;

There lives no tree to give the birds  
House room in pairing time.  
We live in holes, like cellar rats,  
But through the noise and smell  
I often see those crocuses  
Of which the people tell.

Why—  
There are crocuses at Nottingham!  
Bright crocuses at Nottingham!  
Real crocuses at Nottingham!  
Because we're here in Hell.

M. B. H.

*The Times.*

---

#### IN ENGLAND.

(Written after the author had read "Crocuses in Nottingham"  
in *The Times*.)

TO-DAY the lonely winds are loose,  
And crying goes the rain,  
And here we walk the fields they knew,  
The Dead who died in pain.  
The fields that wait the slow hours long  
For sounds that shall not come—  
In other fields, in other earth  
The laughing hearts lie dumb.

And—  
There are silent homes in England now,  
And wakeful eyes in England, now,  
And tired hearts in England, now,  
Unhailed by fife or drum.

There are crocuses at Nottingham  
And jonquils in the south,  
And any Dorset child may press  
A snowdrop to her mouth.  
The broken flesh that Flanders keeps,  
It, too, may have its flowers,  
But are they haunted, memory-sad,  
As these new buds of ours?

For—

There are ghosts abroad in England, now,  
And crying winds in England, now,  
And none forget in England, now,  
The wasted lives and powers.

Here, we who cannot even die  
Live out our emptied days—  
The maimed, the blind, the witless, throng  
Our unassaulted ways.  
Around our lives, the broken lives  
Like worthless toys downthrown,  
And they were dropped in Hell, whilst here  
The early flowers had blown.

But—

Our hearts are pierced in England, now,  
And none forget in England, now,  
That redder seed than England's now  
In Flanders earth is sown!

*May O'Rourke.*

*The Times.*

## HOME THOUGHTS FROM LAVENTIE.

GREEN gardens in Laventie!  
Soldiers only know the street  
Where the mud is churned and splashed about  
By battle-wounding feet;  
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse  
of grass—  
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire  
Seems balanced on a strand  
Of swaying stone and tottering brick,  
Two roofless ruins stand;  
And here, among the wreckage, where the back-wall  
should have been,  
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,  
The little path of gravel  
Was overgrown with celandine;  
No other folk did travel  
Along its weedy surface but the nimble-footed mouse,  
Running from house to house.

So all along the tender blades  
Of soft and vivid grass  
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels  
That pass and ever pass  
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle  
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease  
Of tranquil, happy mind,  
And searched the ground for Jen's little length  
Some new pleasnace to find;  
And there some yellow daffodils, and jasmine hanging  
high,  
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant  
Of the many sweets we found  
Was a little bush of Daphne flower  
Upon a mossy mound,  
And so thick were the blossoms set and so divine the  
scent  
That we were well content.

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,  
The perfume fanned my face,  
And all my soul was dancing  
In that lovely little place,  
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and  
shattered towns  
Away . . . upon the Downs.

I saw green banks of daffodil,  
Slim poplars in the breeze,  
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March  
A-courting on the leas.  
And meadows, with their glittering streams—and  
silver-scurrying dace—  
Home, what a perfect place!

*E. Wyndham Tennant.*

(Killed in action, September, 1915.)

*The Times*

TO C. H. V.

WHAT shall I bring to you, wife of mine,  
When I come back from the war?  
A ribbon your dear brown hair to twine?  
A shawl from a Berlin store?  
Say, shall I choose you some Prussian hack  
When the Uhlans we o'erwhelm?  
Shall I bring you a Potsdam goblet back  
And the crest from a Prince's helm?

Little you'd care what I laid at your feet,  
Ribbon or crest or shawl—  
What if I bring you nothing, sweet,  
Nor maybe come home at all?  
Ah, but you'll know, Brave Heart, you'll know  
Two things I'll have kept to send:  
Mine honour for which you bade me go,  
And my love—my love to the end.

*R. E. Vernède.*

(Died of wounds, April 9, 1917.)

From "War Poems" by R. E. Vernède. London:  
Heinemann.

---

BEFORE THE ASSAULT.

If thro' this roar of the guns one prayer may reach  
Thee,  
Lord of all Life, whose mercies never sleep,  
Not in our time, not now, Lord, we beseech Thee  
To grant us peace. The sword has bit too deep.

We may not rest. We hear the wail of mothers  
Mourning the sons who fill some nameless grave:  
Past us, in dreams, the ghosts march of our brothers  
Who were most valiant . . . whom we could not  
save.

We may not rest. What though our eyes be holden,  
In sleep we see dear eyes yet wet with tears,  
And locks that once were, oh, so fair and golden,  
Grown grey in hours more pitiless than years.

We see all fair things fouled—homes love's hands  
built  
Shattered to dust beside their withered vines,  
Shattered the towers that once Thy sunsets gilded,  
And Christ struck yet again within His shrines.

Over them hangs the dust of death, beside them  
The dead lie countless—and the foe laughs still!  
We may not rest, while those cruel mouths deride them,  
We, who were proud, yet could not work Thy will.

We have failed—we have been more weak than these  
betrayers—  
In strength or in faith we have failed; our pride  
was vain.

How can we rest, who have not slain the slayers?  
What peace for us, who have seen Thy children  
slain?

Hark, the roar grows . . . the thunders re-awaken—  
We ask one thing, Lord, only one thing now:  
Hearts high as theirs, who went to death unshaken,  
Courage like theirs to make and keep their vow.

To stay not till these hosts whom mercies harden,  
Who know no glory save of sword and fire,  
Find in our fire the splendour of Thy pardon,  
Meet from our steel the mercy they desire. . . .

Then to our children there shall be no handing  
Of fates so vain—of passions so abhorred . . .  
But Peace . . . the Peace which passes understand-  
ing . . .  
Not in our time . . . but in their time, O Lord.

*R. E. Vernède.*

December, 1916.

From "War Poems" by R. E. Vernède. London: Heinemann.

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### ENGLAND TO THE SEA.

HEARKEN, O Mother, hearken to thy daughter!  
Fain would I tell thee what men tell to me,  
Saying that henceforth no more on any water  
Shall I be first or great or loved or free.

But that these others—so the tale is spoken—  
Who have not known thee all these centuries,  
By fire and sword shall yet turn England broken  
Back from thy breast and beaten from thy seas.

Me—whom thou barest where thy waves should guard  
me.

Me—whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam,  
Me—whom thy kisses shaped what while they marred  
me,

To whom thy storms are sweet and ring of home.

"Behold," they cry, "she is grown soft and strength-  
less,

All her proud memories changed to fear and fret."  
Say, thou, who hast watched through ages that are  
lengthless,

Whom have I feared, and when did I forget?

What sons of mine have shunned thy whorls and  
races?

Have I not reared for thee time and again  
And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces  
Sea-ducks, sea-wolves, sea-rovers, sea-men?

Names that thou knowest—great hearts that thou  
holdest,

Rocking them, rocking them in an endless wake—  
Captains the world can match not with its boldest,  
Hawke, Howard, Grenville, Frobisher, Drake?

Nelson—the greatest of them all—the master  
Who swept across thee like a shooting star,  
And, while the earth stood veiled before disaster,  
Caught Death and slew him—there—at Trafalgar?

Mother, they knew me then as thou didst know me;  
Then I cried, Peace, and every flag was furled:  
But I am old, it seems, and they would show me  
That never more my peace shall bind the world.

Wherefore. O Sea, I, standing thus before thee,  
Stretch forth my hands unto thy surge and say:  
When they come forth who seek this empire o'er thee,  
And I go forth to meet them—on that day

God grant to us the old Armada weather,  
The winds that rip, the heavens that stoop and  
lour—

Not till the Sea and England sink together,  
Shall they be masters! Let them boast that hour!

*R. E. Vernède.*

From "War Poems" by R. E. Vernède. London: Heinemann.

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"THE SEA IS HIS."

THE Sea is His: He made it,  
Black gulf and sunlit shoal,  
From barriered bight to where the long  
Leagues of Atlantic roll:  
Small strait and ceaseless ocean  
He bade each one to be:  
The Sea is His: He made it—  
And England keeps it free.

By pain and stress and striving  
Beyond the nations' ken,  
By vigils stern when others lepe,  
By many lives of men;  
Through nights of storm, through dawns  
Blacker than midnights be—  
This Sea that God created,  
England has kept it free.

Count me the splendid captains  
Who sailed with courage high  
To chart the perilous ways unknown—  
Tell me where these men lie!

To light a path for ships to come  
They moored at Dead Man's quay;  
The Sea is God's—He made it,  
And these men made it free.

Oh, little land of England,  
Oh, Mother of hearts too brave,  
Men say this trust shall pass from thee  
Who guardest Nelson's grave.  
Aye, but these braggarts yet shall learn  
Who'd hold the world in fee,  
The Sea is God's—and England,  
England shall keep it free.

*R. E. Vernède.*

From "War Poems" by R. E. Vernède. London:  
Heinemann.

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#### OUR SUBMARINES.

WOULD we had found for you,  
Brave little fleet!  
Names of high sound for you,  
Good to repeat.  
You bear no name for us  
Daring and fine,  
You who won fame for us,  
Gallant "Eg"!

All that belongs to us  
Ships to us gave;  
Names that are songs to us  
Float on the wave.

You bear no name for us,  
Lost in the Sea!  
You who died game for us,  
Gallant "E3"!

Names that bring cheer with them—  
Ships of the line—  
Long may you steer with them,  
Daring "E9"!  
Though but a number now,  
Yours shall survive,  
Blest where you slumber now,  
Gallant "D5"!

*S. R. Lysaght.*

*The Spectator.*

(It will be remembered that the E9 (Lieutenant Commander Max K. Horton) was the submarine that sank the German cruiser *Hela* and the German destroyer S126, and that the E3 (Lieutenant Commander George F. Cholmley) was sunk by the Germans in the North Sea, and submarine D5 (Lieutenant Commander Godfrey Herbert) was sunk by a mine following the attack by a German squadron on the *Halcyon* off Lowestoft, November 3rd, 1914.)

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## KILMENY.

(A Song of the Trawlers.)

DARK, dark lay the drifters, against the red west,  
As they shot their long meshes of steel overside:  
And the oily green waters were rocking to rest  
When *Kilmenny* went out, at the turn of the tide.

And nobody knew where that lassie would roam,  
For the magic that called her was tapping unseen.  
It was well nigh a week ere *Kilmeny* came home,  
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

She'd a gun at her bow that was Newcastle's best,  
And a gun at her stern that was fresh from the  
Clyde,  
And a secret her skipper had never confessed,  
Not even at dawn, to his newly-wed bride;  
And a wireless that whispered above like a gnome,  
The laughter of London, the boasts of Berlin.  
O, it may have been mermaids that lured her from  
home,  
But nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

It was dark when *Kilmeny* came home from her quest,  
With her bridge dabbled red where her skipper had  
died;  
But she moved like a bride with a rose at her breast:  
And "Well done, *Kilmeny!*" the admiral cried.  
Now at sixty-four fathom a conger may come,  
And nose at the bones of a drowned submarine:  
But late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,  
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

There's a wandering shadow that stares at the foam,  
Though they sing all the night to old England, their  
queen,  
Late, late in the evening *Kilmeny* came home,  
And nobody knew where *Kilmeny* had been.

*The Times.*

*Alfred Noyes.*

## FATE'S DISCOURTESY.

Be well assured that on our side  
Our challenged oceans fight,  
Though headlong wind and heaping tide  
Make us their sport to-night.  
Through force of weather, not of war,  
In jeopardy we steer.  
Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it shall appear  
How in all time of our distress  
As in our triumph too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though wave and wind  
Have mightier blows in store,  
That we who keep the watch assigned  
Must stand to it the more:  
And as our streaming bows dismiss  
Each billow's baulked career,  
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear  
How in all time of our distress  
As in our triumph too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Be well assured, though in our power  
Is nothing left to give,  
But time and place to meet the hour  
And leave to strive to live.

Till these dissolve our Order holds,  
Our Service binds us here.  
Then, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear  
How in all time of our distress  
And our deliverance too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

*Rudyard Kipling.*

---

### THE STRONG YOUNG EAGLES.

So one by one the strong young eagles fall,  
Yet day by day new eagles take the sky,  
Beating with eager pinions at the wall  
Where those who live are those who dare to die.

So one by one the strong young eagles fall  
With broken wings, but with unconquered souls,  
Leaving to those who follow where they call  
A flaming, far-flung vision of their goals.

America, these eagles are your sons!  
Hold to the faith and keep your vision sure.  
O Nation, be ye worthy of their guns,  
These eagles, dead, that freedom may endure!

*Harold Trowbridge Pulsifer.*  
(Master Signal Electrician, U.S.N.A.)

## THE RAG-TIME ARMY.

THEY call us the Rag-time Army, and maybe they've  
named us right,  
Our drill may be kind of ragged—but, say, have you  
seen us fight?  
For drilling is only drilling, but fighting's a good man's  
game,  
And a scrap with the Rag-time Army has never been  
voted tame.  
We're a kind of a hybrid outfit—we're soldiers and  
civies, too—  
Just civies dressed up in khaki, determined to see  
things through  
Till the Kaiser is trimmed to a finish and Fritz has  
jumped the ring;  
Though we may not scrap by the book of rules  
And at fancy drilling we're plain damned fools,  
We can put up a fine performance when it comes to  
the real thing.

Considering us as soldiers, we're only an empty bluff,  
We look like a bunch of dummies when we get on the  
“Slope arms” stuff;  
Our dressing is something awful—our “Fours” run  
from two to six:  
We can't even change direction without an infernal  
mix.  
But our shooting is not so rotten, and we know what  
a bomb is for;  
They say we're not bad with the bayonet though our  
drill is so awful poor;

And Fritz doesn't love the Canucks and I think that's  
the safest test;

We drag on the march like a flock of sheep  
Our discipline makes all the Brass Hats weep  
But the sloppy old Rag-time Army goes "over the top"  
with the best.

We're Doctors, and Farmers, and Lawyers, and Cow-  
boys, and City Clerks,  
The Office-boy is a Sergeant, and the fellow that owned  
the works

Is a beautiful big buck Private, who jumps at the  
Sergeant's word,  
And the boss of a ranch takes orders from the fellow  
that tended herd.

We're Bankers, and Brokers, and Butchers; we're  
Confidence-men and Cooks.

We're the fellows that dig the ditches, we're the  
fellows that keep the books,

We're the men of the Pick and Shovel, we're the men  
of the brush and pen:

From the shovel-stiff to the Millionaire,  
If you're looking for them, you'll find them here—  
In the ranks of the Rag-time Army they count, one  
and all, as men.

We heard in the far, faint distance the sound of a  
world at war,

And we jumped our jobs and came crowding to the  
call of the cannon's roar;

From city, and town, and homestead, from cabin, and  
camp, and mine.

From the wash of the warm Pacific and the ice of the  
Arctic line.

And battle to us meant nothing, and war was a thing  
unknown,  
But, somewhere, deep in our being, far deeper than  
blood or bone,  
Spoke the voice of the old grey Mother, Who rules  
from Her Island Throne.  
" In a world of war will my sons abide,  
" In peace, or fight at the mother's side?  
"Answer, Blood of the Mother's Blood, and Bone of  
the Mother's Bone."

Then the little old Rag-time Army rose up at the  
Mother's call,  
And the little old Rag-time Army has learned how to  
fight and fall;  
And the little old Rag-time Army is doing its little bit,  
And the Huns know the Rag-time Army, and they're  
not very fond of it.  
There are little white crosses marking the beds where  
the Canucks lie—  
(For drilling is only drilling—can drill teach a man  
to die?)  
But, when we come to the finish, to the close of the  
Huns' great " Day,"  
When we've smashed the Hun on the Western Line,  
When our shells are screaming across the Rhine,  
You'll find the old Rag-time Army at work in its own  
old way.

This poem and the two following are from " Buddy's Blighty  
and Other Verses from the Trenches," by Lieutenant  
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## NO MAN'S LAND.

IN the sunny South and the naked North,  
The old wise East and the younger West,  
Poets have lived and songs sent forth,  
Lauding the land that they held the best.  
Dante has written of Heaven and Hell,  
Of souls in torment and angel band,  
What of the land where no man may dwell?  
Who writes the ballad of No Man's Land?

Grim and gaunt in the morning's grey,  
Barren and bare in the noon-day's light,  
Livid and lone when the star-shells play,  
A deadly desert through day and night.  
'Neath the maxim's hail and the shrapnel's sweep,  
Who may cross it and hope to stand?  
And, who is there who holds life so cheap  
As the men who wander in No Man's Land?

Narrow kingdom of dread and fear,  
Where Death Omnipotent holds his sway,  
From the Northern Sea to the South frontier  
Lie heaps of clothing and mouldering clay.  
All that is left of the men who died  
In the dark alone, that the men who stand  
On guard, in the trenches that wander wide,  
May rule the Kingdom of No Man's Land.

Many a man goes gay to death  
In the rush and riot of charging men,  
When high hearts leap to the deep-drawn breath,  
Who cares for bullet or bayonet then?

But the man must be made in a hero's mould  
Who dares to wander with life in hand,  
Where the shadow of Death's dark wings enfold  
The fatal field that is No Man's Land.

Many a gallant life has fled,  
To the bursting bomb and the bayonet's thrust,  
And the grey rats feast on the year-old dead,  
In the slimy mud and the poisoned dust.  
In death and decay they lie supine,  
Where never a tree or a house may stand,  
Who would win the day on the Western line,  
Must pay the price out in No Man's Land.

Sing of your heroes of golden lands,  
Men of Carthage and Greece and Rome,  
Of Nelson and Drake and their hero bands,  
Sailor Sons of our Island Home,  
Who ruled the earth and who dared the deep,  
With hero heart and unfaltering hand,  
Have they more honour than those who sleep  
The last long sleep out in No Man's Land?

L'ENVOI.

Who is the man with the poet's soul,  
The soldier's eye and the craftsman's hand,  
Who will worthily carve on Fame's fair scroll  
The deathless epic of No Man's Land?

*Lieutenant Jack Turner, M.C.*

## OVER THE WALL.

THE shells are screaming over our heads,  
And the guns are roaring to beat the band,  
They're having a merry hell of a time  
On the other border of No Man's Land;  
But through the rush and the roar and the reck  
A message drops on the waiting ear,  
And the shrieking shrapnel and roaring guns  
Bring tidings of comfort and hearty cheer.  
"Look to your bayonet and see to your bombs,  
Be sure that your rifle is working right,  
We've lain in the mud for a long, long while,  
But we're going over the wall to-night."

The parapet's smashed to a shapeless mass,  
And the wire is hanging in tattered strings,  
The guns have the range to a split frog's hair,  
And they sure are making a mess of things,  
The sandbags soar like the mounting lark,  
And the armoured dug-outs are pounded flat,  
That shattered wood was a gun-base once,  
But the nine-point-twos put an end to that.  
Just let the artillery clear the way,  
You can bet your boots that they'll do it right,  
There'll be mighty little to hold us up,  
When we go over the wall to-night.

Eighteen-pounder and nine-point-two;  
Fifteen-inch and seventy-five,  
Paving the path where the bayonets go,  
Blazing the trail for another drive.

The shrapnel drips like a driving ram,  
The H.E.'s batter at every bay,  
And Fritz is down in his dug-outs deep,  
Thirty feet in the stubborn clay.  
Dig your deepest and burrow your best,  
We'll dig you out with the bayonet bright,  
You'll find six fathoms is none too deep,  
When we go over the wall to-night.

The Sergeant-Major's round with the rum—  
The bombers are loosening up their pins,  
The captain's got his eye on his watch,  
Two minutes more and the show begins.  
Brace your feet on the firing step,  
Ready to jump when the whistles blow,  
Think of the weary months in the mud,  
Of the boys "gone West" that we used to know.  
We've quite a score to settle with Fritz,  
But we'll pay up our debts in full, and write  
"Paid" at the foot of the long account,  
When we go over the wall to-night.

The Captain's whistle's between his teeth  
And the guns lift on to the second line;  
The whistle shrieks and away we go,  
'Cross the narrow strip where the bullets whine,  
Splashing thro' cess-pools of stinking slime,  
Stumbling through mud that is foul and deep,  
Over that shell-pocked No Man's Land,  
As wolves swoop down on the cowering sheep.

The shrapnel's tearing gaps in the ranks,  
Lines wither away in the Maxim's blast,  
But who cares a curse for his life to-night?  
We're over the wall and away at last.

'Through the wire and down the trench,  
Stab and batter and shoot and thrust,  
Bomb and bayonet and rifle clubbed,  
Berserk mad with the battle lust.  
There's a few more acres of France set free,  
At the point of the bayonet we've pushed the line  
A few yards further along the way—  
The long red road to the rolling Rhine.  
We've given the Kaiser another push,  
To help him along to his final fall,  
And freedom and peace drew a step more near,  
When the boys were up and over the wall.

*Lieutenant Jack Turner, M.C.*

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### THE BATTLE OF LIEGE.

Now spake the Emperor to all his shining battle forces,  
To the Lancers, and the Rifles, to the Gunners and the  
Horses;—  
And his pride surged up within him as he saw their  
banners stream!—  
" 'Tis a twelve-day march to Paris, by the road our  
fathers travelled,  
And the prize is half an empire when the scarlet road's  
unravell'd— ,

Go you now across the border,  
God's decree and William's order—  
Climb the frowning Belgian ridges  
With your naked swords a gleam!  
Seize the City of the Bridges—  
Then get on, get on to Paris—  
To the jewelled streets of Paris—  
To the lovely woman, Paris, that has driven me to  
dream!"

A hundred thousand fighting men  
They climbed the frowning ridges,  
With their flaming swords drawn free  
And their pennants at their knee.  
They went up to their desire,  
To the City of the Bridges,  
With their naked brands outdrawn  
Like the lances of the dawn!  
In a swelling surf of fire.  
Crawling higher—higher—higher—  
Till they crumpled up and died  
Like a sudden wasted tide,  
And the thunder in their faces beat them down and  
flung them wide!

They had paid a thousand men,  
Yet they formed and came again,  
For they heard the silver bugles sounding challenge  
to their pride.  
And they rode with swords a gleam  
For the glory of a dream,  
And they stormed up to the cannon's mouth and  
withered there, and died. . . .

The daylight lay in ashes  
On the blackened western hill,  
And the dead were calm and still;  
But the Night was torn with gashes—  
Sudden ragged crimson gashes—  
And the siege-guns snarled and roared,  
With their flames thrust like a sword,  
And the tranquil moon came riding on the 'heaven's  
silver ford.

What a fearful world was there,  
Tangled in the cold moon's hair!  
Man and beast lay hurt and screaming,  
(Men must die when Kings are dreaming!)  
While within the harried town  
Mothers dragged their children down  
As the awful rain came screaming  
For the glory of a Crown!

So the Morning flung her cloak  
Through the hanging pall of smoke—  
Trimmed with red, it was, and dripping with a deep  
and angry stain!

And the Day came walking then  
Through a lane of murdered men,  
And her light fell down before her like a Cross upon  
the plain!

But the forts still crowned the height  
With a bitter iron crown!  
They had lived to flame and fight,  
They had lived to keep the Town!  
And they poured their havoc down  
All that day . . . and all that night. . . .

While four times their number came,  
Pawns that played a bloody game!—  
With a silver trumpeting,  
For the glory of the King,  
To the barriers of the thunder and the fury of the  
flame!

So they stormed the iron Hill,  
O'er the sleepers lying still,  
And their trumpets sang them forward through the  
dull succeeding dawns,  
But the thunder flung them wide,  
And they crumpled up and died,—  
They had waged the war of monarchs—and they died  
the death of pawns.

But the forts still stood. . . . Their breath  
Swept the foeman like a blade,  
Though ten thousand men were paid  
To the hungry purse of Death,  
Though the field was wet with blood,  
Still the bold defences stood,  
Stood!  
And the King came out with his bodyguard at the  
day's departing gleam—  
And the moon rode up behind the smoke and showed  
the King his dream.

*Dana Burnet.*

*The Outlook.*

FLEURETTE.

*The Wounded Canadian Speaks:*

My leg? It's off at the knee.  
Do I miss it? Well, some. You see  
I've had it since I was born;  
And lately a devilish corn.  
(I rather chuckle with glee  
To think how I've fooled that corn.)

But I'll hobble around all right.  
It isn't that, it's my face.  
Oh, I know I'm a hideous sight,  
Hardly a thing in place.  
Sort of gargoyle, you'd say.  
Nurse won't give me a glass,  
But I see the folks as they pass  
Shudder and turn away;  
Turn away in distress. . . .  
Mirror enough, I guess.

I'm gay! You bet I *am* gay.  
But I wasn't a while ago.  
If you'd seen me even to-day,  
The darnedest picture of woe,  
With this Caliban mug of mine,  
So ravaged and raw and red,  
'Turned to the wall—in fine  
Wishing that I was dead. . . .  
What has happened since then,  
Since I lay with my face to the wall,  
The most despairing of men!  
Listen! I'll tell you all.

That *poilu* across the way,  
With the shrapnel wound on his head,  
Has a sister: she came to-day  
To sit awhile by his bed.  
All morning I heard him fret:  
"Oh, when will she come, *Fleurette*?"

Then sudden, a joyous cry;  
The tripping of little feet;  
The softest, tenderest sigh;  
A voice so fresh and sweet;  
Clear as a silver bell,  
Fresh as the morning dews:  
"*C'est toi, c'est toi, Marcel!*  
*Mon frère, comme je suis heureuse!*"

So over the blanket's rim  
I raised my terrible face,  
And I saw—how I envied him!  
A girl of such delicate grace;  
Sixteen, all laughter and love;  
As gay as a linnet, and yet  
As tenderly sweet as a dove;  
Half woman, half child—*Fleurette*.

Then I turned to the wall again.  
(I was awfully blue, you see.)  
And I thought with a bitter pain:  
"Such visions are not for me."  
So there like a log I lay,  
All hidden, I thought, from view,  
When sudden I heard her say:  
"Ah! Who is that *malheureux*?"

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'Then briefly I heard him tell  
(However he came to know)  
How I'd smothered a bomb that fell  
Into the trench, and so  
None of my men were hit,  
Though it busted me up a bit.

Well, I didn't quiver an eye,  
And he chattered, and there she sat;  
And I fancied I heard her sigh—  
But I wouldn't just swear to that.  
And maybe she wasn't so bright,  
Though she talked in a merry strain,  
And I closed my eyes ever so tight,  
Yet I saw her ever so plain:  
Her dear little tilted nose,  
Her delicate, dimpled chin,  
Her mouth like a budding rose,  
And the glistening pearls within;  
Her eyes like the violet:  
Such a rare little queen—Fleurette.

And at last when she rose to go,  
The light was a little dim,  
And I ventured to peep, and so  
I saw her, graceful and slim,  
And she kissed him and kissed him, and oh  
How I envied and envied him!

So when she was gone I said,  
In rather a dreary voice,  
To him of the opposite bed:  
"Ah, friend, how you must rejoice!

But me, I'm a thing of dread.  
For me nevermore the bliss,  
The thrill of a woman's kiss."

Then I stopped, for lo! she was there,  
And a great light shone in her eyes.  
And me! I could only stare,  
I was taken so by surprise.  
When gently she bent her head:  
"May I kiss you, sergeant?" she said.

Then she kissed my burning lips,  
With her mouth like a scented flower.  
And I thrilled to the finger-tips.  
And I hadn't even the power  
To say: "God bless you, dear!"  
And I felt such a precious tear  
Fall on my withered cheek,  
And darn it! I couldn't speak.  
And so she went sadly away,  
And I know that my eyes were wet.  
Ah, not to my dying day  
Will I forget, forget!  
Can you wonder now I am gay?  
God bless her, that little Fleurette!

*Robert W. Service.*

## THE DESERTER.

(From the Ukrainian of Fedkovich.)

Oi! he sat at the table, 'neath the lamp to see better—  
'Twas written so finely, like snow was the letter.  
(So fine and like snow!) Then he bowed down his  
head there,

A-thinking so sadly of what she had said there:

“Oi! the dear little mother! She always keeps saying  
That the winter is heavy, cold on her 'tis weighing.  
There is no one—is no one—to cut up her wood now!  
Her son is the Emperor's—O that he could now!”

And he leaped like a flame, took the skies like a  
swallow.

Not so swift was the wind which must follow, must  
follow!

To his little old mother flew, winged with desire,  
To cut up her wood and to build up her fire.

*Florence Randal Livesay*

(Author of “Songs of Ukraine,” Dent, 1916.)

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## THE SOUND OF THE CRYING.

“—The soldiers were being mobilized, and at every turn-  
ing women were sobbing . . . but it seemed to me the  
earth herself was crying, so gently, so sadly that my own  
heart ached.”—*Stephen Graham, in The Times.*

“DID you hear the earth crying?  
Co—m! Co—m! Co—m! . . .”

I have heard that strange crying,  
Lament for the dying  
Who march to the tomb.

Perchance it was sobbing  
Of women; men robbing  
Small homes of their light.  
"Co—m! Co—m! Co—n!"  
One hears it at night.

O were it the human,  
Sad earth, or sad woman  
It rings in my ears.  
"Co—m! Co—m! Co—m!"  
The rain of the tears.

*Florence Randal Livesay.*

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### THE ANXIOUS DEAD.

O GUNS, fall silent till the dead men hear  
Above their heads the legions pressing on!  
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear  
And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see  
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar!  
Then let your mighty chorus witness be  
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call;  
That we have sworn and will not turn aside;  
That we will onward till we win or fall;  
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,  
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep—  
Shall greet in wonderment the quiet dawn,  
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

*Lt.-Col. John McCrae.*

*The Spectator.*

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IN MEMORY OF LT.-COL. JOHN McCRAE.

ACROSS the fields of Flanders  
The snow lies as a pall,  
And moaning o'er the wasted land,  
The winds arise and fall;  
But he, who sang in Flanders fields,  
Has passed beyond their call.

The spring will come to Flanders,  
And poppies bloom again—  
As when he marked them sentinel  
Upon the cross-strewn plain,  
And they will breathe of love and life  
Triumphant over pain.

And when we dream of Flanders—  
Torn land of griefs and fears—  
We shall recall his memory  
Through all the coming years;  
When silence broods o'er Flanders fields,  
And peace enshrines our tears.

*Stella M. Bainbridge.*

*The University Magazine.*

## COUNTRY OF MINE.

COUNTRY of mine that gave me birth,  
Land of the maple and the pine,  
What richer gift has this round earth  
Than these fair fruitful fields of thine?  
Like sheets of gold thy harvests run,  
Glowing beneath the August sun;  
Thy white peaks soar,  
Thy cataracts roar,  
Thy forests stretch from shore to shore;  
Untamed thy Northern prairies lie  
Under an open, boundless sky;  
Yet one thing more our hearts implore—  
That greatness may not pass thee by!

Thy sons have proved them of the breed  
Their gallant British fathers were,  
They sprang to arms at Britain's need  
Young lions truly bred of her;  
Their faces glowed with inner light,  
As rank by rank they swept from sight:  
With hearts aflame  
They stemmed the shame,  
And met the hordes that ruthless came;  
Dying, they whispered still thy name—  
O Canada, wilt thou deny  
The prayer of these who dared to die,  
And let true greatness pass thee by?

“ Prosperity, prosperity ”!—  
’Twas not for this they took the sword,  
The ensign of thy destiny  
Unfurled for them a deeper word;  
In tears and blood they paid the price,  
And thou art pledged in sacrifice;  
Oh, not in vain  
The loss, the pain,  
If thou dost mourn thy mighty slain  
In hearts forsworn of greed and gain,  
In hearts that bowed and broken cry  
For light and guidance from on high,  
That greatness may not pass us by!

*Helena Coleman.*

From “ Marching Men.” J. M. Dent & Sons, Toronto.

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### WHAT DID YOU SEE OUT THERE, MY LAD?

WHAT did you see out there, my lad,  
That has set that look in your eyes?  
You went out a boy, you have come back a man,  
With strange new depths underneath your tan;  
What was it you saw out there, my lad,  
That set such deeps in your eyes?

“ Strange things,—and sad,—and wonderful,—  
Things that I scarce can tell,—  
I have been in the sweep of the Reaper’s scythe,—  
With God,—and Christ,—and hell.

"I have seen Christ doing Christly deeds;  
I have seen the devil at play;  
I have grimped to the sod in the hand of God,  
I have seen the Godless pray.

"I have seen Death blast out suddenly  
From a clear blue summer sky;  
I have slain like Cain with a blazing brain,  
I have heard the wounded cry.

"I have lain alone among the dead,  
With no hope but to die;  
I have seen them killing the wounded ones,  
I have seen them crucify.

"I have seen the Devil in petticoats  
Wiling the souls of men;  
I have seen great sinners do great deeds,  
And turn to their sins again.

"I have sped through hells of fiery hail,  
With fell red-fury shod;  
I have heard the whisper of a voice,  
I have looked in the face of God."

You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,  
You have met God in the ways:  
And no man looks into His face  
But he feels it all his days.  
You've a right to your deep, high look, my lad,  
And we thank Him for His grace.

*John Oxenham.*

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Methuen & Co.

## THE HELL-GATE OF SOISSONS.

My name is Darino, the poet. You have heard? *Oui, Comédie Française.*

Perchance it has happened, *mon ami*, you know of my unworthy lays.

Ah, then you must guess how my fingers are itching to talk to a pen;

For I was at Soissons, and saw it, the death of the twelve Englishmen.

My leg, *malheureusement*, I left it behind on the banks of the Aisne.

Regret? I would pay with the other to witness their valour again.

A trifle, indeed, I assure you, to give for the honour to tell

How that handful of British, undaunted, went into the Gateway of Hell.

Let me draw you a plan of the battle. Here we French and your Engineers stood;

Over there a detachment of German sharpshooters lay hid in a wood.

A *mitrailleuse* battery planted on top of this well-chosen ridge

Held the road for the Prussians and covered the direct approach to the bridge.

It was madness to dare the dense murder that spewed from those ghastly machines.

(Only those who have danced to its music can know what the *mitrailleuse* means.)

But the bridge on the Aisne was a menace; our safety  
demanded its fall:  
"Engineers,—volunteers!" In a body, the Royals  
stood out at the call.

Death at best was the fate of that mission—to their  
glory not one was dismayed.  
A party was chosen—and seven survived till the  
powder was laid.  
And *they* died with their fuses unlighted. Another  
detachment! Again  
A sortie is made—all too vainly. The bridge still  
commanded the Aisne.

We were fighting two foes—Time and Prussia—the  
moments were worth more than troops.  
We must blow up the bridge. A lone soldier darts  
out from the Royals and swoops  
For the fuse! Fate seems with us. We cheer him;  
                  answers—our hopes are reborn!  
A ba. . . his visor—his khaki shows red where  
                  another has torn.

Will he live—will he last—will he make it? *Hélas!*  
And so near to the goal!  
A second, he dies! Then a third one! A fourth!  
Still the Germans take toll!  
A fifth, *magnifique!* It is magic! How does he  
                  save them? He may. . . .  
Yes, he *does!* See, the match flares! A rifle rings  
                  out from the wood and says "Nay!"

Six, seven, eight, nine take their places; six, seven,  
eight, nine brave their hail;  
Six, seven, eight, nine—how we count them! But the  
sixth, seventh, eighth, and ninth fail!  
A tenth. *Sacré nom!* But these English are soldiers  
—they know how to try;  
(He fumbles the place where his jaw was)—they  
show, too, how heroes can die.

Ten we count—ten who ventured unquailing—ten  
there were—and ten are no more!  
Yet another salutes and superbly essays where the ten  
failed before.  
God of Battles, look down and protect him! Lord,  
his heart is as Thine—let him live!  
But the *mitrailleuse* splutters and stutters, and riddles  
him into a sieve.

Then I thought of my sins, and sat waiting the charge  
that we could not withstand.  
And I thought of my beautiful Paris, and gave a last  
look at the land,  
At France, my *belle France*, in her glory of blue sky  
and green field and wood.  
Death with honour, but never surrender. And to die  
with such men—it was good.

They are forming—the bugles are blaring—they will  
cross in a moment and then . . .  
When out of the line of the Royals (your island, *mon  
ami*, breeds men)

Burst a private, a tawny-haired giant—it was hopeless,  
but, *ciel!* how he ran!  
*Bon Dieu*, please remember the pattern, and make  
many more on his plan!

No cheers from our ranks, and the Germans, they  
halted in wonderment, too;  
See, he reaches the bridge; ah! he lights it! I am  
dreaming, it *cannot* be true.  
Screams of rage! *Fusillade!* They have killed him!  
Too late, though, the good work is done.  
By the valour of twelve English martyrs, the Hell-Gate  
of Soissons is won!

*Herbert Kaufman.*

T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd.

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### CASUALTY LISTS.

SAD beyond words? Yea, words have found an  
ending.  
Comes music now, and the diviner strife  
Of note on note, like flame on flame ascending  
Towards the crown of life.

Waste beyond count? Who then shall count or weigh  
them,  
Call down the darkness, bid the splendour close?  
Pain could not break their youth nor hatred slay  
them,  
Who triumph with the rose.

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.*

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### 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.

For those who suffer Death in Life,  
Lord God of Hosts, we pray,  
If theirs be the Sum of Sacrifice,  
Grant us the Right to Pay.

Out there, where'er they be,—  
Wasting with fever by some southern sea,—  
Braving the heights where mind and senses reel,  
Death's icy fingers clutching at the wheel—  
Finding at last, unsought, the Great Reward,  
They lay their manhood on thine altar, Lord.

For all who suffer and starve and die,  
That Honour and Truth may live,  
Shatter our self-complacence, Lord,  
And teach us How to Give.

*Elsbeth Honeyman.*

*New York Times.*

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## RESULT OF GREAT (BLANK-DASH) ATTACK

(From our own Expert at the back.)

(SUBMITTED to the Press Bureau,  
Who will not swear it's true, although  
They do not think its publication  
Will jeopardise the British nation.)

A TOWN IN EUROPE,  
(Blank) o'clock,  
November (dash).

A fearful shock  
Of arms occurred at (blank) to-day,  
And I'm at liberty to say  
That the result was (blank-dash-blank),  
For which we have the (blanks) to thank.  
The whole (dash) Corps of (censored) Huns,  
Supported by (omitted) guns,  
Advanced at daylight, and were faced  
By (here a passage is erased),  
Who held a very strong position  
Resting upon (a long omission).  
The (blanks) were able to advance  
And occupy (a town in France) ;  
But presently the (blank) Division  
Attacked the trenches of (excision),  
And soon (blank-blank) and then (dash-dash),  
(Dash-blank, dash-blank) a fearful crash  
(A paragraph omitted here),  
As a result of which it's clear  
That further efforts will (the rest  
Of the report has been suppressed).

*Horace Wyatt.*

From "Malice in Kulturland."



