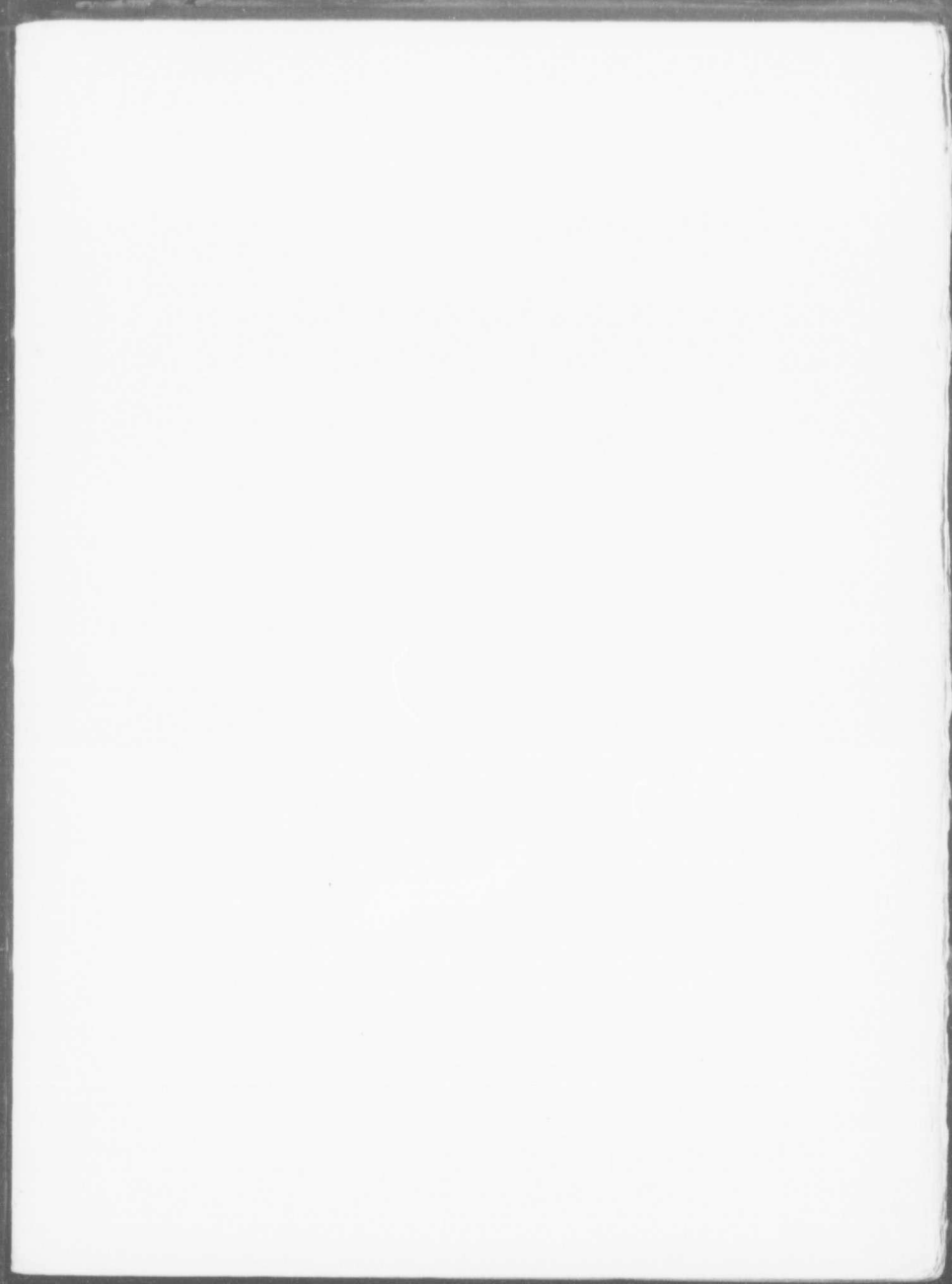
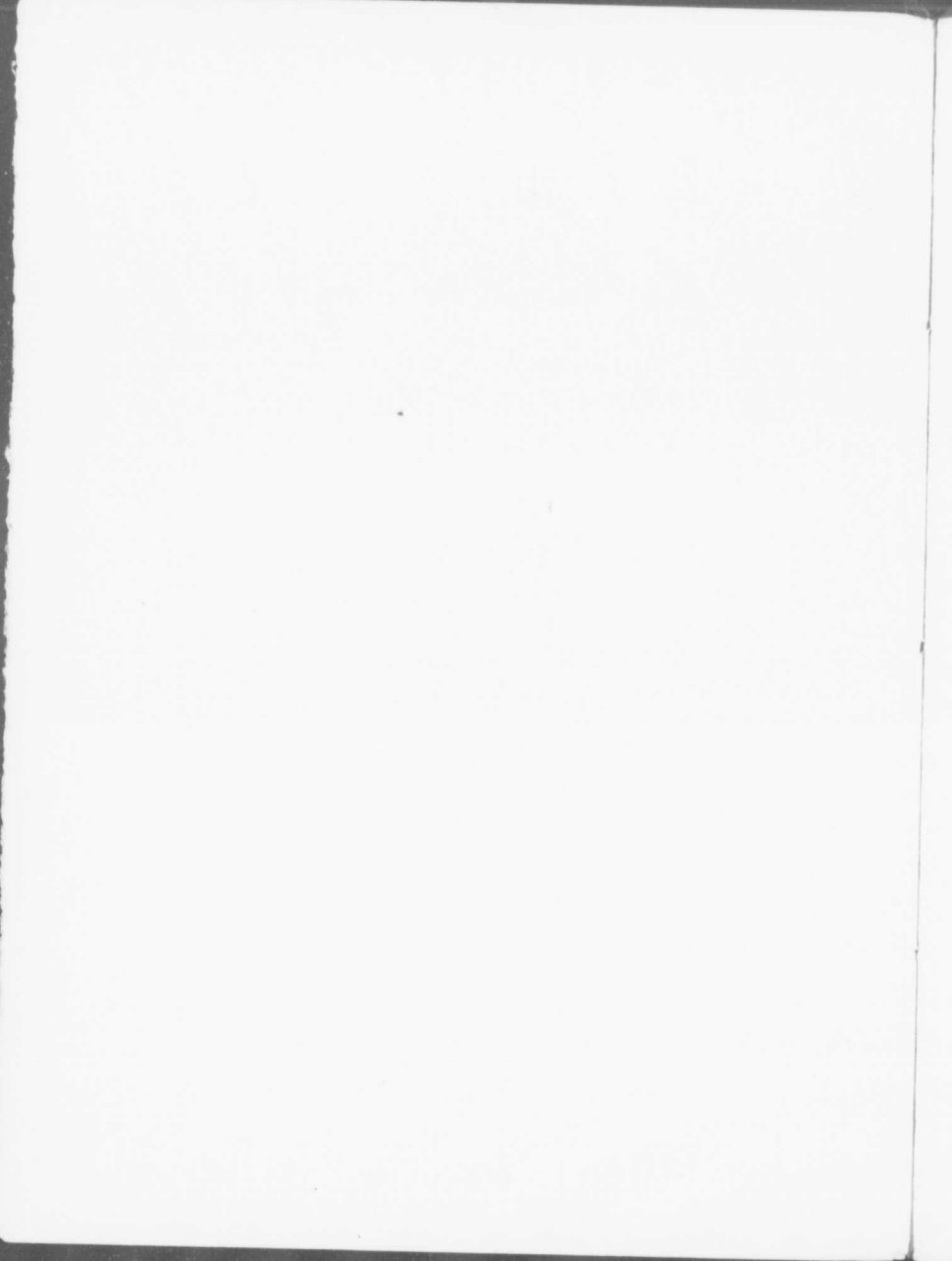


The Man of the Marne
and Other Poems
by B. C. and M. P. K.

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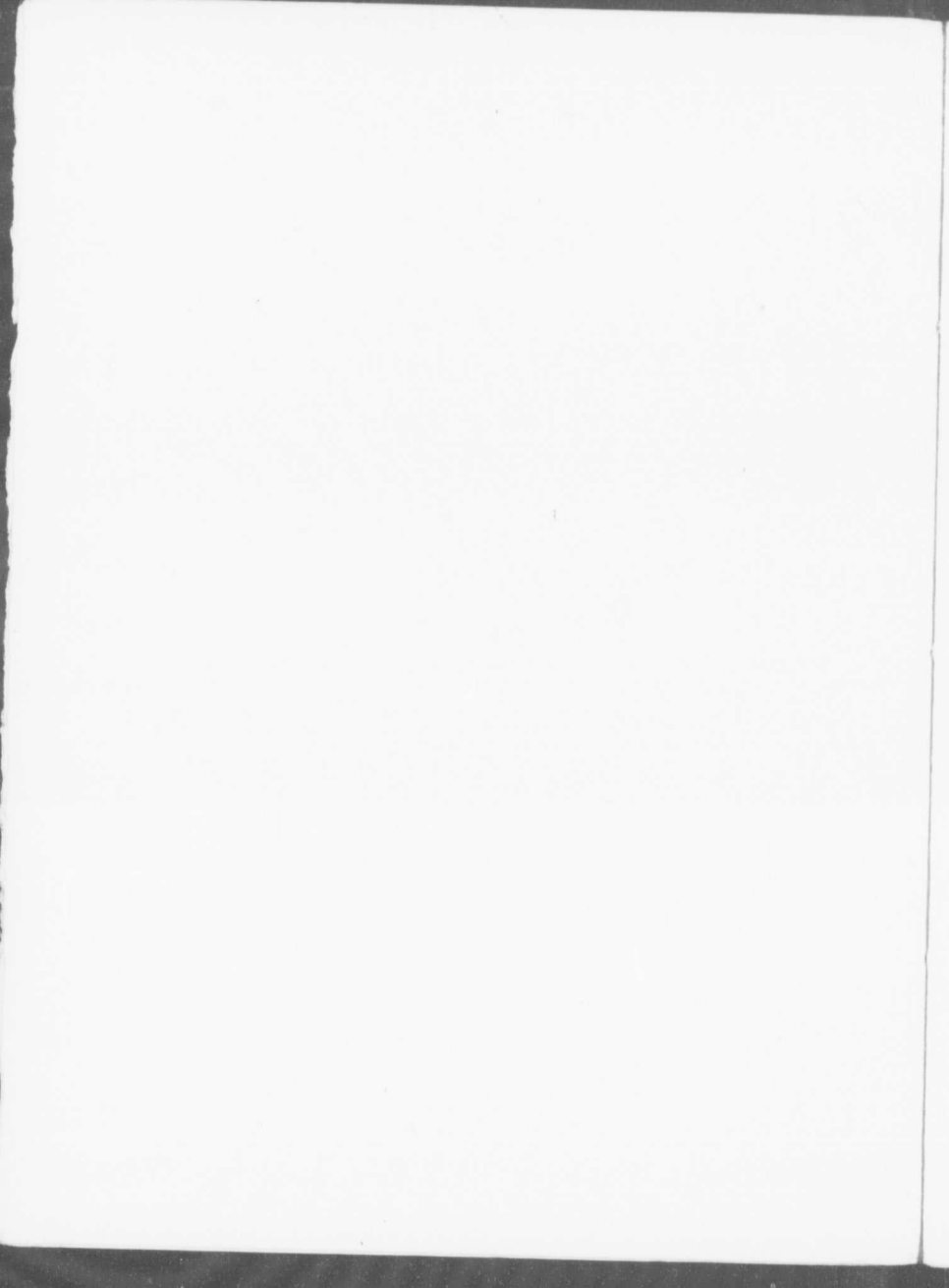
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TO
Sergeant H. P. Macgowan
A. E. F., France

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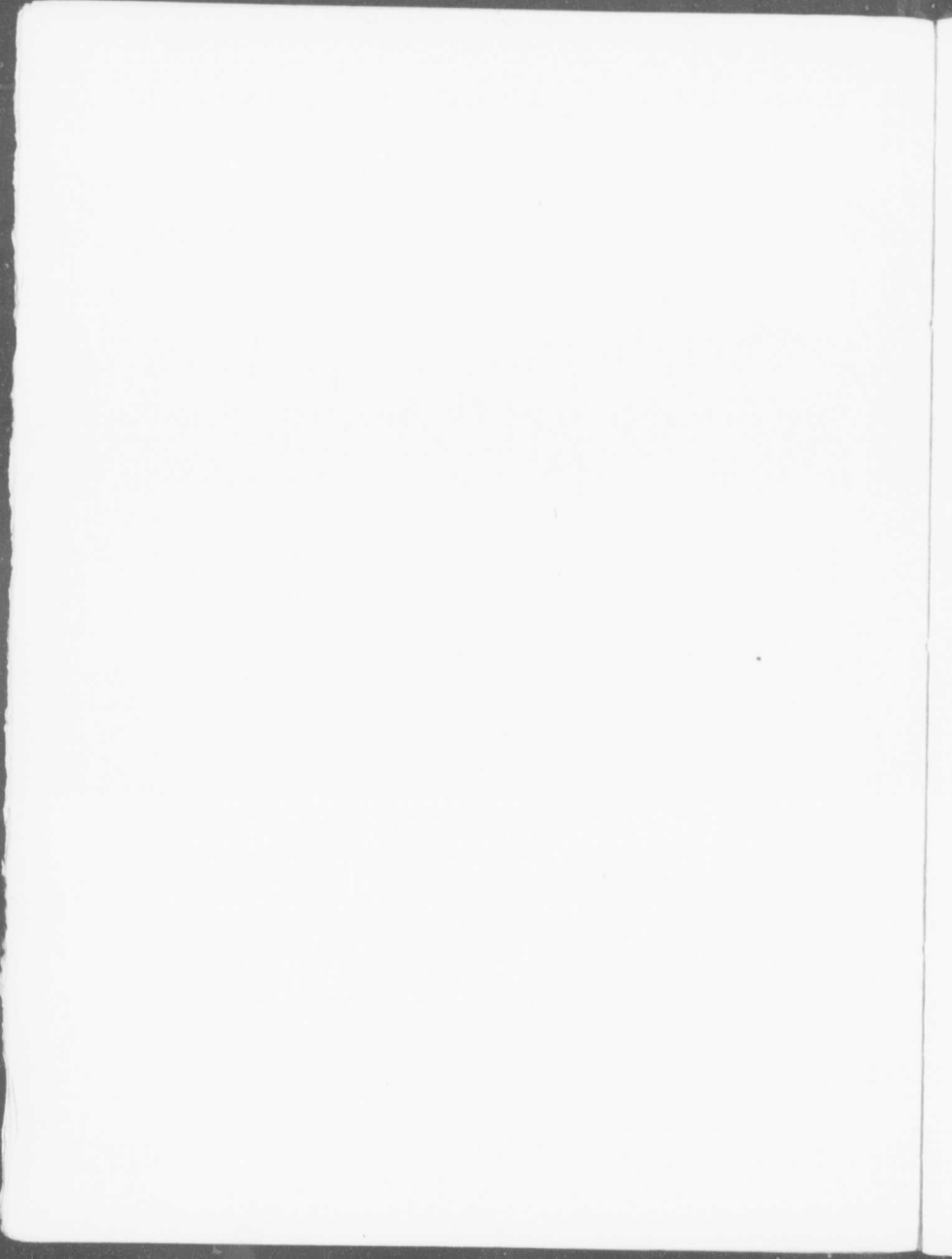
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THE MAN OF THE MARNE

THE gray battalions were driving down
Like snow from the North on Paris
Town.

Dread and panic were in the air,
The fate of empires hung by a hair.
With the world in the balance, what shall de-
cide?

How stem the sweep of the conquering tide?
God of Justice, be not far
In this our hour of holy war!
In one man's valor, where all were men,
The strength of a people was gathered then.
"My right is weakened, my left is thin,
My center is almost driven in,"—
The soul of a patriot spoke through the hush,—
"I shall advance!" said General Foch.

Forth from Paris to meet the storm
They rushed like bees in an angry swarm.
By motor and lorry and truck they came
Swift as the wind and fierce as flame.
Papa Joffre knew the trick
Of stinging hot and hard and quick.
Not for ambition and not for pride,
For France they fought, for France they died,
Striking the blow of the Marne that hurled
The barbarians back and saved the world.
The German against that hope forlorn
Broke his drive like a crumpled horn.
Their right was weakened, their left was thin,
Their center was almost driven in,
When the tide of battle turned with a rush;
For France was there—and Ferdinand Foch.

Not since Garibaldi's stroke
Freed his land from the Austrian yoke,
And Italy after a thousand years
Walked in beauty among her peers;
Not since Nelson followed the star
Of Freedom to triumph at Trafalgar
On the tossing floor of the Western seas;
No, not since Miltiades
Fronted the Persian hosts and won
Against the tyrant at Marathon,
Has a greater defender of liberty
Stood and struck for the cause, than he
Whose right was weakened, whose left was
 thin,
Whose center was almost driven in,
But whose iron courage no fate could crush
Nor hinder. "I shall advance!" said Foch.

We who are left to carry the fray
For civilization on today,
The war of the angels for goodly right
Against the devil of brutish might,—
The war for manhood, mercy, and love,
And peace with honor all price above,—
What shall we answer, how prepare
For Destiny's challenge, Who goes there?
And pass with the willing and worthy to give
Life, that freedom and faith may live?
When promise and patience are wearing thin,
When endurance is almost driven in,
When our angels stand in a waiting hush,
Remember the Marne, and Ferdinand Foch!

REINFORCEMENTS

STAND fast, our Allies! Hand in hand,
A bleeding but exultant band,
Each for his own beloved land,
And all for Liberty, we stand.

Majestic England, glorious France,
Belgium, who led the brave advance,
And all the knighthood of romance,
Have summoned our uncovered lance.

The weal or woe of Home and Right,—
The threat of Darkness over Light,—
The need to hold the Truth with Might,—
These are the watchwords of the fight.

From town and country, field and mart,
We come with pride to bear our part.
In every breast the bugles start
The fanfare of the high in heart.

To serve by land or sea or air,
With any weapons, any wear,
Take but our manhood strength, and where
The fight is thickest—put us there!

THE WAR CRY OF THE EAGLES

I.

TECUMSEH of the Shawnees
He dreamed a noble dream,—
A league to hold their freedom old
And make their peace supreme.
He drew the tribes together
And bound them to maintain
Their sacred pact to stand and act
For common good and gain.

II.

The eagles taught Tecumseh
The secret of their clan,—
A way to keep o'er plain and steep
The liberty of Man.
The champions of freedom
They may not weary soon,
Nor lay aside in foolish pride
The vigilance of noon.

Those teachers of Tecumseh
Were up to meet the dawn,
To scan the light and hold the height
Till the last light was gone.
Like specks upon the azure,
Their guards patrolled the sky,
To mount and plain and soar again
And give the warning cry.

They watched for lurking perils,
The death that skulks and crawls,
To take by stealth their only wealth
On wind-swept mountain walls.
They did not trust the shadows
That sleep upon the hill;
Where menace hid, where cunning slid,
They struck—and struck to kill.

Through lonely space unmeasured
They laid their sentry rings,
Till every brood in eyrie rude
Was shadowed by their wings.
Tecumseh watched the eagles
In summer o'er the plain,
And learned their cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain."

III.

The vision of Tecumseh,
It could not long endure;
He lacked the might to back the right
And make his purpose sure.
Tecumseh and his people
Are gone; they could not hold
Their league for good; their brotherhood
Is but a tale that's told.

IV.

The eagles of Tecumseh
Still hold their lofty flight,
And guard their own on outposts lone,
Across the fields of light.
They hold their valiant instinct
And know their right of birth,
They do not cede their pride of breed
For things of little worth.

THE WAR CRY OF THE EAGLES

They see on earth below them,
Where time is but a breath,
Another race brought face to face
With liberty or death.
Above a thousand cities
A new day is unfurled,
And still on high those watchers cry
Their challenge o'er the world.

Where patriots are marching
And battle flags are borne,
To South and North their cry goes forth
To rally and to warn.
From border unto border,
They wheel and cry again
That master cry, "If freedom die,
Ye will have lived in vain!"

HYMN OF FREEDOM

UNFURL the flag of Freedom,
Fling far the bugle blast!
There comes a sound of marching
From out the mighty past.
Let every ^{hill}peak and ^{hollow}valley
Take up the valiant cry,
Where, beautiful as morning,
Our banner cuts the sky.

HYMN OF FREEDOM

Free-born to peace and justice,
We stand to guard and save
The liberty of manhood,
The faith our fathers gave.
Then soar aloft, Old Glory,
And tell the waiting breeze
No law but Right and Mercy
Shall rule the Seven Seas.

No hate is in our anger,
No vengeance in our wrath;
We hold the line of freedom
Across the tyrant's path.
Where'er oppression vaunteth
We loose the sword once more,
To stay the feet of conquest,
And pray an end of war.

THE RED CROSS

WHEN we were all unready
To meet the moment's needs
And back our faith in freedom
With the argument of deeds,
Benumbed by indecision
And fettered by delay,—
One army, trained and fitted,
Was equal to the day.

Against the Dark Destroyer
Their loyal legions moved,
To stand by our defenders
With succor tried and proved.
To stay the hosts of horror
With neither sword nor shield,
To hold the line of mercy
The Red Cross took the field.

Equipped and understanding,
And prompt because they cared,
They moved to instant action,
Beneficent, prepared.
They did not take their orders
From an ancient war machine;
They packed their grips and started,
Efficient and serene.

With common business methods
They put the business through,
And stayed not to consider
What Noah used to do.
They dealt with life, not visions;
Their errand could not wait
On the pleasure of officials
In impotent debate.

They did not seek omniscience
Before they fought disease,
Nor plan the perfect cruiser
Before they crossed the seas.
At the first note of anguish
Their human hearts gave heed,
And sped them to the rescue
According to their creed.

They stood by starving Belgium,
And solaced stricken France.
Their ensign was a target
With every dread advance.
When, snared by plotted panic,
Italian strength gave way,
They rushed to meet the danger
And helped to save the day.

No doubt betrays their courage,
No selfishness restrains;
They go to serve and hearten
As pity still ordains.
They take the chance of battle,
They draw the fire of hate,
And win the modest glory
Which is their high estate.

IN THE DAY OF BATTLE

IN the day of battle,
In the night of dread,
Let one hymn be lifted,
Let one prayer be said.

Not for pride of conquest,
Not for vengeance wrought,
Nor for peace and safety
With dishonor bought!

IN THE DAY OF BATTLE

Praise for faith in freedom,
Our fighting fathers' stay,
Born of dreams and daring,
Bred above dismay.

Prayer for cloudless vision
And the valiant hand,
That the right may triumph
To the last demand.

THE MEN
OF THE GREAT TRIUNE

Written at the request of the Y. M. C. A.

UP to the front line trenches
Where the brunt of the fighting falls,
And back to the last cantonment
When the summoning bugle calls,
Wherever there's need of a brother
To carry the fighting tune,
In the war of men and angels,—
Go the men of the Great Triune.

THE MEN OF THE GREAT TRIUNE

To war with the darkling powers,
Courageous and clean they go.
They carry no arms in the battle,
But the things that count they know.
They know when a word is in season,
When a friendly hand is a boon,—
To serve and be glad in the serving
Is the creed of the Great Triune.

On the sands of the blazing desert,
On the pass of relentless snows,
Wherever in quest of freedom
The trail of humanity goes,
There's never a post too lonely,
There's never a time too soon,
Nor ever a task too daunting
For the heart of the Great Triune.

In the name of the Master of Manhood,
Who taught that man is divine
Spirit and mind and body,
They hold the supporting line.
Till the world that sits in darkness
Shall walk in the light of noon,
They will wear the triple chevron,
Defending their faith triune.

Faith in the far-off vision,
The truth of the mystic plan,
Where love and reason and valor
Meet in the perfect man.
On the Road of the Marching Morrows,
Through the wake of a waning moon,
Come up with the Sons of Morning
The men of the Great Triune.

PRAYERS TO THE
ARCHANGELS

I.

RAPHAEL, angel of love,
Lord of the morning star,—
Splendor all proof above,
Glory beheld afar,—

Shine as thou didst of old
Through the dark of the Syrian night,
For longing eyes to behold
Thy promise and portent of light.

Over our trail in the dust,
Lead through the darkness still
To the waiting world of our trust
Beyond the cross-sown hill.

Kindle our hearts with fire
As the peaks are kindled with morn,
And quicken our steps to aspire
As spring through the earth is born.

II.

GABRIEL, giver of knowledge,
Master of reason and thought,
Leader in ways of wisdom
For the wayward and untaught;
When through the many voices,—
The rote of the sea and the rain,
The whispering snow and the thunder,
And the ancient wind's refrain,—

The Unknown speaks to mortals
And the eager Soul gives ear,
Grant thou the understanding
That shall make the meaning clear.

Open our eyes to glory
As only a seraph can,
And teach us the angel's measure
Of the stature and freedom of man.

III.

GREAT Michael of the flaming sword,
Unfearing, swift and strong,
Thou art the doer of the word,
The conqueror of wrong.
Of no avail were all the light
And love of Raphael,
If thou wert not at hand to smite
Traitor and infidel.

And hope would not survive the hour
Of Gabriel's "All hail!"
Save by thy pure unflinching power
To make the truth prevail.

Then, Michael, give us grace to stand
Where still thy sword-flash gleams,
And love accepts thy stern command—
To win the world for dreams.

