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# POEMS OF ARMAGEDDON

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By  
*A. M. W. and E. P. F.*

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**ℒ** Profits from the sale of this book will be donated  
to the Belgian Relief Fund.



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*By*

*A. M. W. and E. P. F.*

*Alice M. Winlow and E. P. Feuster*

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WELL DONE, BELGIUM

O, PEOPLE of the Belgian land,  
E'en as ye met great Caesar's hosts  
So now ye meet the Hun.  
Fronting his horrid swarms ye stand  
Undaunted, and the world watching thee  
Is dumb from all her coasts,  
Knowing thy deeds beyond word praise,  
Thy great example all earth's heritage.  
Now shall the future days  
One sentence shout unceasingly:  
"O, ye brave folk, well done!"



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I

BEFORE BATTLE

**T**HE Battle opens and the dreadful guns  
Thunder their hymn of praises unto Death.  
O, Lord, who fill'st our bodies with sweet breath,  
Uphold us now War's shuddering whisper runs!

We who have faced the conflict in past years  
Again forsake the plowshare for the sword;  
The bended bow has sent the gath'ring word—  
Bless now our courage and forgive our fears.

One moment may we watch the low'ring night  
And turn still faces to the coming foe;  
Thus without faltering shall our legions go  
And earth storm fighting through the waning light.

Now sets dread Armegeddon that Thy Word  
Warned us of old. Pour out Thy vials of wrath  
And we will tread once more the awful path—  
Then give us peace forever, O, just Lord!

E. P. F.

II

GREATER BRITAIN

**P**ROUDLY she looms above the storm,  
Throned on the three grey seas,  
And flings to the unseen rims of earth  
Her clear-called challenges.

Will ye fight, my sons, for your old loved home,  
For freedom, honor and ancient throne—  
Or go I down to the war alone?

And the storm of her wrath black gathering  
Spread whimpering around her knees,  
And the sound of her vanguards marching  
Came in on the three grey seas.

She listens. There comes far thunder,  
The answering cry of men,  
The rushing trample of many feet  
And the words come back again:

Thy war is our war wherever it be,  
Thy foes are our foes on land or sea,  
And where thou smitest we smite with thee!

And the storm of their wrath swift gathering  
Spread thundering about her knees,  
And the noise of coming armies  
Swept in from the distant seas.

Proudly her ancient throne she leaves,  
Girt safe by the three grey seas,  
And leads to war her far-fetched spears,  
Her children's legionaries.

They have come to fight for the old loved home,  
For freedom, honor and ancient throne—  
She goes no more to a war alone.

And the storm of their black wrath gathers,  
It thunders around the world,  
And terror and death and wild dismay  
In the ranks of their foe is hurled.  
For they fight for truth and the rights of men  
And blood-won liberties,  
For their old, old home, and their ancient throne,  
Rock-set in the three grey seas!

E. P. F.

III

O CANADA, BELOVED LAND!

O CANADA, beloved land!  
A spirit hovers over thee—  
On her brow the dawn for band,  
In her eyes the deeps of sea.  
Her garments from thy golden grain  
Borrow for futurity  
A fadeless sheen. No cloud shall stain  
Thy liberty.

O Canada, thy soul shall rise  
Enshackled only by the stars  
To loftier heights. O, turn thine eyes  
To her that from the throes of War's  
Dread tumult hovers over thee:  
In her eyes doth burn the flame  
Of love—Britannia is her name,  
Or Liberty.

O Canada, the breath of war  
But fans the torch in thy right hand;  
Its flame leaps up and lights afar  
Thy peopled plain and fruitful land;  
It shows thy glorious destiny  
Upon the brow of her whose claim  
Is love—Britannia is her name,  
Or Liberty!

A. M. W.

IV

LET US REJOICE

**N**OW flares the writhing battle on the distant  
plain—

The coughing guns are speaking and the maddened  
echoes groan—

Let us not forget in our sorrow and our pain  
That we rejoice together though we weep alone!

Though to our anxious ears the fated message come  
And death-dropt silence mantles cot, or mart, or  
throne,

Yet if red victory fling our banners to the sun  
We will rejoice together though we weep alone!

With love that quails not at the silence of the years,  
With love not measured by the broken, stifled moan,  
Though in blood-bought quiet we shed our bitter  
tears,

We will rejoice together though we weep alone!

Fear not, brave dead, who sleep beneath the smok-  
ing sky—

The world shall see us smiling, nor catch a coward  
tone.

Be stern, O, trembling lip; shout, tongue, thy  
proudest cry,

We will rejoice together though we weep alone!

E. P. F.

V

MY RIFLE

**P**ROUD and cold are thy lips,  
     O, my Belovèd,  
 And they who receive thy kiss go down in death.  
 I clasp thee about thy moulded hips,

    O, my Belovèd,  
 And love thee much but shun thy terrible breath.

And sullen is thy heart,  
     O, my Belovèd,  
 Yet they who trust thee well know no defeat.

Harsh and chilling thou wilt do thy part,  
     O, my Belovèd—  
 Thy front is death and deadly thy retreat.

Straight and slim thy waist,  
     O, my Belovèd,  
 And fair thy body is, thy spirit brave;  
 Yet they who have thy love embraced,  
     O, my Belovèd,  
 Pass silent to the all-devouring grave.

Cruel thy passion lights,  
     O, my Belovèd.  
 When its hot tide doth well within thy breast  
 Its fierce fire the trembling victim blights,  
     O, my Belovèd,  
 The grave's full mouth thy wooings manifest.

Thy soul doth thirst for blood,  
     O, my Belovèd,  
 Life where thou reignest swift withereth away;  
 Yet thy shade is safety, O, thou Bride of Death,  
     And my Belovèd,  
 And only where ye pass may peace hold sway.

E. P. F.

VI

POLAND

O THOU belovèd land whose lute has caught  
Immortal music from the crystal spheres!  
Thy freedom now absolves the tyrant years  
Wherein thy prisoned spirit weeping fought  
For liberty; thy mighty soul distraught  
Has voiced her woe in music to our ears,  
That cry has melted to a stream of tears  
And mingling with thy blood, thy freedom bought.  
Thine enemy unwittingly flung wide  
Time's noiseless gate, and like a rising tide  
The golden years come flooding through to bless  
And conjure joy for thy heart's heaviness.  
But through the golden mist an outcast prone  
Beneath the grinning framework of a throne!

A. M. W.

## VII

One of the incidents of Friday, when the fierce fighting was awful in its sacrifices, was widely recounted. A British infantry regiment, upon receiving an order to advance and take a German position, knelt for a moment in prayer. Then the men, knowing that their charge was to be terrible in cost, sprang to their feet, and with fixed bayonets clambered out of the shelter of the trench. In short and rapid rushes, they advanced in wide open order, alternately lying down and then making another dash of fifteen yards. From the German position came the thick hail of the machine guns. The attacking soldiers sang and hurraed as they swept onward. Many fell with cries of encouragement on their lips. Those who remained of the regiment took the German position, after a desperate hand-to-hand encounter.—Extract from "Daily Province," Vancouver, B. C.

### THE BRITISH CHARGE

"**W**E pray, we pray, O grant us Lord,  
Grant a glorious victory,  
The sword unsheathed for Liberty  
Lord bless now with Thy quick'ning word."

The breath that challenges is hot,  
The hail of guns like leaden rain  
Strews the field with soldiers slain,  
But ravished lands are not forgot;  
The tumult of their answer rends  
The heaven and with the thunder blends.

"Comrades, onward sweep the foe  
Before the hurricane of right!  
What matter if the darkening night  
Engulf us? Fearless let us go,  
Triumphant let our answer peal—  
To no tyrant free men kneel!"

Their answer rings and like a flame  
That seeking quenchless fire leaps  
Into the lightning flash—it sweeps  
Their arms to victory and fame!

A. M. W.

## VIII

### WAR

Europe:

“**W**HAT are those vast, grim shadows  
tumbling about the dawn?  
What are those red hands doing which fall as  
though to slay?  
There on the rims of morning phantoms of hell  
they twist—  
What that dreadful whisper that rises and dies  
away?”

Death:

“They are my mightiest chieftains called from the  
lower hells,  
Bred in the halls of madness where the blood-lust  
ruler dwells;  
Their hands are armed with slaughter and their  
feet are wet with tears,  
And pain blows from their nostrils and terrible  
fog of fears.”

Europe:

“What is that strange stubble strowed about my  
harvest fields?  
And what that sickening savor which comes adown  
the wind?  
What are those writhing smokeshafts that stab  
the growing day?  
From what red altars rise they? In whose dread  
temple shrined?”

Death:

“That whisper? The wail of children tangled and  
torn by shot.  
That whisper? Cry of a people seethed in the  
battle pot.  
The stubble be mangled bodies, morsels and shards  
of flesh—  
That smell? The gouting blood poured from the  
cut veins' tangled mesh.  
That smoke? From burning homes goes up and  
shroudeneth the skies—  
Murder and Hate the altar priests where flames  
that sacrifice.”



WAR—(Continued)

Europe:

"What are those lean dogs hunting, cloudy for  
multitude,  
Great packs that sweep along with rise and fall  
of the lea,  
Billowing into the startled dawn, flooding across  
the plain,  
Till hill and vale are grey with steel, touched dark  
as a wind-swept sea?"

Death:

"They are the hungry dogs of war hunting the flesh  
of earth—  
They are the makers of the slain." (Death  
laughed in awful mirth.)  
"They are the fruit of hate's swart lusts, the spawn  
of blood and steel;  
They are the violent hounds of strife that slaver  
about my heel."

Europe:

"What wine brims in that goblet red mantling on  
the sky—  
Thunder of white strained faces on which the gun-  
fires loom—  
That sound like millioned waters beating about  
my path?"

Death:

"Those maddened eyes? Earth's multitudes battling  
in the gloom.  
And that fierce beaker's drink which foams its  
sullen lights on high?  
Wine of the blood of nations, trod out in the press  
of Wrath."

Europe:

"Who is that hard-faced horseman who leads the  
demon band?"  
Death turned and answered grimly: "Today he  
is my right hand."

E. P. F.

IX

CANADA

**W**HENCE is that noise, O, Canada,  
(Not wind on thy ripened grain)  
Like the steady tramp of a growing host  
That rises from hill and plain?

There has come a call from across the sea,  
There has come a voice from the East,  
My sons have heard in the sunlit lands  
And they gather as to a feast.  
For our stern fair mother has called to us,  
Who bideth the ancient home,  
That the uncouth hordes have rushed to war,  
That the Goth hath dared our throne.

Whence those lines of brown-clad men  
That trickle across thy land,  
With steadfast face set towards the East,  
A rifle in each right hand?

There has come a voice from across the sea,  
There has come a call from the East,  
From the hills and plains we answer it—  
Our greatest and our least.  
For we felt a stir in our British blood  
That flushed like pride to our face,  
And we remembered by axe and plow  
That we come of a fighting race!

E. P. F.

X

LIEGE

**L**OVER of Liberty gaze on these walls,  
The shot and shell of tyranny are there,  
Before the stains and scars the eyelid falls,  
But deeper gaze into the wounds laid bare.

Through each quivering wound a spirit sighs,  
It is the soul of one who perished there  
That you might see the glorious sun arise  
In stainless skies at dawn and call it fair.

A. M. W.

XI

KITCHENER

**S**ILENT, sufficient, inflexible of will—  
The menace of the future in his eyes—  
Watching beyond the reach of our brief gaze  
The shadows gathering in to-morrow's skies.  
Stern, unsparing, keen, his iron hands  
Moulding a nation's destiny—today  
Wielding a trowel, to-morrow grasps a sword,  
Building to heaven or smiting to decay.

Before him inchoate the future looms  
Vast, threat'ning, yet he lays his hand on fate  
And forces her to bend to his strong word,  
Compels the unknown to precipitate,  
To crystallize, to form his great ideals.  
Before him human flesh dissolves. He sees  
Nothing between his soul and its high aim  
That shall not flee or bow to his decrees.

Lo, he has dreams—how great they are none know.  
Shrouded, inscrutable moveth that strong brain,  
Missing no jot, leaving no tittle bare,  
Spanning a desert, measuring a grain.  
Almost a god built out of human steel,  
Tempered in fire lit by some occult hand—  
He stands between the nations and their fear,  
And lo, his shade is safety for the land.

E. P. F.

## XII

(Bought with the proceeds of readings of "Les Chatiments" during the siege of Paris, 1870.)

"Thou deadly crater moulded by my muse  
Cast thou thy bronze into my bowed and wounded heart  
And let my soul its vengeance to thy bronze impart!"

### TO THE CANNON "VICTOR HUGO"

**T**HOU mighty crater, let thy silent bronze  
Awake to life! Again thy Paris stands  
With gleaming spires a lure to hostile bands,  
Again the flaming garb of war she dons,  
O, be thou then the living voice that cons  
The lesson of the Past, the voice that brands  
As tyrant, traitor with blood-fouled hands,  
Who plays at war with human souls for pawns.  
The unconquerable spirit breathes through thee  
In wrathful torrents, and the sheltering rock  
Must hide us while the blinding majesty  
Of Freedom issues from the battle-shock.  
Thy brazen throat shall hurl defiance wild,  
Then sing with lyric sweetness to thy child.

A. M. W.

### XIII

(When leaving for the front the Vancouver regiments marched to the playing of "I'm on My Way to Valcartier," to the tune of "I'm on My Way to Mandalay." The sun shone gloriously and the mountains were never more beautiful.)

#### THE VANCOUVER VOLUNTEER

I'VE listened to thy mountain airs,  
I've listened to thine Island story,  
I've seen the love-light in thine eyes  
As thou hast sung thy country's glory.  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

My heart responded to thy songs  
I've thrilled at warlike tales and tender,  
O, listen now when I take up  
The story of my country's splendor!  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

O, mountain land where Freedom spreads  
Such glorious wings that not a stain  
Can rest upon thy snow-crowned hills  
Or darken blossoming field or plain!  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

O, Sleeping Beauty, on thy crest  
I've seen the light of sunset shine  
As though some Hebe dazed with awe  
Had tripped and spilled the crimson wine!  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

THE VANCOUVER VOLUNTEER—(Continued)

O, Lions, that in mighty strength  
Do guard the gates of our fair land,  
I've seen thee in the silver light,  
The heraldry of twilight, stand!  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

O, Capilano, crystal stream,  
The dew from heaven for our need,  
The blue-bird following thy flood,  
In uncaged flight is of our breed.  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

O, mountains that the noon-tide sun  
Doth burn against the azure dome,  
Thy beauty shall my spirit see,  
My soul be with my mountain home!  
I'm on my way to Valcartier,  
I've come to say Good-by.

A. M. W.

XIV

TOMMY ATKINS

**Y**OU may smile at Tommy Atkins  
When 'e crosses of your beat,  
And you think to see 'im walking  
That 'e owns the bally street—  
But when 'is country's danger  
Calls for men to fight 'er foe  
You may turn and sleep till daylight—  
'E's the man that's got to go!

You can find 'is bones arotting  
From the East unto the West—  
With 'is blooming 'arness on 'im  
'E's ataking of 'is rest.  
From China to Sevastapol  
'E's proved 'is blooming worth—  
If life and blood meant ownership,  
Good Gawd, 'e owns the earth!

'E's half a child and half a gawd,  
'Is 'ome is in the tent;  
When the bullets are asinging  
'E smiles and is content;  
When the foe is swarming round 'im  
'E'll stay joking nothing loth;  
'E'd sleep 'twixt death and devil  
And take chances with them both.



TOMMY ATKINS—(Continued)

And if a comrade's wounded  
When the foe is charging up,  
And the bugle sounds retiring  
And it's certain death to stop,  
Then 'e'll take the poor chap with 'im  
From that field of flaming 'ell,  
Or 'e'll die afigting for 'im,  
And you'll find them where 'e fell.

'E'll march up cool and steady  
With the bullets flying fast,  
And 'e'll serve 'is guns and fight them  
Like a soldier to the last.  
And if the foe is stronger  
And outnumber ten to one  
Then 'e'll die where 'e stood fighting,  
Stretched beside 'is empty gun.

And methinks when 'eaven's archangel  
Picks the final army corps,  
And they take the very bravest  
And the best to form the fore,  
Then 'e'll call for Thomas Atkins,  
And 'e'll place 'im in the van—  
For 'e's every inch a soldier,  
And 'e's every inch a man!

E. P. F.

XV

TO THE BRITISH SLAIN

**W**E mourn thy loss, O sons of Albion,  
The ensanguined shreds of war borne on  
the wind

Have stained our cheeks with tears, and eyes are  
blind

With grief; we see thy manhood's gracious dawn  
Snatched back into the night, thy mighty brawn  
Become the prey of Death, whose red dews bind  
Thy fearless eyes. Within our hearts enshrined  
Thy names shall live till stars are all withdrawn.  
Ye hurled into the battle at the cries  
Of sister nation bleeding neath her wrongs;  
Mocking laughter rang through alien skies—  
For answer came the thunder peal of Mons.  
O, ye heroes, Europe sown with thee  
Shall flame to heaven her harvest—Liberty!

A. M. W.



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