

*To E. R. Macdonald
with the author's
regards W. Q. K. 30/16.*

INVOCATION

AND OTHER POEMS

By William Quintard Ketchum, Jr.

Divisional Signal Company C. E. F.



*To the memory of my grandfather, the late Rev. Canon
William Quintard Ketchum, M. A., D. D., these verses
are dedicated.*

Special
Collection

Page

8921

EBES



INVOCATION.

Unsheathe thy swords great hearts of eld,
Choice spirits of another day,
Thy gallant deeds the strongest foes repelled,
And held the world beneath thy sceptred sway.

Awake! Awake! Oh! let the clarion sound
Through vaults of age-dimmed Westminster resound
To arms! To arms! Oh! you who rest in fame!
Awake! Awake! and save thy land from shame.

EDITH CAVELL.

Dauntless and resolute she stood,
A flower of English womanhood,
With soul heroic, body frail,
She fainted ere the leaden hail
Blazoned for her a lasting name
On the clear scroll of deathless fame.
Now she is with the saintly train
Of holy martyrs cruelly slain,
A saint uncanonized she rests.
Her death is all in vain
Unless we force the vandal host
From Belgium's crimson plain.
O Britons! If thy hands are free,
Avenge this wanton cruelty;
Avenge the helpless basely slain,
Rheims, and the ashes of Louvain.

COMRADES, HEARKEN.

From North to South, from East to West
Albion's sons pour forth their best,
In blood and wealth's unstinted flow
To stem the onrush of the foe.

Across brave Belgium's crimson plain.
Strewn are the form of our heroes slain,
Though Britain still keeps watch and ward,
Holding at bay the Teuton horde.

Shall we of the hero breed stand by
And idling see our comrades die,
Shall we forget those steadfast ones
Who dauntless faced the German guns?

Thousands sink to rise no more,
Fighting bravely to the fore;
With purpose set and aim full high.
Thus do the sons of England die.

1969 (C. 2639) X

THE C. E. F.

From out the distant Northland
Where eternal stillness reigns,
From the shores of the lonesome Fundy,
From verdant western plains,
From the land of the flaming maple
The fir, and the whispering pine,
They have gathered by scores and thousands,
To cross the ocean brine.

From the far Acadian country
To the vast Pacific swell,
Through all our broad Dominion
True sons of England dwell;
They have heard the Empire calling,
Th'ey have answered to the call,
And fighting, ever fighting,
For freedom gladly fall.

THE STAR OF EMPIRE.

Hath the star of Empire set
And its glory faded away;
Or is the night prophetic
Before the dawn of day?

Our ships still cleave the seas,
Our flag unchallenged flies,
Our sons pour forth their blood
'Neath far-off alien skies.

Across the desert sands,
Beside the winding Nile,
They face the dusky foe
And meet death with a smile.

The once fair plains of France
Are dyed a richer hue
With the blood of England's sons
To faith and freedom true.

Hath the star of Empire set
And its glory faded away?
No! 'tis the night prophetic
Before the dawn of day.

ENGLAND.

From thy austere breast, O Mother,
Our manhood's strength is drawn;
To thee and to no other
Our footsteps ever turn:
Where the nightingale is singing
From sunset until dawn,
Where beneath thy azure skies
The scarlet poppies burn.
O England, for thy white-lipped shores
My heart doth ever yearn.

UNREST.

In my heart the bitter unrest
Doth surge to the overflow;
I fain would the North wind breast
Across the leagues of snow,
With only the polar star to guide
And only the stars to see,
As I face the winds of the great divide
My soul untrammelled and free,—
Face the winds of the great divide,
Over endless leagues of snow,
Wherever the restless wind doth ride
With its tale of bitter woe.

THE ROYAL SLAVE.

Doomed by the gods to be another's slave,
He bowed his head and went his modest way,
From morn till night his strength unstinted gave
With toil-worn hands that once had known no toil,
And graying locks that once had worn a crown,
Tilling with foemen on a foreign soil,
His only joys the music of his lute,
The golden warblings of a gentle thrush.
Alas! one day the singer's voice was mute!
His great heart broke. He guessed the fateful hush
With brow serene, he faced death's awful frown,—
And sank sank without a murmur to his grave.

**A BALLAD OF THE
UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS.**

When the Colonies revolted
Our sires were loyal and true,
Loving their Island Mother
With a love that ever grew.

They pledged their faith in the wine cup
With a rare colonial grace;
When all was lost they left their homes
To found another race.

The stately homes of New England
Where dame and cavalier
Met in the mazes of the dance
Were left with many a tear.

They built a city by the sea
With hands unused to toil,
Clearing the primal forest,
Tilling the virgin soil.

Oh fair dames of New England,
Oh dames of high degree,
Oh sweet dames of New England,
We quaff a toast to thee!

Though thy radiant feet no longer
Tread those hushed colonial homes,
Yet thy daughters are still with us
Where the St. John seaward roams.

The proud names of New England,
The crests our fathers bore,
Are borne by us untarnished
Now and forevermore.

Thy sullen tides, Oh Fundy,
Surge o'er the ancient bay,
And with a cadence mournful
Break on the seashore grey.

The brave sons of New England
Will hear thee speak no more
Until the foe is shattered
Far from thy much loved shore.

Some now far-off are sleeping
The sleep that hath no ending
The blood of loyal New England
With the blood of fair France blending.

True to their God and Country
They answered well the call;
They hold their trust inviolate,
And fighting bravely fall.

MORS FELICITATIS.

When the maples flame again
In the mellow autumn-tide,
And through the casement-pane
She sees the valley wide;
The dreams of youth have fled;
With tears her eyes are dim;
The joy of life is dead
On alien earth with him.

EVELYN.

The lovely eyes of Evelyn are dim,
Quietly he sleeps!
Down through th' inexorable years
She sheds her bitter tears for him
In the vast halls of death.
With their columns pale and wan,
Awaiting the fair radiance of the dawn,
Quietly he sleeps!
Ever her lips are moving as in prayer,
Ever she wearies to be with him where
Quietly he sleeps!

ARISE !

Arise! The bugle peaeth
O'er forest, hill and plain.
Arise! The clear call stealeth
Through all our broad domain.
Arise! O sons of England!
Thy banners fair unfurl,
The foe against thy chivalry
His might doth vainly hurl.
Arise! Ye sons of England,
"St. George," thy battle cry;
O! Couch a lance for freedom
Beneath a crimson sky.

HEARTHES OF ENGLAND.

O hearths of home! O hearths of home
Beneath an English sky.
O hearths of home! O hearths of home!
For thee we gladly die.

For thee we gladly strive and die
Like our great sires of yore,
The purple blood of England
On alien earth outpour.

For English streamlet, river, tarn,
For meadow, vale and wold
We fell beside the crimson Marne,
Our forms are still and cold.

Alas! Our forms are still and cold,
In honour's shroud we lie,
For English hearts are English still
Beneath a foreign sky.

THE LAST POST.

I hear the pine trees swaying,
Sweet music to my ears;
I hear the last post playing,
I see my comrades' tears.

Good-bye, O comrades tender,
I bid you all adieu—
We all our lives must render
Until the last review.

My life blood fast is flowing,
I near the goal at last;
I see the portals glowing
Of Heaven dim and vast.

I hear the bugles pealing—
Their sound seems far away;
My life from me is stealing
All things grow cold and grey.

Good-bye! my soul is wending
To halls of blissful rest,
Where peace and joy unending
Will soothe the aching breast.

REQUIESCANT.

They sleep, fair azure skies above them smiling,
Beneath the soil they died so well to save,
While careless hearts, with mirth the hours
beguiling,
Think little of the lives their comrades gave.

They sleep, the calm of sombre twilight stealing
O'er crimson fields that once had known no stain;
By shattered shrines the peasant folk are kneeling
With hopeful eyes and faith supreme o'er pain.

They sleep, the stars above them softly gleaming;
How deep their rest beneath an alien sky;
O'er their rude graves the moonlight palely
streaming,
They sleep the sleep of those who bravely die.

QUIET.

When will the bugles cease to peal?
When will our forms have rest?
Ever our columns deathward reel
To sleep in nature's breast:
To sleep in kindly nature's breast,
Where sleep the mighty throng,
Of those who perished in the strife,
Upon their lips a song.

FULFILMENT.

The years to me that once were sweetly flowing
Hold charms that time and distance fail to dim;
Above me now the myriad stars are glowing
Like tapers gleaming brightly there for Him.

In dreams I hear the self-same church-bells pealing,
Those Sabbath chimes, how sweet they sound to me!
They wake in me the old exalted feeling
For Him who stilled the waves of Galilee.

I know that if the dawn shall find me sleeping
Those dreams for me at last will be fulfilled
For then I will be in my Master's keeping
And joy will reign when mortal life is stilled.

To a Comrade Fallen

He is gone the friend of my
gone with his ^{youth} Galapad
Into the Valley of ^{heart} Shadows
Where I too soon must
depart
Into the mystic twilight
He passed a lambent
As the silent hills ^{of the}
Reached with his ^{worled}
And though the night ^{fame}
Before him ^{engulfed} shone
Its tender rays the great
gleamed o'er his ^{holy} armour pale
Afar we heard the bugles
Pealing silver and shrill
Till the noise of the tumult
And all was hushed ^{dead}
and still.

W.B.K.
Jan. 1917.

COLLECTION OF POEMS BY OTTAWA SOLDIER

The little booklet, "Invocation and Other Poems," by William Quintard Ketchum Jr., is a collection of seventeen short poems deriving their inspiration almost entirely from the emotions of courage, sadness, and triumphant faith kindled by the great war. That the emotions are not those of an onlooker only, Mr. Ketchum has proved by enlisting in the Divisional Signallers adding one more to the splendid list of our writing-men who are in khaki.

There are only two poems in the collection before us which are not on war-subjects; of these one, "Unrest," which we quote in full, show the feeling of closeness to nature so characteristic of the best Canadian verse.

"In my heart the bitter unrest
Doth surge to the overflow;
I fain would the north-wind
 breast.

Across the leagues of snow,
With only the polar star to guide
And only the stars to see,
As I face the winds of the great
 divide,

My soul untrammelled and
 free,—
Face the winds of the great di-
 vide

Over endless leagues of snow,
Wherever the restless wind doth
 ride
With its tale of bitter woe."

"Edith Cavell," "Comrades Harken," and "Arise," would all come under the heading of recruiting poems, making their appeal with strong feeling and dignified restrained diction. "The C. E. F." is a tribute to the men who have
"Answered to the call,

And fighting, ever fighting,
For freedom gladly fall."

Perhaps best of all are the two last poems in the booklet,—"Quiet"

and "Fulfilment," the last-named striking a strong note of clear and quiet faith.

We hope for much good work from Mr. Ketchum in the days to which we all look forward—"after the war."