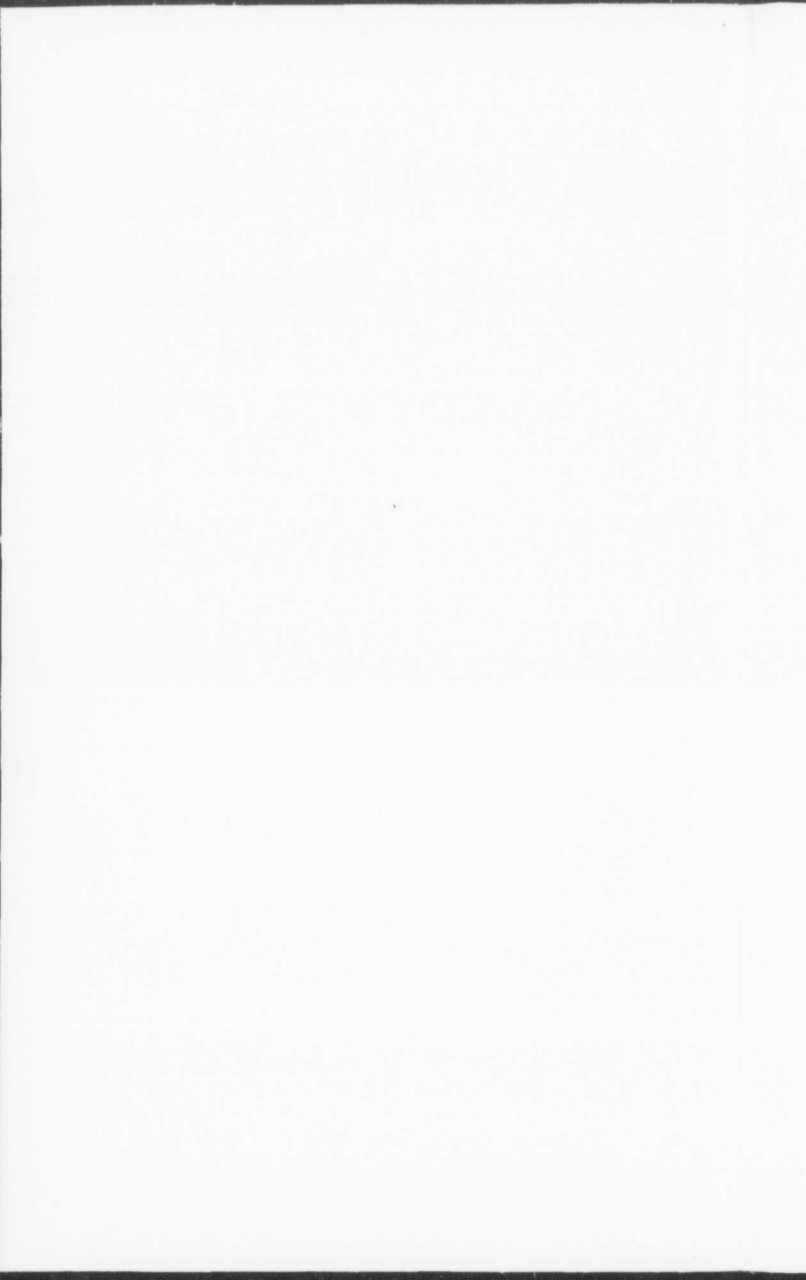
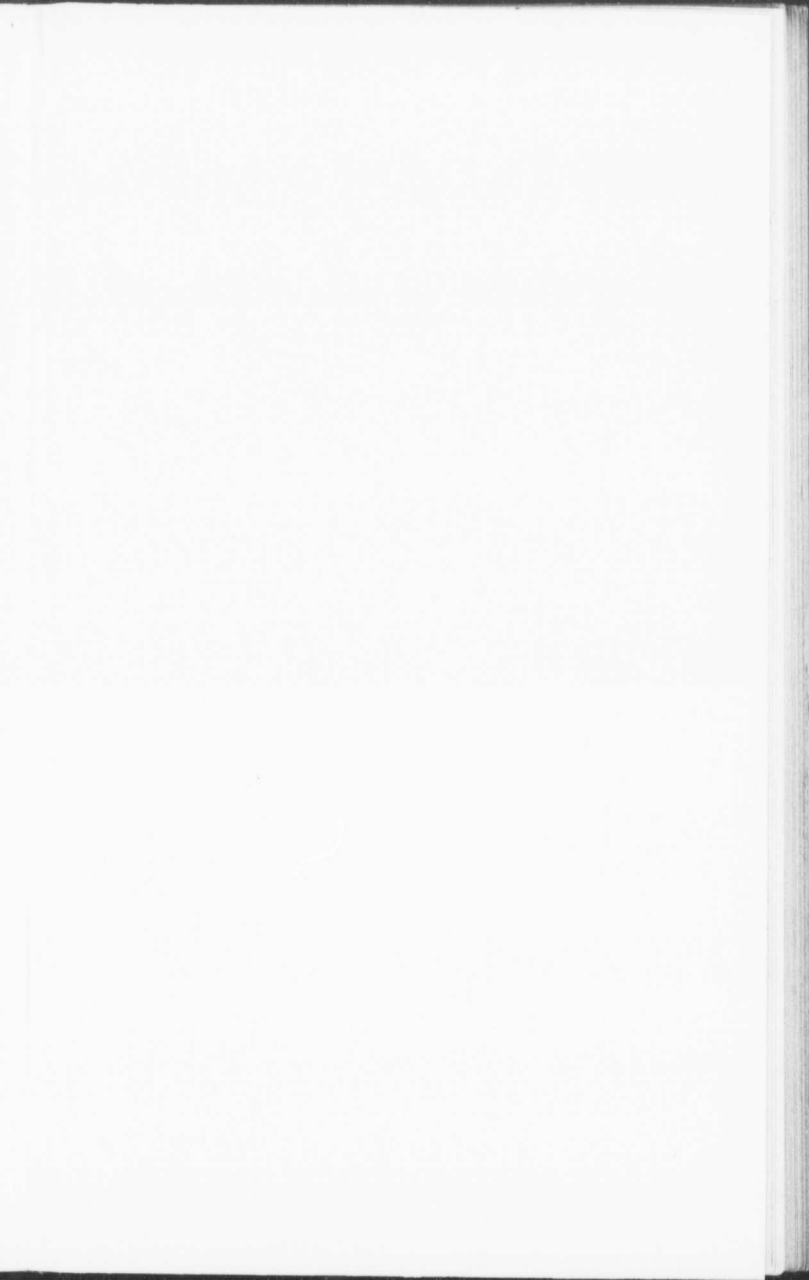


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AFTER YPRES
AND OTHER VERSE
BY ROBERT STANLEY WEIR





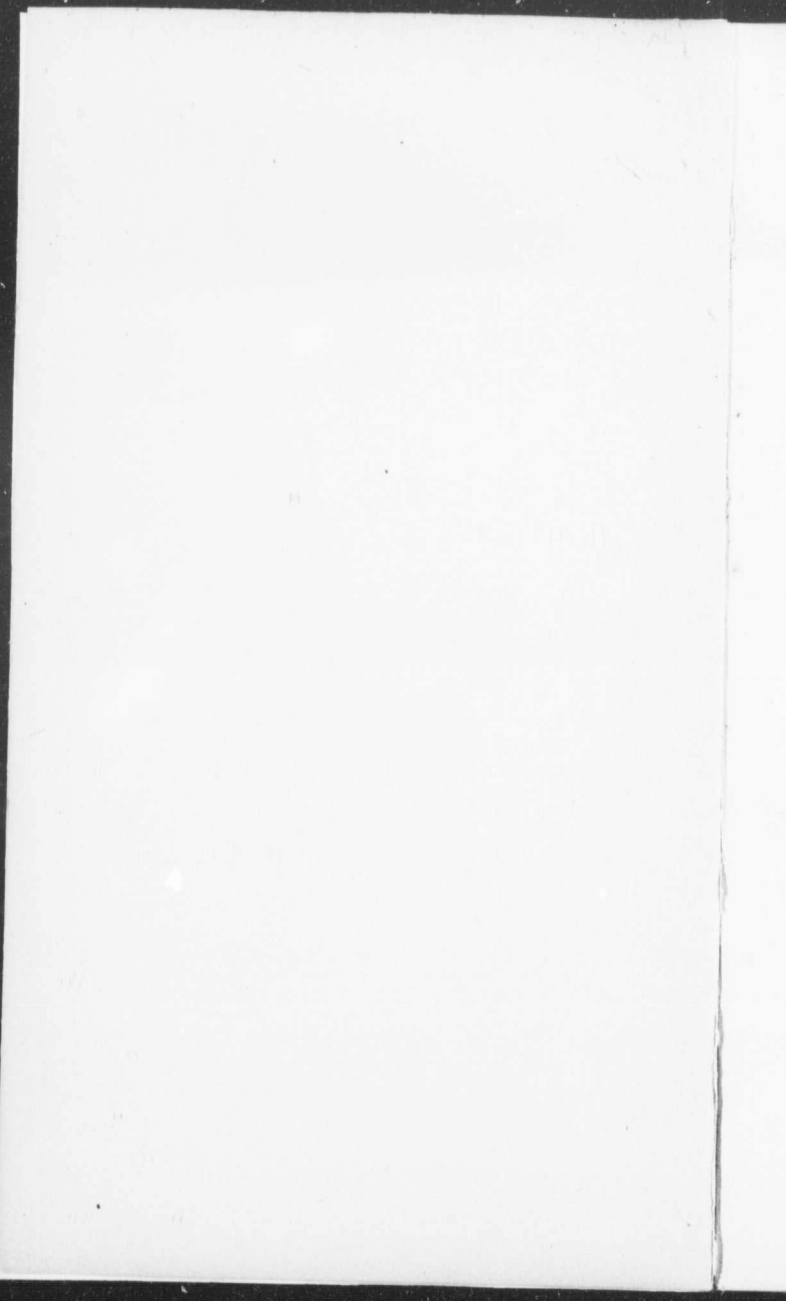
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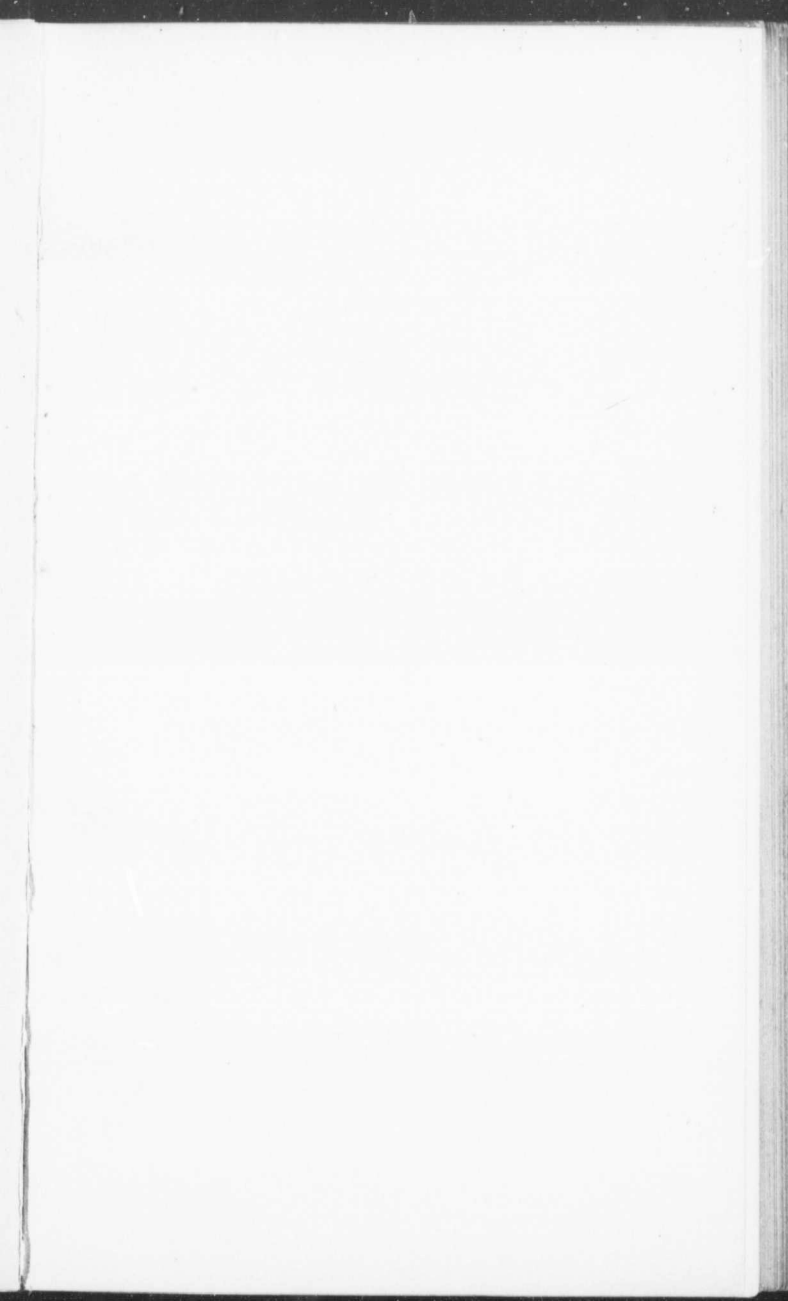
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Can. Weir, Robert S.

Presented to the Public Archives
of Canada by Flight Lieutenant
Ronald S. Weir, son of Robert
Stanley Weir. See his letter to
J. P. Kersey, 23/3/1944.







AFTER YPRES
AND OTHER VERSE



AFTER YPRES

AND
OTHER VERSE

—

By
ROBERT STANLEY WEIR



THE MUSSON BOOK CO., LIMITED
TORONTO

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AD NON CONSCRIPTUM.

*Not for the fame of it,
But for the shame of it,
You crossed the sea.
Knowing the need of men,
You of the breed of men,
Recking the rede of men,
Cried out: Send me.*

*Not for this land alone,
Or King's command alone,
You bore your part.
Hearing the shout of France,
You sped like knight with lance
For maid's deliverance:
You, great of heart.*



PREFACE

It would be unnatural in any parent of fugitive verse not to desire the return of his offspring into such shelter as a little handicraft makes possible.

And as some of these waifs of mine, only now brought together, have been showing themselves unexpectedly at odd times and places, and are reported to have given casual pleasure and solace, there is the added hope that the family group may be of more service as a little assembly than as scattered units. I daresay there is also a modicum of what in nobler minds has been called by the great Milton, an 'infirmity'; but that, I venture to believe, will be pardoned.

I wish to acknowledge also the kindness of the *University, Canadian, Metropolitan* and other magazines, who first received certain of these wanderers, in allowing them now to return home.

ROBERT STANLEY WEIR.

Montreal, November, 1917.



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After Ypres
and Other Verse



O CANADA!

“THAT TRUE NORTH.”—*Tennyson*

O Canada! Our Home and Native Land!
True patriot-love in all thy sons command;
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The True North, strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada,
 We stand on guard for thee.
 O Canada, glorious and free!
 We stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western Sea;
Thou land of hope for all who toil!
 Thou True North, strong and free!
 O Canada, glorious and free!
 We stand on guard for thee!

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise,
To keep thee steadfast through the years,
From East to Western Sea.
Our Fatherland, our Motherland!
 Our True North, strong and free!
 O Canada, glorious and free!
 We stand on guard for thee!

Ruler Supreme, Who hearest humble prayer,
Hold our dominion in Thy loving care.
Help us to find, O God, in Thee,
A lasting, rich reward,
As waiting for the Better Day
We ever stand on guard.
O Canada, glorious and free!
We stand on guard for thee!

WERE YOU NOT THERE?

*"Pends-toi, brave Crillon! Nous avons combattu
à Arques; mais tu n'y étais pas."*

—*Henri Quatre.*

We heard our Mother calling from afar!
"Come over, O my Children, to the war!"
Now, home again, wear proudly every scar.
 For we were there!
 Yes, we were there!
Battling the Huns by land and sea and air.

It was a fight of fury, West and East.
On fair white bodies leaped the ravening Beast.
We choked him off. We tore him from his feast.
 For we were there!
 Yes, we were there!
Did you not help us drive him to his lair?

Sea-dragons, too, we hunted, night and day,
To keep the murderers of babes at bay.
All Hell we fought in that long, madd'ning fray.
 Were you not there?
 Were you not there?
In that great struggle—speak!—had *you* no share?

Don't you remember those who fought and fell
At Mons, the Marne, Langemarck or Neuve Chapelle?
Have you not story of the Fight to tell?

Were you not there?

Were you not there?

You do not answer! You but stand and stare!

Did you not see at Stamboul or Suez
The German helmets or the Turkish fez?
Surely that chap is lying when he says

You were not there!

You were not there!

Stand up and say he's lying—if you dare!

The War is over. Battle-flags are furled.
The Great Betrayer from his throne is hurled.
It was the Fight of Ages for the world.

And we were there!

Yes, we were there!

But you—Go hang yourself!—you didn't care!

IN MEMORIAM

K. OF K.

Died June 9, 1916.

Lo, our tall Chieftain has gone down
 Into the gloom
 Of the infinite deep—
(Our Kitchener of Khartoum)—
 Truest and truest
 He gave us of his best.
Grant, him, O Empire, an enduring crown;
Yea, in thy heart of hearts his memory keep.

He, of puissant, silent soul,
Patient to plan, strong to control,
Is now a mighty spirit of the sea—
And a pale glory lights the gloom
 Of that lone deep
 Where he doth sleep;
 Our Kitchener of Khartoum—
O Empire, guard his memory!

For he was greater than we said or knew.
When that the trump of war he blew,
Roused at the magic of his name,
From the four corners of the world we came;
Each with a heart aflame;
And always like a Tower
He stood,
Amid the multitude,
In earth's tremendous hour.

Was he not greater than we knew—
Our Kitchener of Khartoum?
Statesman scarce less than warrior he;
(O Empire, guard his memory!)
Great Sirdar, who avenged heroic Gordon's doom!
There, in the old Egyptian land,
Subdued by his strong hand,
The fallen Soudanese were lifted up again;
At his command
The gentle arts arose
To bless his foes;
And peace came down like sunshine after rain.

Was he not greater than we knew?
Ask those to tell
Who 'neath our banners dwell
Besides the Ganges or the Nile.
Who when their treason-plotters would beguile
Hindoo and fellaheen,
Faith in our captain kept them true.
They said: "Behold a chieftain, strong and just
and wise;
A great soul looks through those unflinching eyes.
We are for Britain and the Emperor!
Let no one come between
In this great war!"

Now, like the galleon of a hundred days
Sailing her leagues of billowy ways,
Rounding far southern capes;
With manifold escapes
From tempest-shocks,
From jagged reefs, from hidden sands and rocks;
Nearing the homeland shores at length
In proud unbroken strength.
When, lo, disasters suddenly descend;
And all that galleon-glory has an end—
So, suddenly, went our Captain down,

Into his grave, beneath the wave,
Hard by the Orkney shore;
One with the surges there forevermore:—
Ere we his toil could crown;
Ere we could say: "Well done,
Thou tried and trusted one!"—
Into the gloom of the infinite sea—
(O Empire, guard his memory!"

And Mother England looks out on the deep,
Where the wild Orkney breakers sweep;
Grieves as she gazes; grieves but does not weep—
Long grieves and gazes ere she saith:

*O ring not any bell
Of dirge or sad farewell!
This is not death;
This is not doom;
For still, O children, you may hear the call
Of him, my Captain tall,
Above the melancholy roar
Of billows breaking on this iron shore;
Still see his giant form,
Unterrified by storm:
My Kitchener of Khartoum!*

CHAMP DE MARS, 1914

Unscathed as yet by battle-scars,
Trampling the sad December's snow,
The khaki lads on Champs de Mars
Are girding for the distant foe.
Each with a dream comes marching by;
Each all aflame for England's fight.
*But O presaging heart, say why
That sound of weeping in the night?*

The Duke came down one frosty day
And walked between the khaki ranks.
Full grave his look. We heard him say:
"Soldiers, the Empire gives you thanks.
Long live the King! Our foes shall learn
You stand with Him for simple right;
And may God grant you safe return."
But still that sound all through the night!

O, marching from the Champs de Mars
They cross the seas; they storm the trench,
Fighting beneath the troubled stars
With Belgians brave and valiant French;
Fighting, till victory austere
Shall crush the Great Betrayer's might.
*But O my beating heart, dost hear
That sound of weeping in the night?*

CHRISTMAS, 1914

Surely the bells to-day will not be rung,
Nor the *Venite Adoremus* sung!
They will not deck with holly-leaves and pine
The temples where is worshipped Christ divine;
For lo, once more, He, Prince of Peace, is slain;
How can we sing *In Terra Pax* again?
O call the children from their songs and play,
Music and mirth be mute this Christmas Day!

Only the solemn bells let there be tolled
To sound a mournful dirge that shall unfold
The sorrows of the dying and the dead—
The grief of those who weep uncomforted.
Let requiem be sung; ashes for incense strown,
And let the golden organ sob and moan.
Call, too, the children softly from their play;
And hush all happy chimes this Christmas Day.

It was a Dream! They did not hear aright
Long, long ago, on that first Christmas Night,
The music of a star-bright angel-band
Above those hills in the Judæan land,
Songs of a Dream they heard: *On Earth be peace!*
Goodwill to men! Let wars forever cease!
O call the little children from their play,
And very silent be this Christmas Day.

No Belgian child this day will sing or dance;
No feasting will there be in merry France;
And none will ring the carillons, nor tell
The shepherd-story of Noel, Noel.
How can we light the Altar and the Tree
While the Destroyer speeds o'er land and sea!
Ah, children, we can only weep and pray;
We cannot laugh or sing this Christmas Day.

JELlicoe's LADS

To keep us and the homeland free,
The gray ships guard the dragon sea
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow.)*

The darkness shouts. Patrol they keep,
And Britain's babes are crooned to sleep.
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow.)*

Dishevelled Dawn ariseth, chill,
And pale as one that sleepeth ill,
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow.)*

She dimly sees the plunging ships
Keep vigil in a gray eclipse.
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow.)*

Behind—the hills and shores of home;
Beyond—the haunted mist and foam,
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow.)*

But rest, ye silken maids, at ease,
The gray ships guard the dragon seas,
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow).*

All through the night, all through the day,
They plunge upon their trackless way.
*(Sing high, my lads, sing low,
Tho' a hurricane blow.)*

But tell me East, O tell me West,
In what deep haven shall they rest?
*(Sing low, my lads, sing low,
There—no hurricanes blow).*

IN THE TRENCHES

Fighting by stealth and knee-deep in the slush,
Waiting the whispered word to rise and rush
On hiding Huns some few yards yonder—
Yet far away his thoughts will wander.

Though knee-deep in the flooded trench he stands;
His soul is far away in other lands;
To him, adream in France, revealing
The long trail to the prairie-shieling.

Smoke-red the sun behind him falls—to rise
High into far-off, blue Canadian skies.
Above his head the shells are screaming—
But of the tender North he's dreaming.

Roar of the shattering guns and rain, rain, rain!
Will sun and silence never come again?
When, lo, behold the golden meadows,
The bending grain and soft cloud-shadows!

And hearts of home, dear hearts and true,
Come dancing to him as they used to do,
With shouts of youth—its songs and laughter—
Though sighs, like echoes, follow after;

And summer days by peaceful wood and stream,
And trancéd nights that throbbed with love and dream—
These, as the cold rain, pitiless, drenches,
Come to him, standing in the trenches.

THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

Here, where so long ago the battle roared
Frighting pale dawn when, trembling, she arose
And saw the precious blood of Wolfe out-poured
And France's hero sink to long repose.

The grass, they say, is greener for the red
That drenched these plains and hollows all about;
And those thrice fifty years or more have spread
Much peacefulness on glacia and redoubt.

Yes, Mother Nature, grieving, hideth soon
All trace of battles, ravage, death and pain;
The birds began to sing that afternoon—
The dusty, trodden grass to rise again.

And many a year the Citadel's gray walls
Have seen the quiet golfers at their play:
Passing old ramparts, rusted cannon-balls,
And sighting gunless ships the river way.

Thrilled with the peace of golf the players said:
"Those cruel wars can ne'er again have birth;
The living shall no longer mourn their dead
Untimely gathered to reluctant earth.

The tribes shall rest—nor nearer conflict come
Than when a friendly foursome play the game;
The roaring voice of Wrath is stricken dumb;
O, better brotherhood than battle-fame!”

When, lo, the thunder of unnumbered guns
By salt Atlantic breezes hither blown!
And bitter cries from countless weeping ones,
While peace her cold hands wrings with bitter moan!

LITANY FOR AN IMMORTAL

He blew a trumpet-blast for war,
And drew his shining scimitar,
Calling upon his God, Great Thor.
(O pity him, Good Lord).

“Go forth!” he said, “Let carnage tell
Wherever peaceful peoples dwell:
I loose the ravening hounds of hell.
(O pity him, Good Lord).”

I thee absolve from all offence;
Spare neither age nor innocence,
That so I gain omnipotence!”
(O pity him, Good Lord).

And still with Thor before his sight
“Blest be, he said, the Lord of Might
Who taught my hands to war and fight.”
(O pity him, Good Lord).

Then onward surged with songs of war
The worshippers of great god Thor
Kindling his altars near and far.
(O pity him, good Lord).

And over land and over sea
And high, O trembling clouds, with thee,
The tumult raged unceasingly.
(O pity him, Good Lord).

The air was stunned with scourge of sound;
And silent on the quaking ground
Lay broken bodies all round.
(O pity him, Good Lord).

A thousand thousand silent lay,
Pale as the moon when, blanched by day,
She wanders faint upon her way.
(O pity him, Good Lord).

Sudden they rose—each sorrowing ghost,
And Cried: "Hail, Slayer of this host!
Thou, crowned with rites of Pentecost!
(O pity him, Good Lord).

"Where, where is now the light we knew
In love and dreams, in stars and dew,
Whither have fled our days so few?
(O pity him, Good Lord).

The bliss, that comes but once, of birth
Into the green and lovely earth—
Was this to thee of nothing worth?
(O pity him, Good Lord).

Was it a little thing that we
Born out of long eternity,
Should in a moment cease to be?
(O pity him, Good Lord).

Sunset and dawn no more to see
Nor clouds by west wind driven free
Nor forests in an ecstasy?
(O pity him, Good Lord).

No more to gaze in human eyes,
Or hear again glad children's cries
Or listen to love's low replies?
(O pity him, Good Lord).

Sweet life no more to know again—
This is our agony and our pain,
Thou slayer of the countless slain!"
(O pity him, Good Lord).

"O sundered souls, whose bitter cry
The winds have borne to every sky,
Know 'tis not always death to die.
(O pity him, Good Lord).

Again, sad ghosts, and yet again,
All souls shall learn how ye were slain
And send you solace for your pain.
(O pity him, Good Lord).

In silence of the shuddering night,
As oft we pass before his sight,
Tremble he shall with sore affright.
(O pity him, good Lord).

Thrice happy they fond earth receives,
On whom, the mourned and him who grieves,
Forgetfulness doth fall like leaves.
(O pity him, good Lord).

But he, forever yoked with fear,
Cries from his battle-fields shall hear,
Woe sounding woe unto his ear.
(O pity him, good Lord).

And unforgetting Time shall give
Revenues never fugitive—
The Slayer shall forever live!
(O pity him, good Lord).

Yea, 'till there be nor land nor sea
From towers of immortality,
Trumpets shall sound his infamy."
(O pity him, good Lord).

THE EASTER PARADE, 1915

The crowd goes up and down the street,
In ones and twos and threes:
White-spatted girls, sleek-hatted men,
Women in silken ease,—
But I look not twice at these.

The khaki lads stroll down the street,
In ones and twos and threes;
(And I see the rush from trench to trench
Beyond the blood-red seas!)
Ah! thrice I look at these.

EN ROUTE

With pipers piping at their head
A Highland melodie,
And drums a-beating as they tread,
They go down to the sea.

And faces gather on the street,
The while the pipers play,
They watch the tramp of eager feet
Tall ships shall bear away.

Nor shout nor cheer. The wistful crowd
Stand silent as the grave;
Though pipes are piping clear and loud—
They look beyond the wave.

The pipes are shrilling loud and clear.
The lines go swiftly past,
The people gaze; they do not cheer—
Their hearts are beating fast.

They see far battles and the foe,
On sounding plains and shore,
They muse: it may be these shall know
Lochaber nevermore!

WAIT, ONLY WAIT

Yon sky shall wear no trace of tears
Though war should last a hundred years;
Nor doth the sun turn pale or red
Beholding thirty thousand dead.
Unheeding, too, the countless stars
Look down on brave ships' broken spars.
Neither with sorrow nor delight
Gazeth the moon around at night.

And yet, O moon and stars and sky,
Ye that behold all agony,
With unperturbed serenity,
A healing balm ye can supply,
Though passionless your lofty ken,
To ease the lonely hearts of men.

For ye abide; nor pass away.
From far, pure heights ye seem to say:
'Be patient still. It comes—the day,
When you, like us, shall be caressed
With silence infinite and blest;
When you, like us, shall know the balm
Of the supreme, eternal calm.'

THE RED KINGS

The storied lands lie purple-drenched again,
And the white angel Peace, that held on high
A torch to guide the groping nations by,
Despairing droops and holds her heart in pain.
Now, over shattered ships and armies slain,
Screaming above the battle's thunderous cry,
War-eagles, through the dark tempestuous sky,
Speed from the thrones where kings of carnage reign.

O heard ye not, ye Kings with robes all red,
The echoes of old wars and agony
Reverberating down the stricken years?
Were ye so blind, O Kings, ye could not see
The pallid host of the untimely dead,
Those white accusing faces wet with tears?

RED, WHITE AND BLUE

In Memory of

Allan Routledge, Lieutenant, 42nd Battalion, Died of
his Wounds, September 12th, 1916.

Red for the blood his body shed,
White for his body's soul,
Blue for the heaven about his head
That shrines the Muster-roll.
Cheers for the old Red, White and Blue;
And cheers, dear lad, brave lad, for you!
Cheers!

Red for the blood his body shed,
White for the shining scroll
That lists him with the undying Dead
Forever great of soul.
Cheers for the old Red, White and Blue;
But tears, dear lad, brave lad, for you.
Tears.

LE JOUR DES MORTS, 1915

I know not if that Place be near or far,
On this green earth or some white hovering star,
Where dwell All Souls—the unremembered Dead,
For whom, today, our orisons are said.

There, though forgotten, they cannot forget,
If earth they see, with grief their eyes are wet.
Some power of pity still is surely theirs,
That knows our hollow joys—our deep despairs.

Sadly they call today—What means this throng
Of slaughtered innocents? These brave and strong—
Why come they hither with their unspent years?
And why is Mother Earth again in tears?

DE SHAKESPEARE NOSTRATI

Written in the Tercentennial Year.

April 25, 1917.

Why count the years since Shakespeare laid him down
By Avon's stream to everlasting rest!
Time cannot measure us so large renown,
Nor trace that eager spirit's ranging quest.
Ponder we, rather, fate; old sorrows; tears;
Laughter; and wonder like the early dawn;
Kings in full armour fighting their compeers;
All loveliness of generations gone.

Still on our mighty Shakespeare let us wait,
The hour is big and Freedom bleeds today;
But lo, a King who made our England great,
And built an Empire that shall not decay.

Fight on, he cries, and naught shall make you rue,
If Britons to themselves do rest but true!

LUSITANIA

Sweetly, at first, those honeyed syllables
Melted upon the tongue; and tasting them
Fancy arose; and spreading her soft wings,
Flew straightway under blue-bright summer skies
To that Iberian land across the seas.
Returning like a carrier-dove, she told
Of a small kingdom set in happy vales
Between unsentinel'd green hills. An old
Gray palace show'd its towers above a wood
And glimpses of some youthful King were seen
And of a Queen, as sweet as Rosalind,
Who walked upon green swards where fountains
played.

And there were smiling vineyards, Fancy said,
Where youths and maidens grew to age in peace.
Like music 'Lusitania' fed my thoughts,
And, cherished in the memory, lingered long
As attar lingers in the rosy robes
My lady wears. But 'Lusitania' now?
Who hath forgotten or shall e'er forget
Those babes and mothers in the deep seas drowned
By him All-highest called? Who shall forget
That murder merciless, that infamy
Eternal as the memory of God?

LES NEIGES D'ANTAN

'Mais, ou sont les neiges d'antan ?

Where are the snows of yesteryear,
Sighed Villon, as he mused upon
Unhappy ladies dead and gone,
Lost in the vale of Avalon,
While in his heart were smile and tear.
Where are the snows of yesteryear?

Where are the lads of yesteryear
On whom with smile and tear we muse?
Who heard it but could not refuse
The challenge, nor soft dalliance choose,
But sprang to battle with a cheer.
Where are the lads of yesteryear?

Where are the lads of yesteryear?
All vanished, have they, like the snow
When early spring's pale grasses grow?
Is sad remembrance all we know,
Who muse and sigh and linger here,
Of them, the lads of yesteryear?

O gallant lads of yesteryear,
Now with the brave in Avalon,
The snows have come, the snows have gone;
Till we too pass we muse upon
You, valiant, who cast out all fear
And sprang to battle with a cheer—
O gallant lads of yesteryear!

CHRISTMAS, 1916

God keep you merry, citizens,
And give you Christmas cheer;
But, pray you, to carouse with stealth—
Lest the pale sleepers hear.

Light up with laughter, an you will,
Home fires and Christmas snow;
Yet mix some silence with your mirth
Lest they should wake and know.

(O, he was ruddy as a rose,
And sturdy as a tree,
Who now forever by the Somme,
Lies still where you might be).

God save you merry, citizens,
And give you Christmas cheer;
But, pray you, just a little stealth—
Lest the pale sleepers hear.

THE COSMOPOLITE SPEAKS

Vain-glorious yet, the tribes of Babel-earth,
Untamed by solemn seas, or stars, or hills
Still dream, each one, the bitter blood that fills
Its veins more precious—and the gods have mirth.
Each in its jargon proudly prates of Race;
Frowns on the stranger as an enemy
Though in broad heaven one wistful sun they see
And, at the end, lie down in one still place.

Lord God, if that the power was Thine which made
These tribes that rage in ever furious mood,
Then hath Thy perfect work been long delayed.
Arise, O Lord! Create Thy world anew!
Banish the nations. Let their days be few.
Establish now one speech, one brotherhood.

JOHN TRAVERS CORNWALL

(Off Jutland)

("A boy of the first class, John Travers Cornwall, of 'The Chester', was mortally wounded early in action. He nevertheless remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders until the end of the action, with the gun's crew dead or wounded about him. His age was under sixteen and a half. I regret that he has since died."—*Admiral Jellicoe*).

Bugles of England! once again,
Sound forth our triumph and our pain!

At the close of the month of May,
This second year of the War,
A thousand screaming salvos and broadsides
Heard in far shuddering heaven, tore the long-waiting
seas,

In the North Sea,
Off Jutland.

Furiously rushed the fighting ships,
Belching destruction—tons of it.
And all about were rolling, swirling clouds—
Like black, acrid clouds from Tophet;
Like Chaos labouring new birth.
The scream and roar of the guns
Were like the scream and roar
At Verdun or Ypres.
I saw innumerable white faces
Upon the waters,
In mute appeal to pitiful heaven;
But soon the faces all were hid
By the merciful-merciless sea.
Far down they sank with broken ships,
(‘Queen Mary’ and the rest,)
Into the silence of the deeps,

In the North Sea,
Off Jutland.

The Lords of Admiralty in London
Can tell us the ships and the men,
The widows and orphans, too;
But one of the midshipmites
(Who died of his wounds),
John Travers Cornwall,
Of ‘The Chester’?—a mere lad—
Must not be lost in the archives.

Stricken to death by a shot from 'The Hindenberg',
He stayed by his duty,
Throbbing with great thoughts of England,
Mere lad that he was,
Till the fleet of the enemy fled.
Till the shattered fleet of the enemy fled
Behind its meshes and mines.

Then he died of his wounds.

John Travers Cornwall,
(Mentioned by Admiral Jellicoe
In the despatches),
Became immortal
In the North Sea,
Off Jutland!

Bugles of England! once again,
Sound forth our glory and our pain!

AFTER YPRES

June 3rd, 1916

Fight on, O Canada,
Fight on!
Still arm thy valiant sons,
Thy best and bravest ones,
Still hangs our fate!
Loud the far battle calls,
Hasten ere Freedom falls!
The hour is great,
Fight on!

Not for thyself alone,
For bone of thine own bone,
Thine own roof-tree!
Fight for thy Motherlands,
And for those other lands,
That they be free.
Fight on!

Strike, with free flag unfurl'd!
Strike, with the risen world!
Great battle wage!
So shall the brood unborn
At dawning of new morn
Have heritage.
Fight on!

Fight on, O Canada,
Fight on!
For those who quiet lie
Beneath another sky:
Blood of thy blood;
(Let them not die)
Thy heroes battle-scarr'd
Thy heroes glory-starr'd,
Now with their God,
Fight on!

TREASON!

To—————

Because when your own Mother had sore need;
Because you knew it well, but would not heed;
Because though ruffians from the raging Rhine
Assailed with roar her very door;
You said, "Her quarrel is not mine!"
Because of this:
Yours shall forever be a name to hiss.

Because the lustful, wine-swoll'n Hunnish brute
Ravaged your sisters and you still were mute;
Because tho' infants of a day were slain,
And this you heard without a word—
On horror supped again and yet again:
Because of this:
Yours shall forever be a name to hiss.

Because when your indignant kindred rose,
Crying, "*Aux armes*" and rushed against your foes,
Formed their battalions, sailed across the foam,
"Why this wild haste? Why this wild waste?"
You said: "Better to bide at home"—
Because of this:
Yours shall forever be a name to hiss.

Because not only have you failed to fight
At Armageddon 'gainst All Devils' might;
But held your brothers back when they would go,
Blinding their eyes with dastard lies,
So that they went not up against the foe:
Because of this:
Yours shall forever be a name to hiss.

THE 4th DIVISION ARRIVES

And this is France
Old knightly land of gay romance!
But the happy vineyards have lost their glee,
And the rivers are running red to the sea,
Can this be France?

And Flanders' Fields,
Where death, aghast, such harvest yields!
O ruthless reapers, 'gainst you we come;
Soon we shall pass beyond the Somme,
And Flanders' fields.

Flanders and France!
We shall for your deliverance
The sacrificial fight maintain
Till streams and plain are clean again,
Flanders and France!

And thou afar,
Dear land beyond the western star!
We were not truly sons of thine
Pressed we not up against the Rhine.
Dear Land afar!

OMNIPOTENCE

The ancient faith a finished world proclaimed,
And creeds less hoary that it was redeemed;
But Thou, whom we not yet have rightly named,
Hast wrought not so completely as we dreamed.

For still the desert places lie untilled
And darkness still confounds our groping hordes
The ancient prophecy stands unfulfilled
Which saw the waste the Garden of the Lord.

Nor yet have dawned the thousand years of peace,
And we, who feel these many months of pain,
Scan all the skies for sign that wars shall cease,
And look for Thee, Almighty Power, in vain.

Searching the vast up to the Milky Way,
In some high star to find Thee resident,
Hath not our wistful gaze been far astray
Thou Mighty, but not yet omnipotent?

What if beside us Thou dost walk and speak,
And in the hearts that know Thee hast Thy shrine—
Strong in their strength and in their weakness weak,
Thy true shekinah still in man divine?

AVE BRITANNIA

Impregnable upon thine island throne,
Ships and now ships o' the air encircling thee,
Thou guardest well thy long-won liberty,
Yet zealous art for others as thine own.
For shall the world forget how, all alone,
The little nation o'er the narrow sea
Entreated thee for help 'gainst slavery
And tyrants with a very heart of stone?

Nay, 'till the seas are dry it shall be told
How thou didst heed (yea, told in every land)
The moan of Belgium and the shout of France.
England! Thy dearest love is not for gold,
For where oppression lifts its iron hand
There fly thine angels of deliverance.

OLD GLORY

(America Joins the Allies)

Not for ourselves alone, but for the world,
Behold Old Glory's stars and bars unfurled.
'Tis not our fight, but Freedom's. We must go.
And craven they who speed not 'gainst the foe!

Time was, we said, in these new, smiling lands,
Far from old wars and ancient warring bands,
Care-free and sheltered let us safely rest;
Let east be east and golden west be west.

Here let us build us palace-homes of peace,
Here happy toil beget us large increase,
Far from our tranquil skies forever be
Those wild contendings o'er the Atlantic sea.

But came a day and days was heard the cry:
"For Freedom we have fought—for Freedom die.
One life had we; that life for Her we gave.
Not yet is Freedom free, brothers beyond the wave!

Days upon days, we heard again, again,
The sacrificial message of the slain:
"It was a good fight that we fought for you.
Yours be the battle now, good men and true!"

So for the noble dead and for the world,—
For Freedom most, Old Glory is unfurled.
Hark to the far-off trumpets! We must go.
Accurst as Meroz if we spare the foe!

THE SALUTE OF THE FLAG

The Flag is held before the Assembly by a Leader.

ALL.

Not for ourselves alone, but for the world,
Behold the Flag of Empire now unfurled.

O Flag that floats in every zone,
O'er many kindreds, but one throne,
What mighty heritage we own!
May coming generations tell,
O Flag beneath whose folds we dwell,
Our heritage we guarded well.

LEADER.

Salute the Flag!
(*The Flag is saluted*)

ALL.

God Save Canada!
God save the Empire!
God save the King!