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SONGS & SONNETS
FOR ENGLAND IN
WAR TIME

*The entire profits from the sale of this
volume will be given to the Prince of
Wales's National Relief Fund*



SONGS AND SONNETS
FORENGLAND IN
WAR TIME

DESIGN PRESENTED BY
VERNON HILL

SONGS & SONNETS FOR ENGLAND IN WAR TIME

BEING A COLLECTION OF LYRICS
BY VARIOUS AUTHORS INSPIRED BY
THE GREAT WAR

*Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.*

SIR WALTER SCOTT, " Old Mortality "

LONDON : JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY

Fourth Edition

THE BALLANTYNE PRESS TAVISTOCK STREET COVENT GARDEN LONDON

INTRODUCTION

IN the stress of a nation's peril some of its" greatest songs are born. . In the stress of a nation's peril the poet at last comes into his own again, and with clarion call he rouses the sleeping soul of the empire. Prophet he is, champion and consoler.

If in these later times the poet has been neglected, now in our infinite need, in our pride and our sorrow, he is here to strengthen, comfort and inspire. The poet is "vindicated.

What can so nobly uplift the hearts of a people facing war with its unspeakable agony as music and poetry? The sound of martial music steels men's hearts before battle. The sound of martial words inspires human souls to do and to endure. God, His poetry, and His music are the Holy Trinity of war

It is not always the greatest songs that have sent men on to victory. Sometimes it has been a modest verse that has found refuge in the heart of the

soldier ready for the ultimate sacrifice, cheered on his way by the lilt of a humble song. Who else, indeed, can take the place of a poet ?

As Mr. William Watson has most nobly said :

" Empires dissolve and peoples disappear :
Song passes not away.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,
And kings a dubious legend of their reign ;
The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust:
The poet doth remain."

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

OF our poets who have been inspired to write and publish separate volumes of war poems during the actual progress of a campaign, we can only recall one—the late Sydney Dobell, whose "Sonnets on the War," and "England in Time of War," both dealt with the Crimea. Mr. William Watson's "The Purple East" was read and quoted the world over during the Armenian atrocities : indeed, "Abdul the Damned" has passed into the language. Although this famous sonnet sequence sprang out of events which could not be called a campaign in the accepted and legitimate sense of the word, yet it may be fairly argued that the Kaiser has surpassed the Turk in inflicting suffering on defenceless people.

Doubtless, however, some of the many poets writing during the present war will in the course of time collect their verses and issue them as independent volumes.

Anthologies also there are, without number, of poems of war on land and sea ; but none of these, so far as I can discover, has been formed during the conflict itself. In this respect, therefore, this collection is unique. I am proposing to issue a series of these volumes during the progress of this great war, dealing with its outstanding events. The next will include a number of poems that have appeared in American and Canadian papers, and will thus have a peculiar interest as expressing the feelings of our kinsmen beyond the sea. All the profits derived from the sale of these anthologies will be given to the Prince of Wales's Fund. Perhaps, therefore, in the event of similar collections being made, it would generally be well if the poet would prevent any possible overlapping by consenting to his poem's appearance in one collection only. In this way the public may be induced to buy the various collections rather than any particular one.

Viscount Dillon sends me the following, taken from *La France du Nord* of August 23. These lines, by a poetic ally, who remains anonymous, are as correct in feeling as they are ingenious in adapting themselves to the rhythm of our own National Anthem.

WELCOME TO YOU, GALLANT BRITONS

Welcome to you, brave friends,
English, Irish, and Scotch,

Hail to our friends !

Soon at the front with us,
Of foes so treacherous
They will be victorious ;

Hail to them all!

And not these friends alone,
But the little Servians,

And the Russians;

The Belgians so gallant,
Who have checked the tyrant
From Liege to Dinant;

Hail to them all!

The soldiers of fair France
Welcome their British friends,

And grasp their hands,

May their combined army
Bear off the victory,
And reap final glory ;

Hail to them all !

G. C.

I have also been favoured with another poem which has an added interest from the fact that the writer has for many years been well acquainted with German politics and German statesmen.

A PARTNERSHIP

GOD for the Kaiser ! God for the Hun !
God for the fiercest war ever the sun
Shone on !—No wonder it hid its face *
When the Kaiser rode forth to his big disgrace.

God for the Kaiser ! Burn ! burn ! burn !
Soldiers let harmless civilians learn
That I am the great almighty Lord,
Lord by the right of torch and sword.

God for the Kaiser ! Shield your front,
With women and children to bear the brunt
Lest one brave German soldier be hurt
One German helmet be rolled in the dirt!

God for the Kaiser! Kill ! kill! kill!
Blood is your draught, so drink your fill!
Murder the old men, slaughter the young,
Scatter their bodies abroad for dung.

* The eclipse of the sun.

God and the Kaiser! God and I
Can bid men to live or bid them to die;
Mine to command and yours to obey
Lest I wipe you out from the light of day.

God and the Kaiser ! A sacred alliance
Bidding the whole wide world defiance—
Wait! and perhaps his Partner may send
The blasphemous Kaiser a fitting end.

My thanks are due for the great generosity displayed by all the authors whose poems appear in this volume, and whose names will be found on following pages; and also to the Editors of the *Times*, *Daily Chronicle*, *Westminster Gazette*, *Daily News and Leader*, *Morning Post*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Evening Standard*, *Daily Express*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, *Punch*, *New Weekly*, *New Witness*, *Truth*) *Saturday Review*, *T.P.'s Weekly*, *Yorkshire Post*, *Glasgow Evening News*, for full permission to reprint the poems that have appeared in their columns.

Mr. Vernon Hill has drawn and presented the cover design.

JOHN LANE

THE BODLEY HEAD.

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**SONGS & SONNETS
FOR ENGLAND IN
WAR TIME**

TO THE TROUBLER OF THE WORLD

AT last we know you, War-lord. You, that flung
The gauntlet down, fling down the mask you wore,
Publish your heart, and let its pent hate pour,
You that had God for ever on your tongue.
We are old in war, and if in guile we are young,
Young also is the spirit that evermore
Burns in our bosom ev'n as heretofore,
Nor are these thews unbraced, these nerves unstrung.
We do not with God's name make wanton play;
We are not on such easy terms with Heaven ;
But in Earth's hearing we can verily say,
" Our hands are pure ; for peace, for peace we have
striven " ;
And not by Earth shall he be soon forgiven
Who lit the fire accurst that flames to-day.

WILLIAM WATSON

Times, August 6, 1914

TO BRITAIN

(BEFORE HER DECLARATION OF WAR)

ART thou awake at last, or wilt thou sleep
Still on the downy cushions of thy sloth,
Trusting the ambient armour of the deep
To ward the foeman's darts ? However loth,
Thou must arise, draw thine own armour on,
Unsheathe thy sword, and, faithful, take thy stand,
Foremost amid thy friends. Thy banners shone
On Belgian fields before; as now, thy land
Was menaced then ; as then, be strong, endure !
But when the dark days pass, if pass they do,
Slumber no more, in foolish dream secure;
With blood and sweat anneal thy sword anew.

FRANCIS COUTTS

ARMAGEDDON

MEN talk of Armageddon ! Has the World
Lost all her garnered wisdom ? Must we scan
The Devil's legions, Ban and Arriere-Ban,
Bear challenges with flags of war unfurled,
That foolish prince to foolish prince has hurled,
While grinning Glory's pale horse heads the van,
And far to rear round wretched Everyman
The coils of Dragon Agony are curled ?
Quicken, ye peoples. Look to it, ye kings,
Who break an age in pieces for your play :
Please God your trampling vanities will jar
A sleeping giant, and such petty things
As crowns and Caesars shall at last make way
Before mankind's Republic, ending war.

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

Dally Chronicle, August 3, 1914

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

NEARER the eagles swoop in darkening rings,
Death scents his awful quarry from afar,
While men in millions march to bloody war
Hateless, unhated, at the word of Kings:
But somewhere hid beneath His secret wings
The sons of God, before a juster bar,
Plead in His name who bore the cross and scar
For Love that sees clear-eyed what war-lust brings.

Plead on ye seers with love-enlightened eyes,
Hold up your hands to where the angels gaze
With deep compassion on our human strife;
Prayer moves the world with power beyond amaze,
And they who look beyond this mortal life
Know Peace on earth in Heaven hath great allies.

H. D. RAWNSLEY

Westminster Gazette^ August 4,1914

THE SONG OF THE BRITONS

THE DEAD

DEEP beneath the fallen years,
Slain by glittering foemen's spears,
With empty hands and a brow uncrowned,
To our native land our eyes we turn
 By snares encompassed round.
Ah ! God, as we gaze our steeled hearts yearn !
About her head, like a wind that veers,
The vultures of war whirl thick in the skies,
Hate in their hearts, in their gleaming eyes
Hate, and she stands, gentle of breath,
Watching the venomous eyes of Death!

O would we could range there, row on row,
Facing her foes at our sons' right hand,
Sunder them, sift them like dust, and go
Deathwafds again for our motherland.

THE LIVING

Lord God of Hosts, within Thy keeping hold
Our motherland ! With mercies manifold
And gracious gifts divine point Thou the way
Her feet shall follow to the Judgment Day,
Lord God of Hosts !

When for the great assize
Thy trumpet sounds, O grant her strength to rise,
Peerless from her omnipotent estate,
With honour, power, and fame inviolate,
Lord God of Hosts!

ANTHONY KIRBY GILL

Pall Mall Gazette, August 5, 1914

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 I on thy knees 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 Outranks 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 trumpets call.
Then let Memory tell thy heart:
" England! what thou wert thou art! "
Gird thee with thine ancient might,
Forth ! and God defend the Right!

HENRY NEWBOLT

Times, August 5, 1914

WAR

WE passed the days in the sun's eye,
The clouds that poised on high
Ringed round about with luxury of light
For our delight,
And her white oil of gladness the moon shed
On the untrampled ocean bed;
No admonition there, nor fear
Fell on the drowsy ear
Louder than thunder rolled along the breeze
From surfless seas.

* * *

The sun is dark as sackcloth and the seven
Seals open : see the fourth part of the earth
Shaken with a mighty wind, untimely power
Unto one sitting on a pale horse given
To tame with blood and bitterness and dearth,
And waste Peace from the world; and up in Heaven
Was silence for the space of half an hour.

M. JOURDAIN

Westminster Gazette, August 6, 1914

HYMN AFTER BATTLE

[The Kaiser has been thanking God for his successes; and whilst the Christian nations of Europe are engaged in murdering each other, the heathen, whom they have failed to convert, remain so ignorant of the gospel that they are still living together in peace.]

I

LORD of this blood-drenched battle plain,
Lord of the foe our hands have slain—
Glory to Thee amidst the dead,
That Thou hast still Thy people led,
And shattered thus, O Lord benign,
This people that was also Thine !

Lord of our high, triumphant state,
Lord of the hearths made desolate—
Shall they not praise Thee, they that rue
Beside those hearths the dead we slew ?
Yea, at Thine altar let them bow,
God of their dead and them art Thou!

Lord of the darkness and the sun!
While we give thanks for victory won,
Surely each blackening wound that gapes
Here in these broken human shapes,
Mouths but its praise of all Thy powers!
Thou wert their God no less than ours.

II

Yet is it well that men to-day
Recrown their fathers' god of clay ?
Yet is it well that from his sleep
The savage in our blood should leap
To flatter from this reeking sod
The spirit of his primal god ?

Nay, we were best be mute, and raise
No blasphemy of boastful praise,
Scatter no incense on the air,
Nor lift our reddened hands in prayer,
But dig the earth our steps defame,
And hide these trophies of our shame.

Silence the braggart lips that call
The brute that slumbers in us all

12 HYMN AFTER BATTLE

Back to the ravening triumph foul
Of rending claws and bloody jowl—
Lest we forget the heights sublime,
And lapse into our ancient slime.

A. ST. JOHN ADCOCK

Daily Herald, August 6, 1914

BRITANNIA

MEN deemed her changed, and lo!

At word of war unveiled,

She stands, as long ago,

She stood when Nelson sailed.

The sea wind in her hair,

The salt upon her lips,

Upon the Forelands fair

She guards the English ships.

She watched the Normans land,

The *Golden Hind* set sail,

And, touched as by a hand,

The great Armada fail.

She watched the *Victory*

Lead out the Fleet to war,

And o'er the salt blue sea

Return from Trafalgar,

Men deemed her changed, and lo !
 She stands unto the end,
With sword to strike the foe
 And shield to guard a friend.
Across the wave she rules
 That lesson shall be read
By foemen—and the fools
 Who dream that Drake is dead.

H. DE VERE STACPOOLE

Daily Express, August 7, 1914

THE ANSWER

[" . . . It would be a disgrace for us to mak* this bargain with Germany at the expense of France, a disgrace from which the good name of this country would never recover."—SIR EDWARD GREY to SIR E. GOSCHEN.]

WHEN Honour on her silver bugle blows a point of war

Then Englishmen arise

With battle in their eyes,

They can only give one answer, as their fathers
answered, for

The choice that they are making

Is fighting or forsaking,

And a false, fair-weather friendship is a lie that they
abhor.

O'er the narrow seas the Gallic cock was crowing shrill
alarms,

He saw them coming forth,

The War Lords of the North,

He said—" My little soldiers, it is time to fall to arms;
But our coasts are lying bare,
Will England do her share ?
A friendship that is fickle is the worst of Fortune's harms.

" Through Luxemburg and Belgium they are marching
in their might,
They trample on the weak,
Our overthrow to seek ;
They tear up every treaty, and they laugh at every right;
Will England see her name
Put thus to open shame ?
Will she see her Royal pledges torn in pieces in her
sight ? "

But the Germans in their arrogance our Minister
addressed,
Half-wheedling, half-commanding—
" Let us make an understanding,
Her coasts we will not batter nor her ports will we invest ;
If you will stand apart
While we pierce her to the heart,
We will let you show your friendship by a bargain for
the rest."

Then Sir Edward Grey replied, to the honour of his race—

To what England puts her hand,
Upon that she takes her stand,
She will not barter treaties in your German market-place,
Nor will she condescend
To pledge away a friend,
Such contracting out of danger were for ever her
disgrace."

So o'er the perilous seas to Death or Victory we go,
Our sailors rushing forth,
To give battle in the North ;
There as it was aforetime our ships will meet the foe;
And our brave soldiers too—
The Baltic, Waterloo
As then so now, twice armed are we since Honour backs
the blow

IAN COLVIN

Morning Post, August 8, 1914

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;

Pear! 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

Daily Chronicle, August 8, 1914

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

Times, August 10, 1914

TO "LITTLE" BELGIUM

I

"There was war in Heaven" (Rev. xii. 7)

SURELY 'twas hell, not heaven, where first was war,
Where first infernal passions woke and stirred—
War, which makes heaven impossible in a word,
And Murder bids her bloody gate unbar!

As well might one, under the Juggernaut car,
And knowing all annihilate shall be,
Babble of life and immortality
As call that "heaven" where hell and hatred are.

Yet there was war in heaven, as on this star,
Yea, even there was War's red flag unfurled,
As if High God would warn a craven world
In heaven itself, worse can befall than war.

II

"Give peace in our time, O Lord!" (Prayer Book)

So runs the ancient prayer, and I who hold
War to be bloody, damnable, abhorred,
Pray: " Not in our time, only, be it Lord,
But for all time may peace this isle enfold !"

Yet rather than our England cease to be
What England is—Honour's own diadem ;
Rather than fail one promised sword to them
(Our word, God's arm, their surest guarantee),

That " little " but loyal race whom, near and far,
A world acclaims for glorious, deathless deed,
Rather than fail GREAT Belgium in her need,
Rather than this, in God's own name, be war!

COULSON KERNAHAN

Daily Chronicle, August 10, 1914

THE TRIBUTE

NOT by the valour of Belgium, nor the lightning sabre
of France,

Not by the thunder of Britain's Fleet, and the Bear's
unchecked advance,

Not by these fears, Lord Kaiser, tho' they shatter a
tyrant's lust,

Is your heart most darkly troubled, and your soul
brought down to the dust,

But by the great affirming of the lands we have knit as
one;

By the love, by the passionate loyal love, of each
separate free-born son,

Canada cries " We are coming !" and Australasia " We
come!"

And you scowl that no Boer is rising at the beat of
your German drum.

And the Men of Ind bear witness—We have grumbled,
but now no more;

We have shared your plentiful righteous Peace, we will
share your righteous War,

Trust us to guard your Honour, one with yours is our
breath;

You have dealt us an even justice, we are yours to the
gates of Death.

Here in these storm-swept islands where we fought
for the things of peace,

Where we quarrelled and strove in factions, at a
stroke all factions cease,

And there in the vast dominions, more free than your
Prussian lords,

The women are shouting for England and the men are
drawing their swords.

Never was flag so world-loved as the flag we lift on high,
While your Prussian legions muster, while your Eagle
screams in the sky;

And the God of Right give answer to your blood-and-
iron brag,

Whether your hand is worthy to wrest from our hand
that flag.

HAROLD BEGBIE

Daily Chronicle \ August 11, 1914

IN THE RED DAWN

OH, my England ! thou hast heard—
 Could the hearing leave thee cold ?—
Shattered vow and shameless word,
 Bribe and menace and affront;
Think they that thou growest old
 Since La Haie and Hougomont ?

Oh, my England ! thou hast seen,
 Not with dull or hopeless eyes,
How they wait, elate, serene,
 For thine utter darkening;
How they hover o'er the prize,
 Eagles red of claw and wing!

Thou hast heard—and they shall hear;
 Thou hast seen—and they shall see;
With the sun upon thy spear,
 And the moon upon thy helm,
Thou hast spoken, thou art free—
 Thou shalt strike and overwhelm.

Thou art ours, and we are thine,
And the circling sea is ours;
In the dark immortal wine
We will pledge them, though we die.
For flame still upon our towers
Flags of hope and victory.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART

Evening Standard, August 11, 1914

PRO PATRIA

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of *Punch*

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 common 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 others' 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 so we serve you best,
So best confirm their prowess and their pride,
Your warrior sons, to whom in this high test
Our fortunes we confide.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

THE WAR CRY

GRIM the struggle we've to face!

Setting now our task about,
As becomes our name and race,

Grimly we must fight it out.

Not elated, not depressed,

Equanimity our rule;

Through all happenings self-possessed,

Silent, strong, determined, cool.

Came the challenge from the foe ;

Naught we did to court this fight;

But since they will have it so,

Let them have—what they invite.

For a Europe's flouted laws

We the sword reluctant drew,

Righteous in a righteous cause:

Britons, we must see it through.

Wooden walls once held these strands
Safe from every foe that came.
Times are changed; but now our land's
Iron walls shall do the same.
Times are changed—our sailors, nay!
What their sea-sires were they are.
Drake's and Nelson's heart to-day
Beats in every British tar.

While they range the Northern deep,
Lies our sea-girt isle secure;
Britain's honour's theirs to keep ;
Trust we them to keep it sure.
What though random mine shall deal
Here and there its dastard blow,
They'll avenge each shattered keel
Twice, thrice over, on the foe.

*Came the challenge from the foe;
Naught we did to court this fight;
But since they will have it so,
Let them have—what they invite.*

THE WAR GRY

*For a Europe's flouted laws
We the sword reluctant drew,
Righteous in a righteous cause :
Britons, we WILL see it through !*

R, M, FREEMAN

Truth, August 12, 1914

FRANCE

BECAUSE for once the sword broke in her hand,
The words she spoke seemed perished for a space :
All wrong was brazen, and in every land
The tyrants walked abroad with naked face.

The waters turned to blood, as rose the Star
Of evil fate denying all release.
The rulers smote the feeble crying " War ! "
The usurers robbed the naked crying " Peace ! "

And her own feet were caught in nets of gold,
And her own soul profaned by sects that squirm,
And little men climbed her high seats and sold
Her honour to the vulture and the worm.

And she seemed broken and they thought her dead,
The Over-Men, so brave against the weak.
Has your last word of sophistry been said,
O cult of slaves ? Then it **is** hers to speak

Clear the slow mists from her half-darkened eyes,
As slow mists parted over Valmy fell,
And once again her hands in high surprise
Take hold upon the battlements of Hell.

CECIL CHESTERTON

New Witness, August 13, 1914

TO FRANCE

THOSE who have stood for thy cause when the dark was
around thee,

Those who have pierced through the shadows and
shining have found thee,

Those who have held to their faith in thy courage and
power,

Thy spirit, thy honour, thy strength for a terrible hour,
Now can rejoice that they see thee in light and in
glory,

Facing whatever may come as an end to the story
In calm-undespairing, with steady eyes fixed on the
morrow—

The morn that is pregnant with blood and with death
and with sorrow.

And whether the victory crowns thee, O France the
eternal,

Or whether the smoke and the dusk of a nightfall
infernal

Gather about thee, and us, and the foe; and all treasures
Run with the flooding of war into bottomless measures—

Fall what befalls: in this hour all those who are near
thee

And all who have loved thee, they rise and salute and
revere thee!

HERBERT JONES

Westminster Gazette, August 13, 1914

THE HUSH

THERE is a hush before the thunder-jar,
When white the steeples against purple stand :
There is a hush when night with star on star
Goes ashen on the summer like a brand.
Now a more awful pause appals the soul,
When concentrating armies crouch to spring ;
Stillness more fraught than any thunder-roll,
Dawn European with a redder wing.
The Teuton host no conscience onward drives;
Sullen they come ; to slaughter shepherded ;
Timed for the shambles with unwilling lives,
With doubt each soldier is already dead.
The massed battalions as a myth shall reel;
Vainly they fight, if first they cannot feel.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Times t August 13, 1914

ALLITERATIVISM
(THE LATEST SCHOOL)

[French airmen have been flying over Baden and Bavaria, violating Belgian neutrality.—*Stated, on German authority, in "Westminster Gazette."*]

SEE the flying French depart
Like the bees of Bonaparte,
Swarming up with a most venomous vitality.
Over Baden and Bavaria,
And Brighton and Bulgaria,
Thus violating Belgian neutrality.

And the injured Prussian may
Not unreasonably say
" Why, it cannot be so small a nationality !
Since Brixton and Batavia,
Bolivia and Belgravia,
Are bursting with the Belgian neutrality."

Beluchistan and Bonn,
Braemar and Babylon

All feel the French offence against legality,
And Boston and Bilbao
And Bucks and Bulawayo
Will perish for their Belgian neutrality.

By pure Alliteration

You may trace this curious nation,
And respect this somewhat scattered principality;
When you see a B in Both
You may take your Bible oath
You are violating Belgian neutrality.

G. K. CHESTERTON

New Witness, August 13, 1914

TO THE AGGRESSOR

NOT ours the stroke, for we maintain
The Truth by which the just abide,
That murder is the lust of Hell.
If Europe must be crucified,
Not ours the guilt! Let it be known.
Aye I by the blood upon thy throne !

Not ours this war, and all its waste,
Nor do we take the sword in vain—
The Holy Sword our fathers bore
To brand it with the mark of Cain.
" Thou art the Man ! " For thee 'twas planned.
Aye I by the Bible in thy hand I

REGINALD R. BUCKLEY

T. P.'s Weekly, August 13, 1914

EVENING PRAYER OF A PEOPLE

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1914

LORD, from this storm-awakened isle,
At this dark hour on land and sea,
Twixt bugle-call and Sabbath bell
Go up our prayers to Thee.

For the long years of sanctuary
We tender thanks, O Lord !
For peaceful fields and sacred hearths,
And the unused sword.

Thine be the praise! And now when quakes
The world, and trials come,
O God ! preserve inviolate
Our ancient island Home !

O! had we died untried, unproved,
And missed this hour of stress !—
Praise be to God for this last gift,
The joy of steadfastness!

Where'er our people be to-night,
Our husbands or our sons,
Tossed on the thunder-bolted deep,
Or bivouacked by the guns ;

Treading the mire of foreign lands,
Or guarding our native coasts,
Be Thou their Shield and Comforter,
We pray Thee, God of Hosts !

NEIL MUNRO

Glasgow Evening News, August 9, 1914

THE MAN FORSWORN

WHO draws to-day the unrighteous sword ?

Behold him stand, the Man Forsworn,
The warrior of the faithless word,
The pledge disowned, the covenant torn,
Who prates of honour, truth, and trust,
Ere he profanes them in the dust.

When to yon fabric grey in fame,
That Windsor lifts against the sky,
In martial cloak the Kaiser came,
We did not dream it cloaked a spy;
Yet there he sat, as now we know,
A guest, a kinsman, and a foe.

France was a gallant foe and fair,
That looked us proudly in the face,
With her frank eyes and freeborn air,
And valour half-concealed in grace.
Noblest of all with whom we strove,
At last she gives us noble love.

But he that took our proffered hand,
Thinking to take our birthright too,
He, in this hospitable land,
Bore him as only dastards do.
Here, where the Earth still nurtures men,
His hand shall soil not ours again.

We know his people great and strong ;
On such as these we cast no slur ;
Our wonder is that they so long
Suffer ungalled his bit and spur.
Tis with no heart of joy that we
Arise to smite them on the sea.

Glory we count of lesser worth
Than wife and babe and hearth and home ;
Theirs is the mandate speeding forth
Our steps of thunder on the foam ;
For them we fight, for them we stand,
Yea, and for faith 'twixt land and land.

You that have linked your might with ours,
To break his pride who breaks the laws,
You wear to-day, 'mid perjured Powers,
The armour of a spotless cause ;

Your legions march in Truth arrayed,
And knightly Honour whets your blade.

From Baltic or Biscayan shores ;
 Where Loire to the Atlantic runs ;
Where Volga to the Caspian pours,
 You have not poured in vain your sons.
From laughing lands of Rhone and Seine
You have not poured your sons in vain.

Let us a League of Man proclaim
 Against such knavery 'neath a crown
As would be rightly held to shame
 A swineherd and his fellow clown.
Shall all the false and creeping things
Find a last refuge among Kings ?

At least on this unageing throne,
 That baffles the long siege of Time,
We have a monarch of our own
 To whom a crime is still a crime;
And pure in aim there sits afar
The patient; silent, storm-worn Czar.

For one sole mortal it remained,
One rash insulter of the Earth,
To teach the world wherein he reigned
How much a Kaiser's word is worth.
A Kaiser's word, a Caitiffs vow !
Well have we learned their value now.

Over the bland and kindly Day,
Unseasonable Night he flings ;
Sinister darkness bleak and grey,
A horror of malignant wings.
Pain and red havoc he bestows
On them that only asked repose.

He is not hungrier for your lands
Than he is thirsty for your seas.
Smite him with all your thunderous hands,
Fight him and smite him to his knees—
There, till his last vain bolt be hurled,
Manning the fortress of the world.

WILLIAM WATSON

Daily Chronicle, August 14, 1914

TO THE KING OF THE BELGIANS

MULTITUDES upon multitudes they throng
And thicken : who shall number their array ?
They bid the peoples tremble and obey:
Their faces are set forward, all for wrong.
They trample on the covenant and are strong
And terrible. Who shall dare to say them nay ?
How shall a little nation bar the way
Where that resistless host is borne along ?

You never thought, O ! gallant King, to bow
To overmastering force and stand aside.
Safe and secure you might have reigned. But now
Your Belgium is transfigured, glorified,
The friend of France and England, who avow
An Equal here, and thank the men who died.

H. M.

Times, August 14, 1914

THE VINDICATION

[It is announced that all the Territorial battalions are already at full strength, and that Lord Kitchener's "second army" is now in course of formation.]

THE Summer wanes : and, 'Erbert, in the haunts
That have been hallowed by your yearly favour
The "fag" that you affect no longer flaunts
Its unattractive savour.

Your bare but lustrous poll, your lurid ties,
The wond'rous garb you choose for your adorning
At Margate gladden no expectant eyes;
And Southend is in mourning.

The rail you used, in your adjacent park,
Whereon to perch, that girls might glance in
gladness,
Stands tenantless (and they, I may remark,
Show little trace of sadness).

Your expert views of 'Ayward, 'Obbs, and 'Itch
Disturb no more the matutinal travel;
And "form"—you scarcely know which horse is which—
No longer you unravel.

You have been, more or less, an ornament,
Too precious for the strenuous endeavour
Of those on getting goals, or wickets, bent;
And not unduly clever.

We held you as a nuisance at your worst,
And at your best a useless sort of blighter,
Never imagining that you might burst,
Some day, into a fighter.

We've heard you call on God to save the King,
And shout the " Marseillaise "—somewhat shyly—
But, still, your martial ardour was a thing
We did not value highly.

Yet, in the altered circumstances, 'Erb,
We feel that in our world there's something
lacking—
The place has grown more sombre, less superb,
Since you have started packing !

We held your thews and sinews rather cheap,
 Knowing you'd never been inclined to use them ;
And might, had not emotion run so deep,
 Have ventured to refuse them:

But—here's where our apology comes in—
 The hour of need was all we lacked to try you !
So, 'Erb, my hero, march along and win :
 The God of Wars stand by you!

PHILIP BUSSY

Westminster Gazette, August 14, 1914

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND

MY sea-winds I gather, my fields I fill
With life-giving roots and grain.
My sons I unite for my greatest fight
My dream and desire to gain.

My land I have clothed in its fairest garb,
Corn-yellow and green and blue.
I arise in my pride, once more to decide
In the conflict of false and true.

I summon to battle from plain and hill,
From woodland and fen and dale,
From my reeking towns and greyhound downs
My men to be cast in the scale.

My flesh still quivers. The poisoned barb
By treacherous foe is flung.
I have plucked it out; my children shout
Of the vengeance to be wrung.

But I seek no vengeance, nor demand
An eye for an eye, nor tooth
For tooth. I desire to raise from the mire
My vision of peace and truth.

I have cleansed the seas, and have opened them
To traffic of many ships :
I would purge the land with the same firm hand
To let peace know no eclipse.

My dreams are challenged. I make my stand.
My vision shall still prevail.
From my white tower I send my power
Arrayed in its proven mail.

No glory I covet, nor diadem,
Save honour and peace of soul,
But to see far-flung as my singers have sung
My Freedom from pole to pole.

GILBERT CANNAN

Saturday Review, August 15, 1914

THE NAVAL RESERVE

FROM the undiscovered deep
Where the blessed lie at ease—
Since the ancient navies keep
Empire of the heavenly seas—
Back they come, the mighty dead,
Quick to serve where they have led.

Rushing on the homeward gale,
Swift they come, to seek their place
Where the grey flotillas sail,
Where the children of their race
Now against the foe maintain
All they gave their lives to gain.

Rank on rank, the admirals
Rally to their old commands ;
Where the crash of battle falls,
There the one-armed hero stands.
Loud upon his phantom mast
Speak the signals of the past,

Where upon the friendly wave
Stand our squadrons as of old,
Where the lonely deed and brave
Shall the ancient torch uphold—
Strive for England, side by side,
Those who live and those who died.

EVELYN UNDERBILL

New Weekly, August 15, 1914

ICONOCLASTES

LIVED in days of old a nation
Stark and sturdy, valiant-hearted,
Rich in honest, kindly manhood,
 Rich in tender womanhood ;

Rich in deft and cunning craftsmen,
Singers mighty and melodious,
Thinkers of sublimest stature—
 Masters of the undaunted mind ;

Rich—yea, richest—in titanic
Wondrous harmony-compellers,
Weaving descants world-enthraling,
 Echoes of the voice of God.

But, alas! and in an evil
Day for them, this glorious people
Went a-wandering after idols,
 Went a-worshipping false gods.

One grim Idol in especial.
One colossal Moloch-image,
Moulded of blood-tempered iron,
 They erected in their midst.

Dark and sinister its aspect,
Rigid, menacing, inhuman,
From its swooping helmet-eagle
 To its trailing sabre-tip.

Shaggy brows o'erhung and shaded
Eyes of cynical clairvoyance
Into all the baser instincts
 Of the shivering, thrall-bound soul;

Stone-blind to the far horizons
Of the aspiring human spirit:
Stone-blind to the dawning promise
 Of a wiser, happier age.

Rose the bullet-head defiant
From aggressive, padded shoulders;
On the breast a steely corslet
 Bastioned a stony heart,

Planted firm on mighty jack-boots
Stood the rugged, rough-hewn image—
Seven-league jack-boots, swift to trample
Homes, and hearts, and plighted faith.

Once this god—so ran the legend—
Led his chosen folk to triumph—
Triumph, dear-bought, triumph tragic,
Yet resplendent in its day.

Whereupon the people, dazzled
By his blood-red blaze of glory,
Saw in him a Teuton Saviour,
Crucifying, not crucified:

Made of him an ogre-fetish,
A cast-iron Mumbo-Jumbo,
Worshipped in a tortuous ritual
Known as *Real-Politik*.

Hierarchies of priests before him
Moved through ponderous *JKricgs-Mandver*,
Headed by the Archimandrite
Of the far-famed Mailed Fist.



ICONOCLASTES

O'er the land his spirit brooded :
Renommieren, Schwadronieren
Were accounted saving graces,
 And heel-clicking *Schneidigkeit*.

Year by year, in huge battalions,
Were the young men of the nation
At his altar consecrated
 To a soulless slavery;

While on the overburdened ocean
Steel-clad monsters hurtled, thundering,
Through unhallowed demon-dances,
 To propitiate his ghost.

Nor on his own people only
Weighed his worship like a nightmare—
All the nations needs must pay him
 Tribute of their youth and strength.

Every nation at his altar
Needs must bow in sullen thraldom,
Pouring tithes of all their treasure
 Into his insatiate maw.

Vainly did they murmur, craving
 Some remission of their tribute ;
 Still the Archimandrite answered,
 "*Real-Pohtik* forbids!"

Till at last, in fierce rebellion
 Rose his victims, over-driven,
 Rose against the Archimandrite
 And his *schneidig* hierarchy,

Saying, "Let us smash the Idol,
 Pulverize the Moloch-image,
 Exorcize the accursed vampire—
 From its menace free the world:

" Free ourselves, and free the noble,
 Richly dowered, *gemutlich* nation,
 Doomed by some malign enchantment
 To this dire idolatry:

" Free the workers, thinkers, singers,
 To their saner selves restore them,
 Save their souls, reclaim their genius
 For the service of mankind."

* ● * *

Can we crush the Idol ? Never
Doubt it ! for a mightier godhead,
Ancient, awful, fights on our side,
And its name is NEMESIS.

WILLIAM ARCHER

Daily News, August 15,

THE CALL TO ARMS IN OUR STREET

THERE'S a woman sobs her heart out,
With her head against the door,
For the man that's called to leave her,
—God have pity on the poor !
 But it's beat, drums, beat,
 While the lads march down the street,
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 Keep your tears until they go

There's a crowd of little children
That march along and shout,
For it's fine to play at soldiers
Now their fathers are called out.
 So it's beat, drums, beat;
 But who'll find them food to eat ?
 And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
 Ah! the children little know.

There's a mother who stands watching
For the last look of her son,
A worn poor widow woman,
And he her only one.

But it's beat, drums, beat,
Though God knows when we shall meet;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
We must smile and cheer them so.

There's a young girl who stands laughing,
For she thinks a war is grand,
And it's fine to see the lads pass,
And it's fine to hear the band.

So it's beat, drums, beat,
To the fall of many feet ;
And it's blow, trumpets, blow,
God go with you where you go
To the war.

W. M. LETTS

Saturday Westminster) August 15, 1914

TO THE CREW OF H.M.S.
BIRMINGHAM

You that have been first in war
 To meet that menace of the sea,
The sunken craft that ne'er before
 Hath tried death's instrument to be,—
You have won honour and success
By daring and by skilfulness.

Daring is yours by pure descent
 From heroes of an earlier age,
Who blood and treasure freely spent
 To make the sea our heritage,
Who faced the cannon and the steel,
And lived and died for England's weal.

And skill is yours, with patience won
 And labour neither brief nor light—
No novice aimed the blinding gun
 That reft the submarine of sight—

Honoured of England let him be
As Robin Hood of gunnery.

Yours then is England's love and praise,
O cruiser of the honoured name !
For whatsoever future days
May bring of peril or of fame,
In your first battle on the sea
You win your immortality.

R. H. FORSTER

Yorkshire Post, August 16, 1914

GERMANIA

SURGEON her, world ! Let myriad scalpels bright
Flash in her sores with all thy bitter might,

So that their aching cease.

Cut clean the cursed canker that doth foul
Her spirit; tent and cleanse her sorry soul,
And give her bosom peace.

We do not smite a nation, but a pest;

Humanity makes reasonable quest
To free a noble slave.

Full deep she groans and faints, and fainting feels
Archaic torture of a tyrant's heels
Grinding her to her grave.

Possessed of devils now, mad with her woes,
She wounds the world and turns her friends to foes ;

But cast her devils down

And broken, humbled, contrite, healed and sane

Oh may she shine her glorious self again—

Pearl in Europa's crown.

And they accurs'd, who bred this in her heart,
Shall from the councils of mankind depart,
 While over sea and shore,
The silver trumpets of the sunrise cry
That earth pursue her solemn destiny
 By blood and iron no more.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS

Daily Chronicle^ August 17, 1914

THE CALL

LAD, with the merry smile and the eyes
Quick as a hawk's and clear as the day,
You, who have counted the game the prize,
Here is the game of games to play.
Never a goal—the captains say—
Matches the one that's needed now :
Put the old blazer and cap away—
England's colours await your brow.

Man, with the square-set jaws and chin,
Always, it seems, you have moved to your end
Sure of yourself, intent to win
Fame and wealth and the power to bend—
All that you've made you're called to spend,
All that you've sought you're asked to miss—
What's ambition compared with this
That a man lay down his life for his friend ?

Dreamer; oft in your glancing mind
 Brave with drinking the faerie brew,
You have smitten the ogres blind
 When the fair Princess cried out to you.
 Dreamer, what if your dreams are true ?
Yonder's a bayonet, magical, since
 Him whom it strikes, the blade sinks through—
Take it and strike for England, Prince !

Friend with the face so hard and worn,
 The Devil and you have sometime met,
And now you curse the day you were born,
 And want one boon of God—to forget.
 Ah, but I know, and yet—and yet—
I think, out there in the shrapnel spray,
 You shall stand up and not regret
The Life that gave so splendid a day.

Lover of ease, you've lolled and forgot
 All the things that you meant to right;
Life has been soft for you, has it not ?
 What offer does England make to-night ?

This—to toil and to march and to fight
As never you've dreamed since your life began;
This—to carry the steel-swept height,
This—to know that you've played the man !

Brothers, brothers, the time is short,
Nor soon again shall it so betide
That a man may pass from the common sort
Sudden and stand by the heroes' side.
Are there some that being named yet bide ?—
Hark once more to the clarion call—
Sounded by him who deathless died—
" This day England expects you all."

R. E. .VERNEDE

Times, August 19, 1914

DIES IRAE

TO THE GERMAN KAISER

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of *Punch*

AMAZING Monarch ! who at various times,
Posing as Europe's self-appointed saviour,
Afforded copy for our ribald rhymes
By your behaviour;

We nursed no malice; nay, we thanked you much
Because your head-piece, swollen like a tumour,
Lent to a dullish world the needed touch
Of saving humour.

What with your wardrobes stuffed with warrior gear,
Your gander-step parades, your prancing Prussians,
Your menaces that shocked the deafened sphere
With rude concussions ;

Your fist that turned the pinkest rivals pale
Alike with sceptre, chisel, pen or palette,
And could at any moment, gloved in mail,
Smite like a mallet;

Master of all the Arts, and, what was more,
Lord of the limelight blaze that let us know it—
You seemed a gift designed on purpose for
The flippant poet.

Time passed and put to these old jests an end ;
Into our open hearts you found admission,
Ate of our bread and pledged us like a friend
Above suspicion.

You shared our griefs with seeming-gentle eyes ;
You moved among us cousinly entreated;
Still hiding, under that fair outward guise,
A heart that cheated.

And now the mask is down, and forth you stand
Known for a King whose word is no great matter,
A traitor proved, for every honest hand
To strike and shatter.

This was the " Day " foretold by yours and you
In whispers here, and there with beery clamours—
You and your rat-hole spies and blustering crew
Of loud Potsdamers.

And lo, there dawns another, swift and stern,
When on the wheels of wrath, by Justice' token,
Breaker of God's own Peace, you shall in turn
Yourself be broken.

SIR OWEN SEAMAN

Punch, August 19, 1914

TO WOMEN

YOUR hearts are lifted up, your hearts
That have foreknown the utter price,
Your hearts burn upward as 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 lightning 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.

LAURENCE BINYON

Times, August 20, 1914

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

ONCE o'er those downs wild beacons blazed,
Weird messengers of fate and fight,
She was not wild, dismayed, or dazed,
But calmly looked towards the light—
Towards the light that springs from night,
As sure as courage springs from faith.
So now, when like some hideous wraith
War mocks, with bodings from the dead,
Our moonlit harvests, swathe on swathe,
May she, dear England, lift her head
Towards the light, towards the light—
Praying that God defend the right.

WALTER SICHEL

Westminster Gazette, August 10, 1914

ROLL UP !

" ROLL up the map of Europe!"

The German Kaiser cried,

" For I'm the new Napoleon,

An' England's 'ands are tied."

But another sort o' rollin' up

Is comin' into play—

"Roll up! Roll up I" sez Kitchener,

An' we're rollin' up all day.

'E thought, did Kaiser William,

That England would stand by,

While 'e an' 'is five million

Were crushin' 'er ally.

" For they 'aven't got the men," 'e said,

" To fight acrost the seas."

" *Roll up! Roll up!*" sez Kitchener,

" New Army forward, please!"

Yes, 'e wants a Second Army—

'E's goin' to get it, too ;

For we know the man that calls us,

An' we trust im thro' and thro'.

If K. should need a million men,

'E's only got to say—

" *Roll up for King and Country I* "

An' they'll roll up right away.

An' while we do our part 'ere,

We'll think with love an' pride

Of our comrades now a-rallyin'

Across the oceans wide.

For East an' West an' furthest South

They hear K.'s call resound—

" *Roll up t Roll up for England!* "

An' they're rollin up all round.

W. M. L. HUTCHINSON

Pall Mall Gazette, August 20, 1914

NOT for passion or for power,
Clean of hands, and calm of soul,
England at this awful hour
Bids her battle-thunders roll,

That crown'd arrogance may quail
And brute-force be backward hurled—
Lest the hypocrite prevail,
Lest a lie should win the world;

Lest she see the trustful weak
Trampled by the perjured strong—
That her arm may help to wreak
Justice on red-handed wrong,

Till the hierophants of fear
Cease, beneath the darkened sun,
To boom out in Europe's ear
The grim gospel of the gun.

So, to meet yon myriad host

As we muster, land by land,
Witness Heaven—no braggart boast—
That for righteousness we stand !

In the dread impending hour
Heedful of that warning word,
" ' Not by might, and not by power—
By my Spirit,' saith the Lord."

JAMES RHOADES

Times, August 21, 1914

TO THE BRITISH ARMY

BRITISH soldiers, once again
Ye are marshalled on the plain
By our fathers' blood renowned ;
Ye are treading sacred ground!
Hearken, hearken as ye pass
To the voices in the grass!
On the Belgian soil it waves
O'er the lone, unnumbered graves
Where immortal warriors lie,
Devotees of Liberty,
Nobly fallen in the fray.
Ramillies and Malplaquet,
Quatre Bras and Waterloo
Yield their legions up to you !

British soldiers, ye will fight
'Neath the banner of the Right:
Ye are holding in your hands
Liberty of little lands,

Seeking nothing, giving all,
Answering to Honour's call,
Stay Aggression's grim attack!
Hurl the impious menace back!
Devotees of Liberty,
Ride ye now to victory!
We in England watch and pray :—
Ramillies and Malplaquet,
Quatre Bras and Waterloo
Yield their soul to strengthen you!

R. GORELL BARNES

Times, August 22, 1914

REDEMPTION

As though Youth had not all the best, this day
Offers him one excelling best-of-all,—
The glorious summons of a trumpet-call
To prove his manhood in man's noblest fray;
To be with those who fight at last to slay
That ancient despot, War. Whate'er befall,
His is a prize so rich as to forestall
The invidious years and venom of decay.
No fruitless age shall he regret who pays
Thus timely his arrears to Motherland
And humankind, ensuing Earth's desire ;
Who stakes his else immemorable days
And wins his life back, holy from Death's hand,
Redeemed in one brief ecstasy of fire!

HAROLD E. GOAD

Times, August 26, 1914

A BATTLE-SONG

SONS of Britain, old in fame,
Heirs of an immortal name,
Strike, because the danger's near,
Strike for all ye hold most dear;
Plunged in combat, whelmed with strife,
Strike for liberty and life !

Sons of Britain, ye know well
How the clarion trumpets swell
When, like some tempestuous star,
Flares the oriflamme of war !
If it summon you to strife
Strike for liberty and life !

Will ye bear the Teuton heel
Crushing down your Commonweal ?
Will ye not avenge the wrong
Europe hath endured so long ?
Stay the tyranny and strife,
Strike for liberty and life ?

Hark! they mutter in their sleep,
All those heroes of the deep—
Nelson, Rodney, Hawkins, Drake,
All who fought for Britain's sake,
Fought and died that such as we
Might strike for life and liberty !

Ye, who answer Honour's call
To strive, to conquer, or to fall—
Ye who call yourselves the sons
Of Marlboroughs and Wellingtons—
Claim your heritage of strife,
Strike for liberty and life.

Straining upwards to the light,
Striving ever for the right,
Sons of Britain, dauntless stand
For God and King and Fatherland.
Join the battle, face the strife,
Strike for liberty and life !

W, L. COURTNEY

Daily Telegraph, August 27, 1914

THE KAISER AND GOD

[" I rejoice with you in Wilhelm's first victory, How magnificently God supported him!"—*Telegram from the Kaiser to the Crown Princess.*]

LED by Wilhelm, as you tell,
God has done extremely well;
You with patronizing nod
Show that you approve of God.
Kaiser, face a question new—
This—does God approve of you ?

Broken pledges, treaties torn,
Your first page of war adorn ;
We on fouler things must look
Who read further in that book,
Where you did in time of war
All that you in peace forswore,
Where you, barbarously wise,
Bade your soldiers terrorize,

Where you made—the deed was fine—
Women screen your firing line.
Villages burned down to dust,
Torture, murder, bestial lust,
Filth too foul for printer's ink,
Crimes from which the apes would shrink—
Strange the offerings that you press
On the God of Righteousness!

Kaiser, when you'd decorate
Sons or friends who serve your State,
Not that Iron Cross bestow,
But a Cross of Wood, and so—
So remind the world that you
Have made Calvary anew.

Kaiser, when you'd kneel in prayer
Look upon your hands, and there
Let that deep and awful stain
From the blood of children slain
Burn your very soul with shame,
Till you dare not breathe that Name
That now you glibly advertise—
God as one of your allies.

Impious braggart, you forget;
God is not your conscript yet;
You shall learn in dumb amaze
That His ways are not your ways,
That the mire through which you trod
Is not the high white road of God,

*To Whom, whichever way the combat rolls,
We, fighting to the end, commend our souls.*

BARRY PAIN

Times, August 28, 1914

THE SHIRKER

[Suggested by Mr. Robert Blatchford's article in
the *Daily Mail*.]

HE moors the skiff within the cooler gloom
Of river-branches, unaware of doom ;
Cushioned he lolls, and looks in faces fair,
Nursing with placid hand anointed hair.
It seems he scarcely can uplift the weight
Of summer afternoon, far less of fate.
So the young Briton, sprawling in his strength,
Supports a heavy Sabbath at full length,
Till sinks the sun on more than that sweet river,
Perhaps upon our day goes down for ever.
But though that orb may on an Empire set,
Tomlinson lights another cigarette.

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Daily Mail, August 30, 1914

GHOSTS AT BOULOGNE

ONE dreamer, when our English soldiers trod,
But yesterday the welcoming fields of France,
Saw war-gaunt shadows gathering stare askance
Upon those levies and that alien sod—
Saw Churchill's smile, and Wellington's curt nod,
Saw Harry with his Crispins, Chandos' lance,
And the Edwards on whose breasts the leopards dance
Then heard a gust of ghostly thanks to God
That the most famous quarrel of all time
In the most famous friendship ends at last;
Such flame of friendship as God fans to forge
A sword to strike the Dragon of the Slime,
Bidding St. Denis with St. George stand fast
Against the Worm. St. Denis and St. George !

JUSTIN HUNTLY MCCARTHY

Daily Chronicle, August 30, 1914

TO THE BELGIANS

FROM ENGLAND

O MEN of mickle heart and little speech,
Slow, stubborn countrymen of heath and plain,
Now have ye shown these insolent again
That which to Caesar's legions ye could teach,
That slow-provok'd is long-provok'd. May each
Crass Caesar learn this of the Keltic grain,
Until at last they reckon it in vain
To browbeat us who hold the Western reach.

For even as you, so we are, ill to rouse,
Rooted in Custom, Order, Church and King;
And as you fight for their sake, so shall we,
Stubbornly, inch by inch, and house by house;
Seeing for us, too, there's a dearer thing
Than land or blood—and that thing Liberty.

MAURICE HEWLETT

Westminster Gazette, September 9, 1914

SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

WHAT of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away
Ere the barn-cocks say
Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us;
What of the faith and fire within us
Men who march away ?

Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye
Who watch us stepping by,
With doubt and dolorous sigh ?
Can much pondering so hoodwink you!
Is it a purblind prank, O think you,
Friend with the musing eye ?

Nay. We see well what we are doing,
Though some may not see—
Dalliers as they be!—
England's need are we ;

Her distress would leave us rueing:
Nay. We see well what we are doing,
 Though some may not see !

In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just,
 And that braggarts must
 Surely bite the dust,
Press we to the field ungrieving,
In our heart of hearts believing
 Victory crowns the just.

Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away
 Ere the barn-cocks say
 Night is growing gray,
To hazards whence no tears can win us ;
Hence the faith and fire within us
 Men who march away.

THOMAS HARDY

Times, September 9, 1914

A CAP TO FIT THE KAISER

Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer,

Jura neget sibi nata, nihil non arroget armis.

(*ARS POETICA* 12)

EAGER, implacable, untired,

By pride and anger quickly fired,

He laughs at laws and plighted word,

His sole arbitrament the sword.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN

"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 overthrown.
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 is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall ?
Who dies if England live ?

RUDYARD KIPLING

Titnts, September 2, 1914

THE BATTLE OF THE BIGHT

HAD I the fabled herb
That brought to life the dead,
Whom would I dare disturb
In his eternal bed ?
Great Grenville would I wake,
And with glad tidings make
The soul of mighty Drake
Heave up a glorying head.

As rose the misty sun,
Our men the North Sea scanned,
And each rejoicing gun
Welcomed a Foe at hand,
And thundering its delight,
Opened its mouth outright,
And bit them in the Bight,
The Bight of Helgoland.

With Captains who could each
Do aught but yield or flee ;
With guns that spake the speech
Shall keep this Kingdom free;
We hammered to their doom
Four Giants mid the gloom,
And one to a fiercer tomb
Sent blazing down the sea.

Sleep on, O Drake, sleep well,
In days not wholly dire !
Grenville, whom nought could quell,
Unquenched is still thy fire.
And thou that hadst no peer,
Nelson I thou need'st not fear:
Thy sons and heirs are here,
Nor shall they shame their sire.

WILLIAM WATSON

