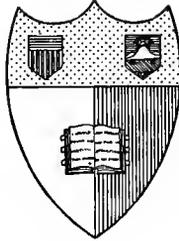


THE SUPREME SACRIFICE
AND OTHER POEMS
IN TIME OF WAR



JOHN S ARKWRIGHT,



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THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

AND OTHER POEMS IN TIME OF WAR

THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

And Other Poems in Time of War

BY

JOHN S. ARKWRIGHT

4

With Illustrations by

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LONDON

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34 SOUTHAMPTON STREET. STRAND, W.C. 2

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1919

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RD

A. 465007

DEDICATION

TO

ALFRED, VISCOUNT MILNER

MEMBER OF THE WAR CABINET

DECEMBER, 1916, TO APRIL, 1918

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR

APRIL, 1918, TO JANUARY, 1919

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES

JANUARY, 1919

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

WITH THE RESPECT AND AFFECTION

OF ONE WHO WAS PRIVILEGED

TO SEE SOME PART OF HIS WORK FOR VICTORY
IN THAT DARK HOUR WHICH HERALDED THE DAWN

AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE majority of these poems were first written and published during the Great War, and especially in its concluding stages.

They are reprinted here in the order of their date, so far as this was found to be possible. In this way they form a loosely connected series which may serve to recall something of the successive emotions felt by the Nation at home during the progress of the struggle.

I have included all that I have written on the very sacred theme of personal loss and sorrow, in the hope that a passage here and there may accomplish some of the purpose for which I wrote it. In this connection "The Last Muster," dating from the time of the South African War, has been added at the request of a friend.

* * * * *

To the distinguished Artists, to whom this little

volume will owe so large a proportion of any success that it may meet with, I tender here my best thanks, not only for their admirable illustrations, but also for their unfailing interest and encouragement.

* * * * *

To Mr. Richard Durnford and to the Reverend Sidney Aurelius Jones I am greatly indebted for permission to publish their Latin and Welsh versions of “The Supreme Sacrifice.”

These will be found in the Appendix.

JOHN S. ARKWRIGHT.

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THE SUPREME SACRIFICE

O VALIANT Hearts, who to your glory came
Through dust of conflict and through battle-
flame ;
Tranquil you lie, your knightly virtue proved,
Your memory hallowed in the Land you loved.

Proudly you gathered, rank on rank to war,
As who had heard God's message from afar ;
All you had hoped for, all you had, you gave
To save Mankind—yourselves you scorned to save.

Splendid you passed, the great surrender made,
Into the light that nevermore shall fade ;
Deep your contentment in that blest abode,
Who wait the last clear trumpet-call of God.

Long years ago, as earth lay dark and still,
Rose a loud cry upon a lonely hill,
While in the frailty of our human clay
Christ, our Redeemer, passed the self-same way.

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss ;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

These were His servants ; in His steps they trod
Following through death the martyr'd Son of God :
Victor He rose ; victorious too shall rise
They who have drunk His cup of Sacrifice.

O risen Lord, O Shepherd of our Dead,
Whose Cross has bought them and Whose Staff has
 led—
In glorious hope their proud and sorrowing Land
Commits her Children to Thy gracious hand.

REQUIESCANT

FATHER, we bring our Dead to Thee,
And Thou wilt fold them close upon Thy
breast,
And for a little season they shall be
At rest.

Loved Ones, they kept our honour well,
In storm-swept rampart and on dreadful deep,
Ere yet this glory touched them and they fell
Asleep.

* * * * *

A little sleep before the dawn,
A veil of shadow over weary eyes,
And then shall come the trumpet-voice of morn—
“ Arise ! ”

HYMN FOR USE IN TIME OF WAR

O THOU Whose hand is over all Creation,
Whose word hath sent the planets on
their race,

Hath laid the mountains on their sure foundation,
And taught the tides their season and their place ;
Thy voice is heard of all men in the thunders,
The fear of Thee is on the peoples' lips,
And we have known Thy works and seen Thy wonders
Who put to sea in ships.

Thine eyes behold the earth's remotest regions,
Her great ones tremble at Thy dread decree,
Their fleets are Thine, Thy hand is on their legions,
In all the world there is no God save Thee.
Except Thou guard the host when it is sleeping
The strength of kings shall turn to them again,
Except Thou take the city in Thy keeping
The watchman wakes in vain.

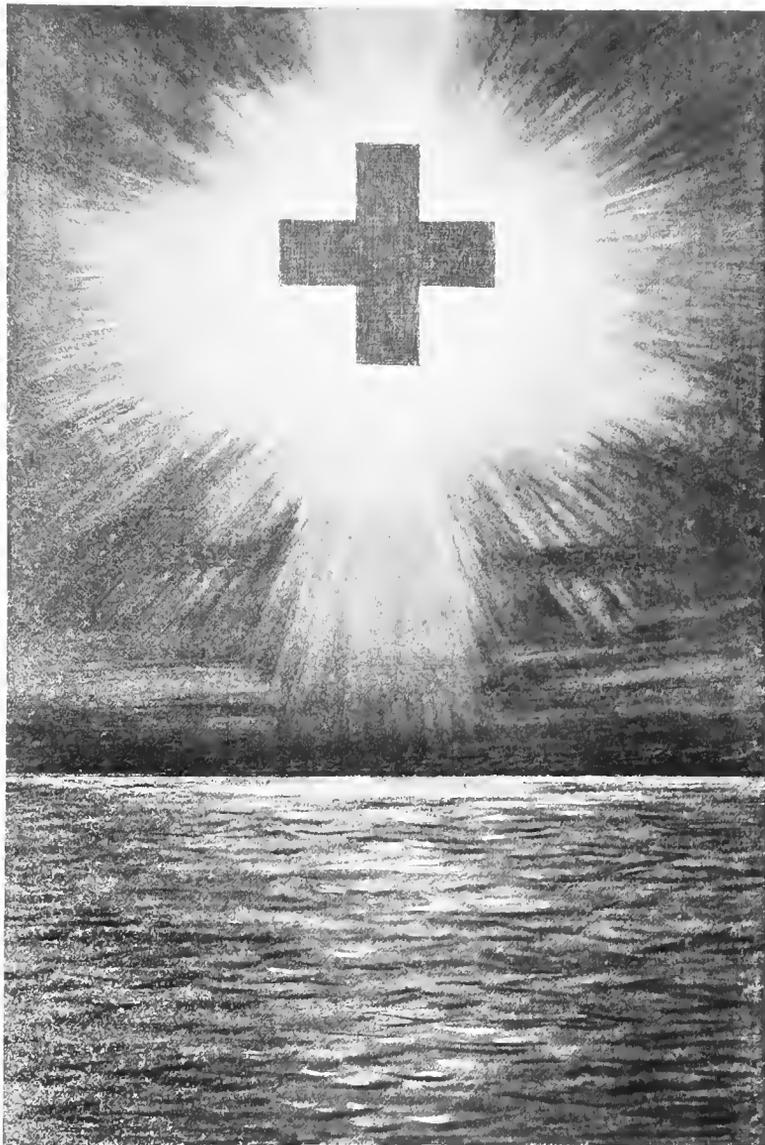
Thou only art of Victory the Giver ;
Our ears have heard the tales our Fathers told—
How they did cry, and how Thou didst deliver,
And led'st their armies in the time of old ;
Our eyes have seen Thy mercy still unbroken,
Thy strong right arm outstretched above our way,
Vouchsafe Thy children yet another token
And go with us to-day.

Go forth, O God, in majesty most glorious
Before our armies as in days of yore,
And, with Thine aid that we may be victorious,
Grant us Thy grace that we may praise Thee more ;
What time so'er the angry tempest gathers,
When through our land the noise of battle flies,
For Thy great Name, Jehovah of our Fathers,
O Lord our God, arise !

“ MISSING ! ”

TO THE MEMORY OF RED CROSS NURSES
DROWNED AT SEA

WHEN at the last the deeps reveal
The treasure they have stored—
When the victorious trumpets peal
For the coming of the Lord—
In glory then shall these arise
To take their crowns in fee,
Who hallowed by their sacrifice
His altars in the sea.



To face p. 32.]

TILL PRAYER PREVAIL

O GOD of Might, attend our anxious Prayer—
Uphold our brethren wheresoe'er they be,
In far-off lands, dread spaces of the air,
Or trackless deeps of Thy tumultuous sea ;
Grant them Thy strength, that they may greatly dare
And greatly triumph, rendering thanks to Thee.

Grant Thou Thy strength no less to us who wait—
That we, through pain and sacrifice, may stand
Firm in the ancient faiths that made us great,
True to the honour of our Mother Land ;
Till Prayer prevail ; and Victory, soon or late,
Fall, as of old, from out Thy gracious hand.

NURSE EDITH CAVELL

CHRIST is my Shepherd—He shall make
me whole ;
Evil has fallen upon me, and the foe
Has risen against me ; but in Him I know
Green pastures and still waters for my soul.

Yea, I must walk through the shadowy vale of death,
Yet what is that, following His staff and rod—
My Saviour—who could call at once on God
To roll the heavens aside, as at a breath !

A PRAYER

TAKE me, O Lord, beneath Thy tender care,
For I have lost my Loved One in the strife ;
And earth is dark, that lately seemed so fair,
And death has overshadowed all my life.

I know he goes henceforth from strength to strength,
But I am weak, O Lord, as he is strong ;
I know that I shall see his face at length,
But now the path is hard, the way is long.

He stands transfigured in the Light Divine,
Free from all sorrow to eternity ;
But I must hold Thy piercèd hand in mine,
O Saviour Christ, for I have need of Thee.

THE PILGRIM'S WAY

THE road is rough before his feet,
He knows not where the end may lie ;
The thunder and the darkness meet
To bar his path in earth and sky.

But Truth and Honour nerve his arm,
And Faith is yet his shield and stay ;
And God will save his soul from harm
Who dares to tread the Pilgrim's Way.



To face p. 26.]

THE PADRES

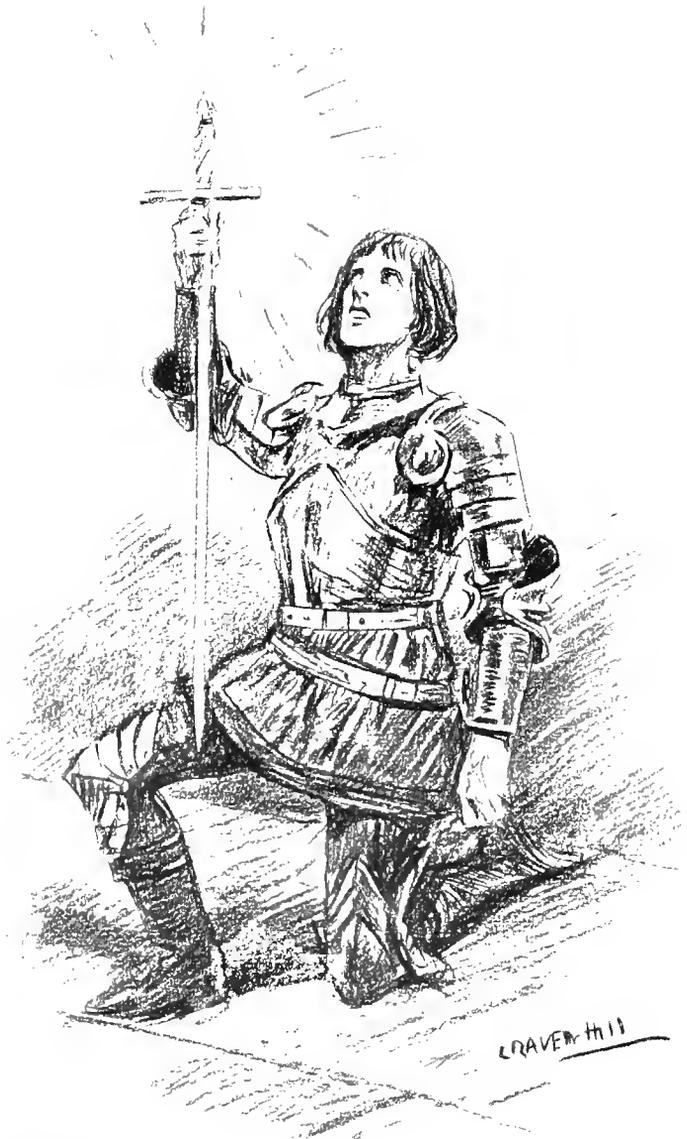
THEIR path lay all tangled about them,
And a desperate load they bore,
But they followed the track of a lantern
That went through the darkness before.

And they pointed it out to the others,
How clear and how certain it showed—
The only guide on the hillside,
The one true light of the road.

And they said to them, “It is the Master,
With the lamp in His hand aglow ;
He was acquainted with sorrow,
There is nothing He does not know.”

INSCRIPTION FOR A WAR
MEMORIAL

THEY do not die who fall in Freedom's name ;
Their souls live on, a pure and holy
flame ;
If Freedom e'er again their aid requires
Here let her come to light her ancient fires.



To face p. 29.]

THE YOUNG KNIGHT

FOR love of those he leaves behind,
For all that home and honour mean,
For the long centuries that have been
And for the future of Mankind—

He lifts the Cross, he draws the blade,
He gives his manhood—scarce begun ;
God shield him till the set of sun
On this the holiest, last Crusade !

THEY SHALL NOT PASS

IN this great hour of final things
Scornful and clear our challenge rings—
They shall not pass !

Should long despair give heart of grace
To brave us in the old sea ways—
They shall not pass.

Where tempests tear the shuddering land
Firm we have stood and firm we stand—
They shall not pass.

Nor theirs the empire of the skies,
No murderers' triumph that way lies !
They shall not pass.

In forge and factory, mart and mine,
Where runs our stubborn battle-line,
They shall not pass.

Nor shall a dauntless People yield
For any toil in fold or field—
They shall not pass.

* * * * *

The clarion voices of our Past
Ring high above the battle-blast—
“ They shall not pass.”

“ Not once or twice has envious hate
Hurled its vain thunders on the gate.”

“ Not once or twice has tempest-shock
Been torn and broken on the rock.”

“ Not once or twice did God arise
To scatter all our enemies.”

“ He is in heaven ; all will be well :
The powers of darkness and of hell
They shall not pass ! ”

ZEEBRUGGE

A VISION ON THE WAY

“ **W**HAT craft be ye that sail the midnight
seas,
And what may be your burden, or your
task ? ”

“ We have no speech for watches such as these,
And who art thou who dost make bold to ask ? ”

“ I ask as one who has e'er now made bold,
And fain would know the matter of your quest—”

“ Hast thou then ever been a boy, of old,
Creeping by night to rob a hornet's nest ? ”

“ Ay, have I, and I found it perilous sweet,
Without the compass of a single star ;
I know not even that my pulses beat
More joyful fast the eve of Trafalgar ! ”



To face p. 33.]

FRANCE'S DAY

July 12th, 1918

CONSTANT she stands, her face toward the
storm,
Where lightnings gather and where tem-
pests form ;
Barring the path of tyranny's advance,
Unconquered and unconquerable France !

BRITAIN

WESTMINSTER ABBEY, AUGUST 4TH, 1918

TO-DAY within His ancient House—
The hallowed courts our Fathers trod—
She seeks the altars of her God,
To make renewal of her vows.

High vows for truth and honour sworn,
The sword she drew for righteousness,
Again she asks that He will bless
These—and her heavy Crown of Thorn!

And now, the great petition made,
Her last entreaty spoken low—
She stands—ere yet she turns to go—
With quickened heart and lifted head.

Her heart is fixed ; before her lies
The inexorable road again—
The shadowy vale of death and pain,
The stormy heights of sacrifice.

But she must follow truth and right,
For truth and right will guide her still,
Like beacons on the distant hill,
Or trumpets calling through the night.

The night shall pass ; and she behold
Above her, at the break of day,
The Hand that led her on her way
Outstretched in mercy, as of old.

THE CIVILIAN

(WRITTEN FOR RECITATION)

HE wasn't an anxious Sailor
When he heard the drums of Drake,
Nor yet a Soldier watching
His post, for the Old Land's sake ;
But an overwrought Civilian
Who lay in his bed awake.

All day long in the business
He had toiled, with a weary pen,
To do the work he was there for,
And the work of two other men—
Absent men who were present,
As it seemed to him, now and again.

Their footsteps had seemed to pass him,
He had felt their shadows fall,
As he worked and he prayed in the office,
Seeing, beyond it all,
The Fighting Men of his Country,
Hard pressed, with their backs to the wall.



To face p. 36.]

And now, as he lay and listened
 To the city's mingled hum,
There were voices that cried, " Are you coming ? "
 And voices that answered, " We come."
Then, suddenly, close at his bedside,
 The rattle and roar of a drum !

Rattle and roar on the casement,
 Drumming and din on the doors,
Wrath and fury and frenzy
 Shaking the ceilings and floors,
Like a hurricane raging landwards,
 And hurling itself on the shores.

Then, to the thrash of the whirlwind
 And the swift strong beat of the main
The age-long story of England
 Pulsed and throbbled through his brain ;
Then the drums died away in the distance—
 The night was silent again.

He had leapt in amaze to the window,
 To see but a quiet street,
Where was no wrack of the whirlwind,
 No echo of rescuing feet,
But calm and an utter stillness
 Where the clamours had seemed to meet.

Below him an early workman
Was scanning a late gazette,
In front was a statesman's window
Where the lamp was burning yet,
While beyond were the labouring factories
Flinging up clouds of jet.

Thenceforward his thoughts went wandering
Wherever the fancy led,
Till another fateful daybreak
Startled him overhead,
And mindful again of the business
He turned for rest to his bed.

And this time slumber found him,
And in dreams from fear set free
The Line that once had wavered
Marched forth to victory,
While a host of holy angels
Circled the Fleets at sea.

He was first that day at the office,
Waiting and eager to start ;
Pale, and a little weary,
But with strange new strength at his heart,
Though he spoke to none of a vision
Or a knowledge of things apart.

If he thought that the drums were Drake's drums
He noised it not abroad ;
But he knew that the day would be England's
In the hour ordained of the Lord ;
And that he, a simple Civilian—
He too had carried a sword.

THE THIN BROWN LINE

THE Thin Brown Line went swinging down
the street,
You and your comrades, our bravest and
our best ;
The voice of honour called, and you went the foe to
meet
Who had broken honest faith in the West.

Your Thin Brown Line it bent, but never broke,
God gave you strength in the burning, fiery test ;
O Gallant Little Band, who took the tyrant's stroke,
And gathered up his spear-heads to your breast !

Your Thin Line now is a rising, mighty tide,
Justice and judgment dawn for the oppressed,
And to-day, dear Heart of Mine, you stood so near
my side
That I think the tidings reach you—where you rest.



Louis Raimond

To face p. 41

THE CRUMBLING SHIELD

STRIKE and strike hard!—the staggering
monster yields—
His courage sinks, his strength is failing fast,
All that men died for on a thousand fields
Is triumphing at last!

BRUSSELS

O WHO is this who comes
To the throbbing of the drums,
To the laughter and the cheers,
And the cries of the prisoned years ?

And who is at his side
With her soft eyes open wide,
And a clutching at her heart,
For fear the dream depart ?

Sweet Queen, it shall not fade,
But shall live, a beautiful thing,
When to long rest are laid
You and your valorous King,
And the centuries tell of the days of wrath
And the Lion who stood in the Traitor's path.

ARMISTICE

BOW down, Old Land, at the altar-steps of
God;
Thank Him for Peace — thank Him for
Victory ;
But chiefly thank Him that thy feet have trod
The path of honour in the Agony.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE

November 11th, 1918

A THOUSAND storms have gathered on our
coast—
Gathered and raged and passed,
Full-charged with fury and with foreign boast,
But never as this last.

We have had Kings who from their island throne
Defied the tyrants' yoke ;
Honoured they sleep—but on this King alone
The final Terror broke.

He led his land by wise and faithful ways
Through war's long years of hell,
So that we wished him peace and length of days
When the great End befell.

WELCOME

YOU who went out on the troubled seas,
With death below you and death above,
O come you hither to take your ease
In the little green island, the land of your love.

You who stood firm on the tortured lands,
Where night was torment and day was hell,
O turn you homeward to clasp the hands
And to kiss the lips that you love so well.

You who went up to the sky in planes,
Where the wild wet wings of the storm are driven,
There's a welcome awaits you in streets and lanes,
Where the Old Flag floats to a ransomed heaven !

As honour did call, so love doth call,
As honour makes gods, so love makes men,
And it's Welcome ! Welcome ! to one and to all,
Welcome ! Welcome ! again and again.

A HYMN OF VICTORY

LIFT up your heads, Eternal Gates,
Ye deathless doors of prayer and praise ;
The Lord of everlasting days,
On Whom the whole creation waits,
The King of Kings, and only He,
Hath wrought for us the victory.

But yesterday, beneath His rod,
In dust and deep affliction bowed,
We cried, ‘ Look forth from out the cloud,
Nor tarry long, O Lord our God,’
And even as we sorrowed most
His Angel went before the host.

Thou Who didst give the mastery,
Teach us, the stewards of Thy gift,
Above the battle-field to lift
The Cross that draws Mankind to Thee ;
And bid us hear, beyond the strife,
The pleading of the Prince of Life :

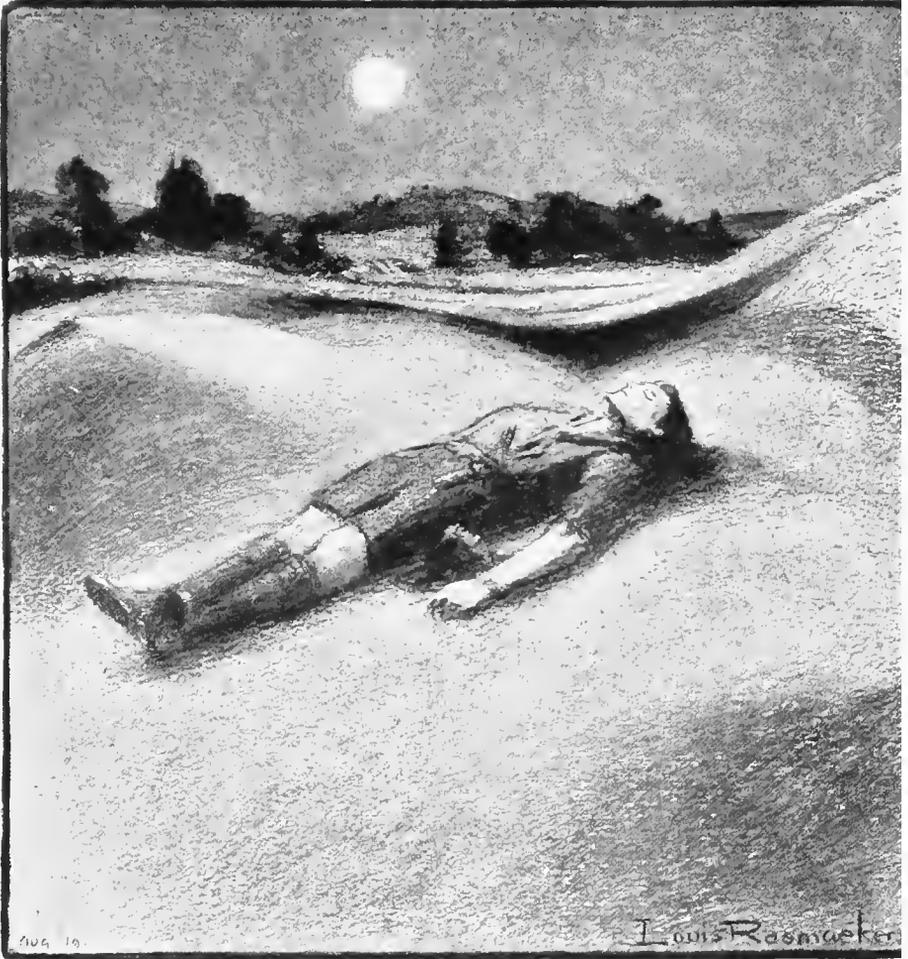
“ If, England, thou wilt only know
The things that to thy peace belong,
Then shall the Lord, in battle strong,
All ways about thy ramparts go ;
Beneath His wings thy living keep,
While in His care thy dead shall sleep.

“ Without His grace thy toil is vain ;
Thine house is built upon the sand ;
The might of His maintaining hand
Alone can make thy greatness gain ;
Be strong for Him, to do His will,
So shall He guide and guard thee still.”

Lift up your heads, Eternal Gates,
Ye deathless doors of prayer and praise ;
His love is over all our ways,
His mercy wearies not nor waits ;
Through length of endless years the same
For those whose help is in His Name.

THE SCOUT

THE day is ours—the clamorous bells ring
out,
The Old Land hears, in city, hill and
dale ;
Sleep soft on Earth's kind breast, my Little Scout,
'Twas you who blazed the trail.



Aug 19

Louis Roemacker

LITANY AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE

GOD the Father, God the Son,
God the Holy Ghost ;
Hear us from the Great White
Throne
For our Loved and Lost.

God the Father, in Whose sight
All our grief lies bare,
In Thy mercy and Thy might
Grant our humble prayer.

God the Son, Who wast a Child
Once in Bethlehem,
Born of human Mother mild,
Plead for us and them.

Son of Man, Whose mortal cry
Rang on Calvary's hill,
Help us in our agony
Thee to follow still.

God the Holy Ghost, be Thou
Guest in every home,
Comforter in darkness now,
Light of things to come.

·
God the Father, God the Son,
God the Holy Ghost,
Hear us from the Great White Throne
For our Loved and Lost.

IN JUDAH'S FIELDS

LONG years ago, as men their flocks were tending,
In Judah's fields beneath the starry height,
Came a great shout of angel hosts descending,
And a great song of glory in the night.

Still through the night the angel hosts are crying ;
Now, as of old, the herald's trump is blown ;
While, through the shadows of the old year dying,
This wistful earth draws near a Manger throne.

Glory to God, Hosanna in the highest,
Glory to God, who maketh wars to cease ;
Glory to Thee who in the Manger liest ;
In heaven be glory and on earth be peace.

VERSAILLES

FROM judgments on the sand upreared
Because they know no grace of Thee,
From fear of being justly feared—
In equal measure keep us free ;
Before Thy bar we stand alike,
Whether we pardon or we strike.

TO THE BRITISH NAVY

YOURS was no naked shield, no first campaign ;
Your name was blazoned and your deeds enrolled ;

There were no proud young laurels you could gain
Who had abundant glory from of old.

You dreamed no lustful dream of stolen power,
Nor sighed to hear the dreadful thunders hurled ;
Yet you delivered, in the evil hour,
Not one great Kindred only, but a World.

And thus you far excelled your ancient fame,
And far outran your storied, old renown,
Who lion-hearted purged the Sea from shame,
And iron-handed held the assassin down.

OF THE MEN OF AN INLAND COUNTY

THEIRS was no song of the Sea to hasten
the veins in their courses,
Theirs was no call of the deep to quicken
the pulse of the blood,
They had not sported as children with the manes of
the wild white horses,
Or watched the adventurous ships go out on the
ocean flood.

Children were they of the stream and the field, of the
hill and the forest ;
Yet were they one at the call with the rest of their
resolute race—
Fearless they flung them to battle wherever the need
was the sorest,
Yielding to none in the pride of the first and the
perilous place.

We will remember them when the sun rises up, and at
even,

Long as the winds of the West shall sing through
the hills of the Free ;

Long as the stream shall flow, and Wye go down to
the Severn,

Long as the tide shall roll and Severn sweep to
the Sea.

ALMIGHTY, WHO DOST REIGN
ALONE

ALMIGHTY, Who dost reign alone,
With earth Thy footstool, heaven Thy
throne ;

Whose hand this mighty arch did span,
Who knowest all the heart of Man ;
In prayer, in praise, about Thy feet
The children of an Empire meet.

In Freedom's name we drew the blade,
And sought Thy favour unafraid ;
To-day we render thanks for these
Thy gifts of victory and peace ;
Make clear our sight, our eyes uplift,
To see the Giver in the gift.

As falls, in this tremendous hour,
The tyrant's dream of pride and power,
O make the holier vision plain
Of faith and honour among men ;
Make clean our hearts, our strength renew,
For all that Thou wouldst have us do.

So build us up that we may be
A tower of witness unto Thee ;
A beacon height from which shall flame
The splendour of Thy glorious Name ;
In thunder-crash and tempest-shock
A castle founded on the rock.

THE HAND OF GÓD

SOME said that Faith had passed for evermore,
No vision now could lead a man to die—
And then, from sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Rang the loud challenge—rose the swift reply.

“ Too hard,” they said, “ this pathway to be trod ”—
“ The goal too far for steps that faint and fail ”—
And even as they spake the Hand of God
Moved down to touch the hesitating scale.

Now, if they say Man sinks into the beast,
With night for journey's end, and not the day,
False guides are these who knew his heart the least,
Tried in the furnace, tested in the fray.



To face p. 53.1

LAND OF OUR LOVE

LAND of our love, with grief and glory crowned,
After long travail where shall rest be found ?
What faithful star is thine in heaven to see,
Or light to guide thee in the years to be ?

Wise men of old were guided by a star,
And, trusting, made their journey from afar ;
Go, kneel with them in Bethlehem to-night,
Before the Truth of Truth, the Light of Light.

Turn yet again to where the Saviour stands,
With piercèd side, and nail-prints in His hands ;
And learn of Him, O Land that nobly mourns,
The passing beauty of a Crown of Thorns.

Lift up thine eyes to where, at dawn of day,
God's radiant angel rolls the stone away ;
And through the riven portals of the grave
The Great Deliverer comes in strength to save.

Land of our love, entrust thy way to Him,
Alike in sunshine and in seasons dim ;
And He shall lead thee through the ages far,
Light of thy life, thy Saviour and thy Star.



To face p. 61.]

FOR REMEMBRANCE—ROSES

ISLE of storm and sunshine,
Set in Ocean's blue,
When you strike for honour
You must taste of sorrow too.

When you taste of sorrow
You must pluck your roses red,
And cast them for remembrance
To your undying Dead.

And then, for they would have it so,
Look up with shining eyes
To the prospect of the morrow
And its signals in the skies.

And if you meet the future
As those men met the past
No stroke of fate shall harm you
Or pass your shield at last.

BANNERS IN THE ABBEY

BACK to the sea-girt cradle of your race
Instant at need your strong young legions
came,
To link their fate with ours, and take their place
Beside us in the earthquake and the flame.

Here, in dim shrines of our ancestral past,
Deep treasure-chambers of our blood and tongue,
Till the good cause should triumph at the last
Fold upon fold your waiting ensigns hung.

And now they pass, in all their stately pride,
Beyond our sight across the sundering foam—
Hallowed through sacrifice, and sanctified
By their long vigil in the ancient home.

VICTORY AND REMEMBRANCE

(FOR MUSIC)

I

THE EARTHLY VICTORY

LIFT up your voice, lift up your voice and sing,
For righteousness hath triumphed ; and the Name
Of God is high exalted in the Earth—
Lift up your voice, lift up your voice and sing !

Great is the Lord and greatly to be praised ;
He hath brought forth His judgment as the noonday ;
He hath declared His strength unto the peoples ;
Lift up your voice, lift up your voice and sing !

He breaketh the bow, He cutteth the spear in sunder ;
He burneth the chariot in the fire ;
He maketh wars to cease in all the World ;
Be still ; and know that He alone is God !

II

THE VICTORY ON THE CROSS

Once, on a Cross, for Man's great Hope at last
A conflict raged more deadly still ;
And in that hour a mightier triumph passed
From out the shadow of a lonely hill.

Lo, it was finished and the Blessèd Head
Sank down upon the sullen Cross ;
The strife was over and the Spirit fled,
And Man stood ransomed from eternal loss.

His road henceforth however hard it be
Or rugged, yet it may be trod,
Since He who triumphed on the bitter Tree
Was Son of Mary and was Son of God.

Henceforth in each dark conflict of the Night
Before them men have seen His face—
Have sought His aid to bear their part aright,
And, seeking, found full measure of His grace.

O wonder ! that the Night should show His plan,
Darkness reveal the heart's desire,
O glory ! that the aspiring soul of Man
Should turn to praise Him, even in the fire.

III

THE RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

The Dead shall rise ; the Sleeper shall awaken ;
The deep foundations of the Earth be shaken ;
The Sea give up the treasure it has taken ;
The Dead shall rise at last.

They shall not rise in sorrow or in grieving,
But with a song, a song of high thanksgiving,
Thee to acclaim, Thou Lord of all the Living,
At whose command they rise.

They shall arise to worship and adore Thee,
With all Thy saints to cast their crowns before Thee—
The Night shall tell Thy praise, the Grave Thy glory,
When the Dead rise, O God.

IV

THE GLORY EVERLASTING

Glory, glory, glory, Alleluia !
Souls triumphant, clothèd all in white,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him in the height.

Glory, glory, glory, Alleluia !
Death and Hell have fled His face before ;
Glory, glory, glory, Alleluia !
All His works shall praise Him evermore.

All His works for evermore shall praise Him,
Evermore their glorious anthem swell ;
Time and tides, great lights and all vast spaces
Evermore His wondrous purpose tell.

Age by age His angel-armies gather,
Age by age His gleaming hosts increase,
He their King, His Name on all their banners,
In their hearts His Covenant of Peace.

Glory, glory, glory, Alleluia !
Souls triumphant, clothèd all in white,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him in the heavens,
Praise Him, praise Him, praise Him in the height.

THE LAST MUSTER

1901

WE that are dead on the veld, whose bones
on the hillside are sleeping,
We that are wrapped in the folds of
the Flag for whose honour we died,
We have made our petition to Him who hath taken
our souls in His keeping,
And He who established the heavens hath rebukèd
us not, nor denied.

And this was the voice of our lips, and this was the
heart of our yearning :—

“ Or ever this wonder grow and eternity come
between,
Or ever we come to the bliss from which there is no
returning,
We would go once more to our People, we would
fain have speech of our Queen.”

The word of our God went forth, and the heavens
exceedingly trembled :—

“ With the pride of the pealing bugle, with the
pomp of the rolling drum,
As never a triumph passed, as never a legion
assembled,
With honour and with great glory to your hearts’
desire ye shall come.”

From the uttermost ends of the earth, from its path-
less, pitiless regions,
From our rest in the awful rocks, from our sleep in
the surge of the sea,
Though thou hear not the tramp of our feet, though
thou tell not the tale of our legions,
England, thy Dead are gathered, O blest and
belovèd, to thee.

Speak ! Was our course well run ? Is there aught
wherewith to upbraid us ?
Have we fled from the thunder of battle, or flinched
at the lightning’s track ?
Answer ! What need of answer ? By the God of
Truth who hath made us,
Thou knowest the Flag went forward, and never a
foot went back !

Say! Dost thou mourn, Old Land, in thy dark,
disconsolate places,
For the children, the pride of thy womb, gone
down in the battle to-day?
Couldst thou taste of the joy that is ours, couldst
thou see but the light in our faces
Then should thy wailing cease and thy sorrow
should vanish away.

For we walk with the great ones of old, we are fain of
their speech and their laughter,
They lead us e'en now by the hand, they teach us
their wisdom and lore,
How never a bud had birth but shall come to blossom
hereafter,
How never a true love dawned but it liveth for
evermore.

We speak as the angels of God, but our voices are
faint in the speaking,
For the words of the language of Life are slow at
the first on our lips ;
Our faces have looked on the heavens, but our hearts
are wistfully seeking
Some sign of our Queen and our People, some sight
of our seas and our ships.

One long look at our Land in the dim, grey mist of
the dawning,
One last look at the Flag, with a cry and a clash of
the sword,
And the blast of the trumpet of God shall summon
the sons of the morning
To the ranks of the armies of Light, to the host of
the hand of the Lord !

VOX ÆTERNA

OH ! there are thunderings and there are
deep waters ;
Yet never storm arose but soon it fell,
And in deep waters is eternal calm,
And in eternal calm eternal praise.

APPENDIX

VERSIONS OF "THE SUPREME SACRIFICE"

LATIN

OMNIA PATRIÆ, NIHIL SIBI

By RICHARD DURNFORD, C.B.

WELSH

MOLAWD Y MARW

By THE REVEREND SIDNEY AURELIUS JONES, M.A.

OMNIA PATRIÆ, NIHIL SIBI

MAGNANIMI fratres, ferrum quibus inter
et ignes
Contigit immensum carpere posse decus ;
Spectata virtute, quies fovet alta repostos,
Et patriæ memoris vos pius ambit amor.
Ordinibus crebris alacres venistis ad arma
Ut procul excitos voce jubente Dei ;
Vitam aspernati spes et bona certa dedistis
Ut stabilis posset civibus esse salus.
Quantus erat splendor cum summis libera votis
Lumen in æternum pergeret ista cohors !
Sedibus in placidis ah ! quam contenta recondi
Agmina supremo dum vocet ære Deus.
Per tenebras olim deserto in colle silentes
Ingens personuit clamor operta poli,

Tempore quo nostram dignatus sumere formam
Christus idem mortis conficiebat iter.
Cruce eadem ex illa sublimis constitit hora
Despicit ut fulgens stella profunda maris ;
Usque per obscurum visu sacrat Ipse benigno
Quæ patimur Victor, flagra minora Suis.
His stipare datum est vestigia sancta ministris,
His quod supplicium noverat Ille pati ;
Surrexit Victor ; surgent et qui Ducis instar
Pro sociis vitam sponte dedere suam.
Pastor amatorum quos flevimus, Orte Sepulchro,
Quos tua Crux emit, sustinuitque manus,
Patria, mæsta quidem, sed spem, sed funera jactans,
Clementi mandat pignora cara Deo.

MOLAWD Y MARW

CHWI ddewrion rai, a gawsoch wobwr mād,
Trwy lwch cyflafan, a thrwy dân y gād,
Tawel eich hun, tanbaid eich dewr-der
glew,

A'r cof am danoch fyth y'ngwlad y Llew.

Yn falch bentyrroch, reng ar reng, i'r gād,
Fel rhai o bell a glywsant Air eu Tad.
Eich byd, a'ch gobaith oll, roddasoch chwi
Er achub dyn, eich hunain drosom ni.

Yn iach yr aethoch draw i'r goleu pur
Ni dderfydd fyth, tu hwnt i dan a dur :
A'ch gwlad ddinam, sydd drwyddoch uwch
y don,
A wasg yr ellyll hagr at ei bron.

Flynyddoedd maith yn ol ein daear ddu
A glywodd ochain lef o Galfari,
Pan hedodd yspryd Crist o'i gorph o gnawd
Wrth groesu pont yr aberth dros ei frawd.

Hyd heddyw seinia'r llef, fel taran gwawr,
I'n hachub ni o safn gagendor mawr ;
Hyd heddyw, trwy y gwyll, a'i lygaid mwyn
Mae'r Crist a'n blaenodd yn dyhidlo swyn.

Ei weision ganlynasant ôl ei draed
Trwy loes a chlwy, yn rhannog yn y gwaed.
Fe gododd Ef ; fe godant hwythau 'nghyd,
Gan ddilyn nod yr hwn achubodd fyd.

O Arglwydd Ior, O Fugail plant y llawr
Yr Hwn a'th Groes a'u prynaist, Ddwyfol gawr,
Mae chwerw wlad yn llon mewn gobaith byw
Yn rhoi ei phlant i Ti wyt wrth y llyw.

Gogoniant fo i'r cedyrn yn eu bedd,
Sy'n awr yn nofio yn y môr o hedd,
Gan ddisgwyl rhan, yn foddllawn ac yn fyw
A rennir iddynt pan gân udgorn Duw.

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