



# ECHOES OF THE WAR

BY

CHARLES A. SALMOND, D.D.  
EDINBURGH



PAISLEY: ALEXANDER GARDNER  
Publisher by Appointment to the late Queen Victoria

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*"I am married to my country"*

—WILLIAM PITT

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## PREFACE.

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THESE verses have for the most part appeared, during the course of the War, in various journals. Some of them have met with the warm approval of leading Statesmen and distinguished Commanders of our Armies and Fleets.

Their object has been to inspire courage and determination in waging to a decisive finish the conflict on behalf of righteousness, liberty, and lasting peace, which Germany so perfidiously thrust upon us, and has conducted with a brutality unexampled at least among civilized nations.

It is in the hope that the end in view may be thus further served, that the author has complied with the suggestion that the pieces should be gathered and presented together in this little volume.

It has been arranged that profits shall be devoted to Red Cross work.

C. A. S.



# CONTENTS:

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|                                                                 | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|------|
| Britannia's Prayer, ... ..                                      | 9    |
| Britain's Resolve, ... ..                                       | 9    |
| Our Young Recruits, ... ..                                      | 10   |
| To Our Fleet, ... ..                                            | 11   |
| The Coalition, ... ..                                           | 12   |
| A Veteran Hero: Lord Roberts, ... ..                            | 13   |
| The Man of Duty: Lord Kitchener, ... ..                         | 14   |
| High Purpose Unfulfilled: General Sir James<br>Grierson, ... .. | 16   |
| To Belgium, ... ..                                              | 18   |
| To France, ... ..                                               | 20   |
| To Russia, ... ..                                               | 22   |
| To Italy, ... ..                                                | 24   |
| To America, ... ..                                              | 26   |
| To Germany: A Christmas Word in War Time,                       | 29   |
| To Greece, ... ..                                               | 32   |
| The Teuton and the Turk, ... ..                                 | 34   |
| Teutonic Devotion, ... ..                                       | 35   |
| A Devotional Boomerang, ... ..                                  | 36   |
| The German Buccaneers, ... ..                                   | 36   |
| Donington Hall, ... ..                                          | 38   |
| An Honourable Peace, ... ..                                     | 39   |
| Shall Britain Win? ... ..                                       | 41   |
| The Right Shall Win, ... ..                                     | 43   |
| National Service, ... ..                                        | 44   |
| Home Patriotism, ... ..                                         | 46   |
| To Arms, ... ..                                                 | 47   |

|                                            | PAGE |
|--------------------------------------------|------|
| "England Expects ——"                       | 48   |
| The Bantams, ...                           | 49   |
| Forgotten, ...                             | 51   |
| To Auld Reekie, ...                        | 52   |
| Blind Alley Discontent, ...                | 53   |
| The Writing upon the Wall, ...             | 55   |
| The Kaiser's "Joy," ...                    | 56   |
| Which Shall It Be? ...                     | 57   |
| Surge, Carnifex! ...                       | 58   |
| The Modern Herod, ...                      | 60   |
| The Kaiser's Malady, ...                   | 62   |
| Changing Colour, ...                       | 64   |
| Insane? ...                                | 65   |
| A Poetaster's Perplexities, ...            | 67   |
| What Ought to be Done with the Kaiser? ... | 68   |
| To Wittenberg, ...                         | 70   |
| The Air Fiends, ...                        | 72   |
| Paternal Neutrality, ...                   | 73   |
| "Strict Neutrality," ...                   | 74   |
| A Man of Note(s), ...                      | 75   |
| "A Causeless War," ...                     | 76   |
| "Too Proud to Fight," ..                   | 78   |
| The Friend of All the World, ...           | 80   |
| Reminiscence and Remonstrance, ...         | 82   |
| What Might Have Been, ...                  | 84   |
| Land of the Maple Leaf, ...                | 86   |
| The Conquering Right Hand, ...             | 88   |
| Missing! ...                               | 90   |
| Faith's Three Pillows, ...                 | 91   |
| The Course of Conflict, ...                | 92   |
| Peace—with Honour, ...                     | 94   |
| Peace! A Vision of the Future, ...         | 95   |

# ECHOES OF THE WAR.

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## BRITANNIA'S PRAYER.

O GOD of Battles, grant us victory!  
Thine arm is full of might:  
Be pleased to speed the right.

O God of Peace, give settled liberty  
Through honourable peace:  
Bid war for ever cease!

---

## BRITAIN'S RESOLVE.

*Mr. Asquith—at The Guildhall.*

OF cash our last mite,  
In this strife for the right;  
Of strength our last ounce,  
The wild Boches to trounce;  
Of blood our last drop,  
Pirate inroads to stop—  
We Britons will give  
That freedom may live.

## OUR YOUNG RECRUITS.

I SAW them in their mufti march along,  
While home I wended slowly yesterday;  
The regiment beguiled their road with song,  
As men prepared to foot "a long, long way."

Recruits they were, still void of uniform,  
Yet wore, to me, the brightest panoply  
Of patriotic virtue; and no storm,  
I ween, can ever quell their gallantry.

Shone from their eyes the sense of sacred duty;  
Sounded set purpose in their every tramp.  
They'll fight for freedom, honour, home, and  
beauty—  
No fireside soldiers these who've sought the  
camp!

At sight of them my old eyes filled with tears,  
Part of compassion but far more of pride,  
For, be the strife a strife for months or years,  
They'll "do their bit" whatever may betide.

And from a heart that thrilled with gratitude  
There rose a prayer, which daily shall not  
cease,  
That they may know Christ's own beatitude  
On such as strive for righteousness and  
peace.

## TO OUR FLEET.

BRITANNIA, august empress of the sea,

Reign on, sit stately queen of all the main!  
Thy spirit as the very air is free,

The whole round world is better for thy  
reign:

With equity thou holdest sway for all,  
In high-souled courage foe can ne'er  
appal.

In peace, thou smil'st benignly on the range  
Of friendship, and of commerce o'er the  
world;

In war, thou givest fairly, in exchange,  
Yet shrewder knocks than those against thee  
hurled.

Rule on, Britannia! The wide world can  
tell

Thou rulest ever righteously and well.

And in this hurricane of strife come o'er us,

Which we in trustfulness did not foresee,  
Thou'lt show thyself, whatever lies before us,  
What those who know thee know that thou  
wilt be—

Of keen, resourceful, strong, impassioned  
life,

Yet ne'er forgetting honour in the strife.

The issue we can safely leave with thee,  
Supported by the God in whom we trust.  
Strike hard, as is thy wont, for liberty!  
Smite on, till blatant brute force licks the  
dust,  
Till faith 'twixt man and man again is  
owned,  
And trampled Truth exalted and en-  
throned.

---

### THE COALITION.

'MID surge of change a wondering world  
Sees many a strange transition:  
Now all our party flags are furled,  
That Teuton baseness may be hurled  
To merited perdition:  
In unison without a flaw  
We own one king, one faith, one law.

“All hands on deck!” the watchword sounds,  
And finds our Empire ready:  
From centre to its farthest bounds,  
With answer which our foe confounds—  
“Now steady, Britons, steady!  
Our best at home in Coalition  
Will foil abroad the Opposition!”

## A VETERAN HERO.

Lord Roberts: In Memoriam.

GREAT were thy deeds, which in their glory cast  
A lustre on thy country and thine age;  
But greater than thy toil's reward thou wast—  
The doer, more than exploits, deck's time's  
page.

To faith was added virtue in thy soul,  
With strength was mated clemency in life;  
Thy record, on Humanity's great Roll,  
Limns forth to all a hero in the strife.

The Orient and the Occident alike  
Proclaim thee one of Britain's noblest sons;  
And, even until the Doomsday Bell shall  
strike,  
Thy name must live amongst earth's greatest  
ones.

Nay, longer: for from thee shone faith in  
Christ,  
And love, and tenderness for all forlorn;  
Never in life didst thou forego thy tryst,  
Nor art thou quenched in the eternal morn.

Farewell, beloved of Nation and of King!  
But not for ever would we say farewell:  
We both of peace and righteousness would sing,  
With thee, where Christ and His good  
soldiers dwell.

## THE MAN OF DUTY.

Lord Kitchener: In Memoriam.

CAN it indeed be true that *he* has died?

He, princely type of Britain's choice man-  
hood;

He, who so keenly far events descried

And for enduring right so staunchly stood:

This man of men—this hero in the strife,

Who, in this crisis of the world, us led;

Who largely planned and had things done—

Oh! tell me not that "Kitchener is dead!"

Alas! the brain that planned, the hand that  
wrought,

Lie sunk beneath the shifting North Sea  
wave;

But tides can never change our grateful thought

Of him we yearn o'er in that watery grave.

Dead, did you say? Our hero ever lives!

He lives in countless British hearts to-day,

And every man, on sea or land, who gives

For Duty patriotic life, will say—

"As Kitchener has died, so would we die,

Serving as best we may the old country:

Our one desire, when from this globe we fly,

To have sustained the cause of liberty."

“*The Nation wants you—all!*” the stilled voice  
said;

And loyal Britons listen to him still.

Though Kitchener is numbered with the dead,  
God lives—with instruments to work His  
will!

---

## HIGH PURPOSE UNFULFILLED.\*

General Sir James Grierson: In Memoriam.

GREAT soldier, and most gallant gentleman,  
Scion of true and valiant Scottish race!  
We mourn in thee a hero stricken down  
Ere yet thou met'st the foeman face to face.

Large was thine outlook, and thy heart serene,  
Trusting in God and loving Britain well,  
With no thought for thyself, but all aflame  
With patriot purpose nought but death could  
quell.

But death, alas! has reft thee from the world  
Just when thy powers were ripe, and needed  
most

Thy counsel wise, and brave capacity  
So shrewdly armed to thwart the Teuton  
host.

---

\* General Grierson suddenly died in a railway carriage in France, at the outbreak of the War, while on his way to take command of the Second Army at the front. His body was laid to rest in Glasgow Necropolis, with military honours and amid many tokens of public sorrow.

None was more prescient of this awful strife,  
None better exercised in soul than thou  
To guide our armies nobly through the storm,  
None worthier of the victor's laurelled brow.

But thou hast passed, 'mid sound of battle call,  
Prepared, but not ordained, to play the man  
As thou, brave Grierson! would'st, we know,  
have done:  
Thy life cut short—and thine a broken plan!

Yet there is One who high-souled purpose notes,  
Who saw thee rise to do a hero's part,  
And, o'er thy gifts upon the altar laid,  
He said, " 'Twas well that it was in thine  
heart!"

And we, as well as He, will have a place  
For thee among the heroes in the fight,  
When, in God's time and with God's help, is won  
RIGHT'S triumph over lying brutal MIGHT.

---

## TO BELGIUM.

BELGIUM, in vicarious sorrow,  
Still trust in help Divine!  
Thy fields will see a brighter morrow—  
Those wasted fields of thine.  
Thy innocence has suffered wrong  
From a base and perjured foe—  
An enemy more fierce and strong  
Than Huns of long ago.

Thy sons have perished in the fight:  
Thy daughters' darker fate  
Cries loud to Heaven by day and night:  
Thy hearths are desolate!  
But thoughts of love encompass thee,  
Where'er beat hearts of men:  
The vow of just humanity  
Will build thee up again.

For might is might, and right is right,  
Nor are these twain the same,  
But right has clad itself with might  
To bring thy foes to shame—  
To raise thee from thy cruel plight,  
In more than ancient fame—  
To brand before the wide world's sight  
On falseness its true name.

Thy self-oblation earned the love  
Of nations thou didst save:  
And He who stooped from Heaven above  
To conquer sin and grave  
Has marked thine honour's deadly price  
With love that cannot cease—  
That Lord Whose sinless sacrifice  
Was made to bring us peace.

Thy meed will be a deathless crown,  
A glory ne'er to fade  
Of loyalty no floods could drown  
Or treachery invade.

---

## TO FRANCE.

BRAVE France, chivalric or to friend or foe!  
We Britons hail thee as our sure Ally:  
True in the hour which tested nations so,  
Thou holdest steadfast as the months go by.

Lustrous in old time was thy Nation's story—  
Napoleon once bowed Europe at his feet!—  
But thine is now a truer moral glory,  
A crown for *esprit* and *élan* more meet.

For thou hast known the discipline of pain,  
Beneath a rampant, ruthless tyrant's heel;  
But Freedom has a soul to rise again,  
Transmuting even woe itself to weal.

Thou, not consumed but chastened in the fires,  
Hast yet uprisen, like Phœnix, new in life—  
Not for "la Gloire" now striving, like thy sires,  
But waging for "la Liberté" stern strife.

Thy Teuton foe, degenerate, has waned  
In moral strength, as thou hast waxed in  
power:  
Truth, mercy, honour, wantonly profaned  
Seek, in "the Day" he sought, requital's  
hour.

And thou, inspired by a Divine ideal,  
Dost quit thee as a hero in the fight.  
Advance! Carve for thyself a glory real  
In fronting overweening might with right.

Let France and Britain but be jointly true,  
Fighting one fight for justice *à outrance*:  
Then "blood and iron" tyrants needs must rue  
The gage they flung—to Britain and to  
France!

---

## TO RUSSIA.

VAST Russia, once a foe, now trusty friend!

We hail thee, comrade in this agony,  
Which, mutually borne, has brought an end  
To time-long, grudging animosity.

The Teuton of world-conquest had his dream;  
But our hosts are inspired by an *idea*.  
And, side by side, we follow now the gleam  
Of loftier aim than lured in the Crimea.

Both thou and we are sworn to Freedom's  
cause,  
Against a foe who thought the world to  
thrall.

Clasp hands! for we will give such miscreants  
pause,  
And blur the programme—"Deutschland  
over all!"

Too long thou hast been fronted in the West  
By Prussian beagles hankering to win;  
With France and us, thou'lt bring old Europe  
rest,  
When we have reached our trysting place—  
Berlin.

The vision rises of a Russia fair in form—

Both vast in surface and profound in soul:  
Made stronger yet, and holier, through the  
storm,

With moral glories sung from pole to pole.

---

## TO ITALY.

O ITALY, of old renown,  
A day has come to thee  
Thy sons, for generations down,  
Have longed and prayed to see.

The skies of Europe darkly lower  
O'er fields of bloody strife;  
But, for true nations, such an hour  
Means renovated life.

Amid the carnage and the noise  
Of battle, thou may'st hear  
A still and small but potent voice  
Speak both to heart and ear.

It is a voice which erewhile spoke  
For the oppressed and poor,  
Which proudly spurned the tyrant's yoke--  
It spoke in great Cavour:

It spoke in wise Mazzini, too,  
Full many a word for thee,  
And, when thy nation's friends were few,  
Inspired thy unity.

In Garibaldi, too, it pled—  
The valiant and the free,  
Who, with his “Red Shirts,” fought and bled  
Whate’er the odds might be.

The thunder from the Dardanelles,  
Which drives the conquest home,  
Is like to King Emmanuel’s  
Before the gates of Rome.

. . . . .

What voice is this from storied past,  
Which calls thee, Italy,  
To place the full crown, at long last,  
On all this bravery?

Thine Irredenta children tell.  
Wilt thou not hear their cry?  
Thy friend Britannia loves it well—  
The Voice of Liberty!

---

## TO AMERICA.

AMERICA the golden, with countless dollars  
blessed,  
Whose total computation poor Scotsmen ne'er  
have "guessed,"  
Receive our gratulations on the hundred years  
of peace!  
Your Old World kindred greet you, with love  
that doth not cease.

Not for your wealth we prize you, but for some  
other things:  
Yours is "the bird of freedom" that once could  
flap his wings,  
Yours were the Pilgrim Fathers, yours  
Washington, John Brown—  
Whose soul, with glorious Lincoln's, will march  
the ages down.

Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier sang songs of  
liberty,  
To find an echo in men's hearts to all eternity:  
*Their* sons must needs hate treachery, brutality,  
and lust,  
And mourn to see the rights of men down-  
trampled in the dust.

Your Motherland, for honour's sake, has put  
her life in fee,  
To shape for menaced Christendom a worthy  
destiny.  
She asked not for your help in arms, on fields  
of agony,  
But listened for some voice from you of timely  
sympathy.

No note of righteous anger yet has crossed your  
rulers' lips—  
They only have "protested" about some hin-  
dered ships! \*  
We think your Mayflower Fathers, the men of  
Plymouth Rock,  
In higher things than cargoes and greenbacks  
took some stock.

The proud, bald-headed eagle might utter just  
one scream  
For freedom, and humanity, and the old-  
fashioned dream  
Of honour among nations, and chivalry in strife,  
And pity for defenceless babes and for chaste  
woman's life!

---

\* But the sinking of American citizens in the *Lusitania* has since brought home to President Wilson the claims of "humanity."

A cause, "God's New Messiah," is being crucified.

*Against—or for?* Each nation is summoned to decide!

And dollars are not everything, for duty has its claim.

Ignoble silence sometimes brands an everlasting shame.

---

## TO GERMANY.

## A CHRISTMAS WORD IN WAR TIME.

O GERMANY! great Germany!  
We once esteemed thee well:  
Thy science, faith, philosophy,  
Thy music, art, and poesy  
We often loved to tell;  
We spoke of thee as Luther's land—  
Thy bravest son and best!  
In Goethe's, Schiller's, Heine's band  
We gloried with the rest.

O Germany! brave Germany!  
Thy first Wilhelm revered,  
Thy Bismarck, with his Royal head,  
We honoured in our hearts, and said—  
“Great Teutons have appeared!”  
When genius welded thee in one,  
Brought lustre to thy name,  
Not jealously we said “Well done!”  
And wished thee rising fame.

O Germany! friend Germany!  
We counted thee as kin,  
And, mindful of our common past,  
We thought the ties would ever last  
Which bound us from within.

But now, alas! a rent has come,  
Which stounds our hearts with pain,  
The voice of amity is dumb—  
To speak of love were vain.

O Germany! false Germany!  
With purpose dire and plain,  
Instead of friend, revealed as foe!  
We think no more of Waterloo—  
Of Mons now, Marne, and Aisne.  
We think of Belgium in her dool,  
Leagued with her in her sorrow;  
We think of vengeance just and full,  
Of Nemesis to-morrow.

O Germany! fierce Germany!  
We scorn thy brutal rage,  
While shuddering at thy breach of troth,  
And confidently leaving both  
To history's candid page.  
We'll fight thee to the bitter end  
With our full Empire's might,  
Trusting in Providence to send  
Sure triumph for the right.

O Germany! baulked Germany!  
Thine eagle soon must fold  
His plucked and soiled dishevelled wings:  
Thy men must think of better things  
Than greed of land and gold.

No longer may thy rulers scrap  
Sealed treaties at their will;  
Even now they have been taught, mayhap,  
An oath has virtue still.

O Germany! sunk Germany!  
Dead to so much once dear!  
Assert anew thy better self,  
Throw off thy lust of power and pelf,  
And seek a scutcheon clear.  
Abjure thy blood and iron age,  
Repent foul feats of war,  
Begin a new and brighter page—  
Honour the Bethlehem Star!

---

## TO GREECE.

“ 'Tis grease, but living grease no more ! ”

A ruddy butcher chortled jestingly :

“ 'Tis Greece, but not the noble Greece of  
yore ! ”

Sighs many a friend of truth and liberty.

Slow are we to believe vulgarians

Who dare to smirch the old Hellenic fame,

“ No better,” saying, “ than the false Bul-  
garians,

The Greeks are playing deep the German  
game.”

Ah ! Greece is not the Greece of ages past—

Hers no Thermopylæ or Salamis ;

But God forbend she'd sink to *this* at last,

The dust beneath base Teuton heel to kiss !

Oh Greece ! if thou had'st only known betimes

Thy day of visitation, thine had been

Pæans of thankful hope, and joy-bell chimes

O'er visions brighter than thou long hast  
seen.

Give heed ev'n yet to brave Venizelos ;  
All craven vacillation from thee fling !  
The valour emulate of Marne and Loos,  
Despite the recreance of thy " Tiny " King !

Thine is, in sooth, a melancholy plight :  
Thy Monarch, weighing " interest," points  
thee wrong.  
But Memory and Duty point thee right—  
Choose well ! and thou'lt yet share our  
triumph song.

---

## THE TEUTON AND THE TURK.

BIRDS of a feather flock together—  
The Teuton and the Turk;  
But they'll yet meet with stormy weather  
In their perfidious work.

'Tis said that, when two rogues fall out,  
The honest get their due:  
And time will prove, without a doubt,  
This adage to be true.

These twins of malice and intrigue  
Will soon misdoubt each other:  
The hopes of their nefarious league  
Events will ere long smother.

The Huns, who have misused the Cross,  
Shall yet be crucified,  
The Crescent of the Bosphorus  
Grow dim till it has died.

For, when such hands join kindred hands  
To force a cause unjust,  
A righteous God will break their bands,  
And smite them to the dust.

## TEUTONIC DEVOTION.

DR. DRYANDER of Berlin,  
That courtly Preacher of the Day,  
Remembered fully Britain's sin  
In intimating—" *Let us pray!*"

The Kaiser Wilhelm, pious too,  
And aye a man to have his say,  
Improved on Herr Dryander's cue,  
In shouting fiercely—" *Let us prey!*"

His War Lords, not to be outdone,  
Are said to go a further way:  
In trenches squirted by the Hun  
The watchward now runs—" *Let us spray!*"

. . . . .

Oh Germany, once leal and true,  
Such guides have led thee far astray.  
Thy pristine faith and life renew!  
Get back to LUTHER'S—" *Let us pray!*"

---

## A DEVOTIONAL BOOMERANG.

“GOTT strafe England!” is an imprecation  
Oft hissed from German lips, “mit Sturm  
und Drang”;  
But prayers of malice from a guilty nation  
Recoil on Deutschland now as boomerang.  
Stern kilties swear—“That’s true!”  
Fritz, ’ware the Kangaroo!

---

## THE GERMAN BUCCANEERS.

(*Con Spirito Teutonico.*)

SOME talk of furious Attila, and some of Timur-  
lane,  
Of Diocletian, Nero, and others of that strain;  
But of all those gallant gentlemen there’s none  
that once compares,  
With a Hoch, hoch, hoch! and a Hoch, hoch,  
hoch!  
To the German Buccaneers.

None of those ancient heroes e’er laid a floating  
mine,  
Or with slim white-flag treachery cute firing did  
combine,  
Or squirted choking gases to lay brave men on  
biers,  
With a Hoch, etc.

Whene'er we are commanded, some old defenceless town,  
On which, with stealthy suddenness, fell bombs  
have been rained down,  
We loot, and murder gaily, despising women's  
tears,  
With a Hoch, etc.

Ships like the *Lusitania* we look on as fair game,  
And others, as defenceless, we hope to treat the  
same;  
Protests from neutral nations can't stop us, it  
appears,  
With a Hoch, etc.

'Tis true that other peoples may call us "big,  
blonde brutes";  
But "Kultur" is our passport for doing just  
what suits:  
We mean, in spite of everything, to crush both  
hemispheres,  
With a Hoch, etc.

A reckoning may be nearing, whose approach  
we cannot stay:  
Some say the might of Deutschland is already  
brought to bay.  
But now's "The Day" for rapine—go hang the  
future years,  
With a Hoch, hoch, hoch! and a Hoch, hoch,  
hoch!  
To the German Buccaneers.

## DONINGTON HALL.

[With apologies to Mrs. Hemans.]

“THE stately homes of England,  
How beautiful they stand!”  
Though fierce Huns fain would shatter them  
And devastate the land.

“The free, fair homes of England:  
Long, long, in hut and hall,  
May hearts of native proof be reared  
To guard each hallowed wall!”

But, though the proof be native,  
Not so shall be the prize;  
The hut goes to the Britisher,  
In hall Herr Deutscher lies.

“Solemn, yet sweet, the church bell’s chime”:  
O hush it! lest, in dreams,  
Vexed Uhlans in “dear” Donington  
Should growl—“That cursed Reims!”

---

## AN HONOURABLE PEACE.

“A significant step on the road along which the Almighty, by His grace, has led us hitherto. Relying upon Him, our glorious troops will continue to fight to an honourable peace.”—*Kaiser Wilhelm on the taking of Warsaw.*

An honourable peace!

Thou can'st do many mighty things, proud  
Kaiser;

Albeit on the banks of Aisne and Yser,  
At Marne and Ypres, and full often since,  
Thy foes most palpably have made thee wince;  
But this, I ween, is one thing furth thy reach—  
Let Tirpitz growl and grim Dryander screech—  
An honourable peace!

An honourable peace!

But who art thou to use such language high,  
Whose life so long has been a painted lie?  
Honour and thou are parted evermore;  
Thy name, now bruited wide from shore to  
shore

As synonym for false, all just men flout;  
Thee and thy tarnished legions we must rout  
For honourable peace!

An honourable peace!

The road of which thou vauntest is a road  
That never man of honour yet has trod,

A road of perjured cruelty and lust,  
With freedom fair down-trodden in the dust—  
Yet dar'st thou on that road, with brazen  
front,  
Invoke the grace of One who loves, of wont,  
But honourable peace!

An honourable peace!  
The thunder in the East, whose echoes woke  
Such plaudits in Berlin, no lightning stroke  
Inflicted on our Muscovite Ally—  
For "Plans of mice and men gang aft agley"—  
And Russia, be assured, will come again,  
One end with us to win, by might and main—  
An honourable peace!

An honourable peace!  
Can a thing clean proceed from what is vile?  
Nay! But from God and us you'll learn  
erewhile  
What peace with honour means, with honour  
peace,  
From those whose prayer it is that wars may  
cease,  
What only nations with clean hands can give;  
What will make justice, truth, and freedom  
live—  
An honourable peace!

## SHALL BRITAIN WIN?

*Loquuntur*—JACK TAR AND TOMMY ATKINS.

OF course we're to win in the long last,  
Though this war can't be just "muddled  
through";

We've nailed our old "Jack" to the top mast,  
And we mean aye to keep it there too.

The Germans are out to enslave us,  
But to that we have something to say;  
We long have prized freedom—God save us!  
And we're up to maintain it to-day.

We scorn their mean sneaking and lying,  
And their plans so long laid and so cute,  
Their contemptible lurking and spying,  
And vile conduct—far worse than a brute!

They dig themselves deep in their trenches,  
But we'll get at them there, they will find,  
And, in spite of their poisonous stench,  
Give them cold steel before—or behind.

To submarine craft in the ocean  
They add hurtling ships in the air;  
But that don't fill us with commotion,  
For we're more than a match for them there.

They may sink an occasional cruiser,  
And " Zep " some poor innocent folk ;  
But we Tars and we Tommies stand true, sir,  
And won't bow to their villainous yoke.

A glorious record's behind us ;  
And a story yet nobler before :  
Where duty calls, surely you'll find us  
Full of grit and with mettle galore.

Ay, our lads are determined to win :  
And, don't fear, for they certainly will.  
For Britannia to fail were a sin—  
With our cause, and our strength, and our  
skill.

. . . . .

Let the home folk buck up, and be quicker  
To provide us for one shell with ten,  
And then the " three M's " will " mak'  
siccar "—  
Namely, Money, Munitions, and Men!

---

THE RIGHT SHALL WIN.

WHAT moves the Nation so?  
What makes our life-blood flow?  
What fills our homes with woe?  
That right may win!

What mobilized our fleet?  
What soldiered every street?  
What roused us foes to beat?  
That right might win!

What nerves us still for fight?  
What inspires Britain's might?  
What brings triumph in sight?  
The right shall win!

---

## NATIONAL SERVICE.

"I know their names, and the number on their doors, and if they do not come I will fetch them."—LORD KITCHENER.

BUT few of us, in troth, would wish compulsion  
In Britain, home age-long of freeborn men;  
But, rather than go down in war's convulsion,  
We would have even that, long peace to gain.

In days when sacrifice must needs be rendered,  
That we may keep what never must be lost,  
Ask even that freedom, briefly, be surrendered  
On victory's shrine—and who would grudge  
the cost?

While many a thing we still might live without,  
One thing we cannot brook to lose—this war;  
For that would cost us liberty, no doubt,  
And all that Britain stands for, near and far.

One way there is to obviate conscription—  
Let hosts of brave, fit men still volunteer!  
Have we not multitudes of that description  
Who soon might bring a righteous triumph  
near?

“Conscription” is a most unwelcome sound  
To many to whom Britain’s weal is dear;  
But if, through it, salvation must be found,  
What, even in it, is there to shun or fear?

“Conscription”—that but means to be con-  
scribed,  
Written together, as helpers of one cause;  
And, for the holy cause our foes have giped,  
We would not wince before coercive laws.

Full many a youth has scorned the thought of  
“must,”  
And has set down right willingly his name  
On freedom’s roll: and, in our quarrel just,  
We yearn that thousands more may do the  
same.

But, if the call of righteousness grow faint,  
And to the cry of liberty fit men keep dumb,  
What fiercest “pacifist,” what mildest saint,  
Would not agree—“You *must* conscribe!  
Now come!”

---

## HOME PATRIOTISM.

Now is the time, ye men at home,  
Detained on duty, to give proof  
That in these stormy testing days  
You have not tamely held aloof.

Your brothers fight and fall for you,  
And for your dear ones, at the front ;  
They shirk nor shell nor bayonet,  
And smile at battle's sternest brunt.

Will you drag idly on behind,  
"Ca' canny," while they die for you—  
Those men of mettle, true and bold,  
To King and land so wholly true?

Nay: you will up and at the foe,  
With spirit just as true and brave,  
That thralldom's powers you may confound  
And rights of freedom timely save.

The guerdon? It will go to those,  
To those alone 'tis sure to come,  
Who, whether at the field or forge,  
Were MEN at beating of the drum.

## TO ARMS!

“More and yet more men are wanted to keep my Armies in the field, and through them to secure Victory and enduring Peace.”

—THE KING.

YOUR mother and your nurse were wont to say—  
To Arms!

You hastened then—lang syne, aye, well-a  
day!—

To Arms!

You, to your elect lady, later spoke—  
To Arms!

The pledge between you neither would revoke—  
To Arms!

Now, if your country, in her turn, doth call—  
To Arms!

Sure, duty's sterner note will not appal—  
To Arms!

For Britain, in this hour, needs valiant sons—  
To Arms!

To guard her life from the embattled Huns—  
To Arms!

Thus, if your lass indeed be true, and you—  
To Arms!

Poor, craven shirking one day you would rue—  
To Arms!

Your tender folding of her surely said—  
To Arms!

“Against all odds I’ll shield thee, not afraid”—  
To Arms!

But, if your Home-land call to you in vain—  
To Arms!

Your elect ne’er may welcome you again—  
To Arms!

Hence, for the sake of country, mother, wife—  
To Arms!

Arise, and be a hero in the strife—  
To Arms!

---

“ENGLAND EXPECTS —”

“ENGLAND expects —” the teacher said:

“What boy can fill the sentence in?”

Up rose an eager curly head

Of one for whom to doubt were sin;

Out went a chubby little fist

Of one who was no pessimist:

“England expects, of course, *to win!*”

## THE BANTAMS.

“BANTAMS” they call us. We accept the  
name,

Kindly conferred—not, surely, in derision:  
Full many a bantam’s on the scroll of fame,  
Who now has passed from earth to fields  
Elysian.

Brave David was a “bantam” to Goliath,  
Yet felled that hulking braggart with his  
sling;

And he who still on mere brute force relieth  
May learn from us another song to sing.

Zaccheus, nimble climber, was a “bantam,”  
Yet from his tree he heard and saw the  
Christ:

And then the spell of earth became a phantom—  
With holier fellowship his soul found tryst.

Paul the Apostle was, in presence, lowly  
In stature—of the body, not the soul:  
Yet of his courage and his service holy  
The praises still resound from pole to pole.

Nelson, Napoleon, and our loved "Bobs" too,  
Were men to whom our Bantam name would  
fit—

Just trust us to their pattern to be true,  
And on the field, you'll see, we'll "do our  
bit."

'Tis true that none of us may hope to win  
A place in good King George's body-guard;  
But pluck may run some lumbering Germans in,  
And duty done will be its own reward.

---

## FORGOTTEN?

HE had borne every hardship just smiling,  
And no danger had made him afraid;  
Not a thought of complaint or reviling  
Had so much as once entered his head.

In the trenches he never was wanting,  
In the charge he aye liked to be first;  
If a wounded pal lay weak and panting,  
You would see him kneel slaking his thirst.

There seemed music for him in the rattle  
Of machine guns, and bursting of shell;  
Our foes he would call "driven cattle,"  
And spoke grimly of giving them—"hell."

Yet one day we saw his lip quiver,  
Though he tried his brave best to look cool;  
The sight gave me a sort of a shiver—  
I myself came near playing the fool.

What had happened, on land or on ocean,  
To cloud that bright face with such gloom?  
Slight cause, some would say, for emotion—  
"Post arrived—but no letter from home!"

## TO AULD REEKIE.

AULD REEKIE! ever dear,  
When foes come hurtling near  
    Dearer still:  
Our life blood we would give  
To save thee—as we live!—  
    From all ill.

Auld Reekie! thou hast seen,  
In old conflicts that have been,  
    Strange commotion;  
That thou'lt thole the present tilt,  
And add honour to the kilt,  
    Is my notion.

Blonde brutes, who love to scare,  
May seek, on sea and air,  
    Thee to shock;  
But, expecting thee to squirm,  
They will find thy mood as firm  
    As thy Rock.

With defenders skilled and true,  
Heaven will bring thee safely through  
    Every fray;  
On the soil the fathers trod,  
With ancestral faith in God  
    Go thy way!

## BLIND ALLEY DISCONTENT.

WHEN armchair politicians say,  
"Asquith's no good, or Edward Grey,"  
I give them back the compliment—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When grumblers blame the Coalition,  
And mourn our nation's sad condition,  
I quickly get upon the scent—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When fireside soldiers tell their plans  
To put to flight the Deutsch Uhlans,  
I nod, and find it dull as Lent—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When landsmen whimper, "Where's our Fleet?  
They're surely fit our foes to meet!"  
The lubbers make one's blood ferment—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When shirking knuts blandly declare,  
"What they would do, if they were there,"  
I hint their powers have been misspent—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When business men say, "Times are bad:  
Since war began we have been had,"  
I ask what they have gained and spent—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When householders lament their tax,  
And growl, "We're nothing but State hacks,"  
I chirp out—"Cheery O, old gent!"—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When labour men say they're oppressed,  
"Ca' canny," and then yawn for "rest,"  
I find for sheer disgust this vent—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When soakers whine, "They've stopped our  
beer!  
Could things be worse were Germans here?"  
I say—"Save up, and pay your rent"—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When anybody hints a doubt  
That we the enemy will rout,  
I scorn to give him my consent—  
"Blind Alley Discontent!"

When brave men keep a stout, glad heart,  
And vow that they will do their part,  
I know and value what is meant—  
"Hence, blinded Discontent!"

THE WRITING UPON THE WALL.

“TEKEL.”—Dan. v. 27.

You clanked the keen sabre, and snorted for  
war;

You sounded the loud bugle call;  
You set in fell onslaught your Juggernaut car—  
But the writing is there on the wall!

Your vaunted battalions—aye, these were your  
god,

Before whom all Europe must fall;  
But the flower of your host now bestrews the  
drenched sod—  
And the writing is there on the wall!

You boasted the strength of your bottled-up  
Fleet

On the seas to set “Deutschland o’er all”;  
But the tars of Britannia you shudder to meet—  
And the writing is there on the wall!

Proud braggart! “The Day” has now verily  
come,

Which you toasted—but fain would recall;  
For the God you have slighted has spoken your  
doom—

See! the writing stares out from the wall!

## THE KAISER'S "JOY."

"With great joy I inform you that all I heard and saw has made the best impression on me."—*The Kaiser to the King of Saxony.*

BUT who art thou to prate of joy?

Thine, sure, is joyless mirth  
Amidst thy bitter curst employ,  
Arch-blighter of the earth!

If spawn of hell may joyful be,  
Who for fiends' work combine,  
Then, but then only, may'st thou see  
Some ray of joy in thine.

"I never will forget," say'st thou;  
Nay, nor forget can we!  
Thy deeds, remembered, will, I trow,  
Haunt thee eternally.

The joy which thou, insanely proud,  
Dost for thyself prepare,  
Is kin to his, who, vaunting loud,  
Was racked with deep despair.

---

## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

"I confidently trust that the Lord God will aid and further our just cause."—*The Kaiser to the King of Bavaria.*

THE Kaiser, hark—  
Let no dog bark!  
Proclaims, ceaseless,  
God will him bless.

But deeds, too, speak,  
Which crush the meek:  
Our martyred Nurse  
Portends God's curse.

Which shall it be,  
World? Wait and see!  
The God above  
Doth mercy love.

---

## SURGE, CARNIFEX!

BUTCHER, arise!

So prompts, in hideous fashion,  
Thy lust of conquest to dark deeds of blood:

Butcher, arise!

And glut thy hellish passion  
In setting loose war's devastating flood.

Butcher, arise!

An easy prey awaits thee;  
Tramp little Belgium 'neath thy ruthless heel.

Butcher, arise!

Hack on till bloodshed sates thee—  
Justice and freedom crushed before thy wheel.

Butcher, arise!

But what if plans miscarry?  
What if more righteous nations rise in might?

Butcher, arise!

Yet know thou hast to parry  
Stern forces grappling on behalf of right.

Butcher, arise!

Thy boasted powers are tested;  
No longer are thy legions cock-a-hoop!

Butcher, arise!

But Verdun has arrested,  
With fearful cost, thy sanguinary swoop.

Butcher, arise !

Survey the desolations  
Inflicted on a world in agony !

Butcher, arise !

There greets thee, from the nations,  
The widow's and the orphan's anguished cry.

Butcher, crouch down !

Lo ! Europe doth arraign thee :  
Thine arrogance is clouded now with gloom.

Butcher, go hence !

No hope can then sustain thee,  
When outraged Justice shall pronounce thy  
doom.

---

## THE MODERN HEROD.

“Hail, Emperor, Kaiser, and King! Thou art victor and glorious. In ancient Nish, all the peoples of the East salute thee, the Redeemer, bringing to the oppressed prosperity and salvation.”  
—*King Ferdinand of Bulgaria to the Kaiser Wilhelm.*

“And upon a set day Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, made an oration to them, and the people gave a shout, saying—‘It is the voice of a God, and not of a man!’ And the angel of the Lord smote him, and he was eaten of worms, and gave up the ghost.”—*The Book of the Acts.*

PROUD Herod sate in royal state,  
’Mid pomp and circumstance elate;  
He rose, and uttered an oration,  
’Mid fawning courtiers’ adulation.  
“The voice, not man’s but God’s!” they  
cried—  
Yet soon, devoured of worms, he died.  
Thus basely ended his life-story,  
Who set his own above God’s glory.

Proud Wilhelm, yearning to command  
The whole round world, with Ferdinand  
Held banquet, within Nish’s gate,  
In more than Herod’s regal state.  
And, as they sate in War’s array,  
Toasting, with gleaming eye, “the Day,”  
The sycophantish Bulgar rose  
The Kaiser’s health thus to propose:

“ All-Highest!—in thy person glorious,  
In shock of arms always victorious,  
In strategy all-wisest schemer—  
We thee salute as ‘ The Redeemer!’  
To our too long distracted nation,  
Thou bringest in thy hand salvation!” . . .  
And Wilhelm, his proud heart aflame,  
The compliment did not disclaim.

What Britain and her Allies thought,  
Disdainfully he heeded not.  
’Twas this—“ There’s one thing, it would seem,  
Proud Kaiser, thou can’st ne’er redeem.  
What that is, thou shalt learn at last—  
Thou never can’st redeem thy past!  
Thy hordes in battle we will worst:  
‘ Redeemer ’! thou shalt yet be cursed.

“ To Bulgars, Turks, and thine own nation—  
Thy name a symbol for damnation!  
Vain boaster—by false praise elated,  
By false ambition so inflated—  
Instead of glory on time’s page,  
Thine shall be shame, from age to age;  
For thou, with other wights, must prove,  
A righteous God doth reign above.”

---

## THE KAISER'S MALADY.

“Rumour in Berlin insisted that an operation for cancer was necessary. . . . The illness, however, is described as inflammation of the throat.”

DEEPER thy trouble far than in the throat!

But can it waken real sympathy?

Some may accord thee smoothing words of  
rote;

Yet none forget thy deeds of infamy.

Inflamed, is it? That brazen, raucous throat—

That throat which, for so long, has spouted  
lies,

Vaunted, invoked, preached, promised—to one  
note

Of false ambition, greedy for its prize!

Kaiser, thy throat one day will sorer be!

Even if no cancer taint be in thy blood,

God yet will take thee by the throat; and we,

Avenged, will hear thee gurgle in the flood.

More than thy throat, arch-miscreant, should  
be sore:

Thy conscience, if it lives, can know no ease:

Thy heart, if heart thou hast, can nevermore

Know even the semblance of true inward  
peace.

If not upon thy throat, then on thy soul  
Cancer has fastened—also on thy State:  
It drags both downward to a darker goal  
Than once, in pride, was visaged as thy fate.

For, with thy guileful War Lords, art not thou,  
Thyself, a cancer in the world of men?  
Whence nations just have registered the vow  
To pluck thy roots—and hinder growth  
again.

Hark, Attila! thou most unroyal rotter!  
Thy very Huns will learn thy tinsel worth:  
Thy throne magnificent is doomed to totter,  
When vengeance grips thee, blighter of the  
earth!

. . . . .

Full fierce and long this baleful war has surged,  
Dear is the price mankind has had to pay;  
But, when the world of this breed has been  
purged,  
Just Heaven will usher in a brighter Day.

---

## CHANGING COLOUR.

*White* was the Kaiser's colour, in character and  
cause,  
In plumes and steed and everything. A proper  
man he was!  
What might be wrong in others in him was only  
right;  
He had the force, he had the will, and was so  
very white.

But time brings strange reverses; and now a  
world in arms  
Sees reason a fresh estimate to set on William's  
charms;  
His heart, and ways, and purpose we've found  
coal *black* in hue—  
His plumes we'll pluck, and turn his face into a  
*Prussian blue*.

---

## INSANE?

“Despatches in the Italian press about the resignation of Admiral von Tirpitz hint at a peculiar reason for it, that the old Admiral had become mad.”—*Daily Telegraph Milan Correspondent*.

CAN Tirpitz be “insane,”  
Who swore to sweep the main?  
So filters round the world the whispered story!  
At least, he was to blame,  
For he would not play the game,  
And now is furled his pennant—without glory.

Were they not all insane,  
Who vainly thought to gain  
O'er all the earth indisputable sway?  
At “Deutschland über Alles”  
The world grows grimly callous,  
And mocks the flaunting iron-cross display.

Poor Germany! too late—  
And 'tis a tragic fate!—  
Your great men, one by one, you're finding out:  
Von Moltke and Von Kluck  
Have said farewell to luck;  
And others soon, with them, you'll learn to  
flout.

Sly Bethman-Hollweg's crew,  
Who tore the "scrap" in two,  
Are destined to join Tirpitz and the rest:  
A cold fit follows hot,  
As your plans go all to rot,  
And you find your insane leaders just a pest.

Your Crown Prince—blustering fool!—  
Fills your darkened homes with dool,  
In clutching after War's elusive guerdon.  
His was a costly whim!  
What think you now of him,  
Who hounds to death your hecatombs at  
Verdun?

And then, there is the Kaiser,  
With memories of Yser,  
Of bafflement at Ypres, Marne, and Aisne:  
He still keeps up a racket—  
But surely a strait jacket  
Fits some of the outrageously insane!

---

A POETASTER'S PERPLEXITIES.

To get a good rhyme  
Is one's task, all the time.

Now, with the word " German "  
What will clink? Perhaps " vermin."

And what with the " Rhine " ?  
That Deutsch epithet " Schwein."

What will suit with the " Hun " ?  
Send him off on the " run."

What of vengeful " Tirpitz " ?  
Why, he's knocked into " fits."

As for Bethmann-Hollweg,  
*Scrap* him down—rotten " egg " !

And what of " Wilhelm " ?  
We must him " overwhelm."

That knave-fool Crown Prince,  
We shall yet make him " wince."

Drive the proud " Hohenzollern "  
From the stage, loudly " hollerin."

And then, with just " peace,"  
Europe's travail may " cease."

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE WITH  
THE KAISER?

[A FULL PRIVATE TO HIS MATE.]

“WHAT is best to be done with the Kaiser?”

That’s not easy to answer—and why, sir?

He is not only slim,

But, in dealing with him,

We’ve to deal with a sort of Most High, sir.

Something, sure, must be done with the Kaiser,

Since he shows himself so very sly, sir;

With his concretes and mines

And his dread Zeppelins,

He ranges through earth, sea, and sky, sir.

A good thing it might be for the Kaiser,

If he were to get drowned in the Yser:

Then his people would be

From much devilry free,

And might grow a bit humbler and wiser.

But we’d make better use of the Kaiser—

Believe me, I’m telling no lie, sir—

If he caged were to be

On the banks of the Spree—

For the Boches at last a fine “spy,” sir.

He's a terrible man, is the Kaiser:  
In his might he mocks every right tie, sir;  
    But we'll win to Berlin,  
    And we'll there rope him in—  
Then the world will be rid of the Kaiser!

---

## TO WITTENBERG.

(AFTER "O TANNENBAUM!")

O WITTENBERG, O Wittenberg,  
How strange has been thy story!  
In thee false Faust once found a home,  
In thee true Luther broke with Rome:  
O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
How strange has been thy story!

O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
With sorrow we behold thee:  
The Faust-curse still on thee must rest  
Through Mephistopheles' behest.  
O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
With sorrow we behold thee!

O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
How changed thy reputation!  
Once shrine of hope for all mankind,  
For the oppressed, maimed, halt, and blind—  
O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
How changed thy reputation!

O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
Of late a vile Gehenna!

Brave wounded men have tasted hell  
Close by the Monk of Freedom's cell.  
O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
Of late a vile Gehenna!

O Wittenberg, O Wittenberg,  
Thou surely must relent thee.  
Canst thou condone base trampling might,  
Where noble Luther struck for right—  
Where voices past, where faces past,  
Plead: "Wittenberg, repent thee!"

---

## THE AIR FIENDS.

BASE, loathly pirates of the air,  
Think ye our Nation's heart to scare?  
Ah! of the reckoning beware—  
To-morrow.

Vile baby-killers, so elate!  
Your crimes we will not emulate,  
But doom you to a proper fate—  
And thorough.

Ye do despite to every rule  
Of chivalry, and any tool  
With which to scatter death and dool  
Ye borrow.

Vainly, marauders of the night,  
Ye seek, thus, Britain to affright  
By foul displays of brutal might—  
With sorrow.

Such rapine is of hellish birth;  
But we'll yet quench your heartless mirth,  
And bring you down to bite the earth,  
To-morrow.

## PATERNAL NEUTRALITY.

PITY the woes of a poor Benedict,  
Who is said to be good, if not strong ;  
Folk fancy that he of all men should be strict,  
When his children do plainly what's wrong.

Yet, while he is vexed, he does not speak out,  
But at baseness and crime has to wink ;  
His rebuke the wild rebels, in anger, might  
flout—

So he says, " I'll be neutral, I think ! "

Mourning Belgium's betrayal, he fain would  
protest

'Gainst the march of foul rapine and lust ;  
But pale prudence such action puts under  
arrest—

To be " neutral " seems safer than " just. "

The sinking of vessels defenceless he hates,  
And the outrage of nurses and nuns,  
But such victims resigns to their sorrowful fates  
For fear of offending the Huns.

. . . . .

Do you say he is lacking, this father, in fibre?  
Let me whisper his name and address—  
You will find he resides on the banks of the  
Tiber,  
And is called " His Serene Holiness. "

## “STRICT NEUTRALITY.”

WE all respect, dear uncle Sam,  
Your soaring nationality,  
And duly note your telegram  
Regarding “strict neutrality.”

You fain would treat with nations still  
As though on an equality—  
King George the same as Kaiser Bill,  
In view of “strict neutrality.”

But Belgium's fate might give you pause,  
And make you face reality;  
Might hint to you of higher laws  
Than those of “strict neutrality.”

The *Lusitania's* fate should prove  
A depth of criminality,  
Ruthless enough at length to move  
Ev'n your chill “strict neutrality.”

But, Uncle Sam, if you've been brought  
To wink at sheer brutality,  
Your Pilgrim Fathers hardly thought  
Their creed spelt “strict neutrality.”

And still there's something to the fore—  
Old-fashioned, called morality—  
Of which your Motherland thinks more  
Than of your “strict neutrality.”

## A MAN OF NOTE(S).

WE took you for "a man of note,"  
Firm in your composition;  
But men's thoughts over here, I wot,  
Have made a strange transition.

Your Yankee citizens and Press  
Themselves begin to holler  
That there's a thing called "Righteousness,"  
As well's the "Almighty Dollar."

Mere "notes" about "humanity,"  
They think, when soft and lowly,  
Sound very like inanity  
Where action drags so slowly.

The broom of Mrs. Partington  
Could not stem ocean's current,  
And "notes," in dealing with the Hun,  
Can no ship's safety warrant.

. . . . .

That singular is plural now  
Won't help your future votes, sir,  
Since man of "note" has sunk, I trow,  
Into a man of "notes," sir.

---

## “ A CAUSELESS WAR.”

EX-SECRETARY BRYAN, he  
Speaks sweetly, to be sure;  
But pleas for “ Peace with Germany!”  
Are a trifle premature.

Though silvery eloquence sounds nice  
To ears both young and olden,  
Why call for “ Peace at any Price ”?—  
Silence is sometimes golden.

“ A Causeless War!” cries Mr. Bryan,  
Expecting wide applause:  
Yet, unconvinced, the British lion  
Maintains—It *had* a cause.

If nations may at will deride  
Divine and human laws,  
And sacred compacts waive aside—  
The war *was* without cause:

If Prussia's eagle had the right  
To strike its cruel claws  
In Belgium's heart, before our sight—  
We fight without a cause:

If Germany with weapons base  
May work ill without pause,  
And none resist—it is the case,  
This conflict has no cause.

But, when her faith's in treaty sworn,  
Beneath the testing clause,  
And, then, the "scrap of paper's" torn,  
Britannia finds a cause—

A cause for which, in honour's name,  
To fight she will not cease,  
Till, spite of silvery Bryan's blame,  
She wins a RIGHTEOUS peace.

---

## “TOO PROUD TO FIGHT.”

“A nation may be sometimes too proud to fight.”—*President Woodrow Wilson.*

“Too proud to fight!” Humanity lies  
bleeding,  
Freedom and honour trampled by brute  
might:  
Crime followeth crime, worse horrors bad suc-  
ceeding,  
But one great Power remains—“too proud  
to fight!”

If ever People bore, in innocence, foul wrong,  
The Belgian folk were martyred for the  
right;  
Yet hark! there comes from Washington this  
song—  
“So right *we* are, we do not need to fight!”

The pirate Nation runs amok at pleasure,  
Presumes to sink defenceless ships at sight,  
Even wrecks her own good citizens and  
treasure—  
But still America’s “too proud to fight!”

Had Britain and her Allies been the same—

Yielding the Teuton claim that might is right,  
Ah! freedom had become an empty name,

Debauched, while we looked on—"too proud  
to fight!"

But, God be thanked! a nobler mood inspired  
us

To bare our arm man's enemy to smite:  
Thoughts other than for self so fiercely fired us,  
We *could* not stand aloof—"too proud to  
fight."

. . . . .

A day may dawn yet, on the Sea Pacific,

Which will the question set in lurid light—

Whether, confronted by a force terrific,

Some people may not be—"too—*what?*—to  
fight!"

---

## THE FRIEND OF ALL THE WORLD.

“ America is at peace with all the world, and wishes to remain at peace. She is at peace with all the world, because she is the friend of all the world.”—*President Wilson.*

SHE is “ the friend of all the world,”  
Of foul men and of fair—  
Of Turks and Teutons, who have hurled,  
’Neath banners savagely unfurled,  
Death hurtling through the air.

“ With all the world she is at peace,  
And wishes still to be ”—  
Though tyranny should never cease,  
Or Christendom obtain release,  
A friend to all bides she!

Shade of George Washington, behold!  
Say, art thou satisfied?  
Was it for this that, true and bold,  
Thou struck’st for liberty of old—  
For this, thy freemen died?

America! on history’s scroll  
Thou’rt writing now thy name;  
Alas! if thou suppress thy soul,  
And, smirching “ neuter ” on that roll,  
Incur a lasting shame!

A Day for thee, too, yet may come  
Sabled by War's black pall:  
Friends some may be, but dire foes some!  
Would'st thou, at beating of the drum,  
*We* should be "friends of all"?

---

## REMINISCENCE AND REMONSTRANCE.

FRIEND WILSON, who art "friend of all the  
world"—

Therefore of me:

And doubly friend, since we were nearly hurled  
To death at sea ;\*

I knew thee, in our converse on the deck,

A man of peace—

And man of courage, who, 'mid threatened  
wreck,

Found soul-release.

Thy prudence and reserve were wonderful—

Yes, even then:

Yet something told me thou wast purposeful—

Like super-men.

I could have sworn, if honour were betrayed,

Thou would'st speak out—

A brazen lie, or baby-killing raid,

Most sternly flout.

---

\* Dr. Woodrow Wilson and the writer were embarked together on *The City of Rome* when she struck an iceberg in a fog, in mid-Atlantic, in August, 1899.

Since then thou hast become a politician  
    Of rising fame ;  
But, pity 'tis, some sinister magician  
    Has blurred thy name.  
A " man of note " I counted thee, my friend,  
    Assuredly ;  
But, " man of notes "—that's harder to defend,  
    At least for me.

---

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

“HAIL, COLUMBIA!”

CLASP hands! At length the English-speaking  
race

Throughout the world is gathered into one,  
The blood-and-iron foe of liberty to face,  
And beat him down till victory is won.

Vain parleys, hopes, fears, hesitations ended,  
Thou with the Mother-land dost take thy  
stand;

And, when we have the rights of men defended,  
Thou thy just meed of honour wilt command.

Thy sons, Columbia, 'neath the Stars and  
Stripes,

Will vie in valour with the Union Jack,  
Thy bugles answer to the slogan pipes,  
As, side by side, we march to the attack.

And never in this fray we'll call a halt  
Till the grim work for freedom has been  
done—

Till falseness we lay prone, and truth exalt,  
And win for peace due place beneath the sun.

. . . . .

What? Is it so that I have just been dreaming?

Must hope, with tired wing, sink into regret?

Though on her spangled flag brave stars are  
gleaming,

Columbia's sword rests in the scabbard yet.

Then be it so! Inscribe on history's page,

Recording Angel, with thy faithful pen,

The words pronounced to be, by western sage,

The saddest of all words: "It might have  
been!"

---

## LAND OF THE MAPLE LEAF.

LAND of the maple leaf!  
Radiant among the chief  
Glories of Britain's far-spreading domain—  
What tongue or pen can tell  
One whom we love so well  
Thoughts that now stir us to thankful refrain.

Thine is in boundless store,  
Exploited more and more,  
Wealth of resource in which Cræsus might  
glory;  
But not mere growth of pelf  
Would'st thou esteem, thyself,  
Greatest and best in thy young lustrous story.

Nay, not o'er woods and lakes—  
Nor o'er vast prairie stakes,  
Waving with corn a rich harvest to bring—  
But over thy gallant sons,  
Fronting the foeman's guns  
Far o'er the ocean, thy heart most doth sing.

Their stern Niagara rush,  
Base tyrant Huns to crush,  
Shines out resplendent on history's page.  
That way true glory lies!  
Deeds of self-sacrifice  
Halo the Canuck brow age after age.

Land of the maple leaf!  
Fully thou'st shared the grief  
Wrought in our homes by grim War's deadly  
    brood;  
But we in blood have sealed,  
On dear-bought victory's field,  
Close adamant bonds of true brotherhood.

---

## THE CONQUERING RIGHT HAND.\*

ON Salamanca's blood-drenched field,  
The Iron Duke, hard pressed,  
His gallant staff drew round him, and  
Thus gravely them addressed—  
“The Spaniards' guns from yonder height  
Play havoc with my plan!  
From yon redoubt, who'll clear them out?  
Say, who will play the man?”

Deep silence fell upon them all;  
It threatened instant death  
For him who dared to lead men there—  
The staff all held their breath.  
But forth there stepped an aide-de-camp,  
Who sought his leader's eye,  
And modestly but firmly said  
That he the task would try.

“My Lord,” he said, “full willingly  
I go at thy command;  
But first, I pray thee, let me grasp  
That conquering right hand!”

---

\* An actual incident in the Peninsular War.

A smile lit up the war-worn face  
Of noble Wellington;  
He clasped the youth's extended hand,  
And simply said—"Well done!"

Forth sped the brave young officer,  
With a few like-minded men;  
They stormed the height, they spiked the guns,  
And *some* came back again.  
It was no meed of praise they sought,  
But only duty done;  
Yet surely they the victory shared,  
When victory was won.

Christ, Captain of Salvation! Thou  
Fight'st evil without pause;  
Let me for ever be allied  
With thy most righteous cause!  
I will the hardest tasks accept,  
Assigned at Thy command;  
But grant me, that I victor be,  
The clasp of Thy right hand!"

---

## MISSING!\*

YOUR chum wrote you were "missing," son,  
After Somme's furious fray:  
"The battle had been bravely won,"  
But "John was still away."  
Long weary weeks of dark suspense  
We've spent, 'twixt hopes and fears,  
Yearning for news to recompense  
Suppression of love's tears.

And now we're told you're "dead," John!  
Your gallant fight is o'er;  
Your dear face, though the victory's won,  
We'll look upon no more.  
No more we'll hear your gladsome voice  
Or clasp your kindly hand—  
You've gone, by the great Captain's choice,  
To join the Heavenly band.

Missing? Ah yes, you're missed, son,  
And kindred hearts are sore!  
We'll ne'er forget our absent one,  
Who has passed on before.  
But, never missed at Duty's call,  
Found you'll be at your post,  
When God's roll-call ingather shall  
All His triumphant host.

---

\* In memory of J. K. C., one of the many Edinburgh youths of bright promise, who joined the colours, as privates, at the beginning of the War, and have since made the supreme sacrifice.

## FAITH'S THREE PILLOWS.

“Rest in the Lord.”—Psalm xxxvii. 7.

WHEN darkness shrouds the sky,  
And danger threatens me,  
To Thee, O Lord, I fly,  
And shelter find in Thee.

I'm weak, but Thou art strong;  
And everlasting arms  
Still bear me safe along,  
'Mid even war's alarms.

I'm foolish, Thou art wise;  
Me gently onward guide!  
I'm safe from foe's surprise,  
If Thou art by my side.

I'm sometimes faint and sad  
On earth's depressing way;  
But Thy love makes me glad,  
And turns night into day.

Thy Power, Wisdom, Love,  
Amid life's stormiest billows,  
I thus have found to prove  
Most tranquil of heart pillows.

## THE COURSE OF CONFLICT.

[PAST, PRESENT, AND PROSPECTIVE.]

CALM, calm, calm!  
Skies never were more clear,  
Or comforts deemed more dear—  
Calm, calm, calm!

Drum, drum, drum!  
War suddenly declared;  
And we are not prepared—  
Drum, drum, drum!

Boom, boom, boom!  
The enemy are there;  
Why did we not prepare?  
Boom, boom, boom!

. . . . .

Come, come, come!  
We still may give them fight  
In battling for the right—  
Come, come, come!

Cheer, cheer, cheer!  
Three millions volunteer:  
Now victory draws near—  
Cheer, cheer, cheer!

Woe, woe, woe!  
 Full many a comrade lost;  
 Ah! honour has its cost—  
 Woe, woe, woe!

Home, home, home!  
 We've conquered in the war;  
 Returning now we are—  
 Home, home, home!

Peace, peace, peace!  
 That's what we ever sought;  
 That's what we've dearly bought—  
 Peace, peace, peace!

Glory, glory, glory!  
 Not to ourselves we give it;  
 But to His name we'll live it—  
 Glory, glory, glory!

---

## PEACE—WITH HONOUR.

[PROLEPTIC.]

“ PEACE—with Honour ” was the prize  
For which our Nation fought,  
Nor harboured, 'mid war's agonies,  
One thought of truce in any wise  
Dishonourably bought.

“ Peace—with Honour ”—gladsome sight!  
Welcome our heroes home,  
Who bravely countered might with might,  
And won a triumph for the right,  
Secure for years to come.

Peace—with Honour let it be:  
With Honour Peace be wed!  
In name of Christianity,  
May nations live in fealty  
To vows which they have made.

Peace on earth, goodwill to men  
By whom truth's path is trod—  
Ah! this will bring within our ken  
New visions for our race, and then  
Due honour to our God.

## PEACE !

[A VISION OF THE FUTURE.]

“ PEACE, be still ! ” the Saviour said  
On storm-tossed Galilee :  
Again that Voice has stillness shed  
Alike o’er land and sea.

Now may the flags be safely furled,  
Unlimbered be the guns :  
Just Peace is won to bless the world  
Through valour of our sons.

We waged war grimly to the death,  
But now the end has come :  
Replace the sword within its sheath,  
And silent be the drum !

Let joy-bells merrily ring out  
In gladsome, sweet refrain,  
While thankful millions swell the shout—  
“ Peace ! Peace has come again ! ”

We bid our heroes welcome home,  
We hail our brave Allies,  
Who shared on field and ocean foam  
Love’s duteous sacrifice.

We yield our tribute to the dead  
At rest beneath the sod,  
Who for our cause their life-blood shed  
And thus went home to God.

Their honour who for truth have died  
Even hearts bereft may sing—  
Courage, with faith and love allied,  
Took from their death its sting.

Lord God of Hosts, we Thee adore,  
And pray that wars may cease—  
That He may reign for evermore  
Who is the Prince of Peace.



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