

# "FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE."

By Rudyard Kipling.\*

For all we have and are,  
For all our children's fate,  
Stand up and meet the war.  
The Hun is at the gate!  
Our world has passed away  
In wantonness o'erthrown.  
There is nothing left to-day  
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,  
The old commandments stand ;  
" In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word  
That sickened earth of old :—  
" No law except the sword  
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."  
Once more it knits mankind,  
Once more the nations go  
To meet and break and bind  
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight—  
The ages' slow-bought gain  
They shrivelled in a night,  
Only ourselves remain  
To face the naked days  
In silent fortitude  
Through perils and dismays  
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart  
The old commandments stand :—  
" In patience keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies  
Shall bring us to our goal,  
But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul.  
There is but one task for all—  
For each one life to give.  
Who stands if freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?

## THE CHARGE OF THE NINTH LANCERS.

Melinite, lyddite, darkened heaven,  
But straight at the guns the Lancers rode  
By the light of the rage that within them  
glowed—  
Straight at the guns, the deadly Eleven,  
That had raked and shelled them seven  
times seven.  
With never a halt or a needless word,  
At the cannon in ambush our horsemen  
spurred,  
Knights of liberty, glory's sons  
And slew the gunners beside their guns,  
And captured the cannon, the roaring  
Eleven,  
That deafened the earth and darkened the  
heaven.  
Then their dauntless remnant came  
Out of the hurricane, out of the flame,  
Covered with smoke and dust and haze.  
Shout, you shires, with a chorus sweet  
Ringing from Caithness right to Kent,  
From far Northumberland down past Devon,  
Shout for your heroes, Britain's sons  
Who quenched in silence the thundering  
guns  
That darkened like doom the golden heaven.  
The courage that lifted their hearts shall  
leaven  
All who in England's name go forth  
From east and west from south and north,  
Under the great Godspeed of Heaven.

WILLIAM WATSON.

## SACRAMENTUM SUPREMUM.

Ye that with me have fought and failed and  
fought  
To the last desperate trench of battle's  
crest,  
Not yet to sleep, not yet ; our work is nought ;  
On that last trench the fate of all may rest.  
Draw near, my friends ; and let your thoughts  
be high ;  
Great hearts are glad when it is time to  
give ;  
Life is no life to him that dares not die,  
And death no death to him that dares to  
live.  
Draw near together ; none be last or first ;  
We are no longer names, but one desire ;  
With the same burning of the soul we thirst,  
And the same wine to-night shall quench  
our fire.  
Drink ! to our fathers who begot us men,  
To the dead voices that are never dumb ;  
Then to the land of all our loves, and then  
To the long parting, and the age to come.

HENRY NEWBOLT.

## SLAN

"Duke of Devon and  
You who are still and  
And cold like stone ;  
For whom the unfolding  
Is spent and done ;  
For whom no more the  
Of down, nor evenfall,  
Nor Spring nor love nor  
Master at all  
Who were so strong and  
And brave and wise,  
And on the dark are  
With darkened eyes.  
Who roared and came  
But yesterday,  
And now are dumbly  
In stranger day ;  
Who valiantly led,  
Who followed valiantly  
Who knew no touch of  
Of that which was to  
Children that were  
How have ye died and  
Triumphed and died !

Yes, it is very sweet  
And sweet  
The atmosphere of  
And father time.

—I. W.

## SONG OF THE

What of the faith and  
Men who march  
Ere the barn-co  
Night is growing  
To hazards whence no  
What of the faith and  
Men who march

Is it a purified peak,  
Friend with the  
Who watch us  
With doubt and  
Can much pondering  
Is it a purified peak,  
Friend with the

Nay. We see well who  
Though some  
Dullies as they  
England's need.  
Her distress would set  
Nay. We see well who  
Though some

In our heart of hearts  
Victory crowns  
And that bragg  
Surely like the  
March we to the field  
In our heart of hearts  
Victory crowns

Hence the faith and  
Men who march  
Ere the barn-co  
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Then to the land of all our loves, and then  
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HENRY NEWBOLT.

## SLAIN

"Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."

You who are still and white  
And cold like stone ;  
For whom the unfailing light  
Is spent and done ;

For whom no more the breath  
Of dawn, nor evenfall,  
Nor Spring nor love nor death  
Matter at all.

Who were so strong and young,  
And brave and wise,  
And on the dark are flung  
With darkened eyes.

Who roystered and caroused  
But yesterday,  
And now are dumbly housed  
In stranger clay ;

Who valiantly led,  
Who followed valiantly,  
Who knew no touch of dread  
Of that which was to be ;

Children that were as nought  
Ere ye were tried,  
How have ye dared and fought,  
Triumphed and died !

Yea, it is very sweet  
And decorous  
The omnipotent Shade to meet  
And flatter thus.

—T. W. H. CROSLAND.

## SONG OF THE SOLDIERS

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

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

Nay. We see well what we are doing,  
Though some may not see—  
Dalliers as they be !—  
England's need are we ;  
Her distress would set us rueing :  
Nay. We see well what we are doing,  
Though some may not see !

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

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