

THE STATESMAN'S DREAM
and other poems

THE
STATESMAN'S
DREAM

and other poems

JOHN MORRISON

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VI A REQUIEM

FOREWORD

IN this second volume of collected poems John Morrison continues what he began in *Poems for People*. It is a running commentary on a full life spent in many different countries. It records moments of history that perhaps only poetry can capture. It touches on the lives of interesting and rewarding personalities, varied and colourful. And through it runs the key thought that there is an answer that works, that will remake men and nations.

During many years of working together his poems have often inspired me to music and some of our songs have been sung all over the world. But I wonder if this present invitation to write an introduction to *The Statesman's Dream* is not a typically gentle but pawky reminder of promises of further musical settings which I have not yet fulfilled.

At any rate it is a great pleasure to co-operate with him again in this way, and I know that thousands who were grateful for *Poems for People* will give this second volume a hearty welcome.

GEORGE FRASER.

I

THE STATESMAN'S DREAM

From the original musical play
by George Fraser and Alan Thornhill

PRELUDE

A violin sang,
And there was all of Ireland in it –
The hills of Donegal,
The sweep of sea,
The fairy circle and the Little Men,
The smell of peat smoke and the bannock baked
On cottage hearth;
The mirth
Of opening adventure, and the charm
Of far horizons.
All the past was there –
The fighting men and captains, legend rich,
When red wine flowed
And redder blood,
For every victory a song,
And for defeat a coronach;
When ladies fair were fought for,
Kingdoms fell;
How faith prevailed and, crossing seas, brought
light
To many lands.
The sorrow, too,
Of this green isle the music sang,
Yet through the sorrow, joy,
With memories of many a one
Who for his day and age spoke healing word
When his life was laid
In the hand of God,

Then warring factions reconciled
 In that new atmosphere one man can bring.
 The music sang this past.
 The melody
 Rose pure and strong
 Weaving the slender web of hope
 Holding the future,
 Tenuous, tenacious,
 Spacious,
 The lilting story of such wished for things
 As men, inspired, have dreamed of.
 Then, slow, the music fades
 And leaves the stage
 Prepared for dreaming.

SCENE I

*The curtain rises on a simple farm kitchen.
 There is a large table (left) with chairs
 around it and an old-fashioned stove (right)
 with kettle on the fire. Near the stove is a
 rocking chair and on the wall (centre back)
 there is a weatherglass and a map of the
 world.*

A cottage kitchen can reflect
 And, in a flash of time, project
 The character of land and men
 As on a screen or mirror. Then
 There is revealed here a good land,
 Rugged, unyielding to demand
 From man, but giving rich reward
 To those who toil and sweat accord

In care and careful planning set
With sight on generations yet
Unborn, a goodly heritage
To cherish for each coming age.
But not the fertile fields alone,
Nor flocks nor herds a man may own,
Compact the core, the key to living –
The home, the heart of selfless giving
That springs from common mind and will
In man and wife, to flow and fill
All who around their table sit,
To weave a family close-knit
Where problems never, secret, grow
But in the open swiftly know
The healing warmth that cures each pain,
Like summer sunshine after rain,
And when a friend in need may come
He finds the answer in that home.

Upon the stove the kettle sang
And by the wall in rows there hang
The treasured cups in cupboard wide
Behind the kitchen table, pride
Of farmer's wife. When she came in,
Small, rosy checked, not very thin,
And with her, tall, distinguished, grey,
A man who'd driven a long way
To seek the country's quiet and peace,
From state affairs a brief release,
She spoke of simple things.

WIFE: And here's
Your tea all ready. Seems like years
Since we've been seeing you. But now
How was the journey?

STATESMAN: Well, somehow
 I always like that drive, and when
 The city's left behind, sudden
 The woods and fields and hills imprint
 Another atmosphere and hint
 Of things, once loved, forgotten – dreams.
 Though I suppose to you it seems
 So natural.

WIFE: Aye, nature's fine
 And brings you patience like the vine.
 In just a minute Dad'll bring
 The wood, and if there's anything
 That you'll be wanting just you say
 So you'll be warm here on your stay,
 Like an old fox down snug and deep.

STATESMAN: Thank you. I think before I sleep
 I'll write a bit. I've much to do
 And though I'm tired, an hour or two
 Here in your kitchen calms my mind
 And I can leave some cares behind.

The old farmer enters with an armful of wood.

WIFE: A day of rest will do you good
 And here you'll get good country food.

FARMER: I reckon folks take all your time.

STATESMAN: You're right. It sometimes seems a
 crime

To get so little time to think,
 But in the rush of things I shrink
 From making time to be alone,
 And what I ought to write, postpone.

WIFE: It's likely it'll be a speech
 That you'll be writing that will reach
 A mort of people?

STATESMAN: Yes. There is,
After expert analysis,
A world wide conference arranged
On how the system should be changed,
That we can find some compromise
By open means, or otherwise,
To reconstruct the world and hold
Off miseries as yet untold.
To outline how this best be done
They've picked me as the opening gun.

WIFE: Another conference. Oh my!
But if yourself's the first to try
This reconstructing, something new
Will maybe strike them all to do.

STATESMAN: I hope it will. I hope it will.
In fact we have a plan. But still
There are small minds and stubborn wills,
A selfishness that vision kills.
They cannot seem to see our plan
Is best for them, and every man.

FARMER: I reckon angels there would fail.

STATESMAN: If only reason could prevail.
If they could just my vision see
Of all the world a family!

WIFE: A family! Now there's a word
So simple that it seems absurd
Until you think that families
Need more than fancy theories
To bring them up, to clothe, to feed,
To keep them happy and agreed.
That's just one family's occupations.
You mean a family of nations!

STATESMAN: I know. But you have right to be
Proud, proud of your big family.

WIFE: Nine sons. All born here on this farm,
Just like their Dad. And never harm
In one of them. There they have sat
Around that table, eating, that
I see them every boy and man
Whenever I set fryingpan
Upon the stove.

STATESMAN: Yes, they were all
Fine handsome lads as I recall.
They must have been a handful though.

FARMER: They surely were. Aye, that is so.

WIFE: But Dad, they've turned out well enough
And shown they were good solid stuff.

STATESMAN: That says a lot for you, my friends.
I know how much on you depends.
But tell me where the boys are now.

WIFE: Their letters tell us where and how
They are, and on this map the pins
Mark where they are – except the twins.

FARMER: We've one, the youngest, still in school.
Sam's a buyer now, in wool.
Fred's a doctor. Joe's in ships –
Shipyard work and launching slips.
Bob is farming, helping me,
Though he's gone across the sea
Making as his port of call
Mother's farm in Donegal.
Much he's heard the Irish praised,
That's where she was born and raised.
He'll be back one of these days
Full himself of Irish ways.
Young John, he's in the Marines,
Writes of new-fangled machines,
Sometimes makes his mother vexed.
Lord knows where they'll send him next.

The farmer's wife meantime has gone over and is standing behind the table. She puts her hands on the backs of the two chairs left and right of the centre chair.

WIFE: And two are lying lost at sea.
Twins they were. In His mercy
May God give rest to their souls.

She places her hand on the centre chair.

WIFE: And here
Sat Colin. He liked to domineer
A little, being our eldest son,
A farmer like his Dad that one.

FARMER: And so you see we're mighty proud.

WIFE: Proud! Yes. And when I think aloud
How they were nursed and clothed and fed,
Across my knee for spanking laid,
Or how they knelt down for their prayers,
Or didn't want to go upstairs
On lingering summer nights to bed;
Or how my heart has often bled
With them, or leaped with joy – your hopes
Go down with them, deep down the slopes
Of shame, or dizzy climb so high
Your heart sings like a lark-filled sky,
Go with them to the ends of earth.
You're proud that you might give them birth.

She comes back and stands beside her husband.

A family. Yes, but here are you
Talking about a family too,
A family of nations! That would take
A miracle, and no mistake!

STATESMAN: It might. And yet it reassures –
A nation of families like yours
Could start a family of nations,
The greatest of all reformations.

WIFE: You have the words. You put it well.
And how's your wife?

STATESMAN: It's hard to tell.
Fine, I imagine.

WIFE: I'm sorry we
Have not been seeing her lately.

STATESMAN: We're not together very much.
She has her home, her friends and such.
I have my job.

FARMER: A pity though
It seems to me, but you should know,
That with a job as big as yours,
Peace in the home world peace secures.

STATESMAN: I need that peace. Yet my own home
Is the last place where such peace can come.

FARMER: Maybe if you

STATESMAN: I would try
Anything I could apply,
It wouldn't work. It's past reviewing.

Thunder is heard.

FARMER: I reckon there's a storm a-brewing.

*The farmer's wife goes over to the weatherglass
whose pointer indicates "stormy."*

WIFE: A stormy night it looks to be.
That's the old glass I brought with me
From Ireland five and thirty years
Ago, and when the weather clears
Or when it's stormy, that old glass
Shows plainly what will come to pass.

It's never lied. But you'll be warm
And cosy here although the storm
Sweeps down the hills. I'll bring a rug
So if the fire dies you'll be snug.

She goes out.

FARMER: I'm just a simple farmer and
It's none of my business, understand,
But my wife left me once. We'd not
Been married long before we got
Into a quarrel. Bad it was.
I never rightly knew the cause,
But I laid down the law and she
With courage walked out, leaving me
To my thoughts. Well, things got no better
Until one day I wrote a letter,
Just a few words it was, to say -
"Forgive me, I was wrong that day."

His wife comes in again.

I never signed my name to aught
That cost me greater pain and thought,
But it turned out to be the best
Peace treaty ever home possessed.
Eh, mother?

WIFE: I can say the same.
When he wrote that he was to blame
Those two lines caused my pride to crack.
Wild horses couldn't hold me back
And home I came, and took a day
And bucketfuls of tears to say
I'd been the one to blame.

FARMER: It's strange,
But there's a woman for you. Change
Begins quite simply usually.
At least it did in our family.
Good night to you.

STATESMAN: Good night.

WIFE: I've brought
The rug. And if you take a thought
For writing, there's a post that goes
First thing tomorrow. Goodness knows
When we'll be hearing from the boys
If I don't write. Yes, one enjoys
Receiving letters . . .

FARMER: Mother!

WIFE: Seems . . .
Coming. Goodnight, then. Good dreams.

*They go out. The statesman, seated in the
rocking chair, is left alone.*

The kettle sings above the stove.
The statesman's tired glances rove
About the kitchen, come to rest
Upon the weatherglass. Oppressed,
He reaches for his case and takes
His pen and paper. Then he makes,
After much thought, a few slow lines,
Then reads them over. If he signs
It may be something new is born.
He shakes his head. A look of scorn,
And then of sorrow, clouds his brow.
He lays the sheet down anyhow
Upon his knee, pulls out a file
Of documents, and for a while

Is deep in study, making notes
Of figures and of likely quotes.
At length he yawns and shuts the file
And, almost with a little smile,
He lifts the sheet of paper, reads
And sighs. Then, leaning back, proceeds
To close his eyes.

SCENE 2

*The same as Scene 1 but with mysterious changes as
in a dream.*

The fire burns low.

The lights dim to a softer glow,
And gradually the statesman seems
To see the kitchen in his dreams.
A mystic music, faintly heard,
Like far-off call of drowsy bird,
Begins to ripple in a pool
Of silence broad and wonderful
When, suddenly, a figure dim
Is standing by the table's rim
In tails and top hat as on springs,
And as the music swells he sings:
"Our Statesman sleeps.
Now we, his dreams, rejoice.
Too much at conferences
He loved to hear his voice.
Sleep on, sleep on!
Appear here incognito,
Come dreams, come dreams,
For nature now has exercised her veto!
And we, his dreams, are free
And can appear before you
To show the cure for conferences that bore you.

Dream on, dream on,
And in this very room
And at this very hour
You'll dream a conference –
I'm the Inviting Power.
So clear the stage
And let the scene be set.
Make ready
For the delegates
To the best peace table yet!"

The music quickens, and a sense
Of signs and portents is immense.
The dim Inviting Power begins
To summon sprites and hobgoblins,
And weaves a spell transforming all,
Entrancing as a waterfall
That carries irresistibly away
Sour unbelieving in its spray.
Here in the gloom good spirits lurk
And change mysterious is at work.
At his glance the cupboard glides
Towards the far wall, through it slides
And vanishes. The stove in turn,
The kettle, weatherglass, the churn,
All disappear. The map flies up
And through the ceiling. Every cup
And plate has gone. As if a-wing,
The chequered tablecloth, whirling
In ghostly dance, follows the rest
And floats off on the music's crest.
The Statesman stirs uneasily,
For he has been uncannily
Transported to the edge of gloom,

Before him, wide, a vast dream room,
Green covered table with nine chairs,
And a void that echoes to fanfares
Of fairy trumpets.

 There march in,
Inscrutable as mandarin,
Two rows of secretaries spruce
As would, in dreaming deep, conduce
To give a conference a tone
To make its course a true milestone
In history. They take their place,
Precise, behind the table's base
While from the blacker depths behind,
To martial music, dream designed,
Six Diplomats emerge and pace
With weighty mien and solemn face
In single file to shake the hand
Of the Inviting Power, and stand,
Each at his place, about the table,
Determined looking, proud and able,
While the Inviting Power, as meet,
Takes central place, the Chairman's seat.
At one end, A is sharp and keen.
B, at the other, might have been
Worker, solid, slow, and grim,
Sure he is right. And next to him
D seems a man who stays up nights,
A man whom nothing much excites.
His neighbour F, on the other hand,
With hair like an unkempt woodland,
Professorial, nervous, stares
As one burdened with many cares.

Next A is standing Statesman E,
A bearded, seeming Viking, he.
C by his side, thin-haired and wry,
Correct, with monocle in his eye.
The Chairman, like a fussy hen
Amid those splendid gentlemen,
Seems one all set to do his best
Though with his task a mite depressed.

The seats are vacant on his right
And left.

He bows low to invite
The diplomats to sit. Streamlined,
The secretaries close behind.
Dream figures in a dreaming ring,
The gentlemen begin to sing:

“Dreaming and scheming
With brains wildly teeming,
Determined to speak on
As long as we keep on
The floor.

“Stay round the table
Until we are able
To say we've succeeded
Far better than we did
Before.

“Make up your mind here
To sit till we find here
A large or a small plan
Upon which we all can
Agree.

“Could you devise a
Committee that’s wiser?
Or where could you get a
Convention that’s better
Than we?”

Ballet.

The music takes a weirder note,
As they, self-satisfiedly, gloat.
The light about the table dims
And into view there silent swims
A ghostly heap of rising piles –

DIPLOMATS AND

SECRETARIES SING. “Miles of files
In the latest styles.”

This scarce has sunk upon the floor
When, leaping by another door,
A paper cloud the view attracts –

SUNG “Stacks of facts
About mutual pacts.”

Green and pale with ghastly shine.
But new figures join the line
Red with all of death’s horrors –

SUNG. “Counsellors
To eliminate wars.”

Confusion, fury, dissonance
Increases momentarily the dance
And many-headed talk fatigues –

SUNG.

“Lots of leagues
To abolish intrigues.
Treaties to aid
International trade.
Federal police
To implement peace,
Leading authorities
On the minorities,
Organised oddities,
No matter what it is,
Joining together to furnish
a plan
That is thicker and slicker
And bound to work quicker
Than anything known
Since the world began!”

And at the word “Began” the dance
Topped all its weird extravagance,
In whirling fury interfused,
The sleeping statesman straight accused
With pointing finger. Treaties, laws,
Files, pacts, leagues, counsellors – the straws
Men clutch at – and the diplomats,
The secretaries in their spats,
All pointed at the dreaming man
As if he had the talisman.
The sleeper, shifting in his sleep,
Did not awaken. As the deep
Has swallowed many a noble ship,
The darkness at his fingertip
Swallows the dancers. Music moves
By low notes to its choral grooves,
And from the table’s dreaming ring
The diplomats resume to sing:

“Dreaming and scheming
With brains wildly teeming,
Bubbling and bursting
And panting and thirsting,
We’re determined to stay
Here by night or by day
Till we all have agreed
On the thing that we need—
That we swim or we sink on
An utterly incon-
Trovertible,
Workable,
Suitable,
Beautiful
PLAN!”

A vast harmonic chord, that bodes
Well for the future episodes.
If harmony the table hold,
It may prefigure yet untold
Solutions for the world of men.
The Chairman calls for order then,
Bidding the secretaries depart,
And notices with quite a start
The vacant seats. What delegates
Are missing? He interrogates
His neighbours. Statesman C replies
That, by the list, he would surmise
The seat next him belongs to Hate,
His Highness, whose quintessent State
Has never missed a conference yet.
The others aid him and abet.
His Highness, the Quintessence, will,
They feel certain, be with them still.

The other seat Hate's friend in need,
 His Honour, the Acme of Greed,
 Will occupy, so it appears
 After many short-sighted peers
 From Statesman F. For years and years
 Both Hate and Greed have made careers
 By being present everywhere
 In close collaboration rare.

These few preliminaries over
 The Chairman rises, to discover
 Dipomat A is on his feet
 To catch his eye, with cough discreet.
 Subsiding as he did before
 He loudly says: "A has the floor."

- A: Gentlemen, your attention please!
 I beg to present my peace plan.
 It's the neatest
 Completest
 Assortment of treaties
 That ever was known to the mind of man.
 In Paragraph One, all the past is undone
- D: That's wisely begun in Paragraph One.
- A: In Paragraph Two, the world I renew.
- E: That's a smart thing to do in Paragraph Two.
- A: But in Subsection J, we must have our own
 way!
- B: Does he think I'll OK his Subsection J?
- SEVERAL: We must make reservations
 On behalf of our nations.
- B: You go too far!
- C: Not far enough!
- D: Who do you think you are?
- E: Cut out that stuff!

CHAIRMAN: Order, order, order.
SEVERAL : Stuff and nonsense!
 Sit down!
 Veto! Veto! Veto! Veto!

Thunder and lightning.

“What’s all this noise?” the diplomats,
Springing about like acrobats,
Demand. “Yes, what is going on?”
The Chairman, no true Solomon,
Says “Order, order” feebly, when
Out of the shadows come, sudden,
The sturdy farmer and his wife,
Dreamlike, and yet as large as life.

FARMER: Well folks, it’s blowing quite a storm.
 Seems it’s just getting into form.
D: But this seemed through this room to pass.

*A shaft of light illuminates a huge weatherglass
at the back of the stage. The pointer is at
“Stormy.”*

WIFE: Indeed it did! Look at that glass.
 Stormy it is, at “Stormy” set.
 No sign of a change can I see yet.

A: What is that thing?

FARMER: You tell them, Mother,
 Our secret between one another.

Music softly.

WIFE (*sings*) A weatherglass hung on the wall
 of our place,
 And now it said "Fair,"
 And now it said "Clear,"
 And once in a while said "Stormy."
 Often I'd look at its friendly old face,
 Come shower,
 Come shine,
 Come stormy or fine,
 I swear that old weatherglass saw me.

FARMER: When skies were grey,

WIFE: That glass seemed to say -

BOTH: "Change is the way,
 "The only way."

FARMER (*sings*): One day I discovered the things
 we did -

 Showed up on that glass,
 That clever old glass,
 It pointed to "Change" to warn me.
 When from each other our feelings we hid,
 Or argued and fought,
 And change we would not,
 That glass it soon pointed to "Stormy."

WIFE: When skies were grey,

FARMER: That glass seemed to say -

BOTH: "Change is the way,
 "The only way."

BOTH (*sing*): So look at that glass and you
 quickly will see

 When husband and wife
 Can settle their strife,
 Then others can also do it;
 And, if you're honest, you'll surely agree

WIFE: That change is the way

FARMER: That change is the way

WIFE: To bring a new day

FARMER: To bring a new day.

BOTH: For in our hearts always we knew it.

As the music dies away there is a silence.

B: But, my good woman, I much fear

Your glass is out of order here.

WIFE: Remember, Dad, how once it stayed

At "Stormy" for a week? Portrayed

Our feeling. Mind you, we'd been wed

Not quite a year when I saw red.

FARMER: My firm intention it had been

To see a new mowing machine.

WIFE: But I had planned a visit to

Aunt Mabel. Was there a to-do!

He got a taste of Irish blood,

His first taste in all likelihood.

FARMER: But I had got my heels dug in,

Refused to yield through thick and thin.

Would that glass budge? Not on your life,

At least until . . .

CHAIRMAN: Yes, till?

WIFE: Till strife

Was settled when we stopped behaving

Like selfish children always craving

Their own way.

FARMER: And said we were sorry

Like folks who know the cure for worry.

But this is more than B can stand.

He calls the Chairman to demand,

On point of order, that this topic

However true and philanthropic

Be not allowed to interrupt,
 Or longer weighty plans disrupt,
 And that pro's and con's *re* Aunt Mabel
 Had no place at the conference table.

Reluctantly, with mustered grace,
 The Chairman states this is the case
 And that for action on the table
 Are matters larger than Aunt Mabel.
 "You do not know Aunt Mabel," says
 The farmer, a remark which strays
 The diplomats, and minutes fleet
 Till "order" by the Chairman beat,
 Brings order finally. The powers
 That brought them forth in crisis hours,
 The farmer and his wife recall.
 They vanish, weatherglass and all.

- B: Gentlemen, this is most unseemly.
 These theories are so much pretence.
 We're all at a deadlock.
 Let's get down to bedrock.
 Now here is a plan with some good common
 sense.
 In Sections A to O
 I restore the status quo.
- E: (*aside to A*) Well, well now. What do you
 know!
 He restores the status quo!
- B: Then from Sections O on through,
 There is little left to do.
- A (*aside to E*): I'm not so sure, are you,
 Of Sections O on through?
- B: If anyone objects
 I invoke Subsection X.

- F: But my people you will vex
With your darn Subsection X.
- A: I must make an objection.
I oppose that subsection.
- D: Does he call that thinking?
- C: How very peculiar!
- F: I bet he's been drinking.
He does as a rule here.
- A: His stock is fast shrinking.
He's the Number One fool here!

A and B advance threatening one another.

CHAIRMAN: Order, order, order.

SEVERAL: Disgraceful !

Mr. Chairman, Mr. Chairman.

Leave the room!

Stop them!

Violent thunder and lightning. A and B approach one another in front of the table with fists raised. At the height of the storm the old couple enter (right).

WIFE: Now then, now then. What's all this
fuss?

A pretty way you men discuss.

Stop all this nonsense and sit down.

Now, which of you has played the clown?

Who began this fist debating?

You should be ashamed. I'm waiting.

C (*rising and pointing at B*): He did !

WIFE: Oh, so he did! See,

One finger points at him but three

Point back at you. Show me those hands.

Just as I thought. There he stands

Like pot calling the kettle black.
 Sit down! Now, who will take it back,
 Shake hands and say he's sorry?

A: Well,
 Maybe I, the truth to tell,
 Was hasty over Section X.
 I didn't mean friend B to vex,
 And, well, I'm sorry.

*With a loud cheerful whistle the pointer of the
 weatherglass swings from "Stormy" to "Change."*

WIFE: There's the change
 That we've been waiting for. It's strange
 What "normal" people sometimes do.
 Now, friend, you see it's up to you.
 B: I'm glad, I'm sure, my honoured friend,
 Though late, sees reason in the end.

*With a dismal moan the pointer swings back to
 "Stormy."*

WIFE: See what you've done.
 FARMER: Come now, come now.
 That's not good enough you know.
 CHAIRMAN: I think the least that you can do
 Is make some sort of gesture.

B sees the air rudely and makes a face.

D: You
 Might suppose that that salute
 Is national to him.
 WIFE: He put
 Me right in mind of our Bobby.

FARMER: Remember on his sixth birthday?

WIFE: He didn't want to go to bed.

FARMER: I lost my temper and I said –

“Upstairs, young man, and don't look blank

“Or I'll be giving you a spank

“You'll not forget.” You understand

Sometimes the boys I'd reprimand

Like that when I was out of sorts.

CHAIRMAN: Yes, in our circles such retorts

Occur. Dictatorship, I think,

You'd call it.

WIFE: Well, it was no use

With Bobby so I'd try a ruse.

*Picking up a cigar from the table she turns to B
who is still standing with his back to the rest.*

“Mummy's little baby boy

“Will run upstairs, to Mummy's joy,

“Jump into bed as quick as quick

“And get this sugar-candy stick.”

B snatches the cigar and sticks it in his mouth.

The more you give, of course, the more

They want, and things stay as before.

CHAIRMAN: Appeasement.

WIFE: Yes. No answer there.

D: Then where's the answer, tell us, where?

WIFE: In change.

D: In change? What does that mean?

WIFE: Well, Bobby knew how bad he'd been,

Knew what he ought to do. For each

Knows deep inside, without much speech,

What's right. The trouble was he had

Made up his mind on being bad.

FARMER: The thing that changed his mind, you
see,

Was what changed mine. I said "Sorry"
For speaking as I did. I knew
Somehow that God had told me to.

WIFE: And Bobby changed. For when God
guides

'Tis something new that He provides.

There is a silence.

A: I see.

D: So do I.

F: How about it?

C: Let's try!

The Diplomats all look at C
Who, rather hesitatingly,
At length offers apology
And so extends his hand to B.
But B treats him with cold rebuff.
E tries. Then D has had enough.
"Oh, let him stew!" he shouts. "No, no,"
The Chairman cries, "For well you know
"Once a fight starts we're all involved.
"Let's try to get this problem solved."
Change continues. Statesman A
Now yields on his Subsection J,
And Diplomat F, with all entreaty,
Shares his special secret treaty.

Then B springs up, clasping his plan,
And holds forth on the rights of man,
And how Subsection X, the stone,
The cornerstone of State and Throne,
Is burned into his country's soul,
Her life and breath, her being whole,

Inextricably interwrought
With all her noblest blood has bought
Through sacrifices limitless
Beyond the mind of man to guess
In sanctity of heritage
Growing undimmed from age to age

He paused just at this flood's vortex.
"Besides, I wrote Subsection X."

This honesty part reconciles
And brings him understanding smiles,
But he will still not quite agree
That teamwork holds the remedy.
Heads sink on hands. A great despair
Pervades the table everywhere
When, suddenly, A has a thought
And to the Chairman says, "We ought
"To ask this farming couple here
"To join us delegates." "Hear, hear,"
Say many. "That's a good idea,"
Responds the Chairman, taking cheer.
"Please won't you come and take these seats."
"But that's impossible!" repeats
Diplomat F, dissenting member.
"These are reserved." "Reserved?"
"Remember
"These are reserved for Hate and Greed."
The Chairman taken aback, indeed
Dismayed, reluctant must concede –
"These are reserved for Hate and Greed."

WIFE: It's a lie! It's not for hate and greed
These seats stand empty. And if need
And fear torment our bleeding world,

And family tables, sorrow filled,
Are missing one or two or more,
It's not that we do as before
For hate and greed an entrance making.
For pity's sake let us be taking
A new way, fill the empty places
In hearts and homes with other faces –
With truth, forgiveness, and the fight
For a new world.

Almost the flight
Of time had stopped. The statesmen sit
In silence that will not permit
Longer postponement of the choice
To follow that unearthly voice
That often comes in human guise
So simply to confound the wise.
The Chairman rises. "In my view,"
He says, "These seats belong to you.
"For you have brought a new factor,
"The secret all are looking for."

To this the Diplomats assent
And rise together, well-content
To seat the couple at the table.
B only seems apart, unable,
Engrossed in documents, to share
The welcome to the couple there,
Who, when seated, glad explain
They're not the only ones to gain
This change but thousands everywhere
Have found this way to live and care.
And even as they speak there swarm
The neighbours in from home and farm,

And music, music underneath
 With merry note of hill and heath
 Bespeaks surprises still in store.
 The Diplomats are slightly sore
 At this new interruption, till
 The Farmer says that their plan will
 Remain a paper plan without
 New men to bring it all about.
 "Yes," cry the neighbours chiming in,
 "It seemed to us that neighbourin'
 "Was what your conference might bring
 "To make the whole world want to sing."

*Lilting music. Chorus of neighbours sings
 and dances.*

NEIGHBOURS (*sing*): Here's a plan that's
 entrancing.

It will set your feet dancing
 Everything is so
 Right as the day,
 Light as the day,
 Bright as the day is long!
 When you say that you're sorry
 It's the answer to worry,
 And you find that you
 Swing with a will,
 Spring with a will,
 Sing with a will this song.

A COUPLE (*sing*): Twenty years have we been
 wed.

HE: Quite a stormy life we led.
 SHE: Never heard a word he said
 BOTH (*spoken*): Till we started neighbourin'.

They clap once marking the beat of the music.

NEIGHBOURS (*sing*): Here's a plan that's entrancing.

It will set your feet dancing
 Everything is so
 Right as the day,
 Light as the day,
 Bright as the day is long.
 When you say that you're sorry
 It's the answer to worry,
 And you find that you
 Swing with a will,
 Spring with a will,
 Sing with a will this song.

TWO FARMERS (*sing*): Politicians are, we note,
 Often at each other's throat.

ANOTHER FARMER: Makes you wonder why you
 vote

ALL (*spoken*): Till they start neighbourin'!

All clap once.

NEIGHBOURS (*sing*): Here's a plan that's entrancing.

It will set your feet dancing
 etc.

A FARMER'S WIFE: Scientists declare we'll soon
 Spend our weekends on the moon.

A DIPLOMAT (*sings*): That could be a misfortune

ALL (*spoken*): Till we start neighbourin'.

Clap.

NEIGHBOURS (*sing*): Here's a plan that's
 entrancing.

It will set your feet dancing
Everything is so
Right as the day,
Light as the day,
Bright as the day is long.
When you say that you're sorry
It's the answer to worry,
And you find that you
Swing with a will,
Spring with a will,
Sing with a will this song.

ALL (*spoken*): When we all start neighbourin'!

Clap.

Something new is in the air.
One by one, become aware
That Statesman B is writing hard,
The Diplomats look, lean forward
And soon, in spite of B's protest,
Discover he has made honest,
Inspired and total alteration
In Section X. With admiration
They read and study, call it great,
Historic. A can hardly wait,
He says, to be allowed to sign;
And at his word, with brighter shine
And cheerful whistle's soaring range,
The weatherglass points straight to "Change."
The Diplomats, the Neighbours, all
Are feeling like a festival.
The music beckons, rhythmic lilt.
Four farmers run. The table tilts.

Before the statesmen's startled eyes
They carry it away. Surprise
Follows surprise, until they sit
As in a barn for dancing fit.
The Farmer and his Wife are now
Enthroned and all the neighbours bow.
Then two discover Statesman B
And drag him out for all to see
Between the couples lined to dance,
And offer him the waited chance
To sign, with parchment and with quill,
With neighbours, his best treaty still.
He looks at the expectant lines
And at the Couple. Then he signs.

And what rejoicing then breaks out!
The Diplomats join in the shout.
The music swells. The dancers whirl.
Feet flash in figure. Dresses swirl.
And one by one to follow B
The Diplomats are led in glee
Down through the lines in festive style
Till all have signed the pact. Meanwhile
The dancing quickens to a height
Of fun and frolic as you might
Expect from fairies in a dream
Of midsummer by sparkling stream
Or leafy wood among the hills
Wherein a magic circle fills
The sense with miracle and hope,
Life's many hued kaleidoscope
Falls into pattern and reveals
The way to live that takes and heals
The hurts and hates of human heart
And makes a whole from broken part.

Faster and faster whirls the dance
 In fine unfettered jubilation,
 Till suddenly they are aware
 Of the Statesman sleeping in his chair.
 The music stops. The dancers still.
 The Farmer and his Wife fulfil
 Their mission, bring the pen and plan,
 Gently approach the sleeping man,
 Include him in the great design,
 And offer him the sheet to sign.

*All look expectantly at the Statesman
 who suddenly wakes up.*

STATESMAN: No! No! No!

Blackout.

SCENE 3

*The farm kitchen as in Scene 1. The
 Statesman has just sprung up from the
 rocking chair by the stove as the old
 couple hurry in.*

STATESMAN: I will not sign! I won't!

FARMER: Why, what's the matter son? You
 don't

Sound well. You must have had a dream.

STATESMAN: Yes, I suppose so. But I seem

To see it still. I'd just commenced

To write a letter. Then I sensed . . .

No, no. I can't.

*Music is heard very softly on the
 theme "When you say that you're
 sorry."*

WIFE: Why son, you can.
I'm thinking you have seen the plan.

STATESMAN: You're right. I have. And I will
sign

This letter. (*To farmer*) You know, it's in line
With what you wrote her, changed your life.
This letter, well, it's to my wife.

WIFE: I'm very glad, and humble too.

Millions may find the road from you.

FARMER! Aye, son. I've learned God gives new
days

To men in very simple ways.

Blackout.

SCENE 4

*Some days later. The kitchen as in Scene 1.
The old couple are sitting listening to the
radio.*

VOICE: and we are now taking you over to
the capital to hear an eyewitness report of the
opening of the conference from our commen-
tator on the spot.

SECOND VOICE: I am speaking to you from the
nation's capital where today delegates from
80 nations gathered for the international
Conference on World Reconstruction. Con-
ferences are nothing new. But what happened
here today is startlingly new. On all sides,
both in official circles and in popular senti-
ment, people are saying that at last this may

be a conference with the cure. It began with apology on a national scale that brought every person present in the great hall to his feet in living silence and then in thunderous ovation. It was a historic moment. I refer to the opening speech. It was the voice of a true statesman. Here is a recording of his closing words.

STATESMAN'S

VOICE: There is no *via media*.
Peace is not just an idea
But people becoming different,
People who will implement
Their plans with change, a change of heart
That brings the long forgotten art
Of unity to birth again,
So much desired by all good men.
That change can come in a single night
To men - and nations. What is right
Then shines as clear as guiding star
To save the wisest men from war.
It may begin as simply as
A letter signed. For me that was
A new beginning. It can heal
A home, a world. I should feel
My country honoured so to lay
Firm foundations for the day
There dawns a new world by that gleam.
Must that new world remain a dream?
I don't think so. The other night
I saw a vision of what might
Now happen here. Two friends of mine,
A farmer and his wife with nine

Strong sons, convinced me once for all
In world affairs, in great and small,
As in the heart of man, the way
From "Stormy" to "Set Fair" must stay
To pass through "Change." Here let me say
That our forthright apology,
Admitting our mistakes, has brought
An overwhelming warmth, unthought
And undeserved by us, that seems
Like realising all our dreams.
Now, knowing one another's mind,
We can leave present hates behind,
Put right in frankness present wrongs,
Finding together each belongs
To one world family. This start,
I know, has lightened many a heart,
Makes possible a plan that grows
For good of all, makes friends of foes,
Fulfilling each land's destiny,
Turning the tide of history.

*The old couple nod. The farmer turns off
the radio, goes over and taps the weatherglass.*

FARMER: Weather looking up at last.

WIFE: Aye, change it is. The storm is past:
For thirty-five years true and tried,
And that old glass has never lied.

*The "weatherglass" music is softly heard.
From the distance, but clear and full, a
soprano voice, chorally accompanied, sings.*

- SOPRANO: So look at that glass and you quickly
will see
When husband and wife
Can settle their strife
Then others can also do it.
And if you're honest, you'll surely
agree
- WIFE: That change is the way,
- FARMER: That change is the way
- WIFE: To bring a new day,
- FARMER: To bring a new day.
- BOTH: For in our hearts always we knew it.

Curtain.

II.

TAHOE POEMS.

UP in the High Sierras, where the States of California and Nevada meet, 6000 feet above sea level, there lies a lake, surely one of the most beautiful lakes in all the world - Lake Tahoe.

By the shores of that lake, through a series of miracles, men and women from many different nations became one family, learned, through life together with all its daily tasks, to care for their nations and to live to bring a united answer to a divided world.

One man's vision and initiative, unwavering courage and steadfastness, brought this to birth. Not only his own country, America, but the whole world owes Dr. Frank Buchman an immeasurable debt of gratitude. Wherever this spirit has gone people have found an answer to problems, personal, industrial and national. Everywhere it has created understanding, reconciliation, unity. From a world family it has become a world force.

These poems, written out of the experiences of those unforgettable days at Tahoe, are set down simply as a personal record of that place and that spirit whose creative, unfolding plan has since spanned the world.

By a Lake

There are quiet places where to think
Brings strength of mountains, freshness of the
 pines,
And power to break
Old prides and fears that vanish link by link,
Melted away as inner fire refines,
By a lake.

The bees hum and the morning sun is warm,
And children play where wavelets kiss the sands.
The last snows make
A cross high on the mountain side, whose form
Seems calling, welcoming, with outstretched
 arms,
By a lake.

For magic swords have risen, and there walked
Long, long ago, Another by such shores,
For Whose sake
Enduring change seems possible. He talked –
And still, to all who listen, faith restores,
By a lake.

Victory

Sun and wind and sea –
The future lies before us.
Though dark the storms break o'er us
We shall victors be
For, not by might or power,
But by the high decision
Of all who see the vision,
The world is free!

On the high road,
Over the winding byroad,
Go the millions under a load of care.
As the song
Of freedom in God advances,
Falls the load
From shoulders of all who dare.

Sun and wind and sea –
The future lies before us.
Though dark the storms break o'er us
We shall victors be.
For, not by might or power,
But by the high decision
Of all who see the vision,
The world is free!

From the isles
And over the smiling farmlands,
From the streets
They listen to catch the tone;
One by one,
Till many a host is marching,
Rise the men
Wherever the song is known.

Sun and wind and sea –
The future lies before us.
Though dark the storms break o'er us
We shall victors be.
For, not by might or power,
But by the high decision
Of all who see the vision,
The world is free!

To music by George Fraser.

The Exile

The pines stood sentinel,
Alert and tall,
Guarding the sands about the lake.
Clear as a bell
There rang a call
At sunset time, across the lake.

“Where will you walk
“This night, O Man?”
It seemed the voice came from the lake.
“Home only. Talk
“Of no other plan
“But home,” I said, beside the lake.

“Foxes have holes
“And birds a nest.”
Whispered the voice that walked the lake.
“Home is for souls
“Who in Me rest.
“Come, take My hand and cross the lake.”

The Lake and the Isles

When, on a morning, wake
 The choirs of dawning, singing,
 The spirit wakes, goes winging
 By Tahoe's matchless lake.
 But evening brings reflection,
 For beauty's veils are sadness
 Commingling with her gladness,
 Wellsprings of recollection –

Land of Youth! The Isles
 Are crowned with wild, red heather
 Where sun and mists, together,
 Enweave their faery wiles.
 They whisper through the foam
 To all, where'er they wander,
 Of other scenes grown fonder,
 "Night brings all home."

The Road

On the Damascus Road a traveller,
 Long since, in haste sped northward, full of zeal
 And hatred for the way the Nazarene
 Had shown. And Stephen! There was some-
 thing strange!

What words for a blasphemer's lips to use –
 "Lord Jesus, lay this sin not to their charge."
 Lord Jesus! Sin! A piercing, blinding light,
 With nothing left in life or death to say
 Save only – "Lord, what wilt Thou have me
 do?"

Then, definite directions. And no more
 Alone, proud, independent, but with will,

Affections, friends, completely given to God
In company of men, brother to Him
Who, quietly, on another road, once said –
“My mother and My brethren are those
“Who hear the word of God and who obey,”
Reborn into a family.

Many roads

The traveller may go up to Damascus,
But go we must. We must, or die. And each,
There, in Damascus, through some humble soul
Sent by the Lord, shall start to understand
What great things we must suffer for His name,
Yet counting all but loss and find it joy
To have that Presence and that Friend and
Guide.

But here before our eyes, through pain and
sorrow,
With healing ruthlessness, the truth sets free
From shackling, blinding virtues, as from sins,
These friends of ours, long known – yet how
unknown!

The very truth strikes daggers in our hearts
That we had cared so small and lived so mean
We passed them by in need. Ah, poor ourselves
And needy, and how blind that we could think
And dare to press our claim, our right, our place,
When nations fall through just such selfishness,
And homes are broken, millions slain and
maimed,
In peace, in war.

There is no good in us.
What can we do? What is there we can do?
We can do nothing. Baffled, vainly trying

Serpent-like to find a hole, an out,
 A refuge and a covering from the storms,
 Some panacea that will cure our ills
 And save humanity at the abyss,
 We have grown cold, unfeeling, grown afraid
 And bitter want and tears can move us not.
 Though millions starve, we feed and live within
 The petty borders of our selfish selves.
 O pity it should cost the precious hurt
 Unbearable that strikes our dearest friends –
 And deeply merited. That stings and burns.
 What can we do to help? Help those we love?
 Help even our own selves?

And as we kneel
 The words come – “Nothing in my hand I bring.
 “Simply to Thy Cross I cling.” No more.
 But soon the old, claimed promises awake
 To life in us – aye, even us, who too
 Have crucified the Lord. His risen power
 Shall make us over, make us new, as men
 Who now with glad and simple heart go forth,
 Redeemed from self and death and fears, to win
 The world with new found, tireless strength in
 Him.

The Presence

Pretenders – playactors – hypocrites,
 One and the same!
 We need some cleansing power to make us real,
 To heal,
 To make us feel
 And take the blame,
 And call a spade a spade.

Then men can be remade
And can move on, inspired
By a new Presence,
Fired
By love so boundless, so immense
That not our deepest sin,
Nor yet our virtues,
Shall longer bar us in,
Hypocrites, playactors, pretenders still –
But for the grace of that continual Presence.

Decision

As day follows night,
After darkness comes light.
So simple decision,
With careful revision,
Precedes a clear vision.

Review all the past
And decision will last,
And grow in restoring,
Then, self out-pouring,
To new levels soaring.

The Superforce

The steely selfishness of man to man,
Creating, amid plenty, want and war,
Shall cost us dear in ways we did not plan
And dim the vision men have waited for.

The nations perish, falling one by one,
For none can improvise a superforce
To meet what mind and arms of man have done,
And cure decay's insidious, deadly course.

The simple miracle – a change of heart,
In one life first, the Cross, a living power;
And then a plan where each man has his part,
Held by the Spirit, guided hour by hour.

Through years of discipline and sacrifice
At last an army grows and takes the field,
Raising an honest standard; and no lies,
No human stratagems shall make it yield.

Strongly united, they shall make the land
A mighty fortress, and go out to give
To other men the spirit, mind, and hand
By which a dying world may learn to live.

Double Rainbow

With hissing roar the lake is whipped to fury.
The heavens, dark with cloud, have opened wide
And hail's white curtain darkens daylight high,
Stabbed bright by lightning. The Valkyrie ride,
Tempestuous their sweep across the sky,
While wind and wave join hands for injury
And even seabirds, cowering, cease to fly.

Softly the Storm-King's fingers wraithlike rest
Upon the lake, and hills against the sky
Westward, stand clear again, pine-fringed,
refreshed.

The sun shines out. The earth begins to dry.
Clear as a mirror gleams the lake enmeshed
With reeds and rushes where the wildfowl nest.
And there a glowing rainbow twice leaps high.

Ache

Dull pains,
Dully throbbing head
And heavy eyes. A dead,
Slow feeling gains
Intensity.
The night is dark
But no sleep comes.
Hour-like seconds mark
Time's passing drums,
Restlessly.

No prayer avails.
At length a point of light
Starlike arises, prevails
Against the night
Insistently.
The dawn-cold sky,
Dark still, grows grey.
With eyelids closed I lie.
It is another day
Immediately.

The Dishwasher's Vision

Cups and saucers and plates,
Water too cold, or too hot,
Spoons and knives and forks,
At last – Is that the lot?
Water all over the floor!
Some people never think!
Don't tell me there's still more!
How long must I stick at this sink?

Smoothly shining and clean,
Crockery row upon row.
A swift yet careful plan
Working together will show.
Everyone plays his part,
In no time the dishes are done.
The home on everyone's heart.
Then every detail is fun.

From homes to the nation a plan
Of unity quickly can spread,
And, working together, a land
Finds strength for the road ahead.
So whether we wash, or mend,
Or cook, or write, or labour –
Remember man's chief end
And to everyone be a good neighbour.

Strainless Living

The sun is shining.
Out across the lake
The breezes make
A ripple pattern, defining
Sharply, clear against the sky
The guardian mountains high.

A master hand,
Not "liberty" or "duty,"
This scene of beauty
Has richly planned,
Showing the wisdom, thought, and care
In every detail there.

So, every man
In strainless living,
Caring, giving,
Shall share that plan,
Obedient to the will of Him
Whose love shall never dim.

I walk along the Road

I walk along the road.
The pines on either side
Cast shadows too. They hide
The mountain and its load
Of clouds piled high
Against the sky.
Westward the sun goes down unhurrying,
unslowed.

I walk along the road
In moon reflected light
That made near day of night,
With coldness overflowed.
Shadows behind,
And shadowed mind
Dully resisting harvesting what tears had
sowed.

I walk along the road,
One and the same the way
Whether by night or day,
Admitting what I owed -
And there is light
To do the right,
To walk in faith with strength to bear the
daily load.

The Star

By starlit night
There is a light,
Not bright,
Yet luminous upon the lake.
The dark firs sway
About my way,
And play
As little evening breezes shake.

The evening star
Is brighter far
Than a bar
Of moonlight, shining on the lake.
No other sound
The margin round
Is found
The charméd quietness to break.

Darkling I stand,
On either hand,
The sand
Is starlit white beside the lake.
And not alone.
So once was shown,
Unknown,
The birth that would a world remake.

The Morning Man

I am the Morning Man.
I spread the light abroad
As even as I can,
And call the world to God.

I sweep away the night
From every hill and house,
And dust the earth in sight
As quiet as a mouse.

“Listen World,” I say,
“The day has now begun,
“And if you go my way
“We’ll have a lot of fun.”

Tahoe Evening

Down the wind faintly,
From far away,
A dog barks.
Mistily
The curved moon’s ray
Floats upon the waters,
Edging with silver a long, dagger-like cloud.
Night is young
Though the moon is low already,
Hung
On the westering peaks
Where the pines stand proud,
And dark,
And steady.
The cool night air but barely stirs the waters,
While to the north, the streaks
Of strangest light
Flash and pass again,
A moment bright,
And then
The misty moon is queen once more
And silence clothes the lake and shore.

Tahoe Dawn

One by one
The mist wreathes crystallise
And whitely run
Across the wooden ties,
An ermine mantle. On the lake
The wildfowl glide
Over its mirror surface,
Or dive to hide
At sight of human face.
Day is awake.

America

A prized possession,
A chosen nation,
Sacred to your God.

America -
Vast in land and sea,
Vast in resources, vast in skill,
Vast in what is still to be,
Vast in manpower, vision, will.

A prized possession,
A chosen nation,
Sacred to your God.

America -
Rich in forests, rich in farms,
Rich in industry, in power,
Rich beyond the common harms,
Rich in gold, in beast, in flower,
Rich in wheat, in metals, oil,
Rich in transport, trail, and sky,
Rich in leisure, rich in toil,
Rich in cities towering high.

A prized possession,
A chosen nation,
Sacred to your God.

Beware America,
Lest you forget God,
Saying, as nations have
In pride of heart:
"My power and the might of mine own hand
"Have gotten me this wealth."
Remember then,
Remember, O America.
For nations have forgotten
And have fallen, fallen, fallen.

Pioneers,
By sweat and blood and loneliness,
Have tamed this land so blessed by Providence.
The unmarked graves beside the trail
Are of the cost,
And daring men have crossed
The stormy seas
To live in freedom, not in ease,
Whose price – eternal vigilance.
And for great ideas
Men staked their lives and fortunes,
Sacred honour too,
For they had a faith
A dying world is waiting for,
That lives
Not in tradition or in history
But in the men who live it.

Remember then, America,
And wake
Your sons to sacrifice.

O take
The blindness from their eyes
And break
Division, hatred, lies.
Remake
Your sons, America, that they
Shall build the future strong and true,
Founded on rock of honesty
And selfless love. This shall they do
Remembering the God of light,
Who made thee, keeps thee day and night.

Remember, O America, nor let
Wealth, ease, or fame make thee forget.

A prized possession,
A chosen nation,
Sacred to your God.

New men, new nations,
A new world to build -
Inspired and filled
With gratitude to God,
America arise
That all may know
With glad surprise,
The way to go.

Prayer for America

O God of nations, hear our prayer
For this dear land, America.
In unity and faith we dare
To rouse and serve America.

Today we stand awake
Our country strong to make.
From sea to sea unite,
Restore, maintain the right.

Lord, touch our hearts that we may be
The men to build America,
To guard her shores and keep her free,
This land we love, America.

O save us all from hate and fear.
Our country then shall pioneer.
America, America!
God, make us burn for Thee,
And give our hearts, our lives, to keep her free.

To Music by George Fraser.

Two worlds

The water laps the sandy shore.
The night, first dark,
Is bright with stars, and here a door
Stands open, letting warm light pour
For me to mark.

Across the world, another day
Dawns cold, agloam.
No doors stand open there, no ray
Of light save flaming ruins they
Had made of home.

Will hatred or will fear provide
What I must give?
A stronger force than human pride
Our destinies and homes must guide
If we shall live.

The earthquake and the whirlwind past,
The fire abates.
Shocked wide awake, rocked by the blast,
The master thought will come at last
To him who waits.

He Died in Flanders, Gloriously

In Memory of
ROGER FAURE
killed in action, May, 1940.

“He died in Flanders, gloriously.”

Let that sink home.
Yet France has fallen.

Not the youth, the willingness, the sacrifice –
Too late – shall stem
The vast, united horde,
Mechanised, impersonal,
With tank, stuka, and plane,
Fast moving, relentless, deadly,
With the disciplined preparedness of years
And vision years ahead.

We loved France.
Yet France has fallen,
For we never cared nor cured the faults
The whole world knew, condoned, and smiled at.

What have we learned
From loss of everything,
Aye, life itself?
Or have we learned?
If not, the bitter cup of tragedy indeed is filled
And overflows,
And all is dead.

"He died in Flanders, gloriously."

A man!

He knew in life the light and shade,

Knew, too, the great release,

The voice and will of God

Made clear from day to day

In quiet, waited thoughts.

He gave a leadership, a life, a way

To many more,

A plan evolving for the land's rebirth

Which shall not stop at death

But pour like light

To every home and village, city, state,

Through all who so decide

And so accept the gift of God.

If this the end, then glorious the death.

Remember too,

That France today

Is our America tomorrow -

Unless we live in daily life

These things we know,

And have, deep down, long known

But never done

Through fear, selfwill and pride -

The things that made our nation great,

The simple, homespun truths of honesty,

Unselfishness, and trust in God,

The things which, if we live them, still

Will change the world.

Decision waits.

The hour is late.

You can defend America

And bring rebirth to nations dead and dying.
Was it for this
He died in Flanders, gloriously,
And, dying, lives?

Ordeal

The moon at half is curious tonight,
Limned in an oval, storm-presaging glow.
The watery clouds dissolve the faint starlight.
I cannot see the path I wish to go.

The Milky Way is all but blotted out,
Its myriad universe thin as a waif.
The pines loom menacing, quick with a doubt,
But few hours since inviting, friendly, safe.

Uneasy calm beneath the storm moon's rays.
Far to the east there drone the deadly wings
That set historic citadels ablaze
And ruthlessly destroy most precious things.

Where shall a land find life when death is rained
Upon them from the skies? There comes a power
Of steadfastness and courage, faith sustained,
To make of cruel test their finest hour.

Light

Ocean restlessly
Ever flooding in,
Darkness covers the sea and the shore.
Soon the stars will be
Coldly glistening,
Yet the darkness encloses the more.

Heart of man and heart of nation
 Need a power, a new creation
 Banishing darkness of mind like the night,
 Bring to a world at war, answering light.

Light of suffering,
 Light of sacrifice,
 Light of giving for others' rebirth,
 Light of discipline,
 Light of glad surprise,
 Shine, through people, to conquer the earth.
 Like the dawning it shall sweep forward
 Irresistible, ever onward,
 Till mankind from all hate is free to fight,
 Bring to a world at war, answering light.

The Three Servants
 (2 Kings, v.)

"Am I God," said Jehoram in amaze,
 "To kill and make alive? This silver, gold,
 "Fine raiment Syria has sent to us
 "By Naaman, Captain of his host, that we
 "Should heal a leper - this must be
 "A deadly wile to plunge us into war!"
 He rent his garment. And the minds of all
 Sought what could lie behind, and what before.

THE MAID SERVANT:

"It came to me there on that foreign soil,
 "To me, my lady's maid, the simple thought
 "Of how at home there dwelt a Man of God
 "With power to heal, with vision for the land,
 "Who yet might cure my lord. And so I spoke,
 "And so the word went wingéd to my lord,
 "And then from king to king. Praise be to God."

NAAMAN'S SERVANT:

“To me it came there in that foreign land
“Of which the maid had spoken, that my lord
“Should not allow his pride, his narrow love
“Of country, native rivers and their names,
“His preconceived idea of the way
“The prophet should receive him and should act,
“To keep him from the Jordan's healing stream,
“So promised by the Man of God. I spoke,
“And so the word prevailed upon my lord
“That he obeyed the prophet and was healed.”

ELISHA'S SERVANT:

“To me, a leper now, there also came
“A word to be obeyed. And then a thought
“Of my own selfish greed, because my lord
“Would not accept the gifts. And then I lied,
“Deceiving Naaman, not the Man of God,
“For I was much afraid before his glance,
“Its insight, honesty, and stern resolve.
“An outcast must I go till death, unless
“I may restore and find some healing grace.”

Athaliah

(2 Kings, xi.)

“Treason, treason!” cried the Queen,
Clutching a pillar in the hall.
But there was none to hear
Her cry of fear,
For one had seen
Her coming and had planned her fall.

“God save the King!” they cried again
Until the pillared palace shook.
But bound they led her out
After the shout,
Lest sons of men
Should still obey that regal look.

“Let no one follow,” said the Priest.
They took her by the Horses’ Gate,
And there amid the dung
The Queen they hung,
And made the least
Of all the king’s sons, Joash, great.

Jehoash

(2 Kings, xii.)

It grieved the King to see the Temple court,
The nation’s shrine, in disrepair.

“So now let every man,”
The order ran,
“Give all support
“According as the priests declare.”

Year followed year with nothing done to build,
Until the King renewed his plan.

The High Priest placed a coffer
Where all might offer.

When it was filled
The King sent his most trusted man,

And after careful counting, such were sought –
Stone-cutters, carpenters – the men
Who made the finished shrine
A building fine.

So there was brought
An honest dealing to the land again.

Tiglath-pilezer
(2 Kings, xv.)

Tiglath-pilezer
And Shalmanezer,
Kings of Assyria both,
They ravaged the land
With a ruthless hand,
From Ijon and Kir to Eloth.

But the men to defend
The nation and end
Such wrong – They fought one another!
To rule and to rob,
Arieh and Argob
And Pekah would murder their brother.

Now this, you will say,
Is not quite the way
To make nations united and strong.
Yet to kill with a look
Or divide with a book,
We think of as clever, not wrong.

Yes Tiglath-pilezer
And Shalmanezer
Were square shooting guys, in a way,
And unless we stop fooling,
Let God do the ruling,
Worse tyrants may be here to stay.

National Defence

In olden days, my children,
Because they wanted to
Men served forbidden idols –
A foolish thing to do.

From Tartak, Hamath, Nibhaz,
Nergal and Sepharvaim,
The men of Cuth and Babylon
Poured in, put them to shame.

With all their strong defences,
For all their promised word,
One thing they had forgotten -
To listen to the Lord.

You Can Defend America

China built a big, thick wall,
France the Maginot.
We must find a sure defence
That none can overthrow.
America! The call rings out
From California right across to Maine,
You and every mother's son
Can pioneer again.

Chorus:

You can defend America.
You've got something to do.
Clean up the nation
From bottom to top,
Start with yourself
In the home and the shop.
You can defend America.
Nobody will if you don't.
So get going and give,
And we'll all learn to live
To defend America!

Ships and guns and planes we need
Our country to defend.
But we must arm the hearts of men
To win out in the end.
Banish fear and greed and hate,
Every man and every family.
Under God we then can build
Our nation's unity.

To music by Richard M. Hadden. Theme Song of the Victory Review of the same name, it was used in a handbook with a foreword by General John J. Pershing (nearly 2 million copies), and adapted in half a dozen other countries.

Marriage

Should man and wife resemble shoes,
Like yet unlike,
A pair yet separate?
One goes ahead, one may refuse,
Or both may hold opposing views,
Or even strike,
Or seek another mate.

The old (most modern) of laws –
Not two but one,
One flesh united, whole,
With much to give as each part draws
The best from each, and cures the flaws,
So joined, then none
Shall miss life's greatest goal.

The Home Front

Our homes can be the healthy cells
That build the nation's life
And bring a laughing unity
In children, husband, wife.
Each cares for all, and honesty
Adventurous sets free
Our hearts and wills to pioneer
And bring men liberty.

Chorus:

Fight on the home front,
Shape the nation's life.
In war or peace there is a way
To answer human strife.
Every home can play a part
And when we stop war there
The war and waste across the world
Will vanish everywhere.
For homes are the foundation stones
Of every healthy state.
When homes are sound,
Then men are found
Who make their nations great.

"In God we trust." Our father knew
The secret of His plan.
America must find again
That power for every man.
For greatness in a nation lies
Not in its own estate,
But when we learn to give and make
The other nation great.

*The Practical Man's Response to
"You Can Defend America"*

I'm a practical man
And I like to know
What's going on around.
When I hear of a plan
That has oomph and go,
I like to get in on the ground.

"You can defend
"America - YOU!"
They said. Why, sure that's right.
I cannot pretend
I'm a fellow who
Has always been in on that fight.

But it sure made sense
The things they said,
And they said it with a smile.
Across the fence
(If I used my head),
There would be less feuds per mile.

It dawned on me,
As the statesmen say,
That right across the range
Unity
Will come to stay
When we begin to change.

For there is no doubt
That such a scheme
Would help the whole world round,
Would bring about
Our fondest dream,
So I'm in on the ground.

Nevada Hills

The burning sun
Over the Nevada hills,
The yellow dust and the scent of sage
Over the Nevada hills.
The green of pines and the gleam of rock
Over the Nevada hills,
And the winding mountain road
To Reno.

Pilgrims
Of disillusionment,
Prisoners
Of Fortune's fever,
Hopeless yet hopeful,
Tired yet tireless,
Lost yet seeking.
Circled
With devils' stratagems,
Doomed,
With none to help.

Is there a hope? An answer?
Or is there only
Death in the desert,
Desert of man
Not of sand?

Once on a time, and even now
To ordinary sinners there has come a word,
A magic word,
A living word –
"The whole need no physician
"But the sick."

A letter
Over the Nevada hills,
Bearing eastwards news –
Honest apology.

A traveller
Over the Nevada hills
Bearing eastwards news –
A new spirit.

And over a table,
And a roast duckling,
The years of feuding drop away
And each is able,
With much chuckling,
To change and find a common way.

The silver moon
Over the Nevada hills
Dims the Great Bear.
The winding mountain road
Over the Nevada hills
Leads home to the lake,
No lake of dreams,
No lake of memories,
But of reality,
And change,
And miracles.
For One who walked the waters
In those old days
When demons were cast forth
And men reborn and trained,
Together changed the world,

Still walks and talks.
And who has ears to hear,
Let him hear
As night falls
Over the Nevada hills,
Or day dawns.

The Roundup

Cattle
In a brown and living stream
Pour across the ridge and through the trees,
Hot in the sun the dust and steam,
Cattle, thick as swarming bees,
Down the draws from every side
Miles from where the cowboys ride -
Dust and cattle.

Cattle
Plodding forward the long day
Cows and calves and bulls, a bawling mass,
Eager, footsore, make their way,
Brown and sturdy, through the pass,
Horses leading, wise horned cows
Through the herd to guide and rouse -
Dust and cattle.

Cattle -
Cowboys riding at the head,
Shouting, shooting, driving at the rear,
Tired and dusty, see the beasts are fed,
Feed themselves, alert and keeping near
To head off strays early and late,
And bring them home through the corral gate -
Dust and cattle.

Cowboy Song

Way out beyond the sun drenched hills
There's a range where the grass is green,
And water cool the valley fills,
And not one cow is lean.
I ride and dream I'll find the trail
Out there,
And a place to rest, and a hitchin' rail,
Beyond the hills in God's free air.

O the valley is a pleasant place,
A smiling place,
A homely place,
And the men who find it set the pace
For a new America.

The good red earth on hill, in field,
Is basking in the summer sun.
The poplars and the mountains shield
The valley when the day is done.
I ride and dream among the sage,
Out there,
The valley of the golden age,
Beyond the hills in God's free air.

O the valley is a pleasant place,
A smiling place,
A homely place,
And the men who find it set the pace
For a new America.

The farmers and the ranchers know
Some hand has planned and guides the stars.
Forgetting this, the nations go
Their way of dust and death and wars.
I ride and dream across the range
Out there,
How all will find the way of change
Beyond the hills in God's free air.

O the valley is a pleasant place,
A smiling place,
A homely place,
And the men who find it set the pace
For a new America.

Nevada

Nevada, Nevada,
Your hills and plains are calling,
Nevada, Nevada,
Your wealth of mine and farm -
Carson, Las Vegas, and Reno
Standing united, and we know,
Nevada, Nevada,
You've a welcome warm.

Sun over the bare, red hills
Valleys rich in herds and grain,
Clear moonlight on sagebrush fills
Eye and heart again.
Nevada, Nevada,
This spacious freedom you must give
And teach men how to live.

Nevada, Nevada,
 Today you'll mine new silver,
 Nevada, Nevada,
 Your coin will be new men,
 Men who will live for the nation,
 Fired by a new determination.
 Nevada, Nevada,
 Pioneer again!

To Music by George Fraser.

Wild Rice Moon

The shadows' level rises like a flood
 Across the mountain.
 Westward the sun is setting, red as blood.
 Light, like a fountain
 Arching, springing high,
 From earth to sky,
 Transfigures by the lake the sand and mud.
 The path winds steeply down amid the green
 Of firs and pines
 And slender silver birches to a stream
 Where sage combines
 With these to captivate
 And hold the wanderer late,
 While down the valley, Tahoe's waters gleam.
 Soon Mah-no-men, the Wild Rice Moon, will
 rise
 Far to the east.
 The field man's greed had wasted there defies,
 In song and feast,
 The ravages of man,
 More deadly than
 Old Time himself, or change, or all that dies.

The red man follows nature and obeys
The Great Spirit.
The dollar worship of our modern ways,
To our demerit,
Has caused us to forget
The Father who has set
Such riches to our hand, and for His praise.
Forgetting, we shall lose what we most prize,
Weak, in our pride.
Remembering the Giver, none relies
On time and tide,
On human strength alone,
Or great things we have done,
But looks with saving vision's opened eyes.

The Waste Land

A proverb and a byword among men,
A fallen nation,
Plucked by the roots, a wasted fen,
Hungry and desolate,
Ruined and torn by fate,
Beyond salvation.
Why has the hand of God dealt with the land
After this fashion?
Too few remembered the Lord's command -
Proud and efficient,
Self-sufficient,
No master passion!
Sorely we long for the power to release
Our wills so steeled
Against the needed change that will bring peace
Replacing strife,
That by our life
The land is healed.

The Standard

A standard
We raise where all can see it flying.
Regard
A new world dawn as self is dying.
The wise, the very daring,
Wrong repairing,
Shall raise the cry
To rally men
To fight again
Led by God on high.

In the midst of war,
When sorrow and death surround us,
And more by far
When fear and self confound us,
Some one must bring us freedom,
Some one must start,
Open his heart,
That each may play his part.

In the midst of beauty,
When men are lulled to sleeping,
Or by stern duty
Miss the exultant leaping
Of that new birth of freedom,
Some one must start,
Open his heart,
That each may play his part.

In the midst of doubt
When truth is stained by lies,
A right-about
Will bring the glad surprise,

For one must find that freedom,
Some one must start,
Open his heart,
That each may play his part.

A standard
We raise where all can see it flying.
Regard
A new world dawn as self is dying.
The wise, the very daring,
Wrong repairing,
Shall raise the cry
To rally men
To fight again,
Led by God on high.

From Tahoe to the Nation

The reeds are golden in the morning sun.
October winds blow fresh across the lake.
Happy the day in quietness begun
And purposeful, with ordered plan, awake.

The sun grows warm. Against the cloudless sky
The mountains stand expectant for the snow.
To rouse a nation to its destiny -
For this we came, and for this now must go.

For nations are ourselves writ large and we
Are like to one another in our ills
Which God alone can cure and make us see,
Healing the blindness of our stubborn wills.

No easy magic but a call to fight,
A call to warfare, where each has his part.
Strong as the mountains, warm as noonday light,
The bold decision through a change of heart.

Rearmed in spirit, from corroding fear,
From hate and self set free, new armies rise.
Invincible the nation held so dear
That men will live for her with open eyes.

The Tallac Cross

On going out of a morning
After the snow,
The lake is the same
But the air is chill as a knife.
There on the mountain,
Sprung to life,
The Tallac Cross, etched white by snow,
Has stretched its arms again
As when we first came.
Under the sign of that cross we came
And under that sign we go,
A conquering sign
Also for this day and age
When wars rage.

Tahoe Memories

Tahoe!
There is a name that, looking back,
We treasure.
Seed bed beyond measure
Of all the riches of the later years,
Pageant of triumph.
Those pearls were her tears,
Changed to radiance,
Giving houses homes
With open heart,
Building one family
Where all have part

And all belong –
The true classless society.
Doors of the future open
To many a Tahoe key.
Homes that are sound
Spring from that ground,
And teamwork in industry.
Nations united –
And answer for a world at war,
Or a world in uneasy peace,
A great and tried idea
For an ideological age,
The hope of uniting East and West,
Renaissance of screen and stage.

Beside the name of Tahoe
There are many remembered names
Like Globin, Kroll, and Bannister,
And the Dangberg family.
They helped this seed to grow
In those early Tahoe days
By the lending of a cottage,
Making free a holiday camp,
The floor of a hotel,
The chalet on the lake
With the wooden piers that ran out into the
water,
Ideal for swimming,
In need of much repairing.
And there in the chalet the floorshow began –
Troubadours and Troubadettes –
With martial music and home-making art,
The Lakeside Chorus, Mr. Globin's Store,
The Cowboy Campfire scene,
And many more.

Simple beginnings, but a mighty seed,
And it will grow to compass all the earth,
Since here, for men and nations, is rebirth.
And if the secret is sought
In one thing more than another,
It lies in change,
And changing not alone
But great, united change,
United blame,
United victory
And shouldering the whole.
Not as one,
And not alone –
And then the family,
And the force!

So we leave Tahoe,
Blue lake of the High Sierras,
Treasure of Nevada
As of California,
Sheltered by Mount Tallac,
Blessed by its cross,
Leave the chalet on the lake,
Home of an idea
That shall be for all the world,
Home of a man
Whose heart was big enough
That all might walk through it
And find themselves at home.

III.
GERMAN JOURNEY.

GERMAN JOURNEY.

Several of these poems were written in Germany during 1930 to 1932, the others between 1947 and 1949.

German Christmas 1947

With hardly a candle,
No turkey or goose,
With little for children,
For season, or use,
Yet angels of paper
And fir branches green
Tell out the same story
That Mary had seen –
No bed but a manger,
No room in the inn,
Yet, born is the Saviour
And all may begin,
Though bitter the weather,
More bitter the need,
To give of the harvest
That springs from this seed.

Broken Pavements

Broken pavements,
Pitfalls in the dark streets
Where no one meets.
Broken pavements,
Pools of rain or snow
Or mud.

One cannot go
The old way, confident, with footsteps firm.
One gropes, one splashes forward, hesitates.
Is there a way?
A way amid the ruins?
Ruins, ruins, ruins,
The roofless skeletons of centuries of work,
Of centuries of skill and loving care,
The rubble heaps that once housed treasured
art,
That once were shops and cafés,
Stores and halls,
The homes, the homes that are no more.
Three nights of bombs –
A city's heart is gone.

To live in ruins shapes a ruined life,
And here a sea of ruins
Beats on the sense, day in day out,
Oppresses
So that scarce a plan – or tools – be found
To clear away the ruins –
Tiny step to reconstruction.

This, nameless ruins do.
How much the more when named and known
and loved?
This once was Königstrasse.
This gaping shell the Opera.
These were the Courts of Justice, and this
church,
Our Lady's, may not ever be rebuilt.
These hasty roofs enclosing cellars,
Provide new cafés for a subterranean race,
And all along the avenues and squares

One storey shops present a bright facade
Amid the ruins.
The station's broken roofs
Poise like a spoiled umbrella's naked ribs
Above a sea of mud
Where countless feet
Of all the homeless ones and those who live
Perforce afar, stream daily to the herculean task
Of livelihood and clearing up the mess.
And more is broken than the walls and streets,
For broken men and broken hopes and faith
Are far the greater ruin.

There came a man home after the years
Of separation. In his mind the fears
Of living under terror,
Hunted, hidden –
Each face a mirror
Of doom unbidden –
Were half forgotten, hopefully forgotten,
To find a future where
He would be free as air
To live again, to laugh, to write,
To pick up all the threads long lost
And count the cost
As nothing if he only might,
Avoiding Atropos with fated shears,
Bridge fifteen years.

Was this the city? Where he stood
A ruin lay behind him, and before,
Where five streets spread,
No single building whole.
The heaps of rubble flowed like ocean waves
Across the pavements.

He must pick his way
Past shells of houses, blackened with the smoke
Of private stove pipes poking from the walls
Or cellars, where a man had patched together
A room or two.

The hordes of people –
For deep there is an urge
In spite of ruins, ever to come home –
Swollen by more than half
With all the homeless, sad-eyed refugees,
In constant streams crossed this way, that,
Using the roadway,
Avoiding the broken pavements,
Reluctant yielding place to cart and car,
Swarmed on the streetcars,
Those remaining few
That crawled black with humanity about the
town
And ever stopping to reduce the crowd
Upon the steps or in between the linkèd cars.
And so it was some time
Before he found a Six and found a space
To squeeze aboard.

Rebuilding is slow work when first
Such vast, unending piles
Of ruins must be cleared.
For miles
The streetcar seemed to grope
Its slow way to the suburbs,
Scarcely less crowded than before.
At last, at last, the stopping-place.
His heart beat faster as he trod the pockmarked
road.

He turned the corner.
But where the house had stood -
A pile of bricks and rubble,
And nearby, on a stick, a faded note
Bearing a new address.

His fears redoubled as he walked,
But when he found the house
And read the six or seven names inscribed,
The name he sought,
The name he loved, whose thought
Had helped him hold
Through all the years of bitter separation,
The name was there!

A notice bade him knock,
For lack of current made the bell
Erratic,
And at length he found his way
By broken banisters
Up to an attic,
And knocked again and waited.

They say a drowning man can span the years
Of life in seconds' time.
As he stood there, a maze of whirling thoughts
Crowded his sense,
And, among all the thoughts,
There was one thought,
A clear thought:
"Is she alive and here?"
Then the door opened. And she stood there
A wordless moment,
Till he said the word - "Elizabeth" -
And she was in his arms,
And words were done,
And all the years between seemed gone.

The wedding bouquet, gathered with slow care,
Was eggs and coffee.
They, more fortunate than other thousands,
Found themselves a room
In someone else's home.
The walls need papering but that must wait
Till they had saved waste paper –
Four times more in weight, than was the new
And that took long,
For the city's "daily" press
Appeared but twice a week
On two scant sheets.

They found each other.
But their land was lost,
A country of the lost.
Turn on the radio
And long hours daily hear the broadcast names
Of parents seeking children,
Husbands – wives,
Or soldiers – kin,
Or children – families.
Missing and lost, prisoned and dead,
Name after name.
And there are millions more, the homeless
wanderers,
Unwanted refugees, who rootless roam
With nothing but the rags they wear,
Without a hope
But bitter longing for the far homeland,
An easy prey for any bitter plan
Of selfish betterment at someone else's expense,
And all men prone to hate or apathy.
For suffering, unless accepted in some higher
plan,

Will breed so and will spawn
Black markets,
Forged, false notes,
And robbery of every shape and kind,
Where men are so slaves to themselves
That all is reckoned by the cigarette;
And in this maelstrom, young democracy,
Trying old methods, making old mistakes,
With each one doing what to him seems best,
Without a plan, without a fire and force,
Is threatened by such deadly enemies
That any band of dedicated men
Seem like to take it.
If their faith be false
They still may win the world.
A darker age
Than any known to man may yet ensue
Rising like tides of darkness to engulf
Humanity,
Unless somewhere some men
Be found to fight with greater, truer faith
That gives them unity and force
Through change.

There is a cost.
He was happy again after the years of separation,
Happy with his Elizabeth.
But their greatest wish – for children –
Seemed too late.
Right to the roots of life the ruthless hand
Of the police state reaches.
Easy to say: “Resist,”
But then comes death,
Or swift,
Or after years of forced labour –

If one is strong!
This is an age when, over half the world,
Justice and Truth, Mercy and Love are mocked,
And scourged, and spat upon,
And crucified –
All in the name of progress!
The jungle law is kinder,
As the world must learn
Unless somewhere some men
Be found to live these virtues here and now,
Since by the road of wrong and lies and hate
We only reach more wrong, more hate –
And fear.

There is a key
To solving problems
And it lies in human nature,
Both a hope and a despair,
For by no human effort will it change,
Yet by a miracle our greatest hope.

They found this in their home,
He in his work.
Like energy released in endless chain
It reached across the country and abroad
And pieces came together perfectly
That brought an answer in the midst of need,
The gift of wisdom higher than our own,
Forgotten by so many for so long.
And if it shine amid such need
That human wisdom fails and shrinks
Even from thinking,
It is a beacon light to point the way
Whereby the nations shall come home to God.

The "Little" Things

Resistance record, clouded first, then clear,
By paper error then condemned to years,
Yes, years, of poverty, positionless,
Despairing ever to create a home
For wife and children.

Why not simply ask
The proper quarters to restore the rights,
Correct the error?

All the little things
That stand between lie thick, like fallen snow,
So soft and light, yet, in the aggregate,
Impenetrable.

Rise at 3 a.m.
To catch a bus – provided there is room.
Then stand three hours in an unheated train
That slowly bears its evergrowing load
Of sad humanity to ruined town.
No use to telephone, for nothing works
Save after hours' delay and high priority.
Seek out a friend and try to bridge the gap.
To "proper quarters." Armed with paper "keys,"
Wait the long hours in makeshift waitingrooms
In vain search to discover who has power,
Or will, to act. This one is out to lunch,
That will return in a few hours, or days,
Another sits in conference; and one
Would help but that his section has no facts
Nor jurisdiction.

So the day is gone.
There is no place to stay nor any inn.
The ruined station, nightly haunt of throngs

Who, homeless, seek the shelter it may give
(And other things), brings little rest or hope
To carry on the struggle. Food is scarce
Enough at home, but doubly so abroad -
The daily five grams' fat will not provide
One meal in any restaurant or bar.
The cold is bitter, inescapable.
More bitter is the gnawing hopelessness.

At last through friendly offices one learns
That there is nothing to be done but wait.
Such cases by the thousand are piled high
And gradually perhaps, will find, in turn,
Solution only "little" things prevent.

Rhine and Ruhr.

From the tall chimneys the smoke begins to
pour again,
Chimneys among the ruins,
Mines and furnaces,
Coal and steel,
Life and sinews of a nation's strength,
And the barges ply again their ancient trade
From far-off Basel to the Netherlands,
Trade and commerce,
Food and fuel,
Pulsing artery of a nation's life,
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

Thick lie the cities here,
Close pressing one another
And lapped around by their blanket of smoke,
Where the rivers wind.
Thick rained the bombs here

Till earth shook. All the air
Was filled with thunder of the drums of doom
That reached the very cellars.
Men emerged, and all their fears
Were worse than realised. The sky itself
Was blazing. Columned smoke
Made the whole city a temple of Mars,
Rocked by explosions, left in a night
Desolate,
As by the ravage of thousands of years.
All night the fires raged, and in the grey dawn
Centre and suburbs lay in cratered ruins,
Shells of houses, blasted trees, and twisted metal,
Where the fearsome heat
Had given substance almost human agony.
Then they began to carry out the dead,
Old men, young women, many children,
And laid the remnants, reverent, in rows
Till some might be identified
By eyes that scarce could see for tears,
Where the Rhine flowed wide to the sea.

The life of a city is a curious thing.
It is like a worm whose parts live though
severed,
A blind thing, but vital.
In some magnetic way it draws men back,
Though life in ruined houses, cellars, holes,
Enduring hardships, all the little lacks
We take for granted, piled on top of great,
Is no attraction.
When the cold is bitter and there is no fuel,
When hunger gnaws and there is no food,
Barely enough to keep life alive – in the strong –
Too little for thought,

Save for the next meal;
When a nail, or a needle, or thread,
Or a button, or soap, or even paper,
Cannot for money be bought,
Yet the city, shorn of half its homes,
Its palaces, cathedrals, factories gone,
In space of weeks yet gathers to itself
As many people as in former days,
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

What will this life be
That flows back into industry?
The ruined plants and mines will reproduce,
And slowly, like a drugged patient
Through whose veins healthy corpuscles multiply,
Fight off disease, recover shock, restoring health,
The land awakes,
Weak but alive,
With shadowings of strength
Once held, misused,
And still, potential, there
And needs must grow,
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

What will this life be,
This strength returning ?

When conscious life begins to feel its strength,
As when a child discovers
How to assert his will,
No longer object of parental rule
But a prime subject, choosing his own way,
At that point lies the choice :
From clash of wills to wars both cold and hot,
Or free agreement, as a family can.
And children mirror parents frighteningly,

Though when unspoiled they give with open
heart,
The secret of a kingdom not this world's,
But what this world could be
For old and young,
For men and nations both.
Each has his treasure only he can bring
And none so poor but that the whole will lose
Riches untold if he should fail to give.
Gifts must be given. What one takes by force
Is double poison, deadly devil's brew,
Intoxicating, stupefying death,
That stalks among all peoples, parliaments,
And councils of the mighty and the wise
Till one must doubt the sanity of men
Whose minds so clouded by the way they live
Reject the only answer at the place
Where it must start -
In their own heart.

What if the least should lead the way?
What if from ruins new life spring?
From suffering, not bitterness but grace?
For those with much the needle's eye is hard.
But, much or little, he must take the road
To lose his life who fain would save it,
Even here
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

Here treasures lie deep buried in the earth,
The coal and iron that made an industry,
And all the skills as buried in the mind,
That fashioned power, and tools, and cloths,
and dyes,
And healing drugs, and all the peaceful arts,

The life and sinews of a nation's strength –
And all the alchemy that armed a hate
To topple nations and engulf a world
In flames and ruin.

Yet strength is good, be it a giant's strength,
When wisely used and for the common weal.
Is there an alchemy to bring the change
That, with returning strength, a new desire
Transcending self, not bound as slaves are
bound,
Shall rise in every heart and be fulfilled,
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea?

What alchemy makes friends
And brings this change?
It is an art unstudied much, unpractised more,
Involving time and care for others,
To go with them, home at their invitation,
With no plan but to give,
Nor any cost too great,
And not relying on a blind instinct
But, like a circuit tuned to sensitive direction,
True on a course by higher wisdom planned,
Guided and free.
There is a force loosed so
Of which the world knows little still.
Though each is born radar equipped,
Most screens are unused, dark,
And thus in spite of vast good will
Schemes for a new world come to naught
And fall to pieces,
Conferences fail,
The while another force, banking on evil,
Rooted in fear and raw, red power,
Divides and conquers, creeps across the world

Blotting out freedom,
Glorifying lies,
Liquidating men,
Repudiating God.

But they too have repudiated God
Who hear not His commands,
Who disobey;
And they who are not ruled by Him must bear
The tyrant's yoke.
Evil means mean evil ends,
As though figs grew on thistles,
And good intent is pitifully used
In this vast battle for control,
Control of mind and soul.
These are the stakes in this our day and age,
(Though many do not realise that times have
changed.)
This warfare knows no frontiers, spares no life.
So (as in war) the armies must be raised,
Enlisted, armed and trained to sacrifice
And fight
To bring the answer.

What men and nations need is unity.
Each longs at home
To know, be known, and all is understood.
Warmth and affection print the atmosphere
So what divides is swiftly overcome
By opened hearts, forgiveness, and redress,
Where age and youth are one
And where authority
Is vested in the Father of us all –
Sound homes, the hope of ages yet to come,
Where trust and love are, like the air and sun.

There is no fear
Nor any loneliness.
Each wants at work
The true security of friendship friction-free,
Of being needed, with a job to do
No other can –
A job for people, not for cash or things;
No cogs or counters in some vast machine
Without a heart,
But where a teamwork yet undreamt shall bring
Abundant answer to each single need
That all are free from want,
As free from fear.
And in the nation, all the bitter rifts –
The strife of parties, clashing interests' hate,
The native son against the refugee,
The inequalities of war and fate,
The city folk against the farming men,
The laws' evaders, and the apathy
That, blind and selfish, yields to conscious wrong
And ruins all –
All this then yielding place,
Resolving, healing, changing, where men change
To work together for the peoples' good,
Not lost identity or compromise
But a true meeting of both mind and heart
When, face to face, men listen to each other,
See what's right.
Let go the self-importance and the masks
That cover lust, and fear, and laziness
And in the warmth and flow of honesty
Find hope, and friendship, and a common plan.
A man's imbalance can a nation wreck.
A land misled, can tear the world in two.
But what we see –

In growing numbers, irresistible,
In every land the men, the homes, the force,
By man's consent and God's prevenience
Rising, rising, rising,
An army, one, though drawn from many parts,
Invited, not invading,
Shall bring the mighty answer to the need,
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

The bells ring out over the ruins,
Over the Rhine and the Ruhr.
There is something born,
And what is born is new,
Weak as a child is weak.
But strong in promise.
Children are easy to love,
Though they will imitate much more than they
obey,
And there are harder things demanded
If this our world shall ever be the place
We sometimes dream of.
Peace, all want.
But who will pay the price
To make it?
Blesséd he,
And thrice blessed
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

Come then you who have found the secret,
You are the army,
You are welcome here,
And men who have little will share with you

All that they have,
And they will fight along with you,
Fight to remake the world;
That you are there is the answer -
In promise,
The factor forgotten,
The key to the future.
Coming from France
With the answer to hatred and fear,
Coming from far-off Japan
To learn and to give,
Coming from Britain
No longer as schoolmasters but friends,
Coming from Australia, and Finland, and Sweden,
Coming from America, Canada, Norway,
Denmark, and Holland, and Switzerland,
Welcome you are,
Working as one,
Bringing the answer.
Therefore the people respond, flock to meet you,
Therefore the statesmen and leaders greet you,
O French mother,
O Welsh miner,
O Dutch daughter,
O youth of all the nations!
For you are a world family,
And their family,
And here they belong.
To them the door is opened
And many have gone in
And are at home,
Home even now in the world to be,
Where the Rhine flows wide to the sea.

A Te Deum

Dark the night with bodeful haze,
Then the elemental storm.
We should our Creator praise
Who has kept us safe from harm.

He protects us in our living,
Guides us in a quiet time.
May there come the change to giving –
I am ready for the climb.

I have sins both great and many,
Now revealed with open hand.
I admit them all to any
Who perhaps may understand.

No! For you are no whit better.
You must have your hearts made free
From the sins that bind and fetter –
Every class, race, family.

Today as Sunday morning breaks
A quietness is everywhere
And in the quietness God speaks
And promises to all His care.

So I am happy and contented
After the storm enchanted night,
In gratitude to God presented
As sunshine's laughter spreads its light.

(Translated from a German poem by a miners' leader
in the Ruhr, a former longtime member of the Communist
Party.)

Grunwald by Munich

The bare black trees were edged with snow
Where the wind blew keen.
There was a stillness.
All night the snow fell
Lightly,
And changed, as by a spell,
The morning scene.
All down along the Isar's banks there stirs
Only the light snow falling from the firs,
And each step is a print where none has been.
At last, toward evening,
Brightly
The sun rides out in splendour, paints the clouds
With lavish brush; then, setting,
Leaves only a forgetting.
And all the valley rising mist enshrouds.

Marburg

(1932)

How shall I paint such a picture
When words must suffice?
Not colours only, buildings fair and vale
Like Avalon as far as eye can see,
But all the warmth of welcome and of home
Thrown wide for us to enter and enjoy.
Pearl of the Lahn,
If a mixture of sorrow's the price
For having been here – since we now must go –
Glad do we pay
As we onwards
Take our way,
Southwards.

The circling Lahn looks up to where
A wheeling hawk hangs in the air
Above the Castle, by whose side
A stage is set 'mid nature's pride
Of wooded hills. Here players strut
Their fretted hour, and gates are shut
A space on care and sorrow sore.
In this clear air not distant, o'er
The valley Spiegelslust stands high,
A slender finger against the sky.
The road winds up through forest green
Until at length the tower is seen,
And from the battlemented crest
The view unfolds – such beauty pressed
Into small compass.

There the town
From Castle's base goes reaching down,
Circling the rock, down to the Lahn,
A city, not by hand of man
Positioned, fashioned – so it seems,
Like Rothenburg, a place of dreams
Where days of old still live, where, too,
A discipline is seen, and new
Unity, hope, endeavour, joy,
The best in each, for all, employ,
A nation striving to be free,
To realise its destiny,
A pattern and an answer be
To forces that, now secretly,
Now breaking out in open war,
In every land, by every door,
Destroy, enslave, blind careless eyes,
All evil in a thin disguise.

The stooks stand golden in the fields
Where crows attendant hop. Here yields
Imagination to the seen
And real. Mark how the gleaners glean,
And how the sun upon the wires
Glowes redly. See the tall twin spires
That seven hundred years have stood,
And peaceful o'er the city brood,
The valley's centre. All the calm
And quietness that drops like balm
Where studious professors sit
In book lined studies nightly lit,
In search of truth, full of wise lore,
This seat of learning's honour – more
To life related by the giving
Of all we think makes life worth living,
A lesson hard, but when once known,
New life created, though not prone
Daily to practise this, the mind –
Even academic – then may find
The answer hid in terms of men,
And take its rightful place again
In one whole plan.

Marburg, O pearl of the Lahn,
If we must go,
This know –
That while wheels turn,
Ships sail, fires burn,
We will return.
Adieu.

Smoke

No wind disturbs the cold Midwinter day
As morning sun engilds the thick banked clouds.
Tree-fringed, the earth meets sky in silver grey,

A master painter's colours nothing shrouds
Save eyes that seeing, see not. Lazy smoke
The while that gracefully in mazy coils
Flows heavenwards as it were an easy feat,
And under iron yoke
Of other laws, the river placid toils
Forever seaward where all waters meet.

A castle tower stands central high on hill
While town and castle round, twin lines of steel
Go circling far as eye can see, now still
A fairy boundary, till, at length made real,
A train comes swiftly morningwards and leaves
White steam from funnel in a long white line
So regular, unbroken, like fine wool,
A moment it deceives
As lasting; wavers then in vapour fine
And slowly vanishes, another's tool.

Life enigmatic, mysteryful appears
So seeming purposed, as from funnel out,
A clear, white line maintains. But how soon fears
And winds of chance blow all its grace about,
That, in a flash, its beauty gone, dissolve
Both purity and form, and wraithlike lurk,
In true accomplishment as good as naught.
So man by his resolve
And pride of will for world or self at work
Treads paths of madness, vanishes unsought.

Today, tomorrow – like a dream time goes.
Man comes. Man passes. Smoke to smoke
returns.
And, spite of early promise, at the close
All ends inscrutable through fire that burns.

But burning is yet good though flames bring
smart.

The morning brightens. Comes another train.
The long, white line of smoke again repeats,
Plays out its fleeting part.
But still the train approaches, and for men
True triumph rises only from defeats.

All creeds of world and self come sure to dust,
Like king, like carpenter, their race being run.
Even the noblest pride's akin to lust,
And only through self giving, hardly won,
In morning glory, dayspring's fairest fount,
Or when through western windows sunset's light
Brings joy, as if by magic golden rod,
And radiance that mount
As eagles strong through twilight and through
night
In glad surrender, to the day of God.

Vision

In many a face there is a sense of gloom,
A sense of hopelessness and misery,
Opposed with problems, dimly felt, so great
That any effort seems foredoomed to fail,
A questing, groping, stumbling in the dark,
A yearning that disorder be resolved,
That man may understand what life is for,
And feel it worth to build, and save, and plan
Free from the imminent uneasiness
That sword-like, threatening with ruthless blade,
May harshly loose the grim enigma's knot.
How shall there be a way without we know
And understand the meaning of the past?

Without we read the parallels plain drawn
And from experience learn the wider view?
Without, above all, the prophetic ear
And eye to see and hear – the clearer grown
Through suffering, chaos, loss, and very death –
God's footsteps, vision splendid, even though
Thorns and a cross are all too plain therein?
Above, beyond all politics' expediencies,
Shortsighted, narrow, vested interests' strife,
The vision lifts our eyes to see the way
Of purposes divine which guide and shape
Both life and death for men and nations. Yes,
For where no vision is the people perish.

Seminar

The hours seem long. How true the word
A weariness of the flesh much study is.
And add to study, overpowering heat,
And afternoon-like, drowsy stuffiness,
And glaring light, hard tables, chairs as hard
The harder seeming as some student reads
His protocol – or hers (though this no better
But rather longer is). O Latin texts
And uncials in Greek with full footnotes,
And readings various as leaves on trees,
And codices so classified by giant brains
To be beyond the scope of mortal ken,
Diverse authorities of diverse views,
All to be weighed and balanced, and (What joy!)
To be found wanting by well found pretext.
How slow the time goes. Wait! Some noble
youth

Has opened up a window. Now perhaps
 A cool, refreshing breeze will comfort us.
 No hope! Another's closed it up again.
 Around the walls historic, painted heads
 That venerable from their frames look down,
 Smile as in sympathy, as though of old
 They knew this pain.

And then the professor
 Begins to speak. His words bring sudden change,
 Bring light and interest, that, forgetting self,
 We too are on a dusty road and hear,
 Or rather overhear, a spoken word
 That came once in a city to a man
 Unknown, save that he argued, then obeyed:
 "Go to a street called 'Straight' and at the house
 "Of Judas there ask for a man named Saul." *

It changed a man, it changed a world – a word.
 Not all our learning can obscure its power,
 Though learning often serves to make us deaf,
 Unwilling to obey till we can weigh
 Each shade of meaning, all the finer points,
 So that at last our conscience's edge is dulled
 And fear has found a way to justify
 Inaction. And how different history
 Might be if hearts were open for the word,
 The word of power that comes to men today
 From that same Lord, and rings in home and
 farm,
 In factory, in office, and in shop
 In great cathedral and in seminar,
 Like golden apples in a silver bowl.

* Acts ix. 11.

From My Window

Breath-taking parable of earth and sky
Anew revealed, in all the symphony
Of light and shade and colour, as a dream
Entrancing, magical, wherein I seem
To see that hand at work, past all our knowing,
Creating life in death in glory glowing.

A darkness fills
The foreground. Hills,
Blue-ridged, uprising meet the sky.
The orange-gold
That night foretold,
Enwraps the azure pale where fly
Rose fingered clouds.
A greyness shrouds
The South, and violet haze
With shimmering green
In rainbow sheen,
Embrace to pour their splendour's maze
And lo, northward
A new Helmgard
In flaming triumph-arch extends,
While small birds' melody
In evening harmony,
The scene its final beauty lends.

A painter's brush such sunset colours need.
Happy the eyes that on such beauty feed,
And beggars need no comets at their death
If in such time they yield their quiet breath.

*On Hearing Beethoven's
"Missa Solemnis"*

Full voiced the choir by organ tones accompanied,
In rich, soft harmony the KURIE sings –
A yearning music. Sudden stops the organ,
All voices hushed, save one that soars alone
Instinct with feeling, pure and wonderful,
Touching the very heart to hear –
Kurie,
Christe, eleison.

The GLORIA pours in splendour and in might
About the arches, pillars, till very night
Is gladdened by the music as it grows
In strength and volume to the massive close
In jubilant Amen – a work that knows
No boundaries of words save that run so:
"Amen. Gloria in excelsis Deo."

The mighty CREDO central holds
Its rightful place and soars
On eagles' wings, by human moulds
Untrammelled, and outpours
Its glorious song which, sudden, rends
Before the PASSUS's shivering chill, then wends
Aloft again with triumph crowned,
A heavenly chant, as when
The Church with Saints and angels round
Will raise the great Amen.

SANCTUS slow and cool,
A beauty filled, four-voice inwoven, pool
Of limpid melody,
And a violin's clear tones sing
Above, below the voices' lovely ring,
In holy harmony.

Now bolder and yet tenderer tones
The AGNUS DEI's message raise,
And deep humility enthrones
The BENEDICTUS's song of praise.

But, strange to hear 'mid prayer for peace,
A martial music sudden comes
With blast of trumpets, sharp unease,
And thunder of the roll of drums.

Once more, again, war notes strike fire
Till peace at last soft smothers them
In the already granted prayer's desire:
"Miserere, dona nobis pacem."

Marburg
(1948)

It is always as it has been,
A jewel,
Pearl of the Lahn,
And to see it once again,
River encircled,
Dreamingly fair,
Makes the heart leap with a joy
That is hardly other than sorrow,
So keen.

There are the tall twin spires of St. Elizabeth's,
Pointing to heaven,
And all within
Is holiness and peace.
Only the glass
With all its colours' radiance
Is missing, stored
Lest hand of war destroy.

Here the feet
That once have trod those ways,
Instinctive find again remembered paths,
All the small streets and stairways,
Rathaus and Markt,
The varied halls of learning, library,
The central aula, and the parish church,
And, above all
Serene and stately,
The castle on the hill.

From there one sees the town spread out below,
The churches and the homes,
The high-built houses,
The thin wisps of smoke
That lazy curl upon the winter air.
The trees are bare
And on the further slope,
Beyond the Lahn, the tower of Spiegelstust
Points its tall finger.
All the autumn leaves
Carpet the way there, deep,
And in between,
A silver ribbon winding down the valley,
Flows the Lahn.

It is always as it has been,
A jewel.
Yet there are changes.
Spared by hand of war,
Few bombs fell here.
The city is the same.
But men have changed.
With numbers swollen with the refugees,
With relatives and friends from ruined lands,

With maimed and wounded, the grim cost of war
With young men old before their time,
With men and women lacking any hope,
With children torn from home and family,
With nothing now secure,
Nor any light,
With even learning void of opportunity
Of future livelihood,
Is there any answer?

The learned are like chemists who divide
Each substance, test its elements, and search
For facts, and theories, and laws
The more objective and impersonal
The better.
Not all the truth lies there
(If any does),
And little answer.
Such men need cooks not chemists,
Cooks who care and feed
The hungry,
Making truth so warm and appetising
That all men look up, are fed,
Find strength and courage
For the common task -
Remake the world.

A nation is no more than all its homes,
And here in Marburg there are certain homes
Who know that answer,
Where to be brings joy,
Brings hope.
Homes that are open, welcoming,
Always with room,
That, sharing all they have, provides a feast

For everyone,
 Whose love makes much
 Of little,
 And who always find
 Enough for all who come,
 Homes where the bitter open, and begin
 Again to rejoice,
 Where hearts are young and hopeful,
 And with good cause, in spite of all,
 Building on people, steadfast faith,
 And self giving.
 Here is the pattern answer.
 This, writ large,
 Shall build new men, new nations,
 A new world.

Dialectic

Dasein und Wesen und Leben,
 They had a terrible time.
 Poor Dasein was not allowed even
 Past low human service to climb,
 While Wesen a little more glory
 Accorded was, yet I do fear
 The professor was just a bit sorry
 To leave "wichtig" matters so clear.
 And so "armes" Leben must suffer,
 With the other two, all in one breath,
 Consigned to a fate that is tougher –
 To be namely confronted with Death.

Storm and Stillness

The heavy clouded heaven storm portends.
 The thunder rolls
 And lightning flashes. Rain in sheets descends.
 A church bell tolls.

Sudden the storm is past. A rainbow springs
Against the grey.
From green to red and back again its rings
Of colour play.

Storm and the stillness, darkness and light –
these join
Wonder to bring,
And out of opposites in fusion coin
Of truest ring.

Across the heavens sweep the colours rare.
Their arch extends
Until it seems to touch a small house. There
The rainbow ends.

No golden hoard, but jewelled quiet glows
An evening vesper.
By the Rhine the swallows skim. The rain's
voice goes.
Night is a-whisper.

Dominus Illuminatio Mea

The Rhine flows swiftly, deeply. Black the night,
And black the bridge whose signals, red and
green,
Halt steaming giants' course, or in swift flight
Impel. The city's myriad lights now seen
Across the river, stress the darkness, keen
With sense of imminence, expectant. Bright,
As strikes the waited hour, flash into sight
Rhine bank, Cathedral, clothed in mystic sheen
Like fairy buildings springing from the dark

Transformed by lights which, harnessed to be
 free,
 Glory reveal, hold eye and heart, and mark
 Life's true illumination – so to be
 Directed and to hold in perfect arc
 Life's dome, Cologne, as purposeful as thee.

Dominus Illuminatio Mea (2)

The Rhine flows swiftly, deeply. Black the
 night,
 And black the twisted girders where had been
 The bridge, remaining symbols of the flight
 Of bombers that destruction brought, unseen.
 Then light transformed the city – not the sheen
 Of clear illumination's festive light,
 But flaming, hellish horror's awful blight,
 And agony attendant, piercing keen.
 Today the ruined city's shattered heart,
 Rhine bank, Cathedral, relic of the flame,
 A ruthless lesson to the sense impart
 Of man's abandoning the sacred name.
 Yet in the ruins, whole, though still a part,
 A crucifix does life through death proclaim.

Your Presence

All things proclaim you,
 And when the bright sun
 Brings day,
 He brings me hope
 Before the day is done
 That you will come.

When in a garden
I cannot but think
Your features,
Lovelier than the lily or the rose,
Like perfumes sink
Upon the blooms whose borrowed perfume
grows.

Your every movement is a stream of stars,
And in the sky
Where constellations swing
In outer space,
It is of you they sing
And mirror your fair face.

Night – and would it were!
The moon shines forth
In majesty,
Yet pale, pale is her course
Before your face,
Before your warmth and grace,
Before your beauty.

So sun and moon and stars
And all the flowers
Do my beloved homage.
Like sun-filled hours
You bring me light and life that never
Die from age to age
But last for ever.

(From the German of Goethe's "Gegenwart.")

The Olfactory Organ

Palmström built himself a perfume organ,
Whereupon he played the Sneeze Sonata. *

This begins with Alpine Blossom trio
Leading to the sweet Accacia aria.

But in the Scherzo, all of a sudden-sounding,
Between the roses and the eucalyptus,

Explodes the famous triple Sneezes' passage
Wherefrom von Korf's Sonata takes its name.

Each time in threes staccato notes that issue
Send Palmström from the keyboard in a heap,

While, safe at home, von Korf sits at his table
And busy sketches some new masterpiece.

*By von Korf, a character introduced in an earlier poem "for the sake of the rhyme." Translated from "Palmström" by Christian Morgenstern.

The Aromat *

Some friends of Korf's were so delighted that
They set up in the town an Aromat,

I.e., a room where crowds, so it was felt,
Instead of gulping down their food just smelt.

On the insertion of a few small coins
Emerged, in odours, tenderest tenderloins

* Also from Christian Morgenstern's "Palmström."

Out-puffed from pipes, thus reaching, on the
nose,

Each customer the delicacy he chose,

And at the same time, thrown upon a screen,
The tasty chosen morsel could be seen

Providing hundreds (so at least one hears)
At last a way of eating without tears.

Delayed Action

Korf discovered a type of joke
That only later took effect
But on first hearing sounded merely boring.

Then -- Whoosh! -- like flames springing from
smoke,
At night his victims sat up in their beds erect
And laughed instead of snoring.

Ibid.

Palmström's Watch

Palmström makes a habit, nights, of sticking
Into a glass of chloroform his watch
So that it won't disturb him with its ticking.

Morning finds it very much run down
And so to pep the poor thing up a notch
Palmström gives it coffee, good and brown.

Ibid.

The World of Flies *

On the planet of the flies
Human lot is grim
For what man does on earth to flies,
They do there to him!

There sticky papers, thickly spread,
Are full of humans found,
While others, vainly struggling,
In sweetened beer are drowned.

In one thing flies are better off,
Or so the story runs.
They swallow few men by mistake,
Nor bake them into buns!

* From Christian Morgenstern's "Der Gingganz."

Wise Old Owl? *

At dusk an owl, a mighty hunter, flies
In hot pursuit after a brace of hares
Who sudden separate, one left one right,
And rather than let either out of sight
Himself in two the hapless hunter tears.

* Ibid.

A Mother

A wonderful thing, a mother.
Others may love you
But only your mother knows you.
She works for you.
She cares for you,

She loves you.
She forgives you whatever you do
Because she understands.
If she has one fault, it is this –
She must die and leave you.

From the German of von Hutten.

Change Can Come

Land of rolling hills and forests,
Land of the pleasant smiling lakes,
Land of orchards, rivers, mountains
Where the snow eternal wakes.
Land of cleavage, land of union,
East and West's uniting band,
Predestined her heart to open –
Germany, God-belovèd land.

Once again the Master summons,
Lord of earth and all creation.
Empty hands and empty spirit –
Change must come across the nation.
Out of bitterness and sorrow
Springs today a liberation,
Men made new in heart and spirit –
Change can come across the nation.

Land of old and storied cities
Rising from heart of Europe's earth,
Soaring spires of great cathedrals
Point the way to man's rebirth.
Land of men of fire and mission,
Bach's music and Dürer's hand,
Noble thinkers, men of vision –
Germany, God-belovèd land.

Once again the Master summons,
Lord of earth and all creation.
Empty hands and empty spirit –
Change must come across the nation.
Out of bitterness and sorrow
Springs today a liberation,
Men made new in heart and spirit –
Change can come across the nation.

Translated from "Es muss alles anders werden," to music by Waldemar Smith (Norway) and George Fraser (Scotland).

Change

From the smoky mines that dot the Ruhr,
Where life is tough and insecure,
There came two men by some strange fate,
Old enemies and full of hate –
The one a Communist, like many
Who still deny that there is any
Answer but class war and strife,
The Red Flag only hope of life.
The other was an overman
Who in the mine each day began
To curse the miners loud and long
When he thought anything was wrong,
Creating hate and bitterness
While coal output grew less and less.
Well, these two came to Caux and saw
A new world with a simple law
That people matter more than things.
Their interest grew and gave time wings
As men from every land they met,

Heard stories they could not forget
Of how a force had forged a plan,
A change that spread from man to man
And rid the heart of hate and pride
Unloosing a transforming tide
Of love in purity immense,
Enlightening intelligence
And showing each where to begin
To clear away the mess we're in
By starting with oneself.

The two

Old enemies saw what to do.
In silence searching each his heart,
Each to the other did impart
His true self, inmost will and thought,
And in them both a change was wrought.
They spoke, together, told the fact,
Planned how at home they now would act,
And saw the change in them begun
Contained the key for everyone.
And as they spoke, the nations there
In hundreds came from everywhere,
Heard what they said and saw the change,
Dawn of a future rich and strange,
And from their fire, caught kindling spark
On this adventure to embark.
So from one land the truth lived out
Lightning-like may bring about
The urgent answer waited for
By men and nations close to war.

The two old enemies, now friends,
Went home and there they made amends
First to their wives, who then were glad.
A unity they never had

Was born replacing nagging strife,
For the whole family, a new life.
Next, in the mine the miners grow
Most interested to come to Caux,
Hearing the different tone of voice
In the overman. They all rejoice.
Production rises as they learn
To work together, and they earn
The gratitude of millions who
Are given vision what to do
And source of power divine as well
As coal. And when the engine bell
Signals the cages' drop or rise
It rings for all the glad surprise
Of a world united and at peace,
Knowing the freedom and release,
The change that springs from men made new,
That can begin today in you.

Based on a poem in German written in Caux by a leading Ruhr miner, for many years a Communist.

New Year by the Rhine

When, at the closing of the year,
Lit candles from each land
Together give a brightness clear,
In spite of lack, in spite of fear,
Our hearts united stand.

There lay a simple star of straw,
A cross upon a cross,
By hands that cared and eyes that saw
Provided. And so many draw
A joy that answers loss.

And if a man, then nations may,
In such a holy time,
Again, with faith, turn to the way
By which a world, though far astray,
Shall yet to greatness climb.

IV.

ODD ODES.

A Funny Thing

It is a very funny thing
To see a cow or sheep
Calmly browsing off a bush
When it should be asleep.

Of course if it had browsed off grass
It would not be so queer,
But there you are, I saw the thing
My dear, as clear as clear.

The Cat and the Bee

“A bee’s a funny thing,” said Cat,
“For it purrs just like me.
“There’s one! I wonder what it’s at?
“I think I’ll go and see.

“Ow! Miaow! A bee’s not nice at all.
“It’s very impolite.
“I paid it such a friendly call
“And it’s given me a bite!”

The Aye-Aye

There lived an Aye-Aye once upon
The isle of Madagascar,
A useful name to have if one
Should ever stop to ask her.

The Aye-Aye has survived with ease
 And lived so long because
 She looks quite like a Pekingese
 With rather longer claws.

Her tail is rather longer too,
 And many are afraid
 To have her near them. "So would you,"
 The Aye-Aye wisely said.

Geography, the Aye-Aye shows
 (If you should stop to ask her)
 A knowledge of. She even knows
 Just where is Madagascar.

The Moa

Seldom, even if you were to look in such out-of-
 the-way places as Samoa
 Would you be likely to find a more comical bird
 than the Moa.

Though now extinct, it once had a figure
 Quite like an ostrich but very much bigger.
 Hiding its head in the clouds instead of in sand,
 It forgot to look before leaping, and
 Though powered like a hundred mules its kick,
 It foolishly stood on places where the ground
 was not so thick

And was promptly sucked down into the New
 Zealand ooze,
 Where its discovery after some thousands of
 years has made news.

Not everyone realises
 That Moas came in different sizes.
 Asked for the smallest, the connoisseur picks
 The Euryapteryx.

Pigeons in the Square

- “O let me feed the pigeons, Mummy.
“Look how they’re all wanting me to!
“Listen to them cooing for me, Mummy.
“Buy me a few seeds, Mummy. Do!

“If only I could catch one now.
“O naughty pigeon, to jump on my chest!
“Too many are coming. Where are you,
Mummy?
“I think that you can give them the rest.”

Philosophic Entomology

The fly –
I wonder why?

The Quagga

In sunny South Africa
Running like a zebra,
Very like a zebra,
(At least half like a zebra),
Gallops the Quagga.
Front half striped,
Back half plain,
Gallops the Quagga
Faster than a train.

If I had a Quagga
Wouldn't it be fun,
To gallop all around the town
Faster than everyone?

As people saw me Quagga by
There would be much surprise.
"I saw a Quagga pass today."
"I can't believe my eyes!"

If someone needed rescuing,
My Quagga would be there,
And rustlers would be rounded up
Before they reached their lair.

And I could think of many more
Exciting things to do,
And if you had a Quagga --
So could you!

In sunny South Africa,
Running like a zebra,
Very like a zebra,
(At least half like a zebra),
Gallops the Quagga.
Front half striped,
Back half plain,
Gallops the Quagga
Faster than a train.

The Wombat

Something between bear-cub and cat --
That's Willie the Wombat,
Though somewhat kangaroo-like too,
To give the Wombat his due.
Across Australia's wide and sandy spaces
He races
As fast as he can. But that
Is not very fast, being a Wombat.

At digging burrows he excels.
He might be trained for digging wells
Did he not have the habit,
(Unlike the rabbit),
Of always lying down to work.
Though never one to shirk
What must be done,
Our Willie Wombat is not one
To do today
Whatever may
Be left until tomorrow
And tomorrow, and tomorrow.
But why the Wombat is so whiskery,
Remains a mystery.

Lemonade for Sale

A little boy asking for lemons, a jug,
And plenty of sugar, to make lemonade.
Spoons for the mixing,
For shade, an old rug –
A shop in the sunshine (though very few paid!)

A penny a glass, all grown-ups must spend.
No one but the merchants must touch!
Two pennies, an empty jug –
With a sigh to his friend –
Says little boy, "We have been greedy too
much."

Who?

Who is that grumpy looking man
Who's sitting over there?
He looks as cross as anyone can,
Uneasy in his chair.

A gloomy look and then a frown
Furrows his worried brow.
Some problem must have got him down.
Should I address him now?

Perhaps he's had a bitter loss
Or made a foolish error.
I rose. He rose. I walked across
And stood before – a mirror!

To Music by Herbie Allen.

Midas's Barber

Apollo once to strive began
In contest musical with Pan.
Which was the better – lyre or flute?
To Midas was the question put.

King Midas found Pan's pipe was best,
Whereat Apollo, much distressed,
Summoned his powers dark and strange
And Midas underwent a change.

The king took care that none should know
The change he had to undergo.
His barber was the only one
Who found out what the god had done.

The barber's heart was full of care
Since he could not the secret share.
At home like shadows terrors lurk.
His hand would tremble at his work.

At last he went and dug a hole
And, whispering, unbent his soul.
With lighter step and great release
He went home with a heart at peace.

But from the ground the rushes grew
And whispered what he only knew.
They broadcast wide what Midas fears:
"King Midas has an ass's ears."

A Wish

I made a wish.
I mustn't tell.
But how I wish
It will go well.

How can I make
The wish come true?
How shall I know
Just what to do?

If I could count
To seven stars
On seven nights
That nothing mars,

The seven stars
The seventh night
Could make my wish
Their satellite.

And, star surrounded,
I might see
My wish fulfilled
In ecstasy.

ODD ODES

I made a wish
I mustn't tell.
But how I wish
It will go well.

Bedtime

I like my bed, it is so warm
And comfy, soft and nice.
I think it is a gondola –
It is one in a trice!

I think it is a playing field,
Where I am playing best.
Then it's a palace where I save
A princess in distress.

It must be pretty hard work though,
Because I had a lot
Of other things to do I know,
And yet I quite forgot.

But that's at night of course, and when
The dawn begins to shiver
And it is time for school again,
I like bed more than ever.

V.

SONGS AND PICTURES.

Caux Song

High above the lake, where it mountain-cradled
lies,
Echoes the sound of a singing.
Down the summer meadows that smile beneath
the skies,
Listen! The harmony winging,
Falling like streams in the dawn of the day,
From Dent du Midi, from Rochers de Naye,
Pours the flood of song to awaken hearts and
eyes,
Remaking the world,
Waking the world by the singing.

Deep in the darkness, hunger and pain
Prison the souls of our brothers.
Some seek safety, some seek gain,
Hopeless, millions of others.
Form a delegation,
Draft a proclamation -
Vain endeavour,
Answer never!

From our deepest need there leads certain one
good road
Waiting for each one to try it,
Past the fields of hate where the seeds of war
were sowed,
Out to God's freedom of spirit.

Winding by Danube, by Rhine, and by Rhone,
See how the nations make this road their own,
Singing now together they glad take up the load,
Remaking the world,
Waking the world by this spirit.

To music by Waldemar Smith.

Caux

As the mists fade in the morning, the waters of
 Lake Lemman far below
Are clear, reflecting thoughts in honesty that
 flow
From God in the silence, listening together,
Setting our feet on the good road together.

The pines and the aspens whose tender green
 enframes the paths of Caux,
Speak love from heart to heart of all who go
To God in the silence, listening together,
Setting our feet on the good road together.

The fragrant flowers of Mountain House, in
 white and red profusion grown,
Are constant symbols of unselfish care for others,
 we are shown
By God in the silence, listening together,
Setting our feet on the good road together.

Snowcapped and sparkling in the sunshine,
 Alpine summits tower and climb,
 Serene and pure, to mirror lives of strength
 found through their spending time
 With God in the silence, listening together,
 Setting our feet on the good road together.

From the Japanese of Kinjiro Kawashima, Socialist
 Member of the Japanese Diet.

The Road to Inverness

The heart of the Highlands where the heath and
 heather grow,
 Inverness, Inverness,
 It lays such a spell on you, wherever else you go
 This is the song that you'll be singing.
 O, but it's bonny,
 O, but it's bonny,
 O, but it's bonny,
 On the road to Inverness.

There's something enchanting, and it gives you
 Scottish eyes,
 Inverness, Inverness,
 For now at the wedding of the Gemmels and
 Mackays
 This is the song that you'll be singing.
 O, but it's bonny,
 O, but it's bonny,
 O, but it's bonny,
 On the road to Inverness.

For Andrew was born there and a bonny lad
he was,
Inverness, Inverness.
Today in the spirit you'll be walking there
because
This is the song that you'll be singing.
O, but it's bonny,
O, but it's bonny,
O, but it's bonny,
On the road to Inverness.

The Good Road before you, even better than
it's been,
Inverness, Inverness,
We'll take it together with our Andrew and his
Jean.
This is the song that you'll be singing.
O, but it's bonny,
O, but it's bonny,
O, but it's bonny,
On the road to Inverness.

Music by George Fraser.

For the wedding of Jean Gemmel and Andrew
Campbell Mackay at Caux, June 1949.

Scandinavia

Sing of a new world, a new world at hand,
Where the North Lands in unity stand
Heirs of a Christian freedom and life,
By your living answering strife.
Scandinavia! May your song
Ring in the new world for which we all long.

Cross in the flag of each, leading the fight.
Millions behind you follow the right.
Like a new springtime's waking smile
You shall the nations reconcile.

Sing of a new world, a new world at hand,
Where the North Lands in unity stand
Heirs of a Christian freedom and life,
By your living answering strife.
Scandinavia! May your song
Ring in the new world for which we all long.

To music by Waldemar Smith.

Finland's Song

Hear the noble music swelling,
Hear of Waino's glories telling –
That is Finland's Song.
Hear the pealing thunder soaring,
Hear the mighty rivers roaring –
That is Finland's Song.

Everywhere an invitation,
Everywhere a jubilation –
That is Finland's Song.
Every heart can open, borrow
In its joy and in its sorrow
Part of Finland's Song.

From the Finnish "Suomen laulu."
Music by F. Pacius.

Lockheed-Vega Song

Planes roaring on high
As we build for the sky.
We hold our country's freedom,
One with the men who fly.
Free labour will win.
We'll throw all our fighting in.
This land shall ever
On God rely.

For it's one for all,
All for one, we give the nation,
Selfish, we shall fall.
Each must man his battle station.

Planes roaring on high
As we build for the sky.
We hold our country's freedom
One with the men who fly.
Free labour will win.
We'll throw all our fighting in.
This land shall ever
On God rely.

To music by George Fraser.

Written for, and adopted by Local 727, Machinists' Union (American Federation of Labor), of the Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, California.

An Island in the Blue Pacific Sea

(In the form of a duet for Ivan and Elsie Menzies, stars of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, and ambassadors of a new world.)

BOTH: Who wouldn't like an island in the blue
Pacific sea,
Where you could lean against a palm
To drink a cup of tea?
No rationing, no need of coal,
No queues, no family –
On an island in the blue Pacific sea!

Well, that's what we decided.

SHE: You mean YOU did.

HE: I mean, I did –

That I'd really like an island in the blue
Pacific sea.

BOTH: And what is more, I (he) found one,
A small, round one,
Quite a sound one,
Yes, an island in the blue Pacific sea.

BOTH: But then we got to thinking that perhaps
the mess we're in
Was not somebody else's fault – Why
don't we two begin
To make THIS island that we're in
The place we want to be? –
Much better than an island in the blue
Pacific sea!

Well, that's just what we needed.

SHE: You mean YOU did.

HE: I mean WE did,

To begin to make this island just the
place we long to see,

BOTH: And it's doing it together
Brings the sun and better weather
Than any island in the blue Pacific sea.
Yes, this Isle of ours is worth it,
And when man and wife agree
We can make the world's best island
you could find in any sea!

Music by Dr. Will Reed.

Bridal Song

Joyful the song
Ringing today.
Welcome the bride in her bridal array.
Dawning the hour,
Hearts to unite,
Glory of heaven on faces alight.

When in the morning,
Bright as the sun,
Trumpets are warning
Bridal begun,
See, in her beauty
With attendants maiden,
Comes to her bridegroom
Bride, flower laden.
Breathe now Thy love
And blessing on these two.
Guide from above
In all they may do.

Joyful the song
Ringing today.
Come is the bride in her bridal array.
Now is the hour.
Heart overflow.
Glory of heaven with them ever go.
Joy overflow!

For the wedding of George and Pat Wood.

Hebridean Song Recital

The voices die, and music lives,
Pouring from harp and throat,
Weaving a fairy spell,
Transporting heart and mind to some far isle
Where even winds blow kindly,
Where one may
Find rest and healing,
And, at last, a home.

How strong and clear
The notes ring. Hear
The call of gull, the wash of sea.
See sheen-white sand
And blue sky. Stand
On lovely, green isle – Might it be!

Sing of a maiden.
Softly now the notes are laden
With fragrant shieling scents on air so mild,
And mothers croon
Under the heather moon,
The age old lullabies for every child.

The Land of Youth –
That music brings it near.
Sweet as bee-gathered honey, it describes
A day when good
That was not, shall be;
Good that was, shall be again. So dies
The music,
Leaving memories.

Scotty

(otherwise known as George Macfarlane)

If you come across a busy looking Scotsman
It may be he is writing down a song
For Congressmen or other worried statesmen,
To find them ways of stopping what is wrong.

He's partial, too, to sentimental ballads,
Washed down always with many cups of tea,
Withal a man
Of noble clan
Who, when he's guided, has a plan
For his and labour's world wide destiny.

So come along, and though your problem may
be knotty,
And you are vaguely wondering what to do,
You may find the answer in a song from Scotty,
Macfarlane is the very man for you.

To the "Worried looking Statesman" melody of Cecil Broadhurst, sung by Scotty in "The Good Road.")

Song for the Orient

Joined by the oceans,
In beauty encradled,
Lands of the Orient
Mighty are you.
Boundless in men
As in treasures long fabled,
Rich in the old
And key to the new.

Where the coral islands gleam
From a sapphire shining sea,
Where the hot plains endless seem –
Spring seeds of harmony.
They grow by all the rice fields,
By the tall palms and the mango groves,
In the templed cities,
And where lotus blooms
And tiger roves.

Joined by the oceans,
One in your giving,
Lands of the Orient
Mighty are you.
Changing your men
In their vision and living,
East one with West –
The key to the new.

India, Burma, Malaya, Japan,
China, Indonesia, Ceylon, Pakistan –
Lands of the Orient,
United
Mighty are you,
Uniting the world.

(To music by George Fraser and Waldemar Smith.)

To Alice, who serves

On entering the diningroom
For luncheon or for dinner
You see, like sun dispelling gloom
A black-and-white clad winner.

A man might travel many a mile,
Search many a home or palace
To find such service with a smile,
Personified by Alice.

O happy day, when all may wish
Her joy, untouched by malice,
Remembering with every dish
How much we owe to Alice.

Cradle Croon

Lullaby, lullaby,
Sing a little cradle croon.
Lullaby, Lullaby,
You'll be sleeping soon.

Home the sun has gone.
Evening time has come.
Slow chimes the bell.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Moonlight comes and twilight goes.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Slowly eyelids close.

All the stars are bright,
Guarding you this night.
Hushed is the bell.

Lullaby, lullaby,
Now the time for sleep is come.
Lullaby, lullaby,
Sleep my little one.

The Coconut Song

There was a little coconut
A-growing on a great big tree,
A handsome little coconut,
No coconut as hard as he.
So beautifully shone the sun.
The beetles played him melodies.
Such a typical, tropical, practical coconut
Swinging in the summer breeze.
And he could see the tall ships pass
A-sailing down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-sailing, sailing, down the sea.

There came a little cockatoo
And told him lots of thrilling tales
Of crocodile and kangaroo,
Of elephants and mighty whales.
His pioneering heart awoke.
To travelling he gave his mind,
And the typical, tropical, practical coconut
Up and left his tree behind.
And so he went the tall ships' way
A-sailing down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-sailing, sailing down the sea.

For weeks the little coconut
Went sailing till he reached Japan
And there he met a hungry maid
A-sobbing so behind her fan.
Her sorrow broke his tough old shell.
He opened up without a blink,
And the typical, tropical, practical coconut
Freely gave his food and drink.
And this, he knew, was why he went
A-sailing down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-sailing, sailing down the sea.

The grateful little Japanese
Tells everyone what he has done
And, laughing with the coconut,
Invites you all to join the fun.
Now if you feel a little hard
Remember you can still decide,
For a typical, tropical, practical coconut
Has a lot of good inside.
And all may go the tall ships' way
A-sailing down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-down the sea,
A-sailing, sailing down the sea.

To music by George Fraser, for Parsi from Indonesia,
Mami from Burma and Tokiko from Japan, who played
the parts.

Greece

O land of Greece whose sacred earth
From ancient days gave birth
To men who formed our life and thought,
Showing what we ought,
Knowing oneself, and nothing too much,
With beauty in their touch,
Imperishable treasures, part or whole,
Unconquerable soldiers when the role
Demanded it, and whose prophetic voice
Brought light, and made rejoice
A world, threatened as ours by forces dark
And guardian of the spark
To light the torch of freedom and to give
That norm of virtue by which men can live.

O land of the dawning mind of man,
Whose cities grew and made men free.
O land who found and shaped the plan
For many ages still to be.
Whose famous names like thunder roll,
Inspire the soul,
Proclaiming liberty –
Freedom of heart, of mind, of hand.
Mother of nations, sacred land,
O Greece,
Rise all your sons and fearless spread abroad,
Unitedly, the freedom under God.

Land of Greece

Land, O Land, who gave us the dawning,
Land, O Land, who set the mind free,
Wonder without cease,
Sacred land of Greece,
Shaping the vision for ages still to be.

See how, over the mountains, clear
Light pours, banishing every fear,
May you bring nations the hope
To find again their destiny.

Land, O Land, awake to the morning!
Land, O Land, united, ever free,
Wonder without cease,
Sacred land of Greece,
Give now the vision of ages still to be.

To music by Paul Petrocokino.

Tuonela

The sky is pale at twilight
A faint red band enclasps the far horizon
Where the sun has set
And dark'ning clouds drift silently
A-down the void.
Beyond, the hills are peopled by the firs
Whose masses, ominous,
Stand like an army, threatening,
With flanks outstretched,
Encircling the lake.
Smooth is the water, smooth and cold,
But not so cold
As the pale whiteness of a lonely swan
Floating, floating there,
Lost and alone.
The night grows darker and a little wind
Ruffles the placid surface,
And the swan
Drifts down the shore

With long white neck now lifted, now withdrawn,
Seeking, seeking,
And ever seeking vainly for his mate,
Lost and alone,
Alone, and whitely, mutely, drifting on.
The sky and mountains merge in gathering dusk.
The swan fades dimly from the view,
Solitary,
Hopelessly hopeful.
Darkness enfolds him,
Such a sombre night
Only illumined by a single star.

(After hearing Sibelius' tone poem).

A Letter from Home

“And hyacinths, forget-me-nots,
“And lilies fair,
“Daffodils and tulip pots,
“And maiden hair,
“Crocuses and snowdrops too,
“And lilac thick”

Thus far the letter. The writer knew
Perhaps, heartsick
I was, and weary. Happy thought
To write such words!
By these a breath of spring is brought
And joy rewards
The cost. I think a word has power,
Or writ or spoken
Of life, of God, or of a flower,
To mend what's broken.

A Longing

A longing
To find a way,
As quickly hid amid
The varied play
Of life and work and leisure,
Some duty or some pleasure,
Unrest to allay.

Unending
This restless quest
To fill each moment full
And still suppressed
Desires that flame, then cool,
Like comets in the pool
Of night unblest.

Unthinking,
Rather – will not think!
For thought is painful when
The foxes slink
So seeming mild through wood and fen.
Partly I long to live again,
Nor from pain shrink.

Moods

When once a cloud obscures the sun,
The day's brightness is gone.
A cold wind sudden has begun
To whistle rain dogs on.

We are the prey, the doomed, the proud,
Surrounded for the kill
Until we know, above the cloud
The sun is shining still.

The Point

You point a finger –
For all see so well
Where someone else is wrong! –
But three point back at you,
As each can tell
Who views himself for long.

A thumb raised
May not only be a sign
Of victory and cure
But reach to God
And point the battleline
Of standards clear and pure.

Point to yourself,
And see the threefold plan –
When you admit you're wrong
And find by listening ear,
To God and man,
The world for which we long.

Together
In a new direction point
Relaxed, united, one,
Restoring times
So vastly out of joint
That something must be done.

As demonstrated by Daw Nyein Tha, "Pillar of the State" and noted educator from Burma.

Change

A cold, clear logic's light
On silver screen
Throws, with a shock of fright,
All that has been.

All that has, base, betrayed
My own known best
When, selfish or afraid,
I failed the test.

Few words, halting, concrete,
When spoken loud
For other ears – defeat,
No longer proud.

A healing honesty
And saving shame
Strip off the mask and lie
And all false fame.

Then saw I clear at last
A life, a way;
That to restore the past
Was how to pray.

For what I vain had striven
God can fulfil,
Past, present, future given
To Him. I will!

The View at the Top

White dust in clouds, hot glaring streets unending
About our feet;
A lassitude in mounting or descending,
In summer heat.

But beauty rewards at length the effort dear,
True goodness's daughter,
And charms, as tired skin is refreshed by clear,
Cool kiss of water.

Incarnation

A dark cloud sweeps across the sky,
Made by the sun all radiant edged
Like steps of light with amber ledged;
To dark rebellion, light's reply.

Wish not the cloud were gone, for, look
By it the sun you better knew,
Since light itself man cannot view.
Therefore the Word of God flesh took.

The Cost

To count the cost and pay – there is a thing
To give one pause.
The builder calculates, lest he should bring
For laughter cause.

No king goes forth to war with two to one
The odds against.
How shall I then advance, when voices run
Unsilencèd? –

Childless, who loves children,
Music-less, who loves music,
Homeless, who loves a home.

Yet much is given – only so received
By constant change,
When every touch of self that bitter grieved,
Seems only strange.

Starlight on a Lake

Often I have seen the moon on a lake,
Silver reflecting,
Mirrored in long levels that from the dark
 mountains take,
All unsuspecting,
A brighter glory.
But seldom have I seen so dark a night,
Moonless and clear,
With one star beside the Milky Way so bright
That it threw a spear,
A silver shaft of light,
Across the lake,
As in the story
By all the world known,
Where, once upon a time, a way was shown.

To France

France! O name belovèd, that contains
Cathedraled cities set in green country,
Who in the battle's forefront strong campaigns
For death or liberty.

It is no time to pleasure in your charms
Nor pridefully to glory in the past.
Valiant now face the sounding war alarms
And heed the trumpets' blast.

Bring to the battle all your spirit's flame.
Revive the ancient virtues that are gone,
And in a greater Revolution's name
Point men the dawn.

A new world waits, if you will dare to give,
Forgetting wrongs, and changing in your heart
To be that knight, armoured with love, to live
The blameless, fearless part.

And in the silence, not by human aid,
You will be shown the road from all discord,
Taking the banner of the saintly Maid –
“First I must serve my Lord.”

From the French of Madame Herrenschildt, Strass-
bourg.

Rhone Valley

There is a valley yonder where the Rhone
Slips into the lake.

Of an evening, dimly, like the throne
Of some high god, the distant peaks alone
Seem still to wake.

The sleepy smoke, commingling with the dusk
In redolence
Of firs and new mown hay and musk,
And fainter blossoms, and some summer husk,
Charms every sense.

To listen here above, with vision wide,
Reaps thought on thought
That gather like a flowing tide
Where safely ships of good intent may ride,
With action fraught.

From once seen cities by the lake below
Spring points of light,
And here upon the mountain, slow
Upward the rising tides of darkness flow
Till all is night.

Daffodils

The tall, proud, golden daffodils
Green mingled stand. Their glory fills
The room with sunlight
Although the young Spring sun so soon
Abandoning the afternoon
Is setting bright.
"Night brings all home," the Celt will say,
But daffodils must now away
As comes the night.

The Garden of Mary

In the garden of Mary the poppies are red,
Red, red as the sunset, and scarlet as fire,
And springing from seeds that lay seeming dead,
To kindle and satisfy all my desire.

In the garden of Mary the hyacinths blue
Are restless with colour as deep as the sea,
An ocean of beauty faith to renew
And carry my thoughts to where I cannot be.

In the garden of Mary the lilies are white,
As white as the snow, or like incense in air,
The grave and the rising again of delight,
The finding through losing a home everywhere.

In the garden of Mary the irises tall
Are purple and violet, varied as earth,
For the old and the past a funeral pall,
The rich royal robes of the spirit's rebirth.

The cypresses circle the garden around.
There's lavender, cinnamon, saffron and rose.
And the garden of Mary is holy ground
And everyone seeing it changes and grows.

The Judgment

The cruel curving scimitar
Cuts raggedly the flesh.
The bladed scythe, with ruthless sweep,
Severs the thread afresh.

No pity moves the blinded force,
Drunk from the fawning mob.
Fear lies enthroned, and Terror beats
In every pulse's throb.

With right they fear, whose bloody path
Leads but to a dead end.
The meek are not their only foe.
They have no single friend.

No promises, nor bars, nor wire,
Nor whips, nor fire, nor fraud
Avail in that long moment when
They stand alone with God.

Abnegation

I have besought the Lord with tears,
Who do not lightly weep.
I am beset by fateful fears
And bitter harvests reap.

For I would know, yet all is dark
And mists cloud me about
And oftentimes the vital spark
Diminishes through doubt.

To know the worst may sternly test
But not to know is hell.
Shall hope so long deferred, confessed,
Yet make the sick heart well?

Comfort

There was a night before I fell asleep
In a cool air that followed after day,
When deep within I felt the urge to weep
And found no hope nor comfort as I lay,
Till quietly insistent came the sense
Of Someone Who would show me what was
right
In His good time, with patient love immense,
Who turns the heat of day to cool of night.

Things of the Spirit

Things of the spirit are so vast,
So limitless,
For one who has passed
The outermost, last,
Minuteless
Moment of self, and gained
The lost horizon,
From the distant peak attained,
By some power sustained,
As the wind cries on
Storm and the darkness.
Shelter for me there is none,
Defenceless
Before what is done,
And the judgment begun,
Senseless
And blind, unfeeling falls –
Scales and a sword,
Or like men placed against walls.
Sharp a voice the order calls.
And the reward –
Lead and the darkness.

Moths flutter pale to the flame
And die.
In what greater frame,
Avoiding the same,
Can we try
To break the habit's chain
In heart and mind,
That, giving all, we gain
Much more – a road made plain –
And find
Light in the darkness.

The Living Dead

There is an ache in my heart
And my eyes are hot,
And sometimes with bitterness I wish
To hurt and wound,
And, if others, also myself.
The unicorn, imprisoned, will break loose
And fight with lions
No matter if he win the crown or not
Rather than pine away
The victim of captivity's slow toll,
Though today
Men may be broken in their very soul
And even made presentable for those
Who took them captive.
Such a sleep they sleep.
There is no rest,
No recreation in their sleeping,
But such a change
As leaves then living dead,
A sleep of open eyes and trembling lips,

Of words that serve a purpose not their own,
Puppets on strings,
Pawns in a ruthless game
Of darker forces that we yet have known,
Since man at worst has never known such means
As lie to hand today
To wreak his will.

Not all the older gods –
Though Pelias' and Pelops' cruel fate,
So similar, so different in result,
Was not infrequent
Nor did Apollo even children spare
As witnessed Tantalus' daughter, Niobe, with
tears –

Not all the older gods
Demanded sacrifice in such degree.
But if a Socrates must drink the cup
His thought would yet live on,
Inspire the best,
And turn a key
To open doors of light for every mind
That should come after him,
Or from blood shed by jealousy there spring
A flower, the hyacinth.

For change is wrought upon us, and in time
We too shall be among the living dead,
Or by default, or by direct attack,
Unless we find in time that other change
And not by might nor power
But by the living spirit,
The source of faith,

That anvil on which hammers, sickles, swords
Have broken down the ages,
And on which is forged
The steel of selflessness in white hot love,
Refined and pure beyond each single life
To shape a greater force,
A force destined to win
The hearts and minds of all men everywhere
To free obedience to the best in them
Revealed and bettered by the hand of God.

There is an answer here
That has been tried and tested
And where tried,
A new world opens –
All the things we longed for,
Dreamed of,
Dimly knew should be,
Began to happen.
Each man holds the key
To life and liberty and happiness for him
And millions more,
And not environment,
Heredity,
Conditions economic, or the like
Are finally decisive.
Past, present, future –
The event lies in the hand of God.
Yet how each decides
May give him freedom under God
Whatever fate may bring,
If he will choose to live God governed.
Otherwise –
The rule of tyrants.

The Promise

A mighty promise
A day shall yet fulfil
Here amid the tensions
Of hate and selfish will.
Is there an answer?
The promise stands – There is!
Free and universal,
For each the part that's his.
A mighty promise!
The nations, one, attest
The change, the destiny
Of East and West.

In a day of crisis
A plan is being forged,
The hope of all the millions
With fear and falsehood gorged.
True and tried and tested,
It works for every man,
For every home and nation –
A promise and a plan.

A mighty promise
A day shall yet fulfil
Here amid tensions
Of hate and selfish will.
Then let the answer
Resound from shore to shore.
God Who speaks will show us
The way from death and war.
A mighty promise!
The nations, one, attest
The change, the destiny
Of East and West.

Blessed are the Peacemakers

For centuries the world has longed for peace
 And found instead of peace, conflict and war,
 Though ever and again the love for peace
 Has been exploited by such ruthless force
 As prostitutes man's longing, planning cold
 To close again the circuit and unloose
 The voltage and the thunder of new war,
 And will again, and yet again, until
 The men arise, with peace in heart, who fight
 To make peace, changing others, and the world.
 Peace needs no patrons, nor those who approve.
 Peace needs the men with peace in their own
 heart,
 Peace in their homes, and with their friends, at
 work,
 Bringing an answer valid for their foes
 As well as friends. For they alone will be
 Peacemakers in the nation and the world.

The Shape of History

When the sea sweeps in
 And the long, white combers foam among the
 rocks
 Brown with their seaweed hair,
 On slippery juts
 The cormorants perch unconcerned
 And eye
 With beady look
 The crimson far horizon of the evening sky.
 What microcosmic memory may move
 Their sleeping plumes,

Mordant or amiably couched?
In massive counterpoint, inwoven laws
Lend them a poise infallible,
Restful amid the storm,
Or then to soar and plummet in the deep
Where some unwary fish,
Doom luminous,
Pursues its finny way.
And equally inscrutable the laws
And motives that make history
In blind hate and division
Where feeds the lust for power,
Till brave men rise,
With honesty,
Lay bare, beginning with themselves, the things
In men that do in fact shape history,
Not to be read in books
Nor found, conveniently, in other force
Than lies in human hearts,
For good or ill,
And waits release
Tremendous,
Simple,
Costly,
Rare,
Dynamic medium of lasting peace.

Dawn

Soft as a cat
Morning creeps down the mountain side
And then,
Suddenly,
The sun is all across the lake
Though when

He sprang and took her in the tide
Of light
Was indiscernible. There was no break
In all the choir that sings
From hedge and tree
With hummed accompaniment
From many a bee,
And high above like great white wings
The clouds sail by
In stately silence, listening perhaps
To understand the moving symphony,
To know the wordless mystery
At whose heart
The least has his own place and part.

The Harvest

What treasures in the human heart
So firmly locked,
Fester and spoil spite every art
And men forget the better part --
God is not mocked.

Wherever men untrammelled tread
Across the earth,
And break, like atoms, selfish bread
The clouded heavens horror spread
Without rebirth.

With copious comment overlaid
True thought is killed,
And fierce emotions lands invade
Till withered hearts, bared by the blade
With fear are filled.

Though no necessity impel
Inventions bloom
And bitter sorrows still foretell
Our stubborn way to deepest hell
And darkest doom.

Our wasted lives like marshes lie
Till ploughed and drained.
Then springs the harvest from on high,
Open, refreshed by sun and sky
And vision gained.

With lambent iridescent light
The marshes glow.
Recedes the boundless tide of night
And dawn with its returning light
Shall overflow.

Man

When the dialectic is finished
And when the electric brain equates the
equation
In a handbreadth of time
Outdistancing, say by a century, mere mind of
man,
There remains
Untouched, in all our longing,
The heart of the matter,
Unstilled by the sweep of invention,
Unwarmed by the figures and answers
mechanical,

Unmade by all that's material –
 Man!
 Man the bottleneck,
 Or man, God's image,
 Full of hope, a son,
 No angel, but so little lower.

The Key to Destiny

It is not my part to forgive,
 And you are long forgiven,
 For when you come and give
 Your heart so simply, blaming
 Only yourself, nor naming
 One excuse, then I feel driven,
 Nay led, to make reply
 Springing from change, and meet
 Your mind and heart. So why,
 (And I have seen it done),
 Should nations not be one,
 Not old mistakes repeat?
 The power is there, asleep,
 And honesty the key
 To wake it, see it leap
 With answer clear expressed,
 Uniting East and West –
 Man's longed for destiny.

Remembrance

Over the hills
 When morning is breaking
 Dawn brings a stillness, as time began;
 And in the stillness
 Comes to the waking
 God-given caring, God-given plan.

Plan for a home,
A town, for a nation --
Lifeblood and heart of freedom and right,
Breaking the chains of proud isolation.
Gone is all fear, comes courage to fight.
To us the wise
Who tasted this freedom
Would, by their lives, their secret impart,
Open to millions
The Power and the Kingdom
Where men shall be one through a deep change
of heart.

How shall a nation,
Great past possessing,
Find once again her true destiny?
Gone is the old
And hope of progressing
Looms like the wastes of an uncharted sea.
Cherish the men
And women of vision
Who pioneer, not counting the cost,
Giving their all in generous decision,
Kindling again the faith that was lost.
Such we have known
And hold it a glory
That we may follow, each play his part,
Spread to the ends
Of wide earth the story,
And bring men the answer through our change
of heart.

To music by Will Reed from the play "Annie the Valiant."

VI.
A REQUIEM.

A Requiem

I will go in to the altar of God
In to His house, Who gives joy,
Joy in the midst of death
While men draw breath
Victory here where all else would destroy –
Let victory still sound abroad.
For in His name is help.
He made the earth and heaven,
And if some modern savage, briefly given
Some little insight to the cause of things,
Naming them atom, proton, meson
And, scanning not their reason,
So sets wings
To horror undescribed and limitless,
Let still some tongue abroad
Confess his joy in God.

Confess? But how shall we confess to joy
Before we have confessed our need?
In thought and word and deed
How great, exceeding great, our sin
Through our own fault.
Nor shall the salt
Of tears bring healing till the light wherein

The altar shines, become our light.
There we must take our flight
To outer darkness – or we hear
The word of mercy bearing its “Forgive”
To the listening ear,
Which may rejoicing live.

Is this a weakness? It were weak indeed,
In life’s most high experiment,
To leave unadded the one element
Releasing forces stronger far than death,
Releasing joy to be the seed
Of that transforming harvest which shall bring
As day follows night,
To evil’s despite,
The world of our best desiring.
For in this world there is a missing factor.
The years of war have brought no peace,
Nor do men cease
To point out the malefactor –
Always the other fellow!
How right they often are! If only pointing
Would bring results less disappointing.
Like Othello,
Not wisely but too well we point, forgetting
That mercy granted us may spark the flame
To change regretting
Into repentance’s flame.
Feet tremble on the threshold then
Of God’s Kingdom among men.
As when a statesman, guest in foreign land,
Attacked by articles in public press,
Saw, self forgot, in quietness
How without bitterness his offered hand

Outstretched not pointing, saved the situation
And helped each nation.
Some knew in it the hand of Providence,
But others, scorning any evidence
Save of their sense,
Set it to chance.
Pride rushes to the Devil's aid so fast
That many miracles must die unborn,
Till looking back aghast
We feel, perhaps too late, the scorching scorn
For ourselves, so weak we thought us strong
In doing wrong.

Kyrie eléison.
O Lord have mercy on us.
Christe eléison.
O Christ have mercy on us.
Remove our sin
And enter in,
Making us pure in heart.

There was a woman once, who bore a son
And brought him up, her husband being dead.
Yet not content, her duty done,
To live secure,
Unknown, obscure,
She followed where God led,
From home to home both rich and poor,
And where she went
Her presence lent
A light, a hope, a cure.
And broken homes were mended,
And other homes built sound,
And on such homes the nations build
In truth on firm ground.

Such building is a battle
And battles take their toll,
And the captains in the battle
Are the upright in soul.
So she fought to the last, giving everything,
And now, in her place,
Through her secret of grace,
Countless homes continue the fighting.
For one becomes many where Christ has
 entered;
No more self-centred
But one in Him in living, in dying,
Freed from all fearfulness, pettiness, lying,
Freed from the secondbest's low expectations,
Freed for building a family of nations.

Glory to God,
Glory to God,
Glory to God in the highest.

Read from the letter. Where it stands:
"The letter killeth but the spirit quickens."
And who would venture on the sands
Of time may find them quick. The plot thickens.
The graven stones of death or tablet's law
May dimly serve death's ministration.
But to redeem the fatal flaw,
The deadly, selfish touch
That turns to dust so much,
We need the word of revelation,
A word so simple that a child can understand,
To spark like steel on flint, impact,
And shock awake the dullest sense,
And kindle the immense

Resources God has stored, expand
To the nth power the heart that would contract,
Would live alone, coldly serene
Without – within unclean.
Not without pain!
For this is no unfeeling object.
How tender is the summer rain
Or dawn-cool dewdrops that collect
On rosebuds! So the hardest heart
Its core laid bare
By Spirit's sword, can be more tender and, in
part,
Its newborn joy through suffering declare.
Such confidence we have through Christ to God.
Such change is normal in His presence.
We know, for we have seen and felt abroad
The purifying, changing incandescence
White-hot where gathered sparks in fusion give
Their energy united,
Where evil can no longer live,
By good requited.
Strongly the power released in two-fold phase –
The blinding shock that wakens souls,
The wider, cosmic wave that rolls
Uncheckable – sends healing rays
To touch the world with Justice, Mercy, Love,
Gifts from above.

Cleanse Thou my heart and lips and purify,
That the good news may sound
The world around,
Thy name to magnify.

"O blessed are the eyes that see
 "What you see now, and what will be,
 "For kings and prophets have desired,
 "In sight and listening inspired,
 "To see and hear what you have got,
 "O My disciples, but they have not
 "Discovered yet that high reward
 "Of pure obedience," saith the Lord.

Then rose a lawyer. "Master, how
 "Shall I obtain the good life now?"

And Jesus said: "What says the Law?
 "And what conclusions do you draw?"

"The Law is clear," the lawyer said.
 "Love God and man, with heart and head."

"Quite right," said Jesus. "Just do this
 "And you have found life's lasting bliss."

How often, when we pause and think,
 We know what's right and yet we shrink
 From doing it. "Love God and Man" –
 The simplest world-transforming plan.
 Yet, like us, self to justify,
 "What man?" the lawyer made reply.

"A certain man," the Master said,
 "Went down to Jericho. Half dead
 "Some robbers left him, bleeding, stripped,
 "And lying by the road. There slipped
 "A priest who saw him, furtive by.
 "A Levite also let him lie.

“There came a man of other race
“And other background near the place.
“Moved with compassion he gave aid.
“He dressed the wounds. He gently laid
“The man upon his steed and brought
“Him to an inn, and there besought
“The best of care. The morning come,
“He gave the host a further sum
“And said: ‘Take care of him. I’ll pay
“ ‘Whatever more it costs. Good day.’
“Now by the Law’s clear-pointed plan,
“Which of these three loved God and man?”
“He that showed mercy,” he replies.

And Jesus said: “Go, do likewise.”

Credo

I believe.

And the small window of one soul
Grows and expands
As when the single leaded panes
Together glow in some cathedral choir,
And down the ages pours the stream of faith,
A mighty river.
One God! One Lord!
And Light of light,
And true God of true God,
Who for us men and for our great salvation
Came down from heaven,
Who was made man
And suffered under Pontius Pilate,
Crucified for us.
Buried, He rose again
To come with glory,
To judge the living and the dead

Receive, then, offered elements,
O Holy Father, God,
A gracious mystery, commingling
All His Divinity, Thy Son,
All our humanity, that none,
Living or dead, may die
Save unto life
Whose Bread Thou art,
And to all faithful souls impart
Thy Victory in strife.

I will wash my hands and will go about the
altar of God.
Here are the evidences
Of other powers than ours,
And here in ancient days the hand of hate and
war,
The arm of law itself, must stop,
And there shall still, in spite of hate and war,
Go forth such powers
As yet shall cut the roots
Of all these evils in the hearts of men.
Here is the path,
Here the good road for my feet.
Here may this sacrifice made real,
Acceptable to God,
Give Him the praise and glory,
To our weal.

Lift up your hearts and, as is truly right
And meet and just, give thanks to God on high,
Joining in praises of His triune might
With all the angel legions of the sky:

Holy, Holy, Holy,
Lord God of Hosts,
Heaven and earth are full of Thy glory.
Hosanna in the highest.

Remember then . . .
This is a faculty wherein we most
May reach our stature nearest to the stars
And penetrate beyond the fretted bars
Of selfish living.
Swallows in their flight are no more swift
Than thoughts and prayers for others winged,
Borne by an unseen hand, and ringed
With utmost giving.

Remember then what God has done
Once and for all, yet ever new.
For here is not the sum of human thought,
Of human system, human reasoning,
No, not our highest human bent or speech
Which cannot reach
Above the human level by itself.
We are not parts of some immense All-soul
But made by One who made us like Himself.
Remember then
Not what man says concerning God
But what God does concerning man,
Avail ourselves of what He did
Once at a point in time in human guise,
And what He did down through the ages when
Men could be found
To listen and obey,
And what He does in this our point of time

For here concerns us not some vaguer faith,
Some "nothing special" or some "all pervading,"
But in your heart a word,
A word not of your own but given,
And in your mind a thought
Not conjured but implanted,
By heaven granted,
And opening a new horizon
Wide with sun and fresh with wind
Where all the pain of such a renaissance
Is quite forgotten in the joy new-found
And ever new in battle for the world
Till every ear shall hear, rejoice, obey;
This doing, live.

Remember how a man* who loved full well
The altar and its service as a priest,
Gave to the last full measure of himself
That the still voice of God like potent yeast
Might reach the heart of youth.
In many a school across the land they taught
The message Cleve had framed, by God
inspired.
The ancient virtues came to life again,
And youth found purpose, vision, courage, fired
By one man's quest for truth.

Remember how he loved and was, in turn,
Much loved, confided in; and how he wrote
To thousands of the fresh and simple joy
Together found, and how the world took note
Of how he bore the load.

* William Cleveland Hicks, died Dec. 1944.

He drew a battleline, and there he fought
That men should learn to live as well as know.
And where he fought, today a thousand fight –
A mighty force showing both high and low
His way, the one good road.

As we remember, Lord remember us
Thy servants present here,
And all our families and friends,
Unto the great salvation of our souls.
And to this end our sacrifice we bring,
This sacrifice of praise.

Remember Pate, a miner.* One who spoke
With statesmen of the world in many lands,
Spoke simple truths of God's direction clear
And, driving home the point with toilworn hands
Made plain an answer found.
A family man who, strengthened by his wife,
To give sound leadership at work began,
That showed in rising output – but far more
In understanding built from man to man
To span the whole world round.

Remember Jack, a soldier.† One who gave
In last full measure, without bitterness;
Who knew what he fought for – that his whole
land
Might still the opportunity possess
To choose the one good road.

* Peter O'Conner, killed at work.

† Jack Hogan, killed in action.

Suppose we found again that faith in God
Our fathers knew, and listened to His voice
To bring the world to sanity and peace,
That for a thousand years men shall rejoice –
Sprung from the blood that flowed.

The names fill many volumes.
Were all set down in order
Each would fill a volume
For there runs the thread of miracles through all
these lives
As bright amid our pseudo-scientific twentieth
century scepticism,
Our dialectical materialism,
Our plain, ordinary, selfish materialism,
As ever once in pagan times
The names of saints and martyrs shone
With God's great present answer.

Remember One who once broke bread
And gave a cup –
The Bread of life,
The Cup of health –
And taught us how to pray to God,
And Who He is
Whose Kingdom comes,
Whose will we seek;
And that we should forgive,
Nor fall to evil.

O Lamb of God
Who takest away the sins of the world,
Grant them rest.

O Lamb of God
Who takest away the sins of the world
Grant them eternal rest.

Through death to life!
And by a certain death
A world delivered
If it will receive
This bond of unity
Forever undivided,
And revealed
In our obedience
To the clear commands
Of God the Father,
Son and Spirit, One,
Who lives and reigns for ever.

O Bread of Heaven
In a starving world
Where men from hunger
Slowly, surely die
Give life and safety
Where the things of earth
Have failed to feed,
Where nourishment itself,
And livelihood become
Division's master stroke
Twixt men and nations.
Renew the ancient art
Of hospitality and table spread,
Where men unite partaking,
And all give
That all receive,
And in receiving, live.

For though we are not worthy,
Jesus, Lord,
A word shall heal us
If Thou do but speak.
Open our ear
And help us to obey.

O cup of health,
Receiving which we give
What is most meet,
Ourselves,
For all that God has given,
His Son,
Whose name be praised
And whose most precious blood
Shall keep our souls
To life, life everlasting.
For though we are not worthy,
Jesus, Lord,
A word shall heal us
If Thou do but speak.
Open our ear
And help us to obey.

The Lord be with you.

O Word of God, before all time and space,
Who made all things, whose life gives men that
light
Shining in darkness for its dwelling place,
Uncomprehended by the mind of night.

God sent a man whose name was John to tell
The world that light was come, the one true
light,
That would all men illumine and dispel
The fierce dividing of their blinded sight.

That Word, that Life, that Light was present
here,
And made the world, yet was by men forgot,
He came to those who should have held Him
dear,
His own, His own – yet they received Him not.

But some believed and welcomed Him and found
A power to make them sons of God, a birth
That had in nature, flesh and man no ground,
But is the gift of God to sons of earth.

So was the Word made flesh and as a man
Lived here among us, glory shed abroad,
The only Son, the Father's highest plan,
And full of grace and truth.

Thanks be to God.