A STUDY

OF

THE RESPONSE OF ENGLISH POETS

TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN WAR OF 1899-1902

APPENDIX

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Introduction

The poems contained in this Appendix represent a broad span of artistic achievement, and are characteristic of the work produced by verse-writers in response to the South African War and its aftermath. Some (in particular those by Watt, Alexander, and Hardy) were widely noted by their contemporary audience, while others remained as obscure as their composers; but all hold interest for the literary historian, since, taken together, they illustrate many of the chief themes of the war's poetry.

All texts are reproduced from the original source of publication. In the case of poems which appeared in periodicals and newspapers, mention is made of the alterations subsequently introduced into collected editions: Watson, for example, was a habitual meddler of texts, but Thomas Hardy heavily revised 'A Christmas Ghost-Story' in reaction to criticism of his first sentiments.

The works by Kipling and Wallace are additionally noteworthy in that they have gone uncollected by these celebrated authors.

I

Lauchlan Maclean Watt:

'The Grey Mother'

Lauchlan Maclean Watt: 'The Grey Mother'
(To an Old Gaelic Air.)

[The Colonial Volunteers proceeded to the front. -Public Press.]

Lo, how they come to me,
  Long through the night I call them,
Ah, how they turn to me.

East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
  Come with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me,

Me, the grey, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the Northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
  Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
  Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Far from South seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
  Sons of the sons I nurtured,
God keep them safe for me.

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
  Come, in their children's children...
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
  Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me.

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
  Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me

Hear the grey, old, Northern mother,
Blessing now her dying children,-

God keep ye safe for me,
  Christ watch ye in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me.

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
  Bravely we'll stand together
I and my sons with me.

Published in The Spectator, Vol. LXXXIII, 16th December 1899, pp.913-4. Reprinted in Watt's collection The Grey Mother and Other Poems, Being Songs of Empire 1903, with a few textual alterations e.g. 'Up from...' in l.19, and the substitution of 'you' in ll.41,42.

II

Rudyard Kipling:

'South Africa' [II]

Rudyard Kipling: 'South Africa'[II]

The shame of Amajuba Hill
  Lies heavy on our line,
But here is shame completer still
  And England makes no sign.
Unchallenged, in the market-place
  Of Freedom's chosen land,
Our rulers pass our rule and race
  Into the stranger's hand.

At a great price you loosed the yoke
  'Neath which our brethren lay
(Your dead that perished ere 'twas broke
  Are scarcely dust to-day).
Think you ye freed them at that price?
  Wake, or your toil is vain!
Our rulers jugglingly devise
  To sell them back again.

Back to the ancient bitterness
  Ye ended once for all-
Back to oppression none may guess
  Who have not borne its thrall-
Back to the slough of their despond,
  Helots anew, held fast
By England's seal upon the bond
  As Helots to the last.

What is their sin that they are made
  Rebellion's lawful prey?
This is their sin: that oft betrayed,
  They did not oft betray;
That to their hurt they kept their vows,
  That for their faith they died...
God help them, Children of Our House,
  Whom England hath denied!

But we - what God shall turn our doom-
  What blessing dare we claim,
Who slay a nation in the womb
  To crown a trickster's game?
To come before amazed mankind,
  Forsworn in party-feud,
And search the forms of law to bind
  Our blood to servitude.

Now, even now, before men learn
  How near we broke our trust,
Now, even now, ere we return
  Dominion to the dust;
Now - ere the Gates of Mercy close
  For ever 'gainst the line
That sells its sons to serve its foes-
  Will England make no sign?

Published in The Standard, 27th July 1906, p.7. The poem was written in response to the plans of Campbell-Bannerman's Liberal administration to grant responsible government to the former Republics, thereby allowing them to come under Afrikaner control - as eventually happened, in the Transvaal in December 1906, and in the Orange River Colony in June 1907. Kipling had the political squib reprinted in pamphlet form (about 20 copies) to secure copyright in America, but he never included it in any of his collected editions: the work has been reproduced only by E.W.Martindell in his privately-printed limited edition, Rudyard Kipling's Uncollected Verse Inclusive Edition 1881-1922: Also One or Two Poems by Other Hands n.d., where several minor textual variants are introduced. It was typical of Kipling to have found out that the old-fashioned local name for the scene of the 1881 battle was 'Amajuba'.

'Mark Thyme':

'Barrack-Room Ballads - A Receipe'

'Mark Thyme': 'Barrack-Room Ballads - A Receipe'

The man what writes a poem
  In praise of our Tommy A's
Ain't got no call to study
  Their manners, nor talk, nor ways,
'E's only to fake up something
  What's Barracky - more or less-
And civilians dont know as it's rubbish, and so
  The Ballad's a big success.

Dont 'ave no truck with the drill-book
  You might get a bit at fault,
It's best to confine your attentions
  To simple commands, like "'Alt;"
For a 'aporth of 'Industanie
  And a pennorth of Sergeants' mess
(Though the meanin's all wrong) is enough for a song
  To make it a big success.

If you wants to say anything coarse-like,
  Well, say it out plain, dont 'int,
And fill each line with hexpletives
  As dont look pretty in print-
If you sneers at the "Widow of Windsor,"
  And laughs at 'er soldiers' dress,
And connects the word "'Ell" with a orficer, well,
  Your ballad's a big success.

Take the slang of the camp
  What's easy to vamp
And some delicate soldier wheeze,
  Call the Guard-room the "Clink,"
And describe any drink
  As a "Fall in" or "Stand at ease;"
Then you mix the 'ole lot
  And you serve it up 'ot,
From ingredients sich as these
  Form that singular salad
A Barrack-room ballad
  In Rudyardkiplingese.

Published in The Friend, 9th April 1900, R[3]. Reprinted, with a few minor variations of orthography and punctuation, by Julian Ralph in War's Brighter Side: The Story of THE FRIEND Newspaper Edited by the Correspondents with Lord Roberts's Forces March-April, 1900 1901, pp.342-3.

'Coldstreamer':

'The Home-Coming'

'Coldstreamer' [Capt. Harold Graham]: 'The Home-Coming'

["The 2nd Battalion --- --- arrived yesterday afternoon at Southampton in the s.s. Belgic from South Africa. The men at once entrained for Aldershot, which they reached after dark." - Daily Paper.]

We reached Southampton Water
  Midday o' Monday last;
A thousand "'eroes" (as we thought),
Men as 'as trekked, an' starved, an' fought,
  For nigh on three year past.

"Wat 'O!" sez I, "to-morrow
  In London town we'll be!
An' when we marches Chelsea way,
The crowds'll welcome us, I lay,
  Same as the C.I.V.

"An' all our pals an' sweet'earts,
  Wot's missed us now three year,
They'll flock to fill the pavements when
Their soldier lads comes 'ome agen,
  An' how they'll wave an' cheer!

"Then, when we gets to barracks,
  We'll 'ave a meal, no doubt;
No chewing trek-ox over 'ere,
But British beef an' British beer-
  A bloomin' big blow-out!"

. . . . . .

Well, that was wot we looked for
  An' this was wot we got:
That night they took an' 'ustled us
(Without no "Welcome-'ome" nor fuss)
  By train to Aldershot.

There wasn't none to meet us;
  They 'adn't sent no band;
No pals was there from far nor near
To greet us or to give a cheer,
  Or shove us out a 'and!

A thousand bloomin' "'eroes"
  From Africa were we,
An', silent, thro' the dark an' damp
We started trekkin to North Camp,
  Without a soul to see.

Our wives was all in London,
  Our sweet'earts hanywhere-
We tramped along the empty street,
With none to meet, an' nowt to eat,
  An' not a soul to care!

Three year ago we started,
  You cheered us 'earty then;
We've sweated an' we've fought, an' now
This is the sort o' way as 'ow
  You welcomes us agen!

If we was Volunteers - well,
  You'd stand some kind o' feast;
If we was heven Brother Boer,
Afore 'is Continental tour,
  You'd give a cheer at least.

But, seein' as we's soldiers,
  You pinches 'alf our pay,
You sends us Gawd-knows-where to fight
You brings us back at dead o' night-
  An' turns us orf nex' day!

Ho well! I'm back in England,
  I've got no call to roam-
I'm off to the Reserve, thanks be!
There's no more soldiering for me,
  An' no more Welcome-'ome!

Published in The Outlook, Vol.X, 18th October 1902, pp.318-9.

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'Coldstreamer':

 'Time-Expired'
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'Coldstreamer' [Capt. Harold Graham] : 'Time-Expired'

I'm 'ome agen! An' lookin' round
  For suthin' just to keep me goin';
But work ain't heasy to be found
  (There's many 'as the chance o' knowin'!)
An' I've been 'unting for a job
Three days, nor 'aven't earned a bob.

I served my time, was smart an' clean,
  A man the Adj'tant 'e thought well on;
I didn't live at the canteen
  All day, like some as I could tell on;
I never was a cove to shirk,
An' now - well, now I'm out o' work!

I've seen some service, too, what's more;
  At Homdurman I first was blooded;
Since then the ways o' Brother Boer
  For close upon three year I've studied.
(But that won't 'elp me, I'm afraid,
To getting work at any trade.)

So 'ere I'm back again from wot
  You'd 'ardly call three years' enjoyment;
A medal an' six clasps I got,
  Nor yet can't no'ow get employment.
The first 'ome-comers 'ad the pull,
An' hev'ry blooming place is full.

An' seems to me as only fair
  Some sort o' work should be provided
For soldier-men as stayed out there
  From start to finish, same as I did.
They saved the Hempire, you may say,
-An' better far 'ave saved their pay!

I've layed on Outpost many a time,
  'Alf-frozen underneath my blanket;
I've filled myself with Modder slime
  When it was crawlin' as I drank it.
It's cattle-fountains now, instead,
An' the park-benches for a bed.

I've squatted on the fire-swept veld,
  Or burrowed under, merecat-fashion;
I've often tightened up my belt,
  After a week o' quarter-ration.
(I lay it won't be long afore
I 'ave to pull it in some more.)

Last year I trekked to Beaufort West,
  With 'alf a mealie-sack for trouse's;
To-day I'm near as badly dress'd,
  A-trekkin' round the public-'ouses.
I didn't mind my clothes out there-
But now I'm shabby - an' I care.

There's 'undreds 'ungry on the streets-
  Well-built - for all there's little in 'em,
Men too with clean defaulter-sheets,
  An' nothing in the world agin 'em-
Wot's glad to earn a bob a day,
'Elping unload a dockyard dray.

There's men agen as even "Bobs"
  Might recognise, suppose 'e met 'em,
Wot lives by doing beggars' jobs,
  Cab-running (when the coppers let 'em),
Wot eats in gutters hanywheres,
An' sleeps on the Embankment stairs.

The Winter's close upon us now,
  An' ev'ry week there's thousands landed,
All "time-expired," to find as 'ow
  They're out-o'-work, an' broke, an' stranded;
The country lanes is full o' such-
An' that don't 'elp recruiting much!

Hi've walked the streets for three 'ole days,
  An' three long nights, as I'm a sinner!
Nor yet I can't find work noways,
  Nor earn enough to get a dinner.
I'm hempty too, an' mortal dry;
Well, I must 'ave another try!

Published in The Outlook, Vol. X, 25th October 1902, p.346.

William Watson:

'The Unsubdued'

William Watson: 'The Unsubdued'

Our tears, our wounds, our sacrifices! Yea,
But what of theirs, whose monstrous agony towers,
Darkening the noon? Their woe outmatches ours
As Alps the Wrekin. No soft hands allay
Their giant pain. A whole world's wonder, they
Fight their lorn fight against invincible powers.
From Earth's rough breast their tragic valour flowers,
Fostered in tempest through the thunderous day.
Calamity makes them great. Have we alone
No eyes, when all men witness and acclaim?
Bruised, broken in shards, this people nought can tame;
They have a heart that cannot be o'erthrown.
Time shall yet hear, through all his highways blown,
The far ingeminations of their fame.

Published in The Daily News, 25th January 1902, p.5. When Watson included the poem in For England: Poems Written During Estrangement in 1903, the final four lines were revised:

The sound of their rude warriorship is blown
From land to land. Earth shouts afar their fame.
Bruised, broken in shards, this people nought can tame;
They have a heart that cannot be o'erthrown.

The phrase 'broken in shards', which seemed to thus appeal to the poet, was probably taken over from his 1896 version of the sonnet 'Craven England' in The Purple East (revised as 'Ignoble Ease' in The Year of Shame 1897). Whether dealing with the Armenian massacres or the persecution of the Boers, the range of Watson's protest poetry was rather narrow.

William Alexander:

'Is "War the Only Thing that has No Good in It"?'

William Alexander, Archbishop of Armagh:
'Is "War the Only Thing that has No Good in It"?'

They say that "war is hell," the "great accursed,"
The sin impossible to be forgiven-
Yet I can look beyond it at its worst,
And still find blue in Heaven.

And as I note how nobly natures form
Under the war's red rain, I deem it true
That He who made the earthquake and the storm
Perchance makes battles too!

The life He loves is not the life of span
Abbreviated by each passing breath,
It is the true humanity of Man,
Victorious over death,

The long expectance of the upward gaze,
Sense ineradicable of things afar,
Fair hope of finding after many days
The bright and morning Star.

Methinks I see how spirits may be tried,
Transfigured into beauty on war's verge,
Like flowers, whose tremulous grace is learnt beside
The trampling of the surge.

And now, not only Englishmen at need
Have won a fiery and unequal fray,
-No infantry has ever done such deed
Since Albuera's day!

Those who live on amid our homes to dwell
Have grasped the higher lessons that endure,
-The gallant Private learns to practise well
His heroism obscure.

His heart beats high as one for whom is made
A mighty music solemnly, what time
The oratorio of the cannonade
Rolls through the hills sublime.

Yet his the dangerous posts that few can mark,
  The crimson death, the dread unerring aim,
The fatal ball that whizzes through the dark,
  The just-recorded name-

The faithful following of the flag all day,
  The duty done that brings no nation's thanks,
The Ama Nesciri* of some grim and grey
  À Kempis of the ranks.

These are the things our commonweal to guard,
  The patient strength that is too proud to press,
The duty done for duty, not reward,
  The lofty littleness.

And they of greater state who never turned,
  Taking their path of duty high and higher,
What do we deem that they, too, may have learned
  In that baptismal fire?

Not that the only end beneath the sun
  Is to make every sea a trading lake,
And all our splendid English history one
  Voluminous mistake.

They who marched up the bluffs last stormy week
  -Some of them, ere they reached the mountain's crown,
The wind of battle breathing on their cheek
  Suddenly laid them down.

Like sleepers - not like those whose race is run-
  Fast, fast asleep amid the cannon's roar,
Them no reveille and no morning gun
  Shall ever waken more.

* The heading of a remarkable chapter in the "De Imitatione Christi."

And the boy-beauty passed from off the face
  Of those who lived, and into it instead
Came proud forgetfulness of ball and race,
  Sweet commune with the dead.

And thoughts beyond their thoughts the Spirit lent,
  And manly tears made mist upon their eyes,
And to them came a great presentiment
  Of high self-sacrifice.

Thus, as the heaven's many coloured flames
  At sunset are but dust in rich disguise,
The ascending earthquake dust of battle frames
  God's pictures in the skies.

Palace, Armagh, Oct. 28.

Published in The Times, 31st October 1899, p.9. The poem was reprinted, along with Alexander's prayer 'written for the use of our soldiers at the request of Field Marshal Lord Roberts', in a penny pamphlet early in 1900. It was also included in the Archbishop's volume The Finding of the Book and Other Poems 1900.

Richard Le Gallienne:

'Christmas 1899'

Richard Le Gallienne: 'Christmas 1899'

This is the year that has no Christmas Day,
Even the little children must be told
That something sad is happening far away-
Or, if you needs must play,
As children must,
Play softly, children, underneath your breath!
For over our hearts hangs low the shadow of death,
Those hearts to you mysteriously old,
Grim grown-up hearts that ponder night and day
On the straight lists of broken-hearted dead,
Black narrow lists no tears can wash away,
Reading in which one cries out here and here
And falls into a dream upon a name.
Be happy softly, children, for a woe
Is on us, a great woe for little fame,-
Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year,
Its berries are too red.

And lovers, like to children, will not you
Cease for a little from your kissing mirth,
Thinking of other lovers that must go
Kissed back with fire into the bosom of earth,-
Ah! in the old woods leave the mistletoe!
Be happy softly, lovers, for you too
Shall be as sad as they another year,
And then for you the holly be berrries of blood,
And mistletoe strange berries of bitter tears.
Ah! lovers, leave you your beatitude,
Give your sad eyes and ears
To the far griefs of neighbor and of friend,
To the great loves that find a little end,
Long loves that in a sudden puff of fire
With a wild thought expire.

And you, ye merchants, you that eat and cheat,
Gold-seeking hucksters in a noble land,
Think when you lift the wine up in your hand
Of a fierce vintage tragically red,
Red wine of the hearts of English soldiers dead,
Who ran to a wild death with laughing feet
That we may sleep and drink and eat and cheat!
Ah! you brave few that fight for all the rest,
And die with smiling faces strangely blest,
Because you die for England - O to do
Something again for you!
In this great deed to have some little part;
To send so great a message from the heart
Of England that one man shall be as ten,
Hearing how England loves her Englishmen.
Ah! think you that a single gun is fired
We do not hear in England! Ah! we hear,
And mothers go with proud unhappy eyes
That say: It is for England that he dies!
England that does the cruel work of God,
And gives her well-beloved to save the world;
For this is death like to a woman desired,
For this the wine-press trod.

And, England, when forgot this passing woe,
Because of all your captains' strength on strength,
Think too, when the sure end has come at length,
Victory for England - for God means it so-
Be strong in kindness for the little dead,
The stubborn tribe that could not understand,
But, child-like, fought the purposes of Time;
England, so strong to slay, be strong to spare,
England, have courage even to forgive,
Give back the little nation leave to live,
To shear its sheep and grow its lazy corn,-
Children there are that must be whipped to grow,
And some small children must be whipped with fire.

And you in churches, praying this Christmas morn,
Pray as you never prayed that this may be
The little war that brought the great world peace;
Undazzled with its glorious infamy,
O pray with all your hearts that war may cease,
And who knows but that God may hear the prayer!
So it may come about next Christmas Day
That we shall hear the happy children play
Gladly aloud unmindful of the dead,
And watch the lovers go
To the old woods to find the mistletoe.
But this year, children, if you needs must play,
Play very softly, underneath your breath;
Be happy softly, lovers, for great Death
Makes England holy with sorrow this Christmas Day;
Yes! in the old woods leave the mistletoe,
And leave the holly for another year-
Its berries are too red.

Christmas, 1899

Published in The Daily Chronicle, 25th December 1899, p.4.
The work was reprinted in Le Gallienne's New Poems 1910, and again during the First World War in The Silk-Hat Soldier and Other Poems 1915.

Thomas Hardy:

'A Christmas Ghost-Story'

Thomas Hardy: 'A Christmas Ghost-Story'

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,
There lies - be he or not your countryman-
A fellow-mortal. Riddled are his bones,
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus - fain to know
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by Some-One crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?

Published in The Westminster Gazette, 23rd December 1899, p.5. The version included by Hardy in Poems of the Past and the Present 1901 was revised as follows:

South of the Line, inland from far Durban,
A mouldering soldier lies - your countryman.
Awry and doubled up are his gray bones,
And on the breeze his puzzled phantom moans
Nightly to clear Canopus: "I would know
By whom and when the All-Earth-gladdening Law
Of Peace, brought in by that Man Crucified,
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?
And what of logic or of truth appears
In tacking 'Anno Domini' to the years?
Near twenty-hundred liveried thus have hied,
But tarries yet the Cause for which He died."

Christmas-eve, 1899.

H.D. Rawnsley:

'Home from the Front for Christmas Day'

Canon Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley:
'Home from the Front for Christmas Day'

My body lies upon the ground,
  My soul has slipped away,
I hardly felt the sting of wound
  So savage was the fray.

We fought, but whom we could not see;
  We stormed the mountain side,
Where every boulder seemed to be
  A rifle - and we died.

I fell; with lightning flash my mind
  Turned longingly for home;
I passed o'er land and seas to find
  That Christmastide had come.

The bells were ringing down the vale,
  The people walked to pray,
"God send us" - so I heard them hail-
  "A merrier Christmas Day!"

"This is a sorry time," they said,
  "For Peace and for Goodwill,
Eight hundred wounded, lost or dead,
  The Boers unshifted still!"

I whispered! "Others mourn for blood
  Poured forth, for others fell,
-Shocked into dying as they stood
  By burst of British shell."

The children passed, a merry band,
  My spirit eyes were dim,
I, too, went once with book in hand,
  To sing the Christmas Hymn.

The sexton stood with smile and nod
  To greet the gathering crowd.
"The Christ is born, give praise to God,"
  The eight bells rang aloud.

Breathed sweet of holly leaves and warm
  The church threw wide its door,
With Christmas look and Christmas charm,
  And peace for rich and poor.

I entered in, my mother knelt
  At her accustomed place,
Her face was hid, but ah! I felt
  The tears were on her face.

"Lord, cover Thou mine own son's head
  In battle day," she cried,
She knew not that her boy was dead,
  And I was at her side.

She knew not in the rain and sun
  My body rotting lay;
But she could hear the foeman's gun
  Boom murder far away.

"Forgive the people, Lord, we pray,
  Who knowing of Thy will,
Go worshipping on Christmas Day,
  But send our lads to kill."

"Oh! God," she groaned, "make battles cease
  Where'er men fighting are;
This is the day ordained for peace,
  Then wherefore give us war?"

The reader for the lesson took
  Isaiah's words of old;
I muttered, "Close that holy book,
  Not peace ye seek, but gold."

Then did the preacher choose for text,
"Peace and on earth good-will."
My spirit murmured, sorely vexed,
"Then Christians wherefore kill?"

But all the while my mother's face
Beside the pillar there,
So spake to God that still the place
It seemed a place of prayer.

And I was glad that I had died,
And come from far away,
If but to know how mother cried
For peace, that Christmas Day.

Published in Ballads of the War 1900, and reprinted in Rawnsley's enlarged edition, 1901.

XI

Alice Fleming:

'Spion Kop. (January 24, 1900.)'

Alice Fleming: 'Spion Kop. (January 24, 1900.)

Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,
  And the dear boy's face upon you:
It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
  That the grass is growing upon you.
Flowers and grass, and the graveyard mould,
  Over the eyes of you, Never-Grow-Old,
Over the heart of you, over each part of you,
  All your dear body, our Never-Grow-Old.

Never-Grow-Old, the theft of Time,
  His daily stealthy robbing,
Is not for you - slain in your prime:
  This one thought stays my sobbing.
Never for you the flagging strength,
  The warm young heart grown cold,
You earn your child pet-name at length,
  We called you 'Never-Grow-Old;'
Kissed curls, and called you 'Young Never-Grow-Old.'

Never-Grow-Old, your curly head
  Will never streak with grey;
Young Always-Young, your springing tread
  Will never pass away,
The morning glory of your eyes
  Will light you now and ever;
You keep your boyhood in the skies,
  The other side the River:
River that flows by the City of Gold,
  River of Healing, dear Never-Grow-Old.

Never-Grow-Old, your rosy dawn
  Outlives our weary even;
Young Always-Young so lately drawn
  Up to the highest heaven;
The youngest 'mid the angel bands
  That shout among the stars,
And wing to work their Lord's commands
  Beyond our prison bars.
God's soldier still, through the streets of gold,
  In your shining harness, Never-Grow-Old.

Young Never-Grow-Old, with your heart of gold,
  And the dear boy's face upon you,
It's hard to tell, though we know it well,
  That the grass is growing upon you;
But the trials of earth are a tale that's told,
  And the pain is over, Never-Grow-Old.
Peace and long rest for you - maybe it's best for you:
  Only remember us, Never-Grow-Old,
One whose love aches for you, one whose heart breaks for you,
Missing you daily, dear Never-Grow-Old.

In Longman's Magazine, Vol. XXXIX, December 1901, pp. 158-9. The poem was reprinted in the collection Hand in Hand: Verses by a Mother and Daughter which Alice Kipling and Mrs.J.M. Fleming published anonymously in 1902 (see Angus Wilson, The Strange Ride of Rudyard Kipling 1977, p.291). While the family was together in India, 'Trix' and her mother had vied with the young Kipling in writing verses; but, as 'Spion Kop' indicates, their talents had diverged considerably from those of the Laureate of Empire by the time of the South African War.

Edgar Wallace:

'A Casualty'

Edgar Wallace: 'A Casualty'

The sculptur'd stone, the graven praise,
  The tablet in the chancel dim;
The churchyard by familiar ways,
  Are not for him.

A kind hand turns a stranger sod,
  And comrades bear him to his rest,
Far from the homeland paths he trod,
  And loved the best.

Whate'er the duty may have been
  His humble task is dignified,
He served his country and his Queen,
  And serving - died.

Orange River, January, 1900.

In War Pictures, Vol.I, 21st April 1900, p.324. The poem, which well reflects the nation's sobered mood during the months of heaviest fighting, was not collected up by Wallace.

Edgar Wallace:

'After Two Years!'

Edgar Wallace: 'After Two Years!'

Good-night, old boy....good-bye:
(It's....strange....to die.)
Two years' good labour and the end in sight,
Colenso....Spion Kop...and this little fight:
And this the end...it doesn't seem quite right.

'Was thinking when they fired-
(No pain...just tired..)
Of all the other fellows who had died -
Strange, what? - and as I thought somehow I tried
To think about the - well, the Other Side.

The roar and rush of death-
(Was that your breath
Upon my cheek, old boy, or was it-?)well
Glory and joy of leading where they fell-
I go alone, with two years' work to tell.

Hard, but we did not shirk....
Two years' good work..
My love to all my people...and the rest...
You dear old boys.....perhaps this is the best.....
Two years' good work....and finis.....dulce est...

Pretoria, December 1st, 1901.

Published in The Spectator, Vol. LXXXVIII, 15th March 1902, p. 405.
Uncollected.

'Centurion':

'Audi Alteram Partem'

'Centurion' [Major Arthur Edward Mainwaring] :
'Audi Alteram Partem'

As I knelt by the ghastly, blood-stained clay
That had been my life-long friend,
When the sound of our chasing guns grew faint
And that red day neared its end:
There fell on my ears a mocking laugh,
Though my dimmed eyes none could see,
"Lord love you! what does it matter, lad,
If the Colonel is made C.B."

Oh! it's merry to see the homesteads burn
(When the war's in the enemy's land)
Where the white-bleached bones of the cattle mark
Our treks o'er the trackless sand.
Away with all thoughts of the racking pain
Such sights would seem to show:
"What does it matter who suffers so long
As the Captain's a D.S.O."

Poor trembling hands in our own dear homes
The papers tear apart,
Till at last the heartfelt sigh "Thank God"
Give's place to the broken heart.
And the next "Gazette" with its "glorious news"
Re-opens the aching scar.
"What does it matter? Some Second Lieutenant
Thereby will 'get his star.'"

Published in Ante-Room Ballads 1905.

T.W.H. Crosland:

'Slain: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."'

T.W.H. Crosland: 'Slain: "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori."'

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

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

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

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

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

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

. . . . . .

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

Published in The Outlook, Vol. IV, 11th November 1899, p. 469. The poem was frequently reprinted by Crosland, for example in The Absent-Minded Mule and Other Occasional Verses 1899, The Five Notions 1903, and as the final piece in both his First World War collections, War Poems By "X" 1916 and The Collected Poems of T.W.H. Crosland 1917. (Professor van Wyk Smith reproduces the text in Drummer Hodge 1978, pp. 113-4, commenting 'one likes to think that it might have been read by Wilfred Owen, with whose work the poem has much in common'.)