

John Telford, from Griffith Dell

NATIONAL SECULAR SOCIETY

Songs for the
Sons of God,

BY

GRIFFITH DELL.

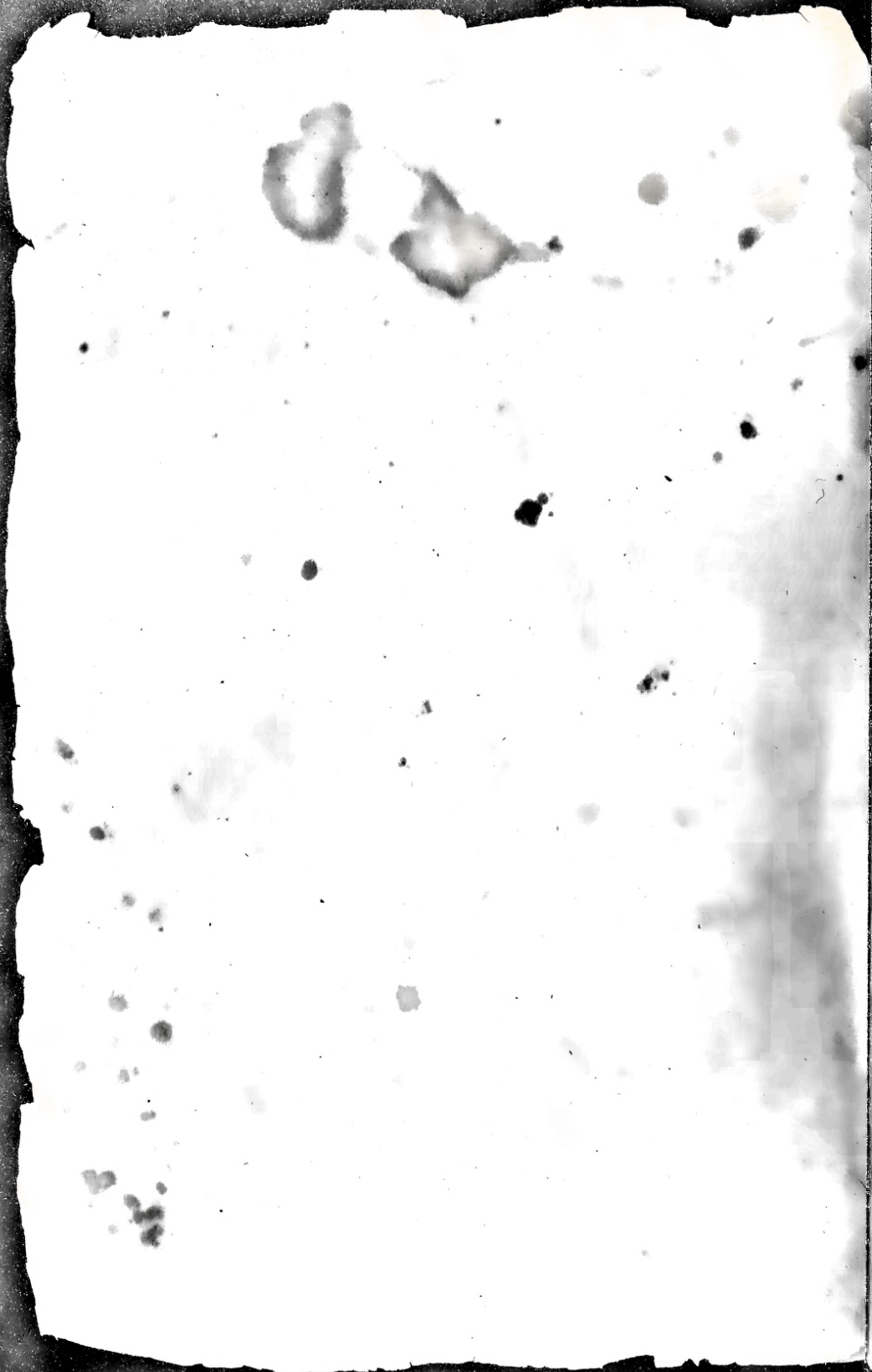


"We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers, O Pioneers!"—WALT WHITMAN.



MANCHESTER :

LABOUR PRESS SOCIETY LTD., 57 and 59, Tib Street.



B2381
N191

*To all those that are endeavouring to establish Democracy upon
the earth, these songs are lovingly dedicated.*

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PROEM.

I AM TIRED of the mellow music that steals from the
silver strings,
Of the lute of some plaintive lover who dreams of his love
and sings ;

I am weary of beautiful blending of colours that melt, and
seem
To weave a spell of enchantment, and sink on the soul like a
dream ;

I am sick of the lifeless loveliness spread on the poet's page,
I will sing of the love of brothers, the light of the dawning
age !

* * * * *

To the honour of those whose lips of fire spake Freedom and
Love in the past,
Who held the light and strove with power, and were gather'd
to death at the last,

This little voice : oh living, oh dead of the great reformer-
throng !
I lay my humble fruit at your feet, I bring you my tribute of
song.

For love of you and of them that follow the path that your
feet have trod,
For lovers of Man and of Liberty, these "Songs for the
Sons of God."

A SONG ON THE WAY.

ONWARD MARCH and raise the chorus,
Sons of God ;
Waves the flame-red banner o'er us,
Clear the light is shining for us,
Sons of God.

SONGS FOR THE SONS OF GOD.

Nothing dims that light divine,
 Sons of God ;
 Sing our Hope, all hearts combine
 Down the long advancing line,
 Sons of God.

Sing the glorious To Be,
 Sons of God ;
 Children of the dawn are we,
 Link'd in one Fraternity—
 Sons of God.

Linger not to look behind,
 Sons of God ;
 Heed not how the weak and blind
 Howl despair ; 'tis idle wind,
 Sons of God.

Onward through the twilight gray,
 Sons of God ;
 March abreast, think not to stay
 Till upon us breaks the Day,
 Sons of God.

Fear not Death with duty done,
 Sons of God ;
 On toward the rising sun,
 Onward till the goal is won,
 Sons of God.

 IN LONDON.

I STAND and open the gates
 Of a city of laughter and dole,
 Where the sounds of a striving roll
 Up to God, who pitying waits :
 And the city is but my soul,
 And the dwellers but loves and hates.

I.

Often on winter evenings,
 When the roadways reek with slime,
 And the streets are dark with rolling fog,
 And choking with filth and grime,

I pass along gleaming pavements
 To the poorer parts of the town,
 Where, under the struggling gas-lamps,
 The harlots go up and down :

Up and down in the twilight
 Like shadows they come and go,
 In and out of the blackness,
 Wearily to and fro.

And I see the hell in their faces
 Under the hideous paint ;
 And I lean against a hoarding
 Shuddering, sick, and faint.

“ Why cling to life ? ” I wonder,
 “ Better to sleep with the dead ” :
 But I know in a thousand garrets,
 Their children are waiting for bread.

And a fire burns up in my heart,
 And I wonder if God will forgive
 Our curséd social system
 That forces them sin to live.

* * * * *

Sisters of mine, as I stand
 Watching you walk the street,
 A dream of the future rises
 A vision fair and sweet ;

I see through this vile putrescence—
 This reeking “ Slough of Despond,”
 To the happy valleys that flower
 In the beautiful land beyond.

Sisters of mine, I see you
 Laugh through a sunny day ;
 Happy with them that love you,
 Watching your children play :

* * * * *

Mutely out of the shadows
 You cry, and sisters, we hear ;
 And the sons of God make answer—
Hope, for the morning is near !”

II.

On to the unknown deeps
 The foul black river rolls ;
 The heart of London sleeps
 With its millions of human souls.

* * * * *

She rests on the steps alone,
 Her face is haggard and drawn,
 Set as if turned to stone
 Rose-tinged by the breaking dawn.

Gaunt is her body, and thin,
 Not a flower of her former grace,
 But is withered by hunger and sin,
 And her face, ah God, her face !

Stamp'd with a fierce despair,
 Set like a chisell'd stone,
 White beneath whiten'd hair,
 Turned up to the great white throne.

Tho' her sorrowful life is done,
 And still'd is the faltering breath,
 No light of her soul has won
 To brighten her face of Death.

Yet perchance she speaks with the King
 Whose pitying head is bow'd,
 And the voice in her ear is whispering
 That cursed the rich and the proud.

("Blessed," said He, "are ye poor,
 Tho' earth bring you tribulation ;
 But woe unto you without Heaven's door,
 Receiving your consolation !")

* * * * *

You've taken her happiness life affords,
 Life, aye, and the love of living ;
If you only main'd her body, my lords,
We should be more forgiving !

So take her away and leave her, then,
 In the paupers' burial hole ;
 But God is hearkening now, rich men,
 To the cry of a wither'd soul!

* * * * *

She rests on the steps alone,
 Her face is haggard and drawn,
 Set, as if turned to stone,
 Rose-tinged by the breaking dawn.

While on to the unknown deeps
 The foul black river rolls ;
 The heart of London sleeps,
 With its millions of human souls.

III.

Primrose Knights and Dames,
 Gorgeous in evening dress ;
 Many well-known names
 Of fashion and loveliness :

Complacent clapping of hands,
 Rustling of silks, the while
 The Ruling Councillor stands,
 Provokes an applausive smile :

"Liberals," "England's Fate,"
 "Poor France and her Revolution,"
 "Aristocracy, Church and State,
 The Queen and The Constitution" :

Most respectable, all,
 Not a character (publicly) shady ;
 Councillor ends with a drawl,
 Asks for a speech from "my lady."

"My lady" is grey and stout,
 And titled, which takes beholders,
 But couldn't she come without
 Showing us all of her shoulders ?

She purrs like a fireside cat,
 And cooes like a great grey pigeon ;
 "Horwid Wadicals," laid out flat,
 Winds up with a bit of religion.

Follows a reverend dean—
 "Ladies and Gentlemen !"
 Till the band plays "God save the Queen !"
 Carriages, half-past ten.

"My lady" prepares to go
 Into the dreary street,

SONGS FOR THE SONS OF GOD.

Where the carriages wait in a row
In the thick of the driving sleet.

She waits by the big hall-door,
And sees thro' the bevelled glass
A group of the London poor
Who watch "the quality" pass.

"My lady's" eyebrows rise,
In disdain she lifts her dress,
And the look in "my lady's" eyes
Fills me with bitterness.

I'm wrong perhaps, but I mutter
(For her lofty snobbery hurts),
"From Truth, from the poor, and the gutter,
Curse you, pick up your skirts!

"Oh, you're so much better than they;
Those two girls standing together,
You see? one's hair is grey,
And one has a fringe and a feather:

"It's too much out of your way,
But you'd hear, if you cared to speak,
That they work twelve hours a day,
And they earn five shillings a week.

"I wonder what you'd think,
But believe I tell you true,
These girls from whom you shrink
Are more to be lov'd than you!"

* * * * *

God knows I've faults of my own,
But I swear that a love so great
Cannot reign in my heart alone,
Tho' I pray to stifle hate.

IV.

After twelve hours of labour,
At the end of the long hot day,
Turning his back upon London,
Homeward he makes his way.

Leaving behind the filth
 And the rotting sweater's den,
 He trudges from east to west
 Where live the richer men :

Turns thro' the great park gates,
 And his heart is lift by the sweet
 Sight of the trees overhead
 And the soft grass under his feet :

And a song breaks from his lips
 That dies to a moan of pain,
 As he dreams of the dreary toiling
 The dawning shall bring again :

Burns itself on his vision
 A picture of wan-faced men,
 Stunted and bending in darkness,
 And reek of a sweater's den :

"Oh, Father," he cries, "Oh, God,
 For a weapon, a song or a sword,
 To shatter this hellish injustice,
 That man of man should be lord :

"Toiling and toiling and toiling,
 Goaded by fierce despair
 Or dread of starvation, we make
 Clothes for our masters to wear :

"Oh for words of flame
 And lips of fire to speak,
 And tell how in 'Christian England'
 The strong are enslaving the weak."

People are coming and going,
 In a hurrying, loitering throng ;
 "Help me, O Father !" he murmurs,
 "To tell of the infamous wrong !"

* * * * *

High on an iron railing
 He stands, and is speaking clear
 To a sea of upturn'd faces
 That linger and wait to hear :

Hour after hour his voice
 Rings in the evening air,

SONGS FOR THE SONS OF GOD.

While the shadows of night steal on
And cover the sunset glare.

Not till his voice has failed
He ceases, and crowding, wait
The people that cheer and cry
In fear, and love, and hate :

Under the silent stars
Homeward he makes his way ;
" Father I thank Thee ! " he whispers,
" That gavest me strength this-day ! "

* * * * *

Brother, long past I remember,
On a far-away Syrian shore,
The cry of an eager Reformer—
Have I not known you before ?

 THE SONG OF THE BUILDERS.

WHILE WE BUILD in the wilderness,
Lift the song ;
For the song makes lighter the soul's distress,
More sweet our toil and our labour less,
And the night less long.

Light unborn from the morn afar
The light of Love,
(While our building that none may mar
Grows in the gleam of the dawning star)
Sing we of.

Not since God gave a course for the sun
When the world was new,
Was ever a work like ours begun,
Nor ever will work for men be done
As is ours to do.

For under our hands is a wonder born
A city of light ;
And a fair strong People, the children of morn,
Wearing a glory none other have worn,
Shall grow into sight.

Gladly let our sorrows be given
 That they have mirth ;
 They shall remember how we have striven,
 Toiling to fashion their new sweet heaven,
 Their sweet new earth.

When the great glad Dawn shall spread in the east
 Shall man be free !
 And the haughty shall be in the whole world least.
 And a poor man more than a king or priest
 In the time to be.

(Lo, at his post a comrade dead ;
 Sing low the song ;
 Shroud him close in the Flag of Red ;
 Sleeps he well in an honour'd bed,
 Well and long !)

Spare not the rotten and cumbering weeds,
 Let Truth's flame scorch
 Their rank fruit sprung from poisonous seeds ;
 Strike at the root, though the strong hand bleeds ;
 Axe and torch !

Build we, build in the wilderness,
 And watch and pray ;
 Surely the Dawn at the last shall bless
 Our labour, and glory no thought may guess,
 Proclaim the Day !

THE HOUR BEFORE DAYBREAK.

SPIRITS ARE SIGHING in shadow that long for the
 dawning of day,
 Hearts that hope against hope, eyes that see thro' the mist,
 See thro' the twilight of winter, the buds and the blossoms of
 May,
 See in the wilderness rise the beautiful kingdom of Christ.

Watch, my brothers and wait, tho' the night be darksome and
 drear,
 Surely the sun shall arise tho' the hour before daybreak
 be long ;

Denser and deeper the darkness and stillness when dawning
 is near,
 But the hush of the silence is fill'd with a promise of
 morning song.

Watch, sleep not, my brothers, tho' Death strike us down in
 the dark;
 Watch till the fingers of dawn sweep the shroud from the
 living dead,
 The night of Sin from the earth, when clear as the hymn of
 the lark,
 The song of the joyful world soars to the sky, overhead.

Watch, with your loins girt up, and your sandals bound on
 your feet,
 Ye know not the day nor the hour when the word shall
 come to the land;
 When Righteousness kisses sweet Peace, then Mercy and
 Truth shall meet;
 Watch, my brothers, and wait, *for the Day of the Lord is at
 hand!*

A LITANY.

SWEET LIBERTY, child of the highest,
 Whose face is most hid from our sight
 When the light of the dawning is nighest,
 Proclaiming the death of the night;
 Desired of all races and nations,
 From the dust of our heavy despair
 We utter our deep lamentations,
 Oh, hearken our prayer!

Thy throne is the light of the morning,
 Thy pinions what fetters can bind?
 Thy feet like the lightning are scorning
 The ways of the wings of the wind;
 Thy soul to the ocean thou givest
 That girdeth the great world's girth,
 In the heights or the deeps ever livest,
 Oh, hallow the earth!

Sweet mother, we tire of our toiling,
 Sharp sorrow we draw with our breath,
 The hands the tyrants are spoiling
 Life's light till the darkness of death;

We are watching and waiting and weeping
 Thro' the night till the shadows are flown,
 And rich men are robbing and reaping
 The seed we have sown.

How long will thy visage be hidden ?
 How long shall our prayer be in vain ?
 We starve at life's banquet, but bidden
 To drink of the dregs of its pain ;
 Our travail has tears for the guerdon,
 We shrink 'neath the scourge and the rod ;
 Oh lift thou the load and the burden,
 Thou daughter of God !

Sweet mother, their feet never falter,
 Their pathway with red blood runs,
 Their hands are defiling thine altar,
 That flames in the souls of thy sons ;
 Weak women grow weary with weeping,
 Our children have prayers in their eyes,
 Oh thou, if perchance thou art sleeping,
 Awake and arise !

By the love of our Christ, by his meekness,
 By the light of His life in our souls,
 By the woe of their strength and our weakness,
 By the Hand which the wide world controls ;
 By Thy kingdom that mortals call heaven,
 By the Day that shall end our despair,
 By thyself, God-bestow'd and God-given,
 Oh, hearken our prayer !

A VOICE FROM THE RANKS.

IS IT A LIE that we speak, or is it a truth we are telling,
 Women of leisure and ease, men of pleasure and gold ?
 Hearken again—your sisters, God's very own children are
 selling
 Their honour for leave to live, and their bodies are bought
 and sold
 For a little staying of hunger, a little shelter from cold :

Little dead children are lying with dead faces turn'd to the
 sky ;
 Man or woman of England, *we* murder them, thou and I ;

(All day long mine eyes are sear'd by those faces wither'd
and wan,
And their voices ring thro' my spirits' silences shrilling
"Thou art the man!")
Even as flowers untended, unheeded, unlov'd they fade,
When God requires their lives at our hands, how shall our
answer be made ?

Have not we held His gifts from them, and penn'd them in
reeking slums,
Where never a bud may blossom, where never a bird's song
comes ?
Where fast shut out are the winds that sweep from the
plains and the rolling sea,
And the sunlight is blotted by filth from the City of
Misery ;
The City that throbs as the heart of the world, with pain like
the pain of hell ;
Is it a lie we speak, or is it a truth we tell ?

Do you cry that the sin is not yours, that God made the
night and the day,
That sorrow or happiness wait on his word and hang on his
yea or nay,
That *He* made you rich and masters, and that ours it is to
obey ?
Do you cast us but bitter words for thanks and hate us for
what we say ?

Oh, if you only understood that the souls of those you scorn
Have ever a new-made sorrow for every child that is born ;
That we scan each face with its burden of pain, we see each
tear that starts,
That we know that the tramp of our feet keeps time to the
breaking of human hearts.

* * * * *

You know, but you care not to think of these things ; it is
easier far
To sit in your own little heavens, forgetting what hells there
are.

Forget it not overlong, or mayhap it shall come to pass,
When the People shall rise they shall be as fire, and the rich
but as wither'd grass :
We speak, and so it shall surely be if ye right not the
people's wrong ;
Night is wearing and Dawn is near, *forget it not overlong !*

A CALL TO ARMS.

LO YOU, the sign we have waited; the Day of the Lord!
 Who would be free? let him leave now his labour and
 take him a sword;
 Unfurl the banner of God and the People, and fling it abroad!

You that were patient and wrong'd, the hour of deliv'rance is
 come;
 Throng to our ranks in your millions from workshop and
 slum,
 Fall into line and march onward, keep time to the throb of
 the drum.

Long have we slaved for the rich, and starv'd at their nod;
 Now for the Commonweal work we, or sleep 'neath the sod:
 Life is ours? then for the People! Death? let us leave it to
 God!

TO THE CHURCH.

There is what may almost be called a march of the clergy towards
 our movement.—ANDREW REID, in "The New Party."

HARLOT GOLD-BOUGHT, that bearest the brand of
 the beast on thy brow,
 Thou whose corruption is hid by a splendour of purple and
 gold,
 What is this voice we hear, this penance that we behold?
 Hast lied thro' the ages long to turn to the truth but now?

What shall we say to thee? Can we forget that thy blood-
 stained hands
 Year upon year have stricken the mouth of the carpenter's
 son,
 Prating with hypocrite words of Peace and his kingdom
 begun
 Under thy rule, the while thou didst tighter fasten his bands?

Have not thy priests to the souls of men darken'd God's light,
 Crying, "Thro' us alone shall you be clean from your sin;
 We are the wardens of heaven's gate and the portals of
 hell, wherein
 Whomsoever we would we shut; hath He not given the
 right?"

Hast not thou, lifted thy coward voice for the plunderers of
 the poor,
 Taken the gold of the rich, yea covered thyself with their
 shame,
 Wrung blood from the brows of the helpless, calling God's
 name,
 Sent the hungry away, to the Pharisee open'd thy door ?

Batten'd then on the ghastly ruin thou helpedst to make,
 Blasting women and children and men, mind and body and
 soul,
 Back unto them thou hast robb'd, dealing a beggarly dole,
 Grudgingly giving scant clothing and food, canting "for
 charity's sake."

When hath thine arm been lift on our side to strike for the
 weak,
 With the strength of brotherly love thy Master raised
 against wrong ?
Thy help has been but for the rich and thy strength for the
 strong,
 And when men cried, "A change for God's sake," thy voice
 was the last to speak.

Is it a truth that thou sayest "I know I have sinn'd,
 Crucified Christ in His People, and hidden His light ;
 Lo, I am penitent, give me, O brothers, by your side to fight
 And work out atonement!" Oh liar of years are thy words
 but as wind ?

Or art thou but turning to us for thy safety, seeing that men
 Are weary of Mammon and Moloch set up for their prayers,
 And burn for the Christ of the poor ; are thy tears and
 despairs,
 Thy resolves but assumed for thine egotist purposes then ?

Were it but so, O God for a curse that should light on thine
 head !
 Yet ages ago, ere thy children were pampered by power
 and by gold,
 And the fire of Christ's love was hid by the reek, they were
 noble and bold,
 When, martyr'd by flame and by sword, they fought for their
 faith and bled.

If but *that* spirit be thine, then we give God' thanks ;
 Take thou our answer—"Cast from thee the power of *this*
 world,

In meekness and poverty fight till the banner of Freedom is
 furl'd ;
 Back to thy pureness, Oh Church, and gather thy sons in our
 ranks !”

VIVE LA REINE !

RRAISE the Queen till she waves on high,
 Like a flame of fire o'erhead,
 Leading us on to victory,
 The grand old Flag of Red !

She is worn and scarr'd with many a fight,
 She is dark and stern of mien ;
 She wavers never, but points to Right,
 Cheer for our leader—queen !

Friends, do you call to mind the time
 When we made the tyrants kneel,
 And our Queen stood, blackened with smoke and grime
 On the walls of the grey Bastille ?

Or the day when she waved us and grandly led
 Thro' the gleam of the bayonet-blades,
 When our rifles flash'd out white and red
 On the Commune barricades ?

Listen and hear as we march along
 And our red Queen swings and sways,
 How she echoes our loud triumphant song,
 The roll of the Marseillaise.

Raise the Queen till she waves on high
 Like a flame of fire o'erhead ;
 Leading us on to victory,
 The grand old Flag of Red !

CILFYNIDD,

JUNE 23RD, 1894.*

ALL DAY LONG my soul is ringing with a sound of
 women weeping,
 Broken-hearted women wailing for the dead and for the dying
 Seeking rest :

* The place and time of one of the most appalling colliery explosions
 of modern times.

Bitterly with praying, sighing,
 Ward and watch are women keeping
 Over noble spirits sleeping,
 While the scythe of Death goes reaping,
 And the voice of God is crying—
 “It is best!”

And the sound of wailing passes, and I see a long procession,
 Dark, and seeming never ending, the long hillside slow
 descending

To the grave :
 To the churchyard are they wending,
 While the prayer for intercession
 From the lowly figures bending
 By the wayside—wives and daughters
 To the prayers their voices lending—
 Mingles with a solemn chanting—
 “Through the deep and mighty waters,
 Lead and save!”

It is finished : all are resting in the dust that gave them birth,
 Many a father, lover, brother, in the bosom of their mother
 'Neath the sod ;

Peace at last has reach'd the weary, but the mourners left on
 earth,

As they weep with one another,
 Who shall comfort all the sorrow
 With the thoughts of bitter dearth
 Coming with each joyless morrow,
 Who shall give what Love is worth ?
 Death and—God !

LITANY OF THE PEOPLE.

COMMUNIST, LABOURER, son of the carpenter,
 comrade most dear,
 That liv'st with the unforgotten, we call to thee, having no
 fear ;
 Jesus, thou lover and hope of Democracy, hear.

Others there be that make heavy their nights and their days
 With swinging of censer, and chanting of praying and praise ;
 That gird thee with kingship and give to thine hand but a
 sword that slays :

They throne thee on lightning, they deck thee with purple
and gold,
They take thy name to themselves, thy blessings are bartered
and sold,
They thrall little children thou lovedst and tendedst of old :

Yet hear thou our voices ; we seek not the court of a king,
But rather a son of the people, whose teaching could bring
Shame on the rich and a scorn on the priests throughout ages
to cling.

Would that the earth once more were sweet with the fall of
thy feet ;
That thy hand once more might cleanse God's house of the
seekers for gain ;
Would that the poor and the high-soul'd, thronging to greet
Thy beautiful presence, might once more behold thee again !

Bitter our portion is, bitter and sorrowful ; hidden the Sun :
Long is the night ; speak thou if our labour begun
Shall end in a heav'n on the earth, where the will of our
Father is done.

Are we not doing thy work ? is not the hope of our cry—
“ Equality, Liberty, Brotherhood,” high as thy teaching is
high ?
Are we not following thee when we tell forth the truth and
die ?

Give us thy courage to fearlessly speak that we know,
Give us thy patience to suffer the ruffian blow,
Give us thy pitiful heart toward them that are burden'd with
woe :

Give us thy faith in the ultimate triumph of good,
Let thy forgiveness be ours when *we* stretch forth our hands
on the rood,
Set our feet firm in the tracks where thine own feet have
stood :

Abject we pray not : we ask of thee comradeship, aid ;
Art thou more holy than we ? nay, we love thee and are not
afraid ;
“ Ask, and behold it is given you : ” so hast thou said.

Take thou the love of the People, and hear thou them, surely
 anear
 Thy spirit doth hover wherever a prayer or a tear
 Springs from a heart ; oh brother, most blessed, most dear,
 Jesus, our comrade and hope of Democracy, hear.

TO THE EMPEROR WILLIAM II. OF
 GERMANY.

CROWN'D AND THRON'D IMPOTENCE, take thou
 our scorn ;
 For our defiance we nor honour thee,
 Nor enough heed thee ; canst thou check the morn ?
 Command the golden sunset not to be ?
 Or canst thou still the turmoil of the sea ?
 Or is to thine imperial vision torn
 The clouds that veil the dim futurity,
 That thou should'st deem *thy* power effete, out-worn,
 Could stay the sunburst of Democracy ?

For thy Kingship doth pass
 With all pride that commands ;
 In Destiny's glass,
 Run out are thy sands ;
 And an army of men wait a sign, with their sharp swords
 drawn in their hands :

Gather thine hirelings about thee and bribe them with rank
 and with gold,
 Set them like hounds on the helpless, and frame thine
 infamous laws,
 Dungeon the children of Freedom with fetters and tortures
 untold,
 Yea, slay them all and I tell thee—*thou hast not injured our
 cause !*

Thou that dost cover thy kingship with God's holy name,
 Look on the sunrise and tremble, for brief as a thought is
 thy term ;
 Shrink in thy raiment of purple, yea cower in thy garment of
 shame,
 Thy throne is but mouldering ruin, thy glory but food for
 the worm !

Strut in thy little authority, rule, thou pitiful thing,
 Shake thy thralls with thy thunders, we hear but a child
 that cries
 For a gilded toy that is broken ; oh, vanishing kingdom and
 king,
 The east is red for a token, the sun is about to rise !

And the multitudes hail
 The new life that is born ;
 And the innermost veil
 Of thy temple is torn,
 Oh prince, without slave or dominion, then take thou our pity
 and scorn !

VOX CLAMANTIUM.

THERE IS LIGHT, and a dream that dies ;
 Love's light for the glad sweet years ;
 And men have a light in their eyes,
 And the ring of a song in their ears ;
 As the flame of the lightning is hurl'd,
 A sound that is shaped as a sword
 Goes out thro' the width of the world,—
 " Prepare ye the way of the Lord ! "

There is tramping of myriad feet
 Thro' the mist and the gathering light,
 And voices of men that meet
 Strong-handed for friendship or fight :
 They throng to the gates of the sun,
 Crying with one accord,—
 " The kingship of Love hath begun,
 Prepare ye the way of the Lord ! "

" For the time of our sleeping is past,
 And the chains that give Liberty birth
 He breaketh, and reigneth at last
 In the spirits of men upon earth ;
 Our work shall be sweet with his name,
 And the toil without hope we abhorr'd
 Shall vanish as flax in the flame,
 Prepare ye the way of the Lord ! "

Brothers, 'tis good to be born
 Now, when the passing of night
 Heralds the breaking of morn,
 Gives us a promise of light ;
 For the voice of a multitude rolls,
 Singing the hope we have stor'd
 Like a gem deep-set in our souls,
 " The advent at last of the Lord ! "

IN MEMORIAM.

ONE MORE SONG that glow'd with Freedom's fire
 Death has silenced ; one more heart that thrill'd
 With pity for the weak, and high desire,
 Death has still'd.

Oh, to die her death, whose footsteps keeping
 The eastward path, sought the unrisen sun !
 Peace be hers and rest, and sweetest sleeping
 Nobly won.

Death will greet her kindly, and enfold her
 Safe from life that gave but bitter thanks ;
 Once more, comrades, shoulder meeting shoulder,
 Close the ranks

I T A L Y.

A WAKE THOU that sleepest, and rise
 With fire in thine eyes,
 For the love of Love and of Freedom, yea for thy children's
 sake ;
 Lift up thine head
 To the prayer of the living and dead,
 Ere tighter thy fetters be fastened,
 Awake and awake !

Mother of men that were mighty when Europe was young,
 Thou whose tender breast to the sons of the war-god gave
 home,
 Star in the world's bright brow, what song ever sung
 Shall tell of thy fulness of glory, whose daughter was Rome?

Mother-heart, have we not pitied thee bearing the fire
 Of the sword-thrust of sorrow, what time the sleek
 hypocrite priest
 Wrung blood from thy poor, and was fed to his fullest desire,
 And gather'd his liars to glut at his fearsome feast,
 And fetter'd with chains of steel them that were fain to aspire.

Mother of Raphael, mother of Agnolo, mother of him
 To whom the portals of Paradise parted, and gave
 Song that was sweet as Spring when the world was dim
 With a twilight no lips but the golden lips of a poet could
 save
 From gloom like the night of the grave;

Mother of loveliness, springing to God thro' the weeds, that
 the lies
 Of the priests made grow with a reek that strangled the
 light of the sun,
 Sweep dreams and tears from thine eyes!
 Gird thee for fighting, nor stay thine hand till all shall be
 done,
 And the battle won,
 Arise, thou that sleepest, arise!

We watch thee with weeping Italia, over the seas,
 From our wave-bound isle that stirs in her slumber at last,
 And the sound of our voices rings loud over meadows and
 mountains and leas
 Crying thee, "Wake, that thine ears may be open when
 twilight is past,
 And the spirit of Europe sees
 Her sons leap up in the morning light at the peal of the
 trumpet-blast."

Where are thy children that lifted their eyes toward day?
 Where thy belovèd Mazzini? gather'd to dust indeed?
 Hath not the seed
 That he planted and water'd with tears made steadfast its
 way

To rejoice in the great red ray
 Of Liberty's sun on the edge of the earth nor priest nor
 monarch shall stay,
 Nor the blackness of hell make dark, that shall shine on
 slaves gladden'd and freed ?

Over the seas we are crying, "Awake from thy trance!
 Lo, how the armies of men that shall sleep not till Freedom
 be gain'd,
 Lift banners and arms and advance ;
 Slowly, invincibly, shoulder to shoulder, Germany, England
 and France,
 Gather and greet 'mid a trampling of feet under our flag
 blood-stain'd."

Italy lying in chains twin-forged by priest and by king,
 Bound by the hand of the statesman, and stricken sore by
 his slaves,
 Rise, and thy fetters shall fall, and the dreams and the
 doubtings that cling
 About thy spirit shall get to the darkness and gloom of
 their graves.

Rise, with thine hand on the standard shining, unfurl'd
 Flame red, with the emblem of dawn that shall tell thy
 desire
 For freedom and Love fraternal, what but the hope of the
 world ?
 Speak, and behold at the sound of thy words shall the souls
 of men break into fire !

Who shall hinder thee then when thou standest ready to
 answer thy foes
 With words for words, or loving for loving, or steel for the
 flame of steel ?
 Stretch forth thine hand and none shall withstand, but
 back from thy splendour reel,
 Till striving be o'er and the victory thine, and the desert
 abloom like a rose.

Awake thou that sleepest, and rise,
 With fire in thine eyes,
 For the love of Love and of Freedom, yea, for the children's
 sake ;

Lift up thine head
 To the prayers of the living and dead,
 Ere tighter thy fetters be fasten'd, awake and awake !

IN THAT DAY.

DAWN ON THE WORLD, my brothers, and afar
 One great glad shout from earth to heav'n is hurl'd
 To greet the message of the morning star,
 Dawn on the world !

Birth of the New from darkness of the Old ;
 The Wrong gives place to Right, the False to True ;
 The long night wanes in glory, and behold,
 Birth of the New !

Light of the Past He of the cross did show,
 And His sweet brotherhood of First and Last
 Revealed, shall on the golden future throw
 Light of the Past.

Labour and Love, link'd in one mortal heart,
 Lift the earth Godward ; neither to Him can move
 Work loveless nor Love workless ; ne'er can part
 Labour and Love.

Darkness and Sin fade as the golden gates
 Rend, and the King of glory enters in ;
 Dead at Love's feet, His feet, the power that mates
 Darkness and Sin.

Dawn on the word, and high above there floats
 The Banner of the Sunrise, grand, unfurled ;
 While triumph-hymns proclaim from myriad throats
 "Dawn on the world !"

E P O D E.

WHILE THE POOR CALLS the richer ^{his} ~~their~~ lord,
 And the liar is chief in the land ;
 And the fruit of men's toiling is stor'd
 By a prince's adulterous hand ;

While dying than living is dearer,
And the strong are despoiling the weak,
Oh, God, make my singing the clearer,
And help thou my spirit to speak ;
Grant courage unstay'd and unshaken,
And strengthen mine arm for the strife ;
To fight for the poor and forsaken
Give me but life !

When the head of the haughty is humbled,
And the meek is uplift to his throne ;
When the pow'r of the tyrant has crumbled,
And Brotherhood reigneth alone ;
When Peace, with her far-stretching pinion,
Shall shadow the night and the day,
When the poor man shall have the dominion,
And the rich is sent empty away ;
When Freedom shall smile through her weeping,
And the New Life dawn red in the sky,
Oh God, then is time for a sleeping,
Give me to die !