

TO THEM THAT MOURN

(W.E.G., May 1898)

Lift up your heads: in life, in death, God knoweth his head was high. Quit
we the coward's broken breath Who watched a strong man die.

If we must say, 'No more his peer Cometh; the flag is furled.' Stand not too
near him, lest he hear That slander on the world.

The good green earth he loved and trod Is still, with many a scar, Writ in
the chronicles of God, A giant-bearing star.

He fell: but Britain's banner swings Above his sunken crown. Black death
shall have his toll of kings Before that cross goes down.

Once more shall move with mighty things His house of ancient tale, Where
kings whose hands were kissed of kings Went in: and came out pale.

O young ones of a darker day, In art's wan colours clad, Whose very love
and hate are grey-- Whose very sin is sad.

Pass on: one agony long-drawn Was merrier than your mirth, When hand-
in-hand came death and dawn, And spring was on the earth.