

MOTHER AND SONS

(Cambridge, Easter Term, 1915)

WE who have loved thee in days long over,
Mistress immortal and Queen of our hearts ;
With the passionate strength of a youthful lover,
Take, ere for ever the glow departs,
Ere the flaming glead of our heart's devotion
Flicker and fail as the night blows chill,
The homage that stirs no mock emotion
'Tis thine, our Mother, to claim it still.

Dear to remember, the high June weather!
(Soft thro' the shadows the boat glides on),
Rich are the dreams we have gathered together
From the long hours of rapturous sun:
Tho' now with echoes of warfare sounding,
Thy groves remember the cries of old ;
And still, with their distant peace surrounding,
Thy sons to thy bosom those arms enfold.

Then whether the sharp death face us daily,
Thy youthful warriors lov'd of thee,
Thy tow'rs and palaces smiling gaily,
In vision, our wishful eyes may see:
For all the hours of life and pleasure,
For all the beauty by thee made known,
We pay thee in no stinted measure,
But gladly lay our young lives down.

RESURGIT

THEY said that strength had passed from off the earth
 With the last blazon of dead Chivalry;
 That Faith had dipped its lance to Revelry,
And God been banished to the strains of mirth.
I think not that the blood of them that die
 Lifts to the stars an empty sacrifice,
 That prayers but batter a closed Paradise,
That heaven can answer not the hearts that cry
Upward for comfort; clearer now there ring
 The song of faith triumphant over death,
 The sound of praises thro' a mist of tears:
And not in vain they make their offering
 Who, spent and shattered, clutch their dying breath;
 Behold, the Son of Manhood reappears!

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Donald F. Goold Johnson
Excerpt
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SPRING, 1915

Look long on the last lilac ere it fade;
 So soon it dies; and when it flowers again
Thy body in the still earth will be laid,
 Asleep to memory, and numb to pain;
Deaf to earth's music; and for thee no more
 The crocus-shower'd laburnum shall awake,
 And to the dawn its dancing tresses shake—
Tresses more radiant than Apollo wore.
Next year these shall renew their youth, but thou
 No more may'st look upon the bursting flow'rs,
 Nor daze thy senses with the breaths of Spring:
 Silent thou'lt lie throughout the endless hours;
 And all the pangs of earth's awakening
Shall not uncalm the stillness of thy brow.

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RUPERT BROOKE

O WHAT fair death could greet him fairer yet
Than to be gathered where the sweet sea smiles
Lapping so tenderly the Grecian isles?—
Too sad for speech: too beauteous for regret—
His mother, England, shall not soon forget
Her youngest singer, lovely as the sea:
Within the glades of her deep memory
His name, his love, his glory she shall set.
The flowers are waking in her quiet fields,
The woods are robing for their festival,
By hedge and stream again the dear birds sing:
And all the beauty that the fresh earth yields,
And all the springtime's maiden coronal.
Shall be to him a silent offering.

JUSTITIA VICTRIX

‘England shall ne’er be poor if England strive
 Rather by virtue than by wealth to thrive.’

DEKKER’S *Old Fortunatus*, v. 2.

‘SEE how my brave English fight!’
 So our last Stuart spake, that day
 When on the battle’s issue lay
 His claim to rule of sacred right.

Yea, tho’ he faced an English foe
 Whose gain would mean a fallen crown,
 Not this might keep the triumph down,
 Nor could his blood its pride forgo.

Two hundred years have passed anon
 Since in Saint Germain’s gloomy pile,
 ’Mid empty pomp of royal style,
 His soul unto its King is gone.

To-day those hostile banners fly
 Blown by one breeze and side by side,
 One common purpose flames the pride
 For which their warriors strike and die.

And still the claim of heavenly right
 Flaunts o’er the armies of their foe,
 To cover up a traitor’s blow,
 To mask the wounds of hell’s despite.

We mock not thus the Lord of Hosts,
 Make Him a vassal to our praise,
 Nor echo in earth's stricken ways
Demonic taunts and godless boasts.

Not thus self-satisfied we stand
 To face the lords of lust and blood,
 But as in ancient days we stood
With Freedom's banner in our hand.

Strong in the panoply of Truth
 With iron will we take the field,
 Justice our Captain, Faith the Shield
Girding the flower of Britain's youth.

On Belgian fields the slaughter'd dead
 Cry out with louder voices now
 That their dear land shall never bow
To Tyranny her laurell'd head.

Low lie the victims on the plain,
 And smoulder'd cities echo still
 Their tale of woe from hill to hill:
No hand can e'er restore again.

Their mighty works of skill and grace—
 Tow'rs, halls and temples which the dead
 Had reared, and Time had garlanded
With beauty none can now replace.

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March! march! brave comrades, march again!
Strike still to crush the vandal horde,
Till Justice bid you sheathe the sword,
And Victory stay your blood and pain.

Till beautiful the flow'rs of peace
Break from their buds so long up-seal'd,
Till Truth shall triumph in the field,
And all the red contention cease.

And they whose bones for ever lie
Deep in that earth whose face grew red
With the brave blood these heroes shed—
Can human hearts more nobly die?

Praise is no idle gift, the praise
Of lands and races that their might
Frees from the menace and the blight
Of feckless woes and servile days.

Their glorious names shall be adored;
Great was their love and great their worth;
Their fame shall purify the earth,
And Honour be their dear reward.

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CHARLES LAMB

THERE are who win on tented fields the prize
Of glory, and achieve a moon of fame:
By fearless deeds these consecrate a name,
Gaining an added grace in Beauty's eyes.
And some there are for whom stern duty lies
In paths obscure, lit by no perilous flame;
Whose simple worth no plauding lips proclaim,
Nor voice of after ages glorifies.
Thy path was humble, and thy load of care
No fancied burden lightly to appraise;
Yet while Fame lives thy memory shall remain!
Rich was thy store of wit and genius rare,
And great shall be the harvest of the days
Ere kindlier heart than thine can beat again.

VICTOR VICTIMA

O SOV'REIGN Body broken on the tree,
Mine is the traitor kiss that hangs Thee there:
Yea, and the garden of Thy pale despair
My heart's Gethsemane,

That garden where, upon the darkling sward
Drunk with the greed of hell, the wage of death,
Stealing upon Thee, with her treacherous breath
My soul betrays her Lord.

Lo! mine the anguish of Thy piercéd side,
My malice is that spear that woundeth Thee;
Yet for Thy recreant lover, Lord, for me,
In silence Thou hast died.

Still move Thy gentle lips to love and rue,
While round Thee mock the children of Thy pain,
'Forgive them, Father, for their hearts' disdain,
They know not what they do.'

Breathe now, dear Jesus, as Thy darkness falls
The peace no terrors quench, no pains dismay;
Bring me, all-crucified, with Thee to-day
Into Thy Father's halls.

ADVENT SONG

Jesu! sweet Fruit of that glad Tree
That God Himself did bless
With heavenly pure caress,
When Gabriel hailed with high decree
Our Lady full of grace,
Whose stainless heart Thyself didst fill;
Smile with Thy childish face
Free us from all peril.

Make Thou our hearts so to increase
In lowly purity,
That ever they may flee
The things that are not of Thy peace;
But Thou our spirits sway
With Thy dear love that may control,
Each hour of night or day,
Our wantonness of soul.

Guard us, dear Saviour, with Thy hand
That piercéd was for us;
So, led and fostered thus,
We find at last Thy pleasant land,
Where, purged and purified,
We too may dwell within Thy bow'rs
With all the sanctified
Thro' the eternal hours.