

**A SELECTION OF POEMS  
FROM RECENT VOLUMES  
PUBLISHED BY SIDGWICK  
& JACKSON, LTD**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649758920

A selection of poems from recent volumes published by Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd by Sidgwick & Jackson

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**SIDGWICK & JACKSON**

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& JACKSON, LTD**



*A. Wyatt.*

A Selection of Poems  
from recent volumes published  
by Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.



*Second Impression*

PR  
1175  
S44  
1916  
SMR

London: 3 Adam Street, Adelphi, W.C.

## PUBLISHERS' NOTE

THE poems in this little Anthology-Catalogue have been chosen, with the approval of the authors, from volumes which we have been privileged to publish : with two exceptions, from volumes issued since the outbreak of the War.

By consent of the authors, any profit arising from the sale of this book will be given to public charities.

SIDGWICK & JACKSON, LTD.

*October, 1916.*

“Sidgwick and Jackson’s name on a volume of poetry is nearly always a guarantee of its quality.”—*Bookman.*

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*Daily News.*

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## Herbert Asquith

### *The Fallen Subaltern.*

THE starshells float above, the bayonets glisten ;  
We bear our fallen friend without a sound ;  
Below the waiting legions lie and listen  
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

Wound in the flag of England, here we lay him ;  
The guns will flash and thunder o'er the grave ;  
What other winding sheet should now array him,  
What other music should salute the brave ?

As goes the Sun-god in his chariot glorious,  
When all his golden banners are unfurled,  
So goes the soldier, fallen but victorious,  
And leaves behind a twilight in the world.

And those, who come this way in days hereafter,  
Will know that here a boy for England fell,  
Who looked at danger with the eyes of laughter,  
And on the charge his days were ended well.

One last salute ; the bayonets clash and glisten ;  
With arms reversed we go without a sound :  
One more has joined the men who lie and listen  
To us, who march upon their burial-ground.

*From The Volunteer and other Poems.*  
(1915. 1s. net.)

## Rupert Brooke

### *The Hill.*

BREATHLESS, we flung us on the windy hill,  
Laughed in the sun, and kissed the lovely grass.  
You said, "Through glory and ecstasy we pass;  
Wind, sun, and earth remain, the birds sing still,  
When we are old, are old. . . ." "And when we die  
All's over that is ours; and life burns on  
Through other lovers, other lips," said I,  
—"Heart of my heart, our heaven is now, is won!"

"We are Earth's best, that learnt her lesson here.  
Life is our cry. We have kept the faith!" we said;  
"We shall go down with unreluctant tread  
Rose-crowned into the darkness!" . . . Proud we were,  
And laughed, that had such brave true things to say,  
—And then you suddenly cried, and turned away.

*From Poems (first published December, 1911.  
Fifteenth Impression, October, 1916.  
2s. 6d. net.)*

## Rupert Brooke

### *The Dead.*

*Sonnet IV of "1914."*

THESE hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colours of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;  
Felt the quick stir of wonder; sat alone;  
Touched flowers and furs and cheeks. All this is ended.

There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

*From 1914 and other Poems. (First published July, 1915. Sixteenth Impression, November, 1916. 2s. 6d. net.)*