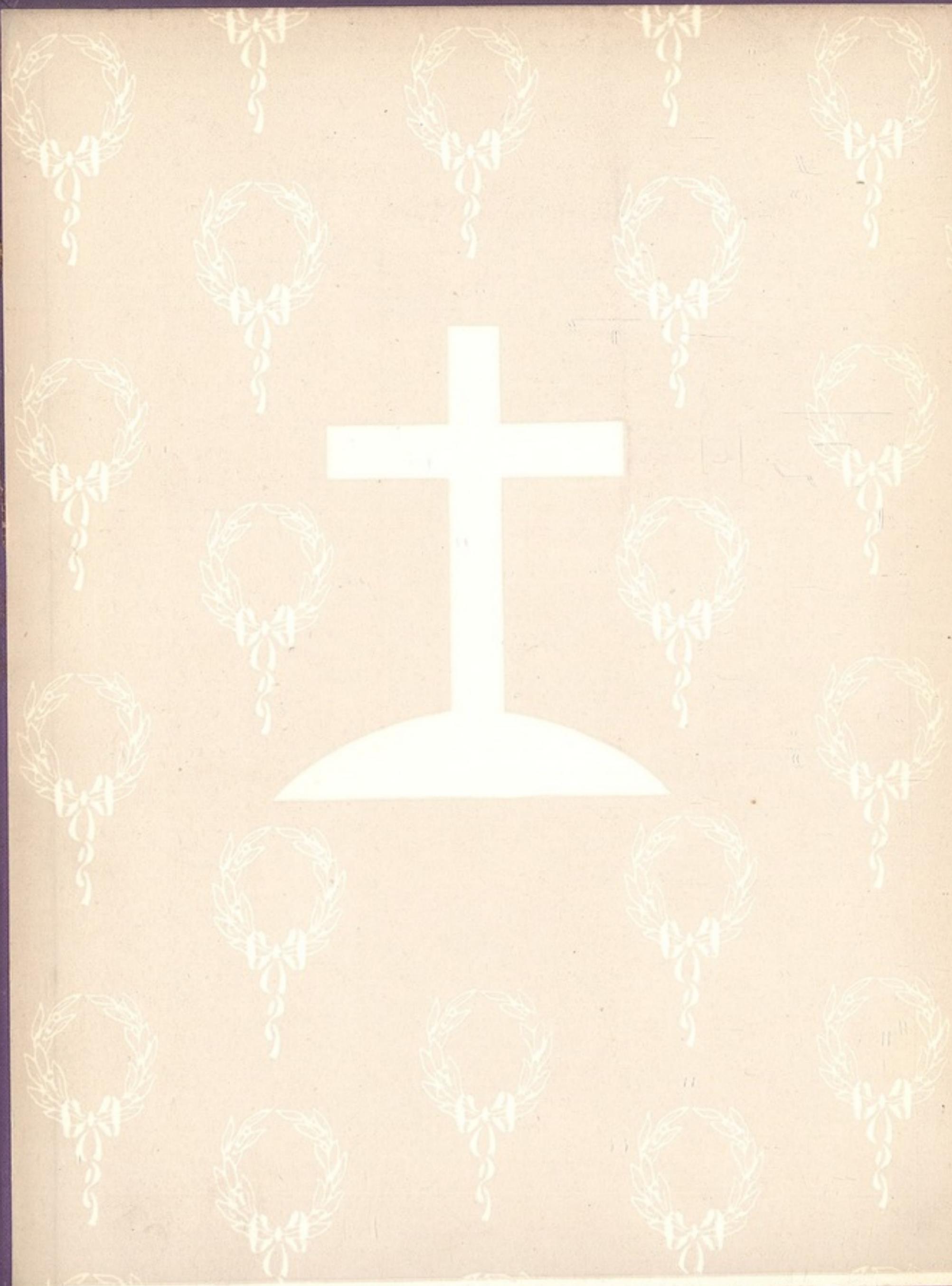
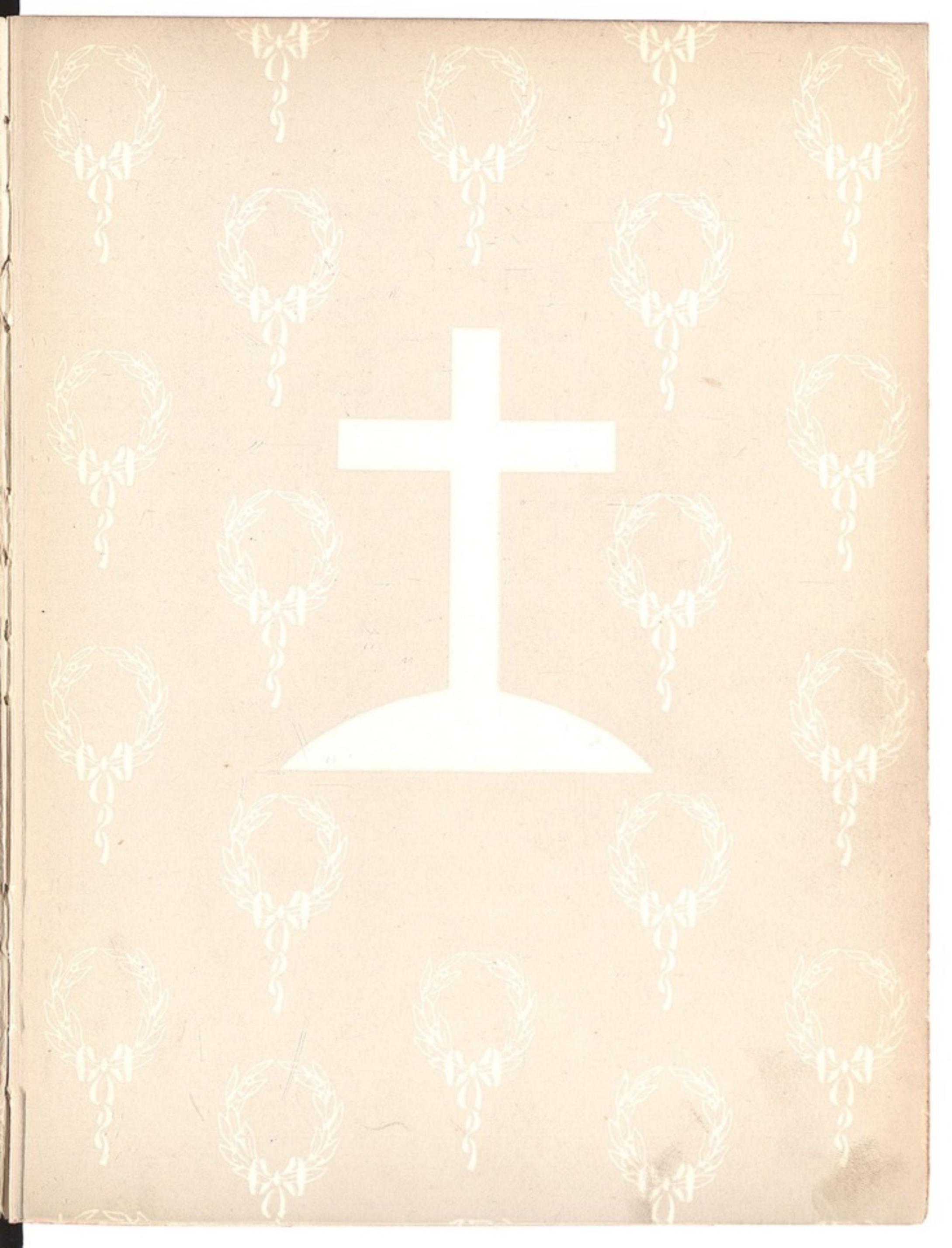
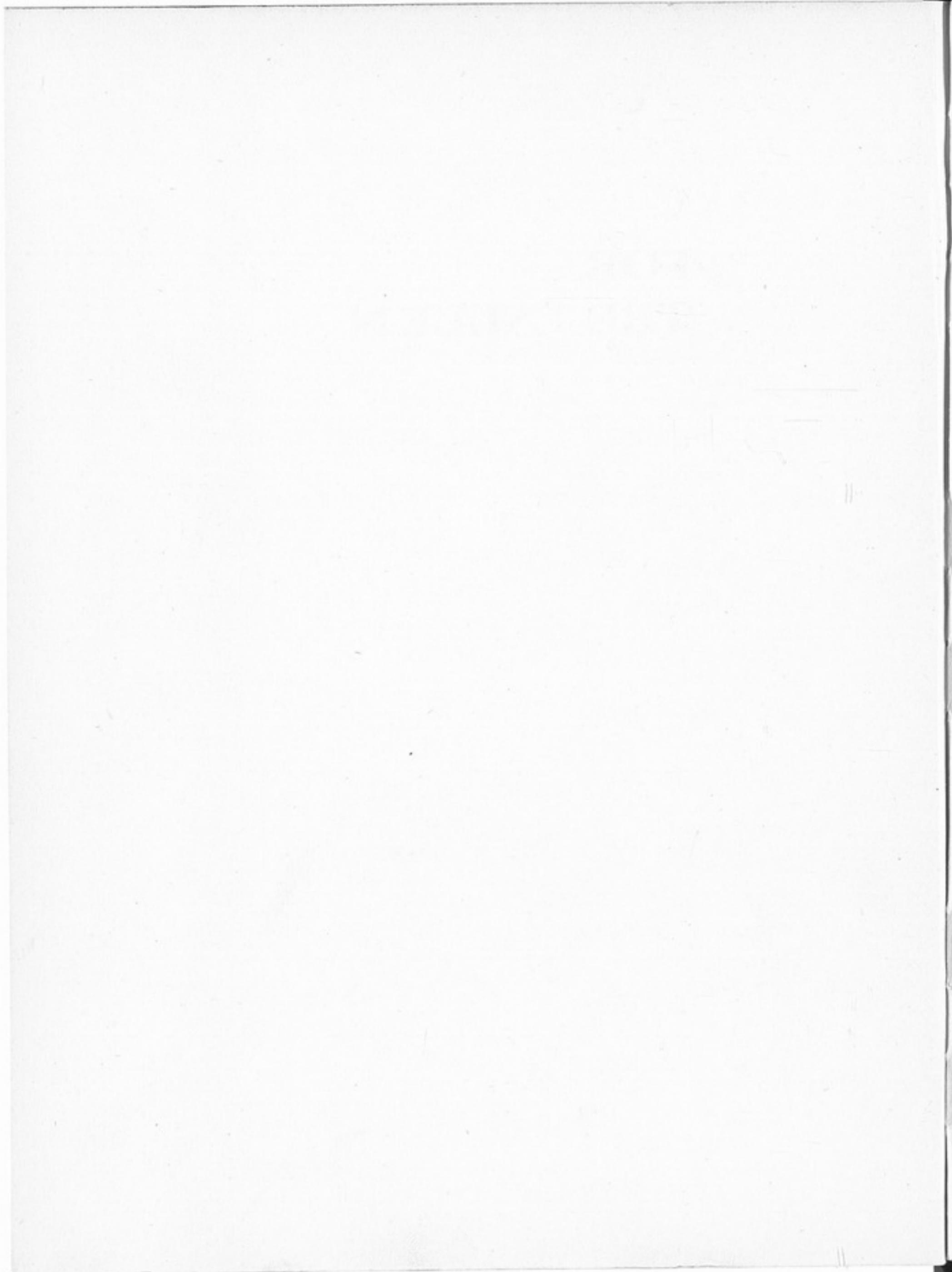


FOR THE
FALLEN

LAURENCE
BINYON

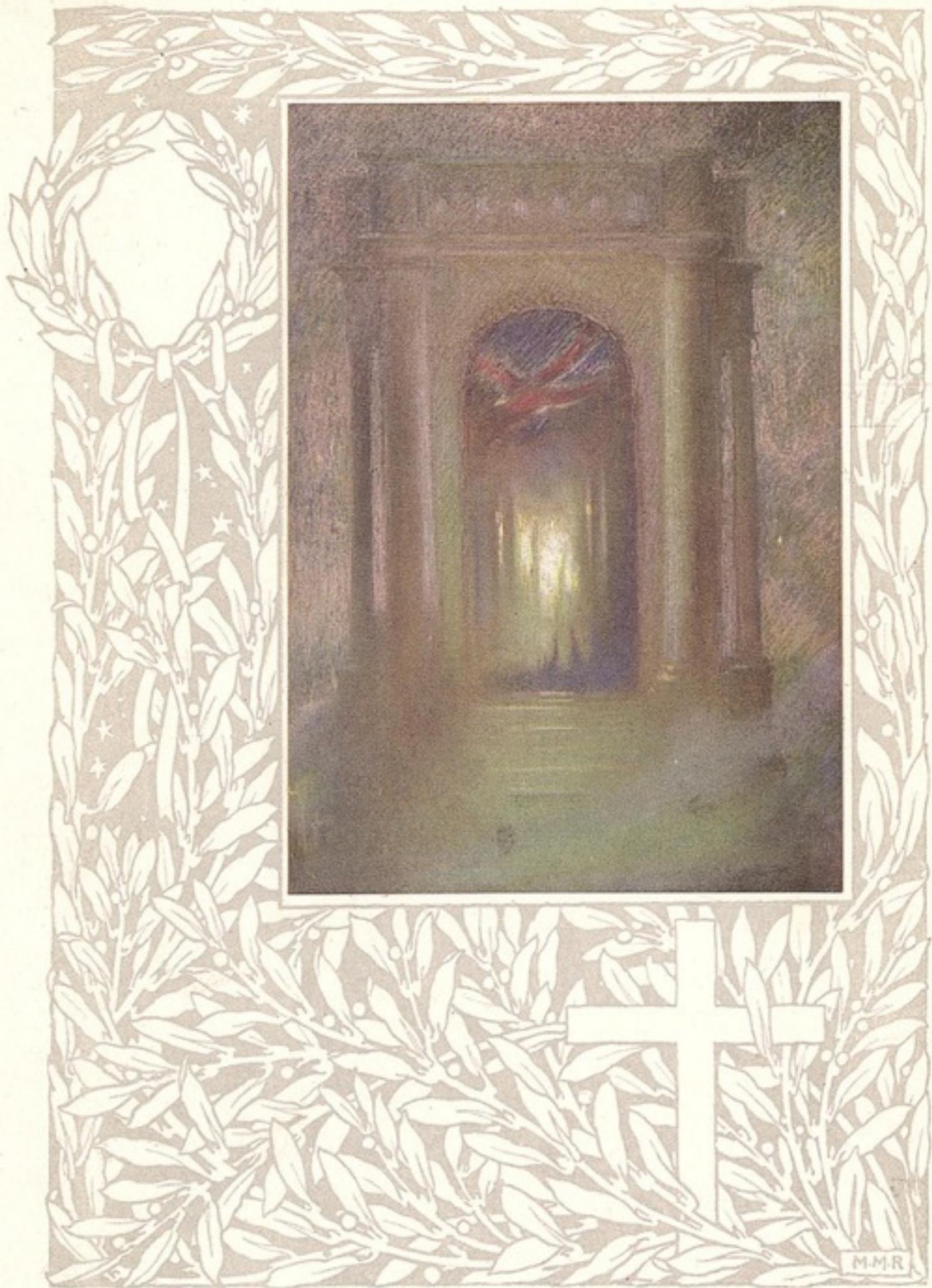






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**FOR THE FALLEN
AND OTHER POEMS -- BY
LAURENCE BINYON**



“England mourns for her dead
across the sea.”

FOR THE FALLEN
AND OTHER POEMS — — BY
LAURENCE BINYON
HODDER & STOUGHTON · LONDON





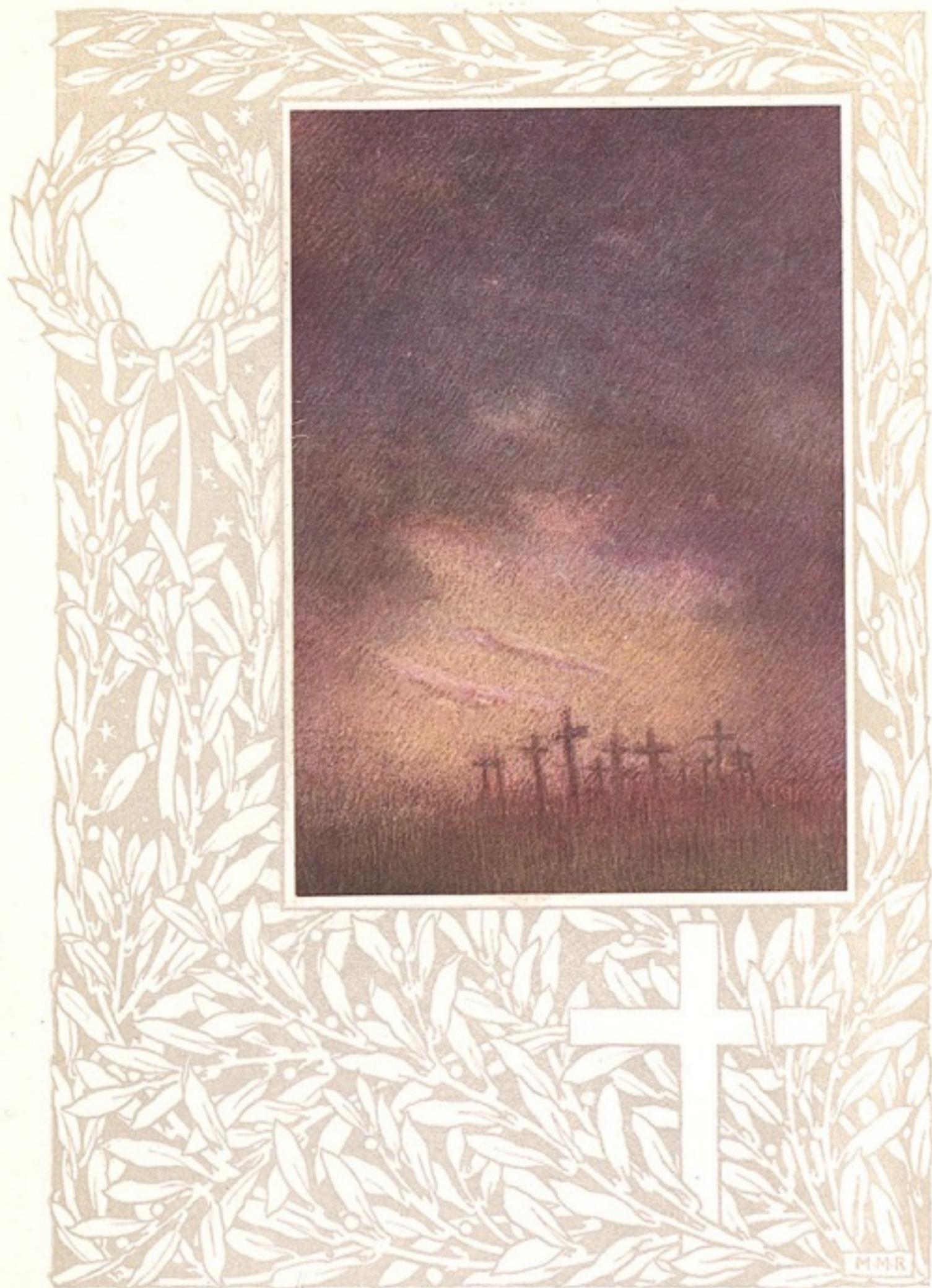
Contents :-

For the Fallen,
The Fourth of August,
To Women .

**FOR
THE FALLEN**



**“They shall grow not old, as we that
are left grow old.”**



For the Fallen



With proud thanksgiving,
a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across
the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit
of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

For the Fallen

2
Solemn the drums thrill : Death august
and royal

Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

For the Fallen

They went with songs to the battle,
they were young,

Straight of limb, true of eye, steady
and aglow.

They were staunch to the end against
odds uncounted,

They fell with their faces to the foe.

For the Fallen

They shall grow not old, as we that are
left grow old:

Age shall not weary them, nor the
years condemn.

At the going down of the sun and
in the morning

We will remember them.

For the Fallen

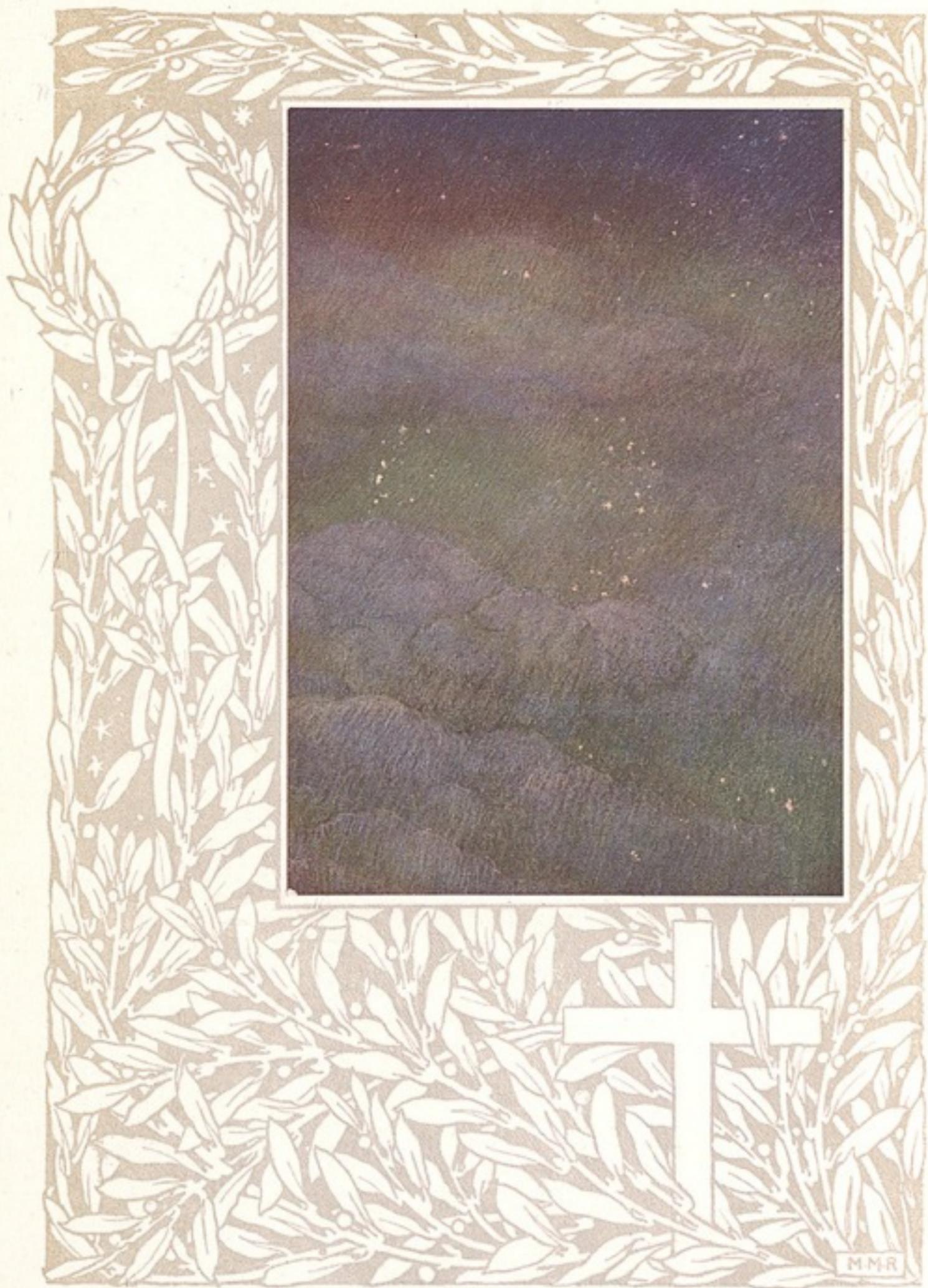
They mingle not with their laughing
comrades again ;

They sit no more at familiar tables
of home ;

They have no lot in our labour of
the day-time ;

They sleep beyond England's foam.

**“To the innermost heart of their own
land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night.”**



For the Fallen

But where our desires are and our
hopes profound,

Felt as a well-spring that is hidden
from sight,

To the innermost heart of their own
land they are known

As the stars are known to the Night;

For the Fallen

As the stars that shall be bright when
we are dust,

Moving in marches upon the heavenly
plain,

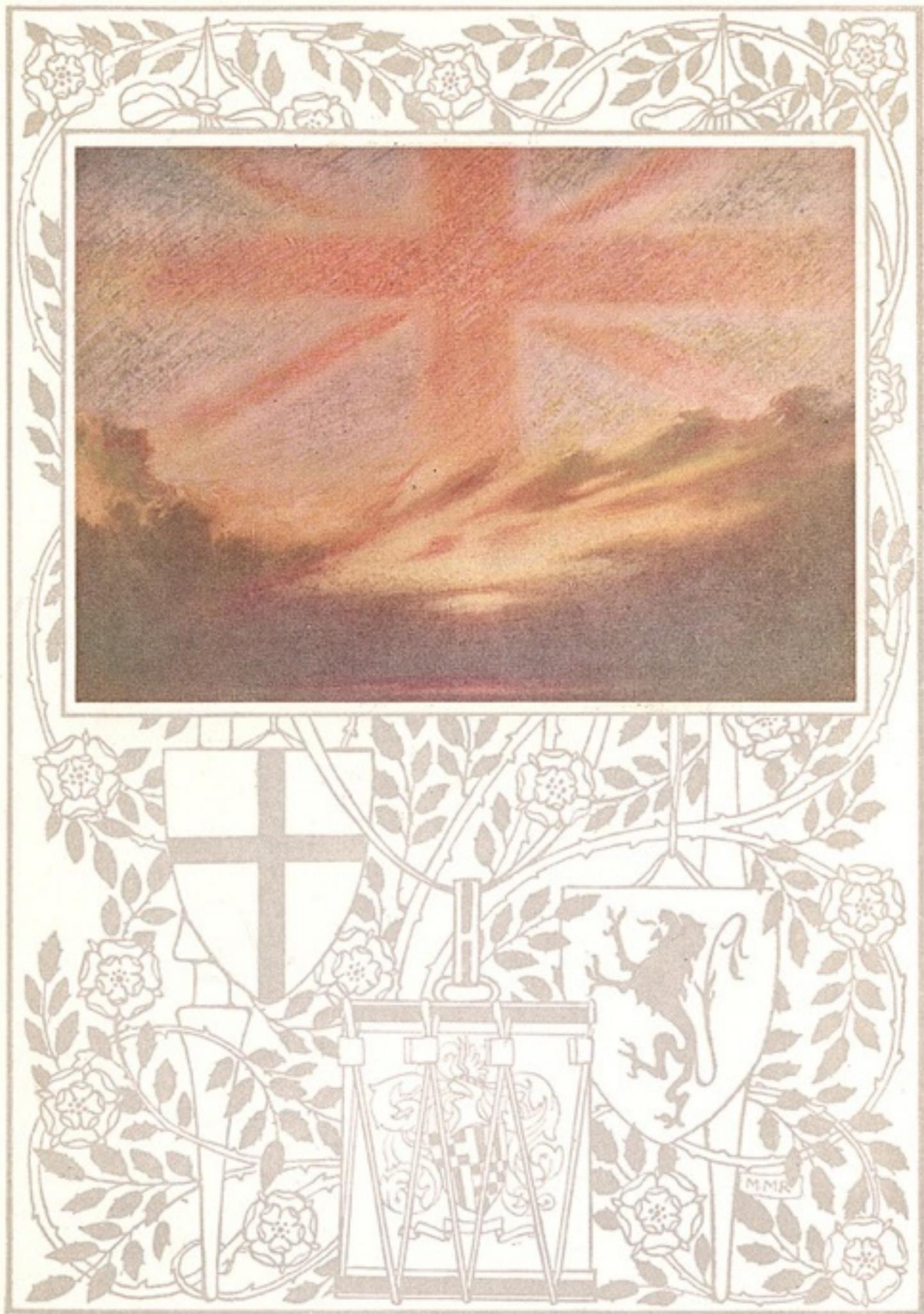
As the stars that are starry in the
time of our darkness,

To the end, to the end, they remain.

THE FOURTH OF AUGUST



**“Now in thy splendour go before
us, Spirit of England.”**



The Fourth of August



Now in thy splendour go
before us,
Spirit of England, ardent-eyed,
Enkindle this dear earth that bore us,
In the hour of peril purified.

The Fourth of August

The cares we hugged drop out of vision,
Our hearts with deeper thoughts dilate.
We step from days of sour division
Into the grandeur of our fate.

For us the glorious dead have striven,
They battled that we might be free.
We to their living cause are given;
We arm for men that are to be.

The Fourth of August

Among the nations noblest chartered,
England recalls her heritage.

In her is that which is not bartered,
Which force can neither quell nor cage.

For her immortal stars are burning;
With her, the hope that's never done,
The seed that's in the Spring's returning,
The very flower that seeks the sun.

The Fourth of August

She fights the fraud that feeds desire on
Lies, in a lust to enslave or kill,
The barren creed of blood and iron,
Vampire of Europe's wasted will . . .

Endure, O Earth! and thou, awaken,
Purged by this dreadful winnowing-fan,
O wronged, untameable, unshaken
Soul of divinely suffering man.

**TO
WOMEN**



“Far as the vanward ranks are set,
You are gone before them, you are
there!”



To Women



Your hearts are lifted up,
your hearts

That have foreknown the utter
price .

Your hearts burn upward like a
flame

Of splendour and of sacrifice .

To Women

For you, you too, to battle go,
Not with the marching drums and
cheers

But in the watch of solitude
And through the boundless night
of fears.

To Women

Swift, swifter than those hawks of
war,

Those threatening wings that pulse
the air,

Far as the vanward ranks are set,

You are gone before them, you are
there!

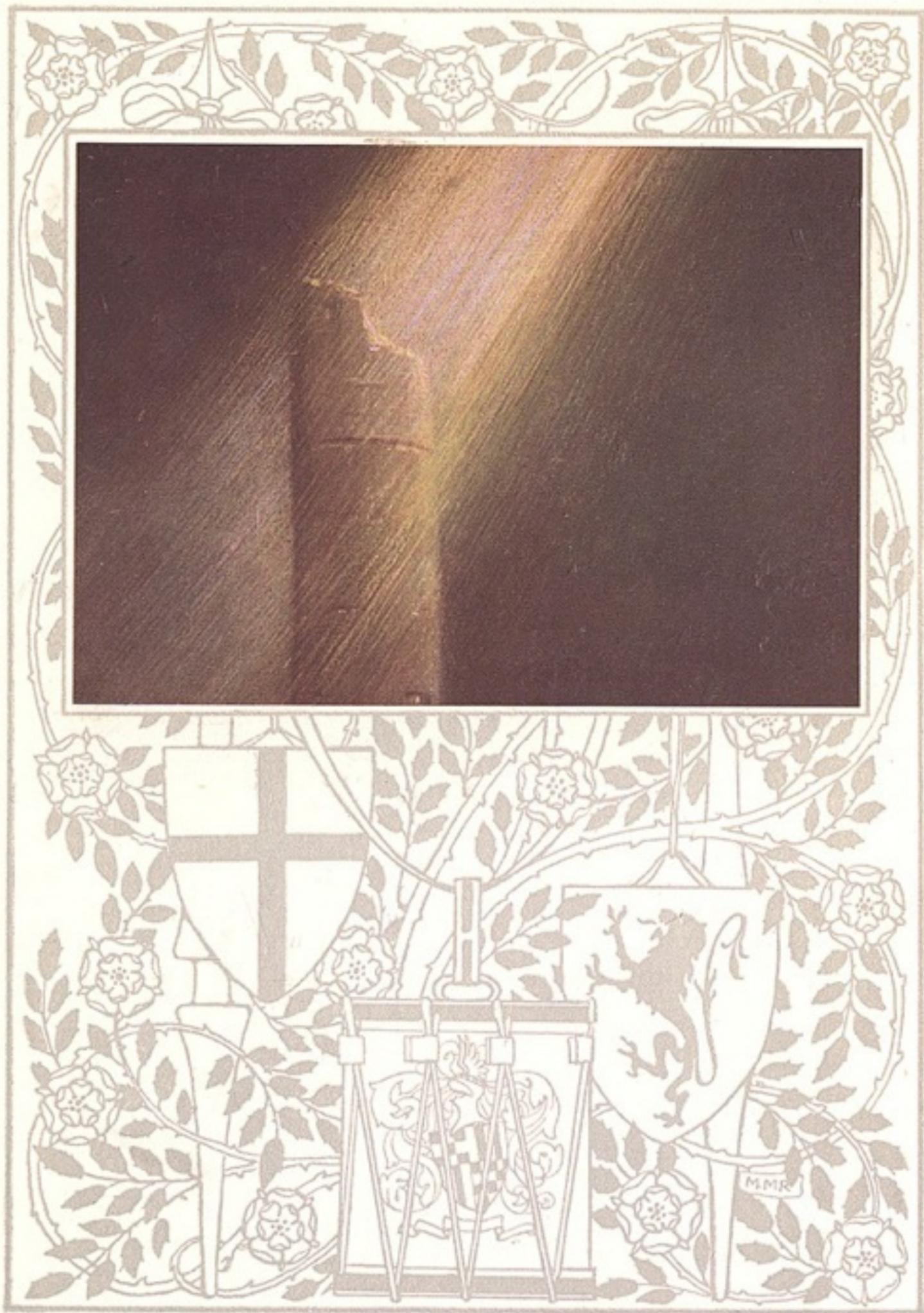
To Women

And not a shot comes blind
with death

And not a stab of steel is pressed
Home, but invisibly it tore

And entered first a woman's
breast.

"To break, but not to fail!"



To Women

Amid the thunder of the guns,
The lightnings of the lance and
sword

Your hope, your dread, your
throbbing pride,

Your infinite passion is outpoured

To Women

From hearts that are as one high
heart

Withholding naught from doom
and bale

Burningly offered up, — to bleed,
To bear, to break, but not to fail!





