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## The Missel Thrush

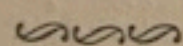
by G. R. Malloch

**T**HE missel thrush who builds his nest  
In February's black boughs,  
And with rude song, before the rest,  
To unseen spring fulfils his vows,

Before the burgeoning million buds,  
Before the bracken's curling frond,  
Before the golden sallow studs  
Its olive branch above the pond :

He has my love, though harsher voiced  
Than many a song that April breeds,  
And often has my heart rejoiced  
To see a faith that bloomed in deeds :

Nor feared that March with snow and gale  
Would bluster through the shivering wood,  
Before a green and sheltering veil  
Spring wove about his darling brood.



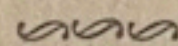
## To Almighty God

by John Gould Fletcher

**W**ITH your outlaws, O God, let me stand up  
at the judgment ;  
With those who blasphemed you because  
they sought you always ;  
With those who denied you, because you denied  
yourself to them,  
With those who were broken upon the great terrible  
wheel of the earth.  
With those who hated themselves, because they loved  
you,  
With those who laboured against themselves because  
you cursed their labour,  
With those to whom life was vain struggle, and time  
was worth nothing but for a glimpse of your face,  
With your outlaws, O God, I claim at last a place.

Grant me, O God,  
Not to know bodies only but the souls behind them ;  
Not the green garment that the earth wears, but the  
fire of her naked breath,  
Not the blue-cloud-ridden sky but the song of the lark  
as it soars  
Like a young bridegroom, joyous, through the great  
mystery of those spaces.  
Let me look up at the stars and love them, lawless,

Let me love men and women, even though you warn  
me not to love them.  
Since all the temples made with hands fall into dust  
before your face,  
Since this song too is useless, a vain cry unheard and  
uncomprehended,  
Since I at bottom am lawless, and you have promised  
and said,  
That the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and  
the violent shall take it by storm,  
Place me among the outlaws, the broken and weary,  
the followers of every lost cause upon earth.  
Make me now one of them, fill me with their fury, let  
me, as they, seek you face to face,  
Beyond the last illusion, where amid the shouting stars  
Throned upon fire, in garments sealed with eternal  
sacrifice  
Sacred and glorious, flesh and spirit fused and merged  
in one,  
You turn the great wheel of the world beneath your  
bleeding feet.



## We Who Now Wait

by H. E. Bates

**W**E who now wait so sadly for the peace,  
We who were born only a frail child-span  
Before the shout began  
That war had red release !—  
We whose young blood had scarce in freedom run  
Before Hill Sixty and Verdun ! . . .

And you !  
You who have known what dear ways peace has had,  
Why do you wonder at us who wait  
And watch, far-leaden-eyed and late ?  
Why need you wonder thus that we are sad,  
So old in youth and so untimely sad ?

