

**ANZAC AND AFTER,
A COLLECTION OF
POEMS**

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Anzac and after, a collection of poems by Frank E Westbrook

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FRANK E WESTBROOK

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A COLLECTION OF
POEMS**

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AND AFTER

A COLLECTION OF POEMS

BY

F. E. WESTBROOK

LONDON

DUCKWORTH AND CO.

3 HENRIETTA STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.

TO
MY FATHER
MY COUNSELLOR, COMRADE, AND DEAREST COMPANION
THIS LITTLE BOOK
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

F. E. W.

First published 1910.

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INTRODUCTION

In byways of duty that led me through danger,
By valleys and slopes that were tinted with
 blood,
In crackle of Maxims and roar of the shrapnel,
When death in its coming rolled up to the
 flood.
In heat, dust, and vermin, and stench of the
 fallen,
In sweat and in sorrow, in struggle and toil,
In waiting and watching, in nerve-racking vigil,
In sap and in traverse entrenched in the soil.
In dreams of Australia and hours of re-
 membrance,
In longing and sighing, in hope and regret,
In vision of bushlands and homes of my
 fathers,
In myriad scenes that a man can't forget.
In pride in our army the men of Australia,
The living, the broken, the maimed, and the
 dead,
In sympathy keen for the loved ones who
 sorrow,
In pride of the cause that we've fought for and
 bled.

In brilliant transcendence of sunrise and
splendour,
In colours of grandeur the sunsets have worn,
In shade, shine and shower, and days of fore-
bodings,
In mirth and grey sorrow these verses were
born.

ANZAC, April 25 to Oct. 8, 1915.

THE MUSIC OF THE GUNS

WHEN the summer day is falling into twilight's
fading light

And the guns are booming everywhere around,
In their raucous voices shouting proud defiance
to the night,

We can feel a store of comfort in their sound.
In their smashing, crashing rattle we are fighting
freedom's battle

And we're out to win as Empire's loyal sons,
In their belching fiery breath there is red and
sudden death

To her enemies out there before our guns.

When the slopes and hills are gleaming in the
flares from trench to trench,

When the rifles crackle like a wood alight,
The clouds of fumes come rolling with the burn-
ing powder's stench

And the flashes show in lines across the night.
Every shot that goes a-flashing through the lead-
torn night a-crashing

Is an effort to an ultimate result,
Every cartridge we expend is one less toward
the end

Of the menace of the vile Teutonic Kult.