

CLIFTON CHAPEL: AND OTHER POEMS

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Clifton Chapel: And Other Poems by Henry Newbolt

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HENRY NEWBOLT

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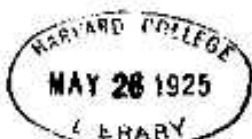
CLIFTON CHAPEL
AND OTHER SCHOOL POEMS

BY
HENRY NEWBOLT

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O STRENGTH DIVINE OF ROMAN DAYS,
O SPIRIT OF THE AGE OF FAITH,
GO WITH OUR SONS ON ALL THEIR WAYS,
WHEN WE LONG SINCE ARE DUST AND WRAITH.

CLIFTON CHAPEL

THIS is the Chapel : here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of
youth,
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here, in a day that is not far,
You too may speak with noble ghosts
Of manhood and the vows of war
You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the Cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes :

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To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth—

My son, the oath is yours : the end
Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend
And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free ;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what you are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune : yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass :

CLIFTON CHAPEL

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"*Qui procul hinc,*" the legend's writ—

The frontier-grave is far away—

Qui ante diem periit :

Sed miles, sed pro patriâ."