

**THE NEW  
MORNING: POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649384686

The new morning: poems by Alfred Noyes

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.  
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

[www.triestepublishing.com](http://www.triestepublishing.com)

**ALFRED NOYES**

**THE NEW  
MORNING: POEMS**



**THE NEW MORNING**

WORKS OF ALFRED NOYES

---

COLLECTED POEMS—2 Vols.

THE LORD OF MISRULE

A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS EVE

THE WINE-PRESS

WALKING SHADOWS—*Prose*

TALES OF THE MERMAID TAVERN

SHERWOOD

THE ENCHANTED ISLAND

AND OTHER POEMS

DRAKE: AN ENGLISH EPIC

POEMS

THE FLOWER OF OLD JAPAN

THE GOLDEN HYNDE

THE NEW MORNING

42840

# THE NEW MORNING

*POEMS*

Post  
N.

BY  
ALFRED NOYES



NEW YORK  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY  
PUBLISHERS

1919

*Copyright, 1918, by*  
ALFRED NOYES

---

*Copyright, 1919, by*  
FREDERICK A. STOKES COMPANY

---

*All rights reserved, including that of translation  
into foreign languages*



**DEDICATION**

TO THE MEMORY OF SIR CECIL  
SPRING-RICE

I.

**S**TEADFAST as any soldier of the line  
He served his England, with the imminent  
death

Poised at his heart. Nor could the world divine  
The constant peril of each burdened breath.

England, and the honour of England, he still served  
Walking the strict path, with the old high pride  
Of those invincible knights who never swerved  
One hair's breadth from the way until they died.

Quietness he loved, and books, and the grave  
beauty

Of England's Helicon, whose eternal light  
Shines like a lantern on that road of duty,  
Discerned by few in this chaotic night.

And his own pen, foretelling his release,  
Told us that he foreknew "the end was peace."

## DEDICATION

### II.

Soldier of England, he shall live unsleeping  
Among his friends, with the old proud flag  
above;  
For even today her honour is in his keeping.  
He has joined the hosts that guard her with  
their love.

They shine like stars, unnumbered happy legions,  
In that high realm where all our darkness dies.  
He moves, with honour, in those loftier regions,  
Above this "world of passion and of lies":

For so he called it, keeping his own pure passion  
A silent flame before the true and good;  
Not fawning on the throng in this world's fashion  
To come and see what all might see who would.

Soldier of England, brave and gentle knight,  
The soul of Sidney welcomes you tonight.