## THE NEW MORNING: POEMS

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The new morning: poems by Alfred Noyes

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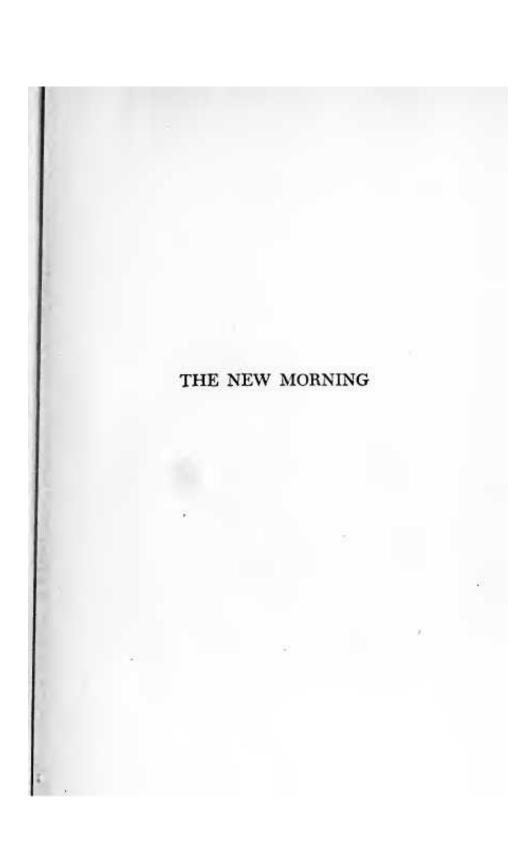
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### **ALFRED NOYES**

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POEMS

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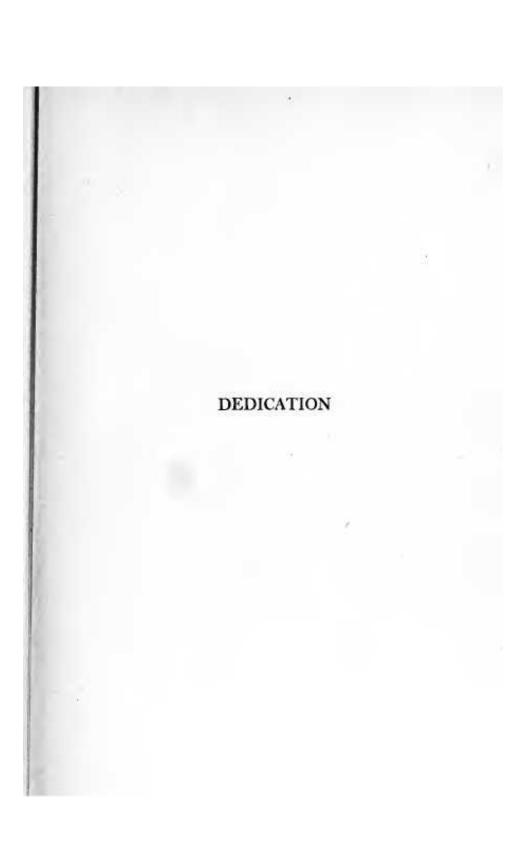
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#### TO THE MEMORY OF SIR CECIL SPRING-RICE

ī.

STEADFAST 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."

[vii]

#### DEDICATION

11.

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.