

ALFRED NOYES

THE REDEMPTION OF EUROPE (*La Rédemption de l'Europe*)

. . . donec templa refeceris.

*Under which banner? It was night
Beyond all nights that ever were.
The Cross was broken. Blood-stained might
Moved like a tiger from its lair ;
And all that heaven had died to quell
Awoke, and mingled earth with hell.*

*For Europe, if it held a creed,
Held it through custom, not through faith.
Chaos returned, in dream and deed.
Right was a legend ; Love—a wraith ;
And That from which the world began
Was less than even the best in man.*

*God in the image of a Snake
Dethroned that dream, too fond, too blind,
The man-shaped God whose heart could break,
Live, die, and triumph with mankind.
A Super-snake, a Juggernaut,
Dethroned the highest of human thought.*

*The lists were set. The eternal foe,
Within us as without grew strong,
By many a super-subtle blow
Blurring the lines of right and wrong
In Art and Thought, till nought seemed true
But that soul-slaughtering cry of New !*

*New wreckage of the shrines we made
Thro' centuries of forgotten tears . . .
We knew not where their scorn had laid
Our Master. Twice a thousand years
Had dulled the uncapricious Sun.
Manifold worlds obscured the One ;*

*Obscured the reign of Law, our stay,
Our compass through this darkling sea,
The one sure light, the one sure way,
The one firm base of Liberty ;
The one firm road that men have trod
Through Chaos to the Throne of God.*

*Choose ye, a hundred legions cried,
Dishonour or the instant sword !
Ye chose. Ye met that blood-stained tide.
A little kingdom kept its word ;
And, dying, cried across the night,
Hear us, O earth, we chose the Right !*

*Whose is the victory ? Though ye stood
Alone against the unmeasured foe ;
By all the tears, by all the blood
That flowed, and have not ceased to flow ;
By all the legions that ye hurled
Back, thro' the thunder-shaken world ;*

*By the old that have not where to rest,
By lands laid waste and hearths defiled ;
By every lacerated breast,
And every mutilated child,
Whose is the victory ? Answer ye,
Who, dying, smiled at tyranny :*

*Under the sky's triumphal arch
The glories of the dawn begin.
Our dead, our shadowy armies march
E'en now, in silence, through Berlin ;
Dumb shadows, tattered blood-stained ghosts,
But cast by what swift following hosts ?*

*And answer, England ! At thy side,
Thro' seas of blood, thro' mists of tears,
Thou that for Liberty hast died
And livest, to the end of years !—
And answer, Earth ! Far off, I hear
The paeans of a happier sphere :*

The trumpet blown at Marathon
Resounded over earth and sea,
But burning angel lips have blown
The trumpets of *thy* Liberty ;
For who, beside thy dead, could deem
The faith, for which they died, a dream ?

Earth has not been the same since then.
Europe from thee received a soul,
Whence nations moved in law, like men,
As members of a mightier whole,
Till wars were ended. . . . *In that day,*
So shall our children's children say.



ÉDITION
FRANÇAISE

KING ALBERT'S BOOK

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HOMMAGE D'ADMIRATION AU
ROI ET AU PEUPLE BELGE DE
LA PART DES PRINCIPAUX RE-
PRÉSENTANTS DES NATIONS
DE L'UNIVERS



LE DAILY TELEGRAPH
CONJOINTEMENT AVEC
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