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IN SUN AND SHADE

CANON SCOTT



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IN SUN and SHADE

A BOOK OF VERSE

BY

CANON FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT, C. M. G.

D. S. O.



DUSSAULT & PROULX, RGD.

QUEBEC, 1926

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1926

TO  
H. H. S.

*Killed in Action at Regina Trench,  
Battle of the Somme,  
October 21st 1916.*

“E’en as he trod that day to God,  
So walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness,  
In honour and clean mirth”.



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## TO ENGLAND

---

**O**MIGHTY soul of England, rise in splendour  
Out of the wrack and turmoil of the night,  
And as of old, compassionate and tender,  
Uphold the cause of justice and of right.

Thine was the consecration and devotion,  
The world-wide vision and the world-wide trust,  
Which made a pathway of the tides of ocean  
And fruitful gardens of the desert dust.

Thine was the call to face with dauntless bearing  
All high adventure, all adversity,  
Until thy sons by their resistless daring  
Had girdled earth with realms from sea to sea.

Now in this age when out of cruel oppression  
The hearts of men are yearning for release,  
O Soul of England—England's great possession—  
Lead thou mankind into the way of peace.

May, 1926



## LOCARNO

---

**L**ORD God of Hosts, Thy glorious Name we  
praise,  
For now a new light breaks across the sea.  
Our foolish hearts had fallen far from Thee,  
And, fed on hate, the fruit of bitter days,  
Distrusting all, we wandered in a maze  
Of dark suspicion, groping hopelessly.  
We saw no outlet to a world set free  
From war and anguish and the greed which slays.

But Thou hast hearkened to the orphan's cry,  
The heart's despair, man's broken prayers for  
peace;  
No more shall might be right and evil good;  
For, lo, above those lands where brave men lie,  
A vision dawns of days when wars shall cease,  
And all mankind be one vast brotherhood.





## QUEBEC

---

**L**IKE some grey warder who, with mien sedate  
And smile of welcome, greets the throngs  
who pour

Between the portals of a wide-thrown door,  
Quebec stands guardian at our water gate,  
And watches from her battlemented state  
The great ships passing with their living store  
Of human myriads coming to our shore,  
Expectant, joyous, resolute, elate.  
Behind her, voiceless to the frozen North,  
The mountain wilderness unconquered lies;  
Beneath her, rolls the river to the sea;  
Upon her scroll of fame great names shine forth,  
But on her storied crags from morning skies  
There dawns the light of greater days to be.



## YULETIDE IN FRANCE

---

O LITTLE sprig of rosemary, I pluck you in  
the garden,  
In this little Gallic garden, on this misty  
winter's day.  
I can hear the old rooks calling,  
And the distant shells are falling,  
But this little sprig of rosemary has borne my  
heart away.

O little sprig of rosemary, you bear me through  
the ages  
To the olden, golden Yuletides that our fathers  
knew of yore,  
When the midnight Mass bell ringing,  
Set the carol singers singing,  
And sweet rosemary was scattered on the shining  
chancel floor.

O little sprig of rosemary, I hear the song and  
laughter  
When the boar's head was carried in, adown the  
armoured hall,  
And the rosemary and bay  
Were as sweet as new-mown hay,  
While the merriment of Yuletide was uniting  
great and small.

O little sprig of rosemary, I pluck you in the  
garden,  
And my heart is sore and heavy with the cares we  
have today,  
For the Christ has been among us,  
And the Angel Hosts have sung us  
All the happy songs of Heaven, but they sounded  
far away.

O little sprig of rosemary, as I pluck you in the  
garden,  
In this little Gallic garden where the brave are  
laid to rest,  
An English mother weeping  
A sad, sad Yule is keeping,  
Remembering one who once was the Christ-Child  
on her breast.

O little sprig of rosemary, I thank you for the  
dreaming,  
In this hallowed Gallic garden on this misty  
winter's day;  
Your mission is to leaven  
This poor earth with thoughts of Heaven,  
When, for those brave hearts that slumber here,  
We fold our hands and pray.

St. Jans Capelle, France, 1916.

## A GRAVE IN FLANDERS

---

**A**LL night the tall trees overhead  
Are whispering to the stars;  
Their roots are wrapped about the dead  
And hide the hideous scars.

The tide of war goes rolling by,  
The legions sweep along;  
And daily in the summer sky  
The birds will sing their song.

No place is this for human tears,  
The time for tears is done;  
Transfigured in these awful years,  
The two worlds blend in one.

This boy had visions while in life  
Of stars on distant skies;  
So death came in the midst of strife  
A sudden, glad surprise.

He found the songs for which he yearned,  
Hopes that had mocked desire;  
His heart is resting now, which burned  
With such consuming fire.

So down the ringing road we pass,  
And leave him where he fell.  
The guardian trees, the waving grass,  
The birds will love him well.

St. Jans Capelle, 1915.



## THE TYRANNY OF TIME

---

I HEAR a ghostly passing bell  
In the thunder of the sea,  
By day and night it tolls the knell  
Of all that is to be;  
No hands have set it in its place  
Nor compassed it with bars,  
It hangs beneath the dome of space  
And swings among the stars.

The silent ages come and go,  
They perish in the gloom,  
But still the bell swings to and fro  
And sounds the note of doom.  
The deep reverberations roll  
Far off from sea and shore,  
But somewhere in man's secret soul  
They sound for evermore.



## A CANADIAN

---

**T**HE glad and brave young heart  
Had come across the sea,  
He longed to play his part  
In crushing tyranny.

The mountains and the plains  
Of his beloved land  
Were wine within his veins  
And gave an iron hand.

He scorned the thought of fear,  
He murmured not at pain,  
The call of God was clear,  
The path of duty plain.

Beneath the shower of lead,  
Of poison and of fire,  
He charged and fought and bled,  
Ablaze with one desire.

O Canada, with pride  
Look up and greet the morn,  
Since of thy wounded side  
Such breed of men is born.

Vlamertinghe near Ypres, April 1915.

## THE CHAMBER OF PEACE

---

**O** GOD, uplift me from the earth  
And break the chains which bind me fast:  
In Thee alone my soul had birth  
And Thou wilt be its home at last.

Withdraw the veil before mine eyes  
Which screens the spirit-world from view,  
And let reflections from the skies  
Shine round me like the morning dew.

Thus in the world, and yet apart,  
Shall I find freedom and release,  
And build within my secret heart  
A little chamber filled with peace.



## THE SILENT TOAST

---

THEY stand with reverent faces  
And their merriment give o'er,  
As they drink the toast to the unseen host,  
Who have fought and gone before.

It is only a passing moment  
In the midst of the feast and song,  
But it grips the breath, as the wing of death  
In a vision sweeps along.

No more they see the banquet  
And the brilliant lights around;  
But they charge again on the hideous plain  
When the shell-bursts rip the ground.

Or they creep at night, like panthers,  
Through the waste of No-Man's Land,  
Their hearts afire with a wild desire  
And death on every hand.

And out of the roar and tumult,  
Or the black night loud with rain,  
Some face comes back on the fiery track  
And looks in their eyes again.

And the love that is passing woman's,  
And the bonds that are forged by death,  
Now grip the soul with a strange control  
And speak what no man saith.

The vision dies off in the stillness,  
Once more the tables shine,  
But the eyes of all in the banquet hall  
Are lit with a light divine.

In a dugout on Vimy Ridge, April 1917.



## HYMN OF PRAISE

---

**I** PRAISE God that He gave man breath  
To breathe the mountains and the seas;  
I praise Him that He sends us death  
To give us solitude and ease.

I praise God that He gave man sight  
And knowledge of the lakes and streams;  
I praise Him that He sends us night  
And blinding mystery of dreams.

I praise God that He gave man speech  
And thoughts that lap the world with fire;  
I praise Him that He orders each  
To set a bound to his desire.

I praise God that He gave man love  
And faith and truth and simple joys;  
I praise Him that the stars above  
Are deaf to all our human noise.

I praise God that He built man's brain  
Wide-open to the senses' thrill;  
I praise Him that He sends us pain  
To break the thralldom of the will.

I praise God for the darts that sting,  
The age-long toil, the ceaseless strife;  
I praise God that He made man king  
To choose in freedom—Death or Life.



## REQUIESCANT

---

**I**N lonely watches night by night,  
Great visions burst upon my sight,  
For down the stretches of the sky  
The hosts of dead go marching by.

Strange ghostly banners o'er them float,  
Strange bugles sound an awful note,  
And all their faces and their eyes  
Are lit with starlight from the skies.

The anguish and the pain have passed  
And peace hath come to them at last,  
But in the stern looks linger still  
The iron purpose and the will.

Dear Christ, who reign'st above the flood  
Of human tears and human blood,  
A weary road these men have trod,  
O house them in the home of God.

In a field near Ypres.  
April 1915.



## ON THE RUE DU BOIS

---

**O** PALLID Christ within this broken shrine,  
Not those torn Hands and not that Heart  
of Thine

Have given the nations blood to drink like wine.

Through weary years and 'neath the changing  
skies,

Men turned their back on those appealing Eyes  
And scorned as vain Thine awful sacrifice.

Kings with their armies, children in their play,  
Have passed unheeding down this shell-ploughed  
way,

The great world knew not where its true strength  
lay.

In pomp and luxury, in lust of gold,  
In selfish ease, in pleasures manifold,  
"Evil is good, good evil," we were told.

Yet here, where nightly the great flare-lights gleam,  
And murder stalks triumphant in their beam,  
The world has wakened from its empty dream.

At last, O Christ, in this strange, darkened land,  
Where ruined homes lie round on every hand,  
Life's deeper truths men come to understand.

For lonely graves along the country side  
Where sleep those brave hearts who for others died  
Tell of life's union with the Crucified.

And new light kindles in the mourner's eyes,  
Like day-dawn breaking through the rifted skies,  
For life is born of life's self-sacrifice.

Sailly, France, 1915.



## HYMN OF HUMANITY

---

**N**OW to the Monarch, eternal, immortal,  
invisible,  
Now to the wise God be honour and glory  
forever;  
We who breathe breath for a moment and pass to  
infinity  
Fall at Thy feet in the darkness and offer Thee  
worship.

Whirlwinds of passion have caught us and swept  
us on helplessly,  
Rebels in heart have we been who were made in  
Thine image;  
Pity us victims of force that was fiercely untam-  
eable  
Casting us back in the slime that our souls had  
emerged from.

Pity us, God, little atoms adrift on immensity.  
Now and anon we are dazzled with gleams of the  
sunrise,  
Now and anon we are lost in the billowy vast-  
nesses,  
Pity us, Thou, who hast moulded our life out of  
nothing.

Anchor our souls to the rock of thy glorious  
changelessness;  
Fill Earth and fill us with flames of Thine infinite  
splendour;  
Cast off the robes that conceal Thee; appear in  
Thy majesty;  
Rend the sky-veil from Thy face; make us blind  
with Thy beauty.

Humbly we render Thee homage who madest us  
infinite,  
Giving us wings of the Spirit to mount to Thy  
presence.  
Now to the Monarch, eternal, immortal, invisible,  
Honour and glory and worship for ever and ever.



# KNIGHTHOOD

TO H. T. O.

---

**I**N honour, chivalrous;  
In duty, valorous;  
In all things, noble;  
To the heart's core, clean.

St. Jans Capelle, 1915.



## O CANADA

---

**O** CANADA, my country, and my love !  
O Canada, with cloudless skies above !  
Where'er I roam, where'er my home,  
My heart goes back to thee,—  
Thy lakes and streams, thy boundless dreams,  
Thy rivers running free.  
O Canada, O Canada !  
God pour His blessings on thee from above.  
O Canada, my country and my love !

Nieppe, 1915.



## THE WRECK

---

O STARS, what saw ye yesternight  
Beneath the night black screen ?  
“We saw the icebergs gleaming white  
And the dark sea-paths between”.

O Stars, what heard ye yesternight  
When a ship the dark path trod ?  
“We heard the crash of splintered might  
And a cry that rang to God.”

O Stars, who watch above our night,  
What is it ye have seen ?  
“We saw the icebergs gleaming white  
And the laughing sea between.”

O Stars, what light breaks far away  
Beyond the ocean's bed ?  
“The dawning of a golden day  
When the sea gives up its dead”.



## THE CROWN OF EMPIRE

---

O ENGLAND of our Fathers and England of  
our Sons,  
Along the dark horizon line the day-dawn  
glory runs,  
For Empire has been ours of old and Empire ours  
shall be—  
His grip is on the world to-day whose grip is on  
the sea.

O England of our Fathers and England of our  
Sons,  
Above the roar of battling hosts, the thunder of  
the guns,  
A Mother's voice was calling us, we heard it  
oversea,  
The blood which thou didst give us is the blood  
we spill for thee.

O England of our Fathers and England of our  
Sons,  
Along the dark horizon line the day-dawn glory  
runs,  
For golden Peace is drawing near, her paths are on  
the sea,—  
He grips the hearts of all mankind who stands for  
liberty.

St. Jans Capelle, 1915.

## TO FRANCE

---

**W**HAT is the gift we have given thee, Sister?  
What is the trust we have laid in thy  
hand?

Hearts of our bravest, our best and our dearest,  
Blood of our blood we have sown in thy land.

What for all time will the harvest be, Sister?  
What will spring up from the seed that is sown?  
Freedom and peace and good will among nations,  
Love that will bind us with love all our own.

Bright is the path that is opening before us,  
Upward and onward it mounts through the  
night;  
Sword shall not sever the bonds that unite us  
Leading the world to the fullness of light.

Sorrow hath made thee more beautiful, Sister,  
Nobler and purer than ever before;  
We who are chastened by sorrow and anguish  
Hail thee as sister and queen evermore.

Mont des Cats, near Poperinghe, 1915.

## THE WARDERS

---

**O**N Vimy Ridge and Passchendaele,  
Our silent armies sleep,  
Through Summer's sun and Winter's gale  
And 'neath the starry deep;  
No more for them the dawn of day,  
Nor sunset on the hill,  
Their shouts and songs have died away,  
Their giant strength is still.

The march of time goes swiftly by  
And brings its care and toil,  
But in eternal youth they lie  
Beneath a foreign soil;  
With iron limbs and fire for breath  
They charged amidst the gloom,  
And shared along those fields of death  
The comradeship of doom.

Yet not in vain they watch and wait,  
Strong champions of the right;  
They are the warders at our gate  
And guard us through the night.  
From selfish aim and paltry ease,  
From slavery of the soul,  
The men that save the land are these;  
They point us to the goal.

## AFTER LOCARNO.

---

**C**ALL back our Dead — the fateful feud is  
o'er;

Call back our Dead, we need them here  
today,

We need them in their freshness and their play,  
Their valiant manhood ripened by the war.

Our hearts stand open; open, too, the door

Of that still chamber where the shadow lay

Since death's grim message came. No other ray  
But their bright presence can the light restore.

Call back our Dead, they die each day we live—

Deep in our hearts they die the whole day long.

Call back our Dead, the welcoming hearth is  
bright,

All that this life can give them, we will give.

Tell them God's angels sing again their song

And Peace hangs out her star upon the night.

November 1925.



## THE UNBROKEN LINE

---

**W**E who have trod the borderlands of  
death

Where courage high walks hand in hand  
with fear,  
Shall we not hearken what the spirit saith,  
“All ye were brothers there, be brothers here”?

We who have struggled through the baffling night  
Where men were men and every man divine,  
While round us brave hearts perished for the right,  
By chalice shell-holes stained with life's rich  
wine,

Let us not lose the exalted love which came  
From comradeship with danger and the joy  
Of strong souls kindled into living flame  
By one supreme desire, one high employ.

Let us draw closer in these narrower years,  
Before us still the eternal visions spread;  
We, who outmastered death and all its fears,  
Are one great army still—living and dead.



## DUTY

---

**D**UTY, from thy golden wings  
God on men His glory flings,  
And the harps of God are strung  
To the songs which thou hast sung.

Duty, be thou at my side  
And my errant footsteps guide,  
For, if death my portion be,  
Death is life when met with thee.



## THE PILGRIMAGE

---

**U**PWARD and onward day by day,  
Straight is the course and narrow the way,  
But others before us the path have trod,  
And the top of the hill is the Heart of God.



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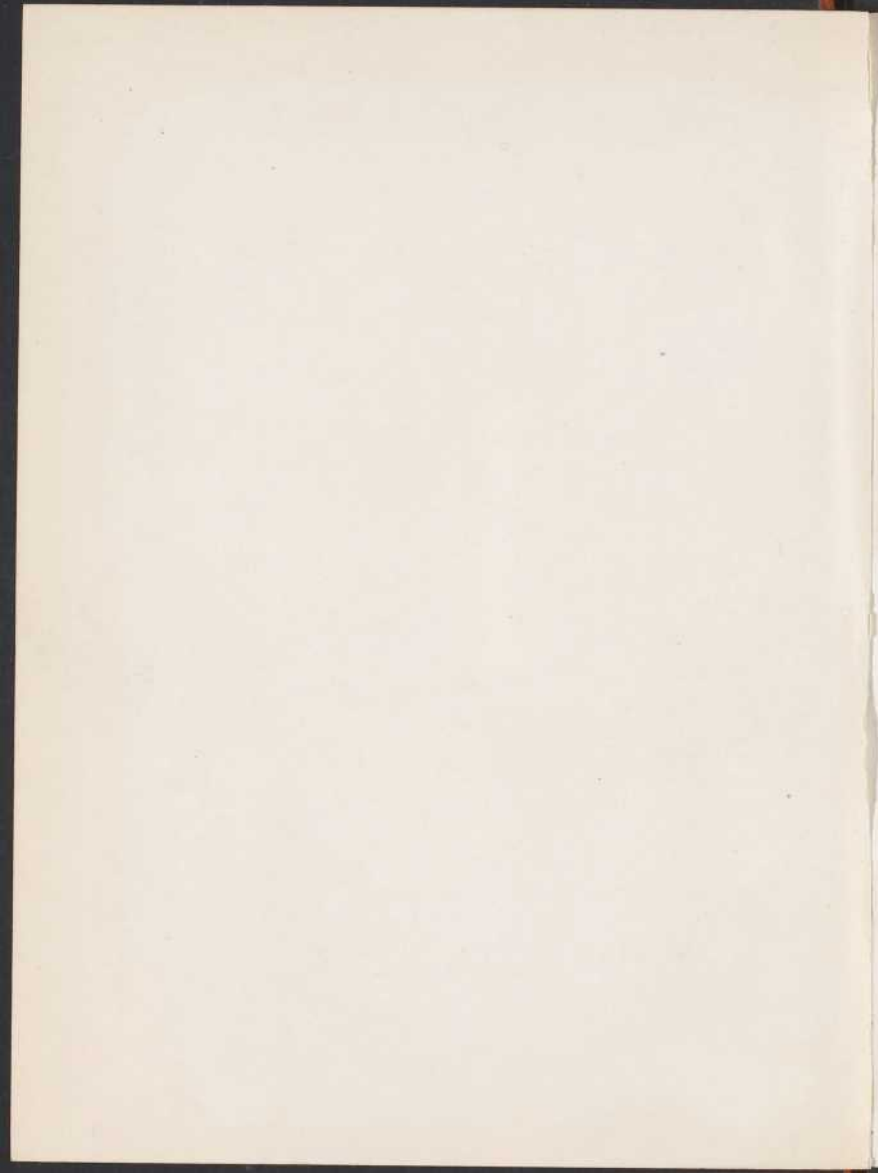
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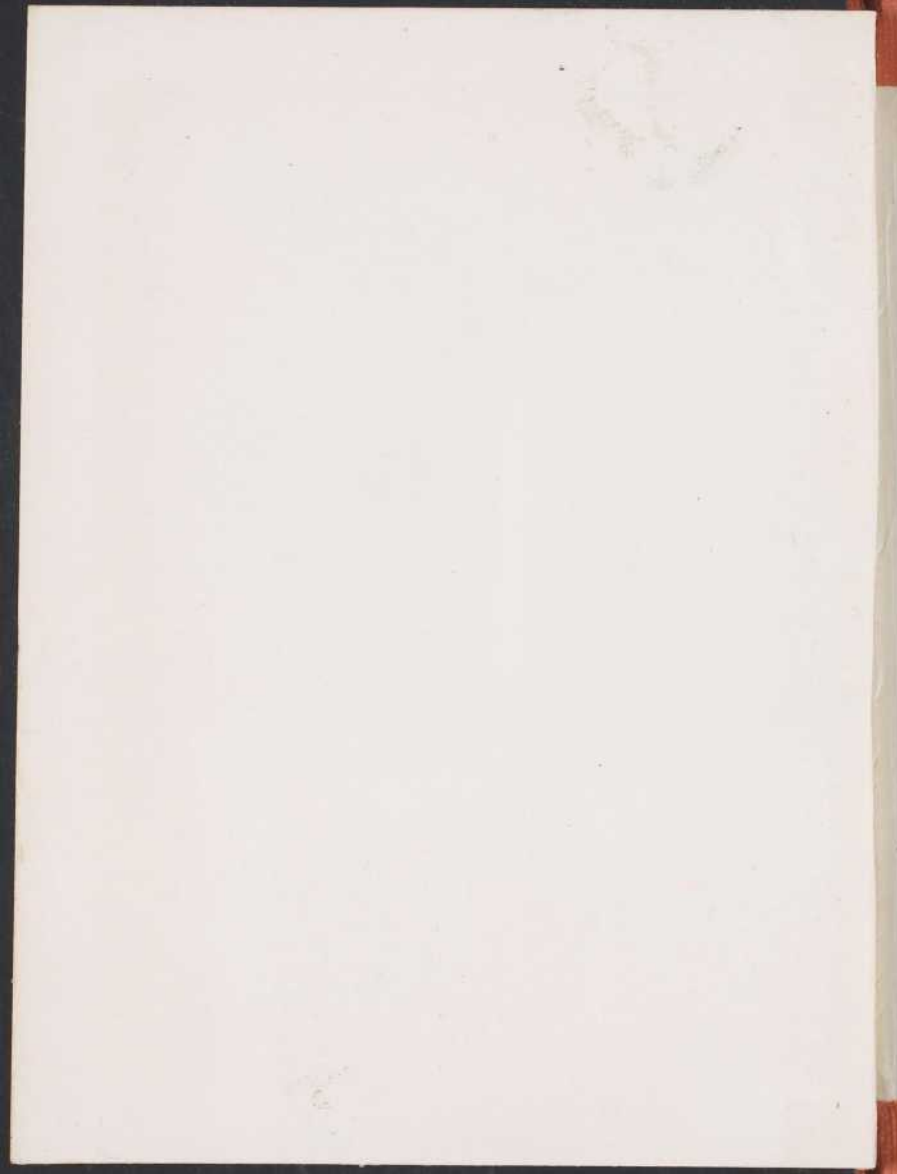
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