

639986

kat. komp

III, 198

Biblioteka Jagiellońska



1002315234

(1554319)

~~408578~~

~~10/10/10~~
~~4~~

4085800

639986 III

RARA



639986
16.X.44
III

Polish Ministry of Information. Stratton House. Stratton Street. London. W. 1.
October 16th, 1944.

This is to inform you that the following poem appeared in "The Daily Sketch", dated October 13th, 1944.

WARSAW by Sir John Squire.

"All is quiet in Warsaw". - Report after the Polish Insurrection in 1831.

At midnight wailed the siren: the lamp burnt still and clear:
A pause: but now through waiting air once more a crash I hear:
A thud, and then a rumbling, a crumbling of walls,
Echoing in the distance like the noise of waterfalls:
A few more homes in ruins, a few more people killed.....
And then I think of Warsaw, and all other thoughts are stilled,
For London stands, though shattered, and all her folk are free,
But Warsaw lies in ruins, in her ageless misery,
And, with broken windows merely, I remember yesterday
When a man came here from Warsaw with strange things to say.

A MAN there came from Warsaw, with strange things to tell,
Of another awful armistice, another silent Hell,
Of miles of mangled houses, fires murky in the fogs,
And corpses thick unburied, and prowling, starving dogs,
Of sudden knockings at small doors and women dragged away
To be tortured in grim places which never saw the day,
And the thump of German sentries, in the night, in each street,
Clumping sinister and callous with iron-shodden feet,
In that cemetery City with the murderers on guard.

But of stranger things he told, that visitor scarred:
Of a decimated nation who remember in Gehenna,
How Sobieski's sword saved all Europe at Vienna;
How when in foul conspiracy the three dark eagles swooped
And their hordes of tramping robbers over triple frontiers trooped
Gloating, though not glutted with division of their prey,
The snow-white Eagle, phoenix-like, soared quenchless in the day,
And they never ceased rebellion, though they fell, and they fell:
Songs, born of deepest sorrow / these are strange things to tell/
Chanting still in destitution that old song of Poland's soul:
"Every Pole come join the bayonets, to the bayonet every Pole ",
And that other ancient anthem which such pride and comfort gives:
"There will always be a Poland, while one of us still lives,"

The anthem of a people who have passed the fear of death,
And will always be a people while one of them draws breath,
And to-night, with haggard faces, will play Chopin underground,
With walls and ceilings muffled lest the butchers catch the sound,
Waiting eager once again for the signal and the call
Which will summon them to Victory in the Last Charge of all.

Sir John Squire.

Polish Ministry of Information.

