

BE SUBSTANTIALLY GREAT IN THY SELF:  
Getting to Know C.E.W. Bean;  
Barrister, Judge's Associate, Moral Philosopher

**APPENDIX II**

**CEW Bean in Poetry and Song**

(I)

**The Old Red Wall**

They bound a lad by a green elm tree  
And they burned him there for folks to see;  
And in shame, for his brothers and playmates  
all  
They built them a school with a new red wall.

*Chorus –*

We may ride by land, we may ride by sea,  
Ten thousand miles from the old grey tree.  
But the best of days were, after all,  
The days that we lived by the old red wall.

The lads and their sons are long since cold,  
And hundred on hundred of years have rolled,  
But still there stands for folks to see  
An old red wall by an old grey tree.

Drake rolled the Spaniards down the sea,  
And they heard the buns by the old grey tree;  
The Dutchmen left our ships aflame,  
And the wall looked out on a far red glare.

And still for a hundred years or two  
We worked and played and talked and grew,  
And the fate of Earth and of Heaven above  
We settled them all by the Big School stove.

The game was fast and the fight was clean,  
And our foes were few and friendships keen,  
For old and young and great and small  
We were all of us one by the old red wall.

And most that we've written and said and done,  
And the goals that we've missed and the prizes  
won,  
And why we conquered and how we strove,  
They tell of it still by the Big School stove.

The old red wall may hear again  
The guns of an enemy sweep the main,  
And if ships must fight and men must dare,  
The old red wall will send its share.

And I wish them this: Whatsoever befall,  
To live as they lived by the old red wall,  
To live as they lived so and if need should be,  
To die as one died by the old grey tree.

*December 1912*

C.E.W. BEAN

## (II)

### The School Beside the Tree

WRITTEN FOR THE SEVENTH JUBILEE OF SIR ANTHONY BROWNE'S SCHOOL,  
BRENTWOOD, ESSEX. FOUNDED 1557  
WORDS BY E. BEAN, MUSIC BY M. GORDON BURGESS. F.R.C.O.

Ere Hawkins pierced the Spanish Main, ere Drake had passed the Horn,  
Amid the glare of martyr fires, our ancient school was born:  
And Leicester's dusty halberdiers amarch for Tilbury  
Returned the shout the lads flung out from the school beside the tree.  
When pedant James at Hampton Court split metaphysic straws,  
Our stripling doctors, Greek with Greek, did battle for the case;  
Then, greybears grown, at Naseby charged or cheered at Newbury,  
As Royalists or Roundheads from the school beside the tree.

#### *Chorus-*

Oh, Brentwoods may be scattered, and roam the wide world through,  
From John-o-Groats to Cape Town, from China to Peru,  
But at city desk, in farm or fort, or on the ocean free,  
They never let their hearts forget the old school by the tree.

And so with England's history the tale of Brentwood runs,  
Her honour's star in peace and war the service of her sons;  
Till Bean(1) in Mooltan's trenches knelt, till bold Sikhs turned to flee,  
When Harrison(2) unlimbered from the school beside the tree;  
Till Hedley Vicars(3) prayed and fought amid Crimean snows;  
Till in the royal chapels Oakeley's(4) rich fugues arose!  
Till nobly West(5) gave of his best, and forth at his decree  
Sprang class-room, hall, and chapel round the school beside the tree.

Chorus: - Oh, Brentwoods, etc.

Then Oxford hailed our prizemen, our wranglers(6) Cambridge knew,  
And Speech day honour-lists grew long, and high our Eagle flew;  
Our Athletes crowned the Challenge Cup, or wore the Leopards Three(7);  
And Shakespeare ruled the classic stage of the school beside the tree.  
And still the sixth around the stove with pride the fame relate  
Of Quennell(8) and Frowd Walker(9) and Ferrar's(10) Newdigate;  
And still the desks bear carven trace of Kortright(11), Clark(12), and Lee(13),  
Of Chamberlain(14) and Drury(15) in the school beside the tree.

Chorus: - Oh, Brentwoods, etc.

And now beneath the lime trees what double gates unfold?  
Our buildings grace an ampler space, the new that crown the old;  
Long may they flourish side by side! and long remembered be  
The name and line of Heseltine(16) at the school beside the tree!  
And long may we maintain it and strive to hand it down  
Our heritage from age to age of manhood and renown,  
That tongues unborn may sound the praise of good Sir Anthony,  
And service done from sire to son for his school beside the tree.

Chorus: - Oh, Brentwoods, etc.

1. Surg.Maj. Bean, 3<sup>rd</sup> Bombay N.I. Goojerat, Mooltan, 1849.
2. Maj.-Gen. Harrison, Bengal Horse Artillery, Sobraon, 1845.
3. Capt. H. Vicars, 97<sup>th</sup> Regiment.
4. Sir Herbert Oakeley, Composer to the Queen; Prof. Edinburgh Univ.
5. Rev. W. de L. West, D.D., Head Master 1852-1879.
6. C. Spurge, 1881. W. Burgess, 1824.
7. English Assoc. Football Team, 1807. 6 Holden, Nash, Ogilvie, Frowd Walker.
8. Canon W. Quennell, Head Master 1870-1879.
9. Col. F. Walker, Founder of Malay States Guides.
10. Rev. W.J. Ferrar. Essex Scholar, Hertford Coll.. Oxford.
11. Lieut. M. Kortright, 3<sup>rd</sup> Hussars; C.J. Kortright, etc.
12. J.W. Clark, K.C.
13. Sir Austin Lee, K.C.B.
14. Sir Neville Chamberlain, K.C.B.
15. Major W.P. Drury, R.M.L.I.

(III)

**WEST AND SOUTH**

God looked the good world over,  
And sent his good men forth:  
And rover after rover  
Went sailing from the North.

And some bethought to take them  
Far on a Western sea,  
A wide new world to make them  
And prosper mightily.

And one in venture rounded  
Far lands of wealth, and drouth,  
And in due time he founded  
A kingdom in the South.

So though the two be sundered  
As East and West are wide;  
Though fitful storms have thundered;  
Though alien laws divide.

Though not one tie be spoken –  
Confessed before the earth –  
The bond is set unbroken  
That bound them in their birth.

For one stanch mother bore them  
Of one stanch Northern race,  
To find the world before them  
And look it in the face.

To own no judgment binding;  
To live in each man's sight;  
To hold on their own finding  
The reason and the right.

To guard for scribe and speaker  
The right to rend the wrong;  
To hold about the weaker  
The mantle of the strong:

To harbour no uncleanness;  
To own no mortal fear;  
Deem hateful only meanness  
And only honour dear;

And fresh and frank and fearless,  
And as the ocean free,  
With strenuous hand  
Make good the land,  
And wrest and rule the sea.

C.E.W.B.

(IV)

**A MORAL**

*There lie three lands asunder  
As East and West are wide,  
Whose sons the skirl and  
thunder  
Of all the seas divide.*

*But one stanch mother bore  
them  
Of one stanch northern race,  
To find the world before them  
And look it in the face.*

*To own no judgment binding;  
To live in each man's sight;  
To hold on their own finding  
The reason and the right.*

*To guard for scribe and  
speaker  
The right to rend the wrong;  
To hold about the weaker  
The mantle of the strong;*

*To harbour no uncleanness;  
To own no mortal fear;  
Deem hateful only meanness  
And only honour dear;*

*And fresh and frank and  
fearless,  
And as the ocean free,*

[Published at the end of  
*With the Flagship in the South*  
(n.d., 1908-1909), adapted  
from ~~West and South~~;  
published in the *Sydney*  
*Morning Herald* on 20 August  
1908.

[Published in the *Sydney Morning Herald*  
on Thursday, 20 August 1908 as part of a  
series of articles celebrating the arrival of  
the American Fleet in Sydney Harbour that

day].  
(V)

NON NOBIS

Not unto us, O Lord, to tell  
Thy purpose in the blast,  
When these, that towered beyond us, fell  
And we were overpast.

We cannot guess how goodness springs  
From the black tempest's breath,  
Nor scan the birth of gentle things  
In these red burst of death.

We only know – from good and great  
Nothing save good can flow;  
That where the cedar crashed so straight  
No crooked tree shall grow;

That from *their* ruin a taller pride –  
Not for these eyes to see –  
May clothe one day the valley-side....  
Non nobis, Domine.

C.E.W.B

Extracted from CEW Bean (ed),  
*The Anzac Book: Written and  
Illustrated in Gallipoli by the  
Men of Anzac* (Cassell & Co. Ltd,  
London, 1916), p. 11.

(VI)

ABDUL

We've drunk the boys who rushed the hills,  
The men who stormed the beach,  
The sappers and the A.S.C.,  
We've had a toast for each:  
And the guns and stretcher-bearers –  
But, before the bowl is cool,  
There's one chap I'd like to mention,  
He's a fellow called ABDUL.

We haven't seen him much of late –  
Unless it be his hat,  
Bobbing down behind a loophole ...  
And we mostly blaze at that;  
But we hear him wheezing there at nights,  
Patrolling through the dark,  
With his signals – hoots and chirrups –  
Like an early morning lark.

We've heard the twigs a-crackling,  
As we crouched upon our knees,  
And his big, black shape went smashing,  
Like a rhino, through the trees.  
We've seen him flung in, rank on rank,  
Across the morning sky;  
And we've had some pretty shooting,  
And – he knows the way to die.

Yes, we've seen him dying there in front –  
Our own boys died there, too –  
With his poor dark eyes a-rolling,  
Staring at the hopeless blue;  
With his poor maimed arms a-stretching  
To the God we both can name ...  
And it fairly tore our hearts out;  
But it's in the beastly game.

So though your name be black as ink  
For murder and rapine,  
Carried out in happy concert  
With your Christians from the Rhine,  
*We* will judge you, Mr Abdul,  
By the test by which *we* can –  
That with all your breath, in life, in death,  
You've played the gentleman.

C.E.W.B.

Extracted from CEW Bean (ed),  
*The Anzac Book* (1916), pp. 58-59.

(VII)

## **The ANZAC Requiem**

**By Dr CEW Bean (1944)**

On this day above all days we recall those who served in war and who did not return to receive the grateful thanks of the nation.

We remember those who still sleep where they were left ó amid the holly scrub in the valleys  
And on the ridges of Gallipoli ó on the rocky and terraced hills of Palestine ó and in  
The lovely cemeteries of France.

We remember those who lie asleep in ground beneath the shimmering haze of the Libyan  
Desert ó at Bardia, Derna, Tobruk ó and amid the mountain passes and olive groves of  
Greece and Crete, and the rugged, snow-capped hills of Lebanon and Syria.

We remember those who lie buried in the rank jungle of Malaya and Burma ó in New Guinea  
- and in the distant isles of the Pacific.

We remember those who lie buried amid loving friends in our Motherland and in our own  
Far North.

We remember those who lie in unknown resting places in almost every land, and those  
Gallant men whose grave is the unending sea.

Especially do we remember those who died as prisoners of war remote from their homeland,  
And from the comforting presence of their kith and kin.

We think of those of our women's services who gave their lives in our own and foreign  
Lands and at sea, and of those who proved to be, in much more than name, the sisters  
Of our fighting men.

We recall, too, the staunch friends who fought beside our men on the first ANZAC Day ó  
Men of New Zealand who helped create the name of ANZAC.

We recall all those who gave their lives in the Royal Navy, the British Army, the Royal Air  
Force, the Merchant Service and in British Commonwealth and Allied Forces, and we think  
Of those British men and women who fell, when, for the second time in history, their nation  
And its kindred stood alone against the overwhelming might of an oppressor; we think of  
Every man and women who in those crucial hours died so that the lights of freedom  
And humanity might continue to shine.

May these all rest proudly in the knowledge of their achievement, and may we and our  
successors in that heritage prove worthy of their sacrifice.

(VIII)

**LAND OF SUNLIGHT**

Land of sunlight, land of youth,  
Land of brave endeavour,  
Land whose sword has struck for truth  
And for freedom ever;

Where in happy times and ill  
Man to man is brother,  
Proud in privilege and will  
Each to help the other;

Land of bounty, land of dearth,  
In whose ancient keeping  
Treasure lay for all the earth  
Age on ages sleeping;

Land of challenge, hill and plain  
Swept by fiery changes,  
Drought upon the pasture, rain  
Flooding down the ranges;

We shall harness stream and soil,  
Tilth from deserts borrow,  
Match necessity with toil,  
Build a nobler morrow,

Strive, that all may share our good;  
Bind ó that none may sever ó  
East and West in brotherhood,  
Truth and freedom ever.

[This poem concludes the Third (1945) edition of CEW Bean's *War Aims of a Plain Australian*. In the absence of any attribution of authorship in the text, its author is assumed to be CEW Bean himself].