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# EMBERS

By Gilbert Parker

Volume 1.

## CONTENTS

Volume 1. EMBERS ROSLEEN WILL YOU COME BACK HOME? MARY CALLAGHAN AND ME KILDARE YOU'LL TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE FARCALLADEN RISE GIVE ME THE LIGHT HEART WHERE SHALL WE BETAKE US? NO MAN'S LAND AT SEA ATHENIAN EYES LIKE THE SEA UNDER THE CLIFF OPEN TRY GATE SUMMER IS COME O FLOWER OF ALL THE WORLD WAS IT SOME GOLDEN STAR? I HEARD THE DESERT CALLING THE FORGOTTEN WORD WHAT WILL IT MATTER? THE COURIER STAR CONTENTS CONTENTS THE WORLD IN MAKING HEW O SON OF MAN AT THE END OF THE WORLD WAYFARERS THE RED PATROL THE YELLOW SWAN THE HEART OF THE PIONEER THE NORTH TRAIL ALONE THE SCARLET HILLS THE WOODSMAN LOVER QUI VIVE THE LITTLE HOUSE SPINNING FLY AWAY, MY HEART SUZON MY LITTLE TENDER HEART THE MEN OF THE NORTH THE CROWNING CLOSE UP W. E. H. WHEN BLOWS THE WIND

Volume 2. DOLLY LIFE'S SWEET WAGES TO THE VALLEY THE LILY FLOWER LOVE IN HER COLD GRAVE LIES GRANADA, GRANADA THE NEW APHRODITE AN ANCIENT PLEDGE THE TRIBUTE OF KING HATH THERE IS AN ORCHARD HEART OF THE WORLD EPITAPHS THE BEGGAR THE MAID THE FOOL THE FIGHTER THE SEA-REAPERS THE WATCHER THE WAKING WHEN ONE FORGETS ALOES AND MYRRH IN WASTE PLACES LAST OF ALL AFTER REMEDIAL THE TWILIGHT OF LOVE IRREVOCABLE THE LAST DREAM WAITING IN MAYTIME INSIDE THE BAR THE CHILDREN LITTLE GARAIN TO A LITTLE CHILD L'EMPEREUR, MORT PHYLLIS BAIRNIE

**Volume 3. IN CAMDEN TOWN JEAN A MEMORY IN CAMP AT JUNIPER COVE JUNIPER COVE  
TWENTY YEARS AFTER LISTENING NEVERTHELESS ISHMAEL OVER THE HILLS THE  
DELIVERER THE DESERT ROAD A SON OF THE NILE A FAREWELL FROM THE HAREM AN  
ARAB LOVE SONG THE CAMEL-DRIVER TO HIS CAMEL THE TALL DABOON THERE IS  
SORROW ON THE SEA THE AUSTRALIAN STOCKRIDER THE BRIDGE OF THE HUNDRED  
SPANS NELL LATORE**

## **INTRODUCTION**

I had not intended that *Embers* should ever be given to the public, but friends whose judgment I respect have urged me to include it in the subscription edition at least, and with real reluctance I have consented. It was a pleasure to me to have one piece of work of mine which made no bid for pence or praise; but if that is a kind of selfishness, perhaps unnecessary, since no one may wish to read the verses, I will now free myself from any chance of reproach. This much I will say to soothe away my own compunctions, that the book will only make the bid for popularity or consideration with near a score of others, and not separately, and that my responsibility is thus modified. The preface to *Embers* says all that need be said about a collection which is, on the whole, merely a book of youth and memory and impressionism in verse. At least it was all spontaneous; it was not made to order on any page of it, and it is the handful left from very many handfuls destroyed. Since the first edition (intended only for my personal friends) was published I have written "Rosleen," "Where Shall We Betake Us?" "Granada," "Mary Callaghan and Me," "The Crowning" (on the Coronation of King Edward VII), the fragment "Kildare" and "I Heard the Desert Calling"; and I have also included others like "The Tall Dakoon" and "The Red Patrol," written over twenty years ago. "Mary Callaghan and Me" has been set to music by Mr. Max Muller, and has made many friends, and "The Crowning" was the Coronation ode of 'The People', which gave a prize, too ample I think, for the best musical setting of the lines. Many of the other pieces in '*Embers*' have been set to music by distinguished composers like Sir Edward Elgar, who has made a song-cycle of several, Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Mr. Arthur Foote, Mrs. Amy Woodforde Finden, Robert Somerville, and others. The first to have musical setting was "You'll Travel Far and Wide," to which in 1895 Mr. Arthur Foote gave fame as "An Irish Folk Song." Like "O Flower of All the World," by Mrs. Amy Woodforde Finden, it has had a world of admirers, and such singers as Mrs. Henschel helped to make Mr. Foote's music loved by thousands, and conferred something more than an ephemeral acceptance of the author's words.

When thou comest to the safe tent of the good comrade, abide there till thy going forth with a stedfast mind; and if, at the hospitable fire, thou hast learned the secret of a heart, thou shalt keep it holy, as the North Wind the trouble of the Stars.

## **PROEM**

And the Angel said: "What hast thou for all thy travail— what dost thou bring with thee out of the dust of the world?"

And the man answered:  
"Behold, I bring one perfect yesterday!"

And the Angel questioned:  
"Hast thou then no to-morrow?  
Hast thou no hope?"

And the man replied:  
"Who am I that I should hope!  
Out of all my life I have been granted one  
sheaf of memory."

And the Angel said:  
"Is this all!"

And the man answered: "Of all else was I robbed by the way: but Memory was hidden safely in my heart—the world found it not."

## ROSLEEN

"She's the darlin' of the parish, she's the pride of  
Inniskillen;  
'Twould make your heart lep up to see her trippin'  
down the glen;  
There's not a lad of life and fame that wouldn't take  
her shillin'  
And inlist inside her service—did ye hear her laugh-  
in' then?

Did ye see her with her hand in mine the day that  
Clancy married?  
Ah, darlin', how we footed it—the grass it was so  
green!  
And when the neighbours wandered home, I was the  
guest that tarried,  
An hour plucked from Paradise—come back to me,  
Rosleen!

Across the seas, beyond the hills, by lovely Inniskillen,  
The rigiment come marchin'—I hear the call once  
more  
Shure, a woman's but a woman—so I took the Ser-  
geant's shillin',  
For the pride o' me was hurted—shall I never see  
her more?

She turned her face away from me, and black as night  
the land became;  
Her eyes were jewels of the sky, the finest iver seen;  
She left me for another lad, he was a lad of life and  
fame,  
And the heart of me was hurted—but there's none  
that's like Rosleen!"

## WILL YOU COME BACK HOME?

Will you come back home, where the young larks are  
singin'?  
The door is open wide, and the bells of Lynn are ringin';

There's a little lake I know,  
And a boat you used to row  
To the shore beyond that's quiet—will you come back  
home?

Will you come back, darlin'? Never heed the pain and  
blightin',  
Never trouble that you're wounded, that you bear the  
scars of fightin';  
Here's the luck o' Heaven to you,  
Here's the hand of love will brew you  
The cup of peace—ah, darlin', will you come back  
home?

## MARY CALLAGHAN AND ME

It was as fine a churchful as you ever clapt an eye on;  
Oh, the bells was ringin' gaily, and the sun was shinin'  
free;  
There was singers, there was clargy—"Bless ye both,"  
says Father Tryon—  
They was weddin' Mary Callaghan and me.

There was gatherin' of women, there was hush upon the  
stairway,  
There was whisperin' and smilin', but it was no place  
for me;  
A little ship was comin' into harbour through the fair-  
way—  
It belongs to Mary Callaghan and me.

Shure, the longest day has endin', and the wildest storm  
has fallin'—  
There's a young gossoon in yander, and he sits upon  
my knee;  
There's a churchful for the christenin'—do you hear  
the imp a-callin'?  
He's the pride of Mary Callaghan and me.

## KILDARE

He's the man that killed Black Care,  
He's the pride of all Kildare;  
Shure the devil takes his hat off whin he comes:  
'Tis the clargy bow before him,  
'Tis the women they adore him,  
And the Lord Lieutenant orders out the drums—  
For his hangin', all the drums,

## YOU'LL TRAVEL FAR AND WIDE

You'll travel far and wide, dear, but you'll come back  
again,  
You'll come back to your father and your mother in  
the glen,  
Although we should be lyin' 'neath the heather grasses  
then—  
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

You'll see the icebergs sailin' along the wintry foam,  
The white hair of the breakers, and the wild swans as  
they roam;  
But you'll not forget the rowan beside your father's  
home  
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

New friends will clasp your hand, dear, new faces on  
you smile;  
You'll bide with them and love them, but you'll long  
for us the while;  
For the word across the water, and the farewell by the  
stile—  
For the true heart's here, my darlin'!

You'll hear the wild birds singin' beneath a brighter sky,  
The roof-tree of your home, dear, it will be grand and  
high;  
But you'll hunger for the hearthstone where, a child,  
you used to lie—  
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

And when your foot is weary, and when your heart is sore,  
And you come back to the moor that spreads beyand  
your father's door,  
There'll be many an ancient comrade to greet you on  
the shore—  
At your comin' back, my darlin' !

Ah, the hillock cannot cover, and the grass it cannot hide  
The love that never changeth, whatever wind or tide;  
And though you'll not be seein', we'll be standin' by  
your side—  
You'll be comin' back, my darlin'!

O, there's no home like the old home, there's no pillow  
like the breast  
You slumbered on in childhood, like a young bird in  
the nest:  
We are livin' still and waitin', and we're hopin' for the  
best—  
Ah, you're comin' back, my darlin'—comin' back!

# FARCALLADEN RISE

Oh, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,  
With the knees pressing hard to the saddle, my men;  
With the sparks from the hoofs giving light to the eyes,  
And our hearts beating hard as we rode to the glen!

And it's back with the ring of the chain and the spur,  
And it's back with the sun on the hill and the moor,  
And it's back is the thought sets my pulses astir,—  
But I'll never go back to Farcalladen more!

Oh, it's down the long side of Farcalladen Rise,  
And it's swift as an arrow and straight as a spear,  
And it's keen as the frost when the summer-time dies,  
That we rode to the glen, and with never a fear.

And it's hey for the hedge, and it's hey for the wall,  
And it's over the stream with an echoing cry;  
And there's three fled for ever from old Donegal,  
And there's two that have shown how bold Irishmen die!

For it's rest when the gallop is over, my men,  
And it's here's to the lads that have ridden their last;  
And it's here's to the lasses we leave in the glen,  
With a smile for the future, a sigh for the past!

# GIVE ME THE LIGHT HEART

Give, me the light heart, Heaven above!  
Give me the hand of a friend,  
Give me one high fine spirit to love,  
I'll abide my fate to the end:  
I will help where I can, I will cherish my own,  
Nor walk the steep way of the world alone.

# WHERE SHALL WE BETAKE US?

"Where shall we betake us when the day's work is over?  
(Ah, red is the rose-bush in the lane.)  
Happy is the maid that knows the footstep of her lover—  
(Sing the song, the Eden song, again.)  
Who shall listen to us when black sorrow comes a-reaping?  
(See the young lark falling from the sky.)  
Happy is the man that has a true heart in his keeping—  
True hearts flourish when the roses die."

# NO MAN'S LAND

Oh, we have been a-maying, dear, beyond the city gates,  
The little city set upon a hill;  
And we have seen the jocund smile upon the lips of Fate,  
And we have known the splendours of our will.

Oh, we have wandered far, my dear, and we have loved apace;  
A little hut we built upon the sand,  
The sun without to lighten it, within, your golden face,—  
O happy dream, O happy No Man's Land!

The pleasant furniture of spring was set in all the fields,  
And gay and wholesome were the herbs and flowers;  
Our simple cloth of love was spread with all that nature yields,  
And frugal only were the passing hours.

Oh, we have been a-maying, dear, we've left the world behind,  
We've sung and danced and gossiped as we strayed;  
And when within our little but your fingers draw the blind,  
We'll loiter by the fire that love has made.

# AT SEA

Through the round window above, the deep palpable blue,  
The wan bright moon, and the sweet stinging breath of the sea;  
And below, in the shadows, thine eyes like stars,  
And Love brooding low, and the warm white glory of thee.

Oh, soft was the song in my soul, and soft beyond thought  
were thy lips,  
And thou wert mine own, and Eden reconquered was mine  
And the way that I go is the way of thy feet, and the breath  
that I breathe,  
It hath being from thee and life from the life that is thine!

# ATHENIAN

Your voice I knew, its cadences and thrill;  
It stilled the tumult and the overthrow  
When Athens trembled to the people's will;  
I knew it—'twas a thousand years ago.

I see the fountains, and the gardens where  
You sang the fury from the Satrap's brow;  
I feel the quiver in the raptured air,  
I heard it in the Athenian grove—I hear you now.

# EYES LIKE THE SEA

Eyes like the sea, look up, the beacons brighten,  
Home comes the sailor, home across the tide!  
Back drifts the cloud, behold the heavens whiten,  
The port of Love is open, he anchors at thy side.

## UNDER THE CLIFF

The sands and the sea, and the white gulls fleeting,  
The mist on the island, the cloud on the hill;  
The song in my heart, and the old hope beating  
Its life 'gainst the bars of thy will.

# OPEN THY GATE

Here in the highway without thy garden wall,  
Here in the babel and the glare,  
Sick for thy haven, O Sweet, to thee I call:  
Open thy gate unto my prayer—  
Open thy gate.

Cool is thy garden-plot, pleasant thy shade,  
All things commend thee in thy place;  
Dwelling on thy perfectness, O Sweet, I am afraid,  
But, fearing, long to look upon thy face—  
Open thy gate.

Over the ample globe, searching for thee,  
Thee and thy garden have I come;  
Ended my questing: no more, no more for me,  
O Sweet, the pilgrim's sandals, call me home—  
Open thy gate.

# SUMMER IS COME

Summer is come; the corn is in the ear,  
The haze is swimming where the beeches stand;  
Summer is come, though winter months be here—  
My love is summer passing through the land.

Summer is come; I hear the skylarks sing,  
The honeysuckle flaunts it to the bees;  
Summer is come, and 'tis not yet the spring—  
My love is summer blessing all she sees.



Summer is come; I see an open door,  
A sweet hand beckons, and I know  
That, winter or summer, I shall go forth no more—  
My heart is homing where her summer-roses grow.

## O FLOWER OF ALL THE WORLD

O flower of all the world, O flower of all,  
The garden where thou dwellest is so fair,  
Thou art so goodly, and so queenly tall,  
Thy sweetness scatters sweetness everywhere,  
O flower of all!

O flower of all the years, O flower of all,  
A day beside thee is a day of days;  
Thy voice is softer than the throstle's call,  
There is not song enough to sing thy praise,  
O flower of all!

O flower of all the years, O flower of all,  
I seek thee in thy garden, and I dare  
To love thee; and though my deserts be small,  
Thou art the only flower I would wear,  
O flower of all!

## WAS IT SOME GOLDEN STAR?

Once in another land,  
Ages ago,  
You were a queen, and I,  
I loved you so:  
Where was it that we loved—  
Ah, do you know?

Was it some golden star  
Hot with romance?  
Was it in Malabar,  
Italy, France?  
Did we know Charlemagne,  
Dido, perchance?

But you were a queen, and I  
Fought for you then:  
How did you honour me—  
More than all men!  
Kissed me upon the lips;  
Kiss me again.

Have you forgotten it,

All that we said?  
I still remember though  
Ages have fled.  
Whisper the word of life,—  
"Love is not dead."

## **I HEARD THE DESERT CALLING**

I heard the desert calling, and my heart stood still—  
There was winter in my world and in my heart;  
A breath came from the mesa, and a message stirred my will,  
And my soul and I arose up to depart.

I heard the desert calling, and I knew that over there  
In an olive-sheltered garden where the mesquite grows,  
Was a woman of the sunrise with the star-shine in her hair  
And a beauty that the almond-blossom blows.

In the night-time when the ghost-trees glimmered in the moon,  
Where the mesa by the water-course was spanned,  
Her loveliness enwrapped me like the blessedness of June,  
And all my life was thrilling in her hand.

I hear the desert calling, and my heart stands still—  
There is summer in my world, and in my heart;  
A breath comes from the mesa, and a will beyond my will  
Binds my footsteps as I rise up to depart.

## **THE FORGOTTEN WORD**

Once in the twilight of the Austrian hills,  
A word came to me, wonderful and good;  
If I had spoken it—that message of the stars—  
Love would have filled thy blood;  
Love would have sent thee pulsing to my arms,  
Laughing with joy, thy heart a nestling bird  
An instant passed—it fled; and now I seek in vain  
For that forgotten word.

## **WHAT WILL IT MATTER?**

What will this matter, dear, when you and I  
Have left our sad world for some fairer sky?  
What will it matter, dear, when, far apart,  
We miss the touch of hand and beat of heart;  
When one's at peace, while unto one is given  
With lonely feet to walk the hills at even?  
What will it matter that one fault more now  
Brings clouds upon one eager mortal brow,  
That one grace less is given to one poor soul,  
When both drink from the last immortal bowl?  
For fault and grace, dear love, when we go hence  
Will find the same Eternal recompense.

## THE COURIER STAR

Into a New World wandered I,  
A strong vast realm afar;  
And down the white peaks of its sky,  
Beckoned my courier star.

It hailed me to mine ancient North,—  
The meadows of the Pole;  
It whistled my gay hunters forth,  
It bugled in my soul.  
On plateaux of the constant snow  
I heard the meteors whir;  
I saw the red wolves nor'ward go  
From my low huts of fir.

The dun moose ran the deep ravine,  
The musk-ox ranged the plain;  
The hunter's song dripped in between  
In notes of scarlet rain.

The land was mine: its lonely pride,  
Its distant deep desires;  
And I abode, as hunters bide,  
With joy beside its fires.

Into a New World wandered I,  
A world austere, sublime;  
And unseen feet came sauntering by;  
A voice with ardent chime  
Rang down the idle lanes of sleep;  
I waked: the night was still;  
I saw my star its sentry keep  
Along a southern hill.

O flaming star! my courier star!  
My herald, fine and tall!  
You gestured from your opal car,  
I answered to that call.  
I rose; the flumes of snow I trod,  
I trailed to southward then;  
I left behind the camps of God,  
And sought the tents of men.

And where a princely face looked through  
The curtains of the play  
Of life, O star, you paused; I knew  
The comrade of my day.  
And good the trails that I have trod,  
My courier star before;  
And good the nor'land camps of God:  
And though I lodge no more

Where stalwart deeds and dreams rejoice,  
And gallant hunters roam,  
Where I can hear your voice, your voice,  
I drive the tent-peg home.

## THE WORLD IN MAKING

When God was making the world,  
(Swift was the wind and white was the fire)  
The feet of His people danced the stars;  
There was laughter and swinging bells,  
And clanging iron and breaking breath,  
The hammers of heaven making the hills,  
The vales, on the anvils of God.  
(Wild is the fire and low is the wind)

When God had finished the world,  
(Bright was the fire and sweet was the wind)  
Up from the valleys came song,  
To answer the morning stars;  
And the hand of man on the anvil rang,  
His breath was big in his breast, his life  
Beat strong 'gainst the walls of the world.  
(Glad is the wind and tall is the fire)

## HEW

None shall stand in the way of the lord,  
The Lord of the Earth—of the rivers and trees,  
Of the cattle and fields and vines:  
Hew!  
Here shall I build me my cedar home,  
A city with gates, a road to the sea—  
For I am the lord of the Earth:  
Hew! Hew!  
Hew and hew, and the sap of the tree  
Shall be yours, and your bones shall be strong,  
Shall be yours, and your heart shall rejoice,  
Shall be yours, and the city be yours,

And the key of its gates be the key  
Of the home where your little ones dwell.  
Hew and be strong! Hew and rejoice!  
For man is the lord of the Earth,  
And God is the Lord over all.

## O SON OF MAN

"Son of man, stand upon thy feet  
and I will speak to thee."

O son of man, behold  
If thou shouldst stumble on the nameless trail,  
The trail that no man rides,  
Lift up thy heart,  
Behold, O son of man, thou hast a helper near!

O son of man, take heed  
If thou shouldst fall upon the vacant plain,  
The plain that no man loves,  
Reach out thy hand,  
Take heed, O son of man, strength shall be given thee!

O son of man, rejoice:  
If thou art blinded even at the door,  
The door of the Safe Tent,  
Sing in thy heart,  
Rejoice, O son of man, thy pilot leads thee home!

## AT THE END OF THE WORLD

In the lodge of the Mother of Men,  
In the land of Desire,  
Are the embers of fire,  
Are the ashes of those who return.  
Who return to the world;  
Who flame at the breath  
Of the Mockers of Death.  
O Sweet, we will voyage again  
To the camp of Love's fire,  
Nevermore to return!

O love, by the light of thine eyes  
We will fare over-sea;  
We will be  
As the silver-winged herons that rest  
By the shallows,  
The shallows of sapphire stone;

No more shall we wander alone.  
As the foam to the shore  
Is my spirit to thine,  
And God's serfs as they fly,—  
The Mockers of Death-  
They will breathe on the embers of fire  
We shall live by that breath.  
Sweet, thy heart to my heart,  
As we journey afar,  
No more, nevermore, to return!

## WAYFARERS

War does the fire no longer burn?  
(I am so lonely)  
Why does the tent-door swing outward?  
(I have no home)  
Oh, let me breathe hard in your face!  
(I am so lonely)  
Oh, why do you shut your eyes to me?  
(I have no home)

Let us make friends with the stars;  
(I am so lonely)  
Give me your hand, I will hold it;  
(I have no home)  
Let us go hunting together:  
(I am so lonely)  
We will sleep at God's camp to-night.  
(I have no home)

## THE RED PATROL

He stands in the porch of the World—  
(Why should the door be shut?)  
The grey wolf waits at his heel,  
(Why is the window barred?)  
Wild is the trail from the Kimash Hills,  
The blight has fallen on bush and tree,  
The choking earth has swallowed the streams,  
Hungry and cold is the Red Patrol-  
(Why should the door be shut?)  
The Scarlet Hunter has come to bide—  
(Why is the window barred?)

He waits at the threshold stone—  
(Why should the key-hole rust?)  
The eagle broods at his side,

(Why should the blind be drawn?)  
Long has he watched and far has he called—  
The lonely sentinel of the North—  
"Who goes there?" to the wandering soul  
Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—  
(Why should the key-hole rust?)  
The Scarlet Hunter is sick for home,  
(Why should the blind be drawn?)

Heavy of heart is the Red Patrol—  
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(Why should the door be shut?)  
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(Why is the window barred?)

## THE YELLOW SWAN

In the flash of the singing dawn,  
At the door of the Great One,  
The joy of his lodge knelt down,  
Knelt down, and her hair in the sun  
Shone like showering dust,  
And her eyes were as eyes of the fawn.  
And she cried to her lord,  
"O my lord, O my life,  
From the desert I come;  
From the hills of the Dawn."  
And he lifted the curtain and said,  
"Hast thou seen It, the Yellow Swan?"

And she lifted her head, and her eyes  
Were as lights in the dark,  
And her hands folded slow on her breast,  
And her face was as one who has seen  
The gods and the place where they dwell;  
And she said, "Is it meet that I kneel,  
That I kneel as I speak to my lord?"  
And he answered her, "Nay, but to stand,  
And to sit by my side;  
But speak: thou has followed the trail,  
Hast thou found It, the Yellow Swan?"  
And she stood as a queen, and her voice  
Was as one who hath seen the Hills,  
The Hills of the Mighty Men,  
And hath heard them cry in the night,  
Hath heard them call in the dawn,  
Hath seen It, the Yellow Swan.  
And she said, "It is not for my lord";  
And she murmured, "I cannot tell;  
But my lord must go as I went,  
And my lord must come as I came,  
And my lord shall be wise."

And he cried in his wrath,

"What is thine, it is mine,  
And thine eyes are my eyes,  
Thou shalt speak of the Yellow Swan."  
But she answered him, "Nay, though I die.  
I have lain in the nest of the Swan,  
I have heard, I have known;  
When thine eyes too have seen,  
When thine ears too have heard,  
Thou shalt do with me then as thou wilt."

And he lifted his hand to strike,  
And he straightened his spear to slay;  
But a great light struck on his eyes,  
And he heard the rushing of wings,  
And his long spear fell from his hand,  
And a terrible stillness came:  
And when the spell passed from his eyes  
He stood in his doorway alone,  
And gone was the queen of his soul  
And gone was the Yellow Swan.

## **THE HEART OF THE PIONEER**

My dear love, she waits for me,  
None other my world is adorning;  
My true love I come to thee,  
My dear, the white star of the morning.  
Eagles, spread out your wings,—  
Behold where the red dawn is breaking!  
Hark, 'tis my darling sings,  
The flowers, the song-birds, awaking—  
See, where she comes to me,  
My love, ah, my dear love!

## **THE NORTH TRAIL**

"Oh, where did you get them, the bonny, bonny roses  
That blossom in your cheeks, and the morning in your eyes?"  
"I got them on the North Trail, the road that never closes,  
That widens to the seven gold gates of Paradise."  
"O come, let us camp in the North Trail together,  
With the night-fires lit and the tent-pegs down."



# ALONE

O, O, the winter wind, the North wind—  
My snow-bird, where art thou gone?  
O, O the wailing wind, the night wind—  
The cold nest; I am alone.  
O, O my snow-bird!

O, O, the waving sky, the white sky—  
My snow-bird, thou fliest far;  
O, O the eagle's cry, the wild cry—  
My lost love, my lonely star.  
O, O my snow-bird!

# THE SCARLET HILLS

Brothers, we go to the Scarlet Hills—  
(Little gold sun, come out of the dawn.)  
There we will meet in the cedar groves—  
(Shining white dew, come down.)  
There is a bed where you sleep so sound,  
The little good folk of the Hills will guard,  
Till the morning wakes and your love comes home—  
(Fly away, heart, to the Scarlet Hills.)

# THE WOODSMAN LOVER

High in a nest of the tam'rac tree,  
Swing under, so free, and swing over;  
Swing under the sun and swing over the world,  
My snow-bird, my gay little lover—  
My gay little lover, don, don! . . . don, don!

When the winter is done I will come back home,  
To the nest swinging under and over,  
Swinging under and over and waiting for me,  
Your rover, my snow-bird, your lover—  
My lover and rover, don, don! . . . don, don!

# QUI VIVE

Qui vive!  
Who is it cries in the dawn,  
Cries when the stars go down?  
Who is it comes through the mist,  
The mist that is fine like lawn,  
The mist like an angel's gown?  
Who is it comes in the dawn?  
Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn.

Qui vive!  
Who is it passeth us by,  
Still in the dawn and the mist—  
Tall seigneur of the dawn,  
A two-edged sword at his thigh,  
A shield of gold at his wrist?  
Who is it hurrieth by?  
Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn.

Qui vive!  
Who saileth into the morn,  
Out of the wind of the dawn?  
"Follow, oh, follow me on!"  
Calleth a distant horn.  
He is here—he is there—he is gone,  
Tall seigneur of the dawn!  
Qui vive! Qui vive! in the dawn.

## THE LITTLE HOUSE

### I

Children, the house is empty,  
The house behind the tall hill;  
Lonely and still is the empty house.  
There is no face in the doorway,  
There is no fire in the chimney—  
Come and gather beside the gate,  
Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills.

Where has the wild dog vanished?  
Where has the swift foot gone?  
Where is the hand that found the good fruit,  
That made a garret of wholesome herbs?  
Where is the voice that awoke the morn,  
The tongue that defied the terrible beasts?  
Come and listen beside the door,  
Little Good Folk of the Scarlet Hills.

### II

Sorrowful is the little house,  
The little house by the winding stream;  
All the laughter has died away  
Out of the little house.

But down there come from the lofty hills  
Footsteps and eyes a gleam,  
Bringing the laughter of yesterday  
Into the little house,  
By the winding stream and the hills.  
Di ron, di ron, di ron-don!

### III

What is there like to the cry of the bird  
That sings in its nest in the lilac tree?  
A voice the sweetest you ever have heard;  
It is there, it is here, ci, ci!  
It is there, it is here, it must roam and roam,  
And wander from shore to shore,  
Till I travel the hills and bring it home,  
And enter and close my door—  
Row along, row along home, ci, ci!

What is there like to the laughing star,  
Far up from the lilac tree?  
A face that's brighter and finer far;  
It laughs and it shines, ci, ci!  
It laughs and it shines, it must roam and roam,  
And travel from shore to shore,  
Till I get me forth and bring it home,  
And house it within my door—  
Row along, row along home, ci, ci!

## SPINNING

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!  
The moon wheels full, and the tide flows high,  
And your wedding-gown you must put it on  
Ere the night hath no moon in the sky  
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!  
Your gown shall be stitched ere the old moon fade:  
The age of a moon shall your hands spin on,  
Or a wife in her shroud shall be laid—  
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

Spin, spin, belle Mergaton!  
The Little Good Folk the spell they have cast;  
By your work well done while the moon hath shone,  
Ye shall cleave unto joy at last—  
Gigoton, Mergaton, spin!

### FLY AWAY, MY HEART

"O traveller, see where the red sparks rise,"  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)  
But dark is the mist in the traveller's eyes.

(Fly away, my heart, fly away)  
"O traveller, see far down the gorge,  
The crimson light from my father's forge-"  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)

"O traveller, hear how the anvils ring";  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)  
But the traveller heard, ah, never a thing:  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)  
"O traveller, loud do the bellows roar,  
And my father waits by the smithy door-"  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)

"O traveller, see you thy true love's grace,"  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)  
And now there is joy in the traveller's face:  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)  
Oh, wild does he ride through the rain and mire,  
To greet his love by the smithy fire—  
(Fly away, my heart, fly away)

## SUZON

O mealman white, give me your daughter,  
Oh, give her to me, your sweet Suzon!  
O mealman dear, you can do no better,  
For I have a chateau at Malmaison.

Black charcoalman, you shall not have her  
She shall not marry you, my Suzon—  
A bag of meal, and a sack of carbon!  
Non, non, non, non, non, non, non, non

Go look at your face, my fanfaron,  
For my daughter and you would be night and day.  
Non, non, non, non, non, non, non, non,  
Not for your chateau at Malmaison;  
Non, non, non, non, non, non, non, non,  
You shall not marry her, my Suzon.

## MY LITTLE TENDER HEART

My little tender heart,  
O gai, vive le roi!  
My little tender heart,  
O gai, vive le roi!  
'Tis for a grand baron,  
Vive le roi, la reine!

'Tis for a grand baron,  
Vive Napoleon!

My mother promised it,  
O gai, vive le roi!  
My mother promised it,  
O gai, vive le roi!  
To a gentleman of the king,  
Vive le roi, la reine!  
To a gentleman of the king,  
Vive Napoleon!

Oh, say, where goes your love?  
O gai, vive le roi!  
Oh, say, where goes your love?  
O gai, vive le roi!  
He rides on a white horse,  
Vive le roi, la reine!  
He wears a silver sword,  
Vive Napoleon!

Oh, grand to the war he goes,  
O gai, vive le roi!  
Oh, grand to the war he goes,  
O gai, vive le roi!  
Gold and silver he will bring,  
Vive le roi, la reine!  
And eke the daughter of a king—  
Vive Napoleon!

## THE MEN OF THE NORTH

They have wrestled their thews with the Arctic bear,  
With tireless moose they've trod;  
They have drained heel-deep of a fighting air,  
And breasted the winds of God.  
They have stretched their beds in the hummocked snow,  
They have set their teeth to the Pole;  
With Death they have gamed it, throw for throw,  
And drunk with him bowl for bowl—  
They are all for thee, O England!

In their birch canoes they have run cloud-high,  
On the crest of a nor'land storm;  
They have soaked the sea, and have braved the sky,  
And laughed at the Conqueror Worm.  
They reckon not beast and they fear no man,  
They have trailed where the panther glides;  
On the edge of a mountain barbican,  
They have tracked where the reindeer hides—  
And these are for thee, O England!

They have freed your flag where the white Pole-Star  
Hangs out its auroral flame;  
Where the bones of your Franklin's heroes are  
They have honoured your ancient name.  
And, iron in blood and giant in girth,

They have stood for your title-deed  
Of the infinite North, and your lordly worth,  
And your pride and your ancient greed—  
And for love of thee, O England!

## THE CROWNING

A thousand years of power,  
A thousand marches done,  
Lands beyond lands our dower,  
Flag with no setting sun—  
Now to the new King's sealing,  
Come from the farthest seas,  
Sons of the croft and sheiling,  
Sons of the moor and leas—

Those that went from us, daring  
The wastes and the wilds and the wood:  
Hither they come to us, sharing  
Our glory, the call of the blood;  
Hither they come to the sealing—  
They or the seed of them come,  
Bring the new King the revealing  
Of continents yesterday dumb.

Out on the veldt, in the pineland,  
Camped by the spring or the hill,  
Pressing the grapes of the vineland,  
Grinding the wheat at the mill,  
Oracles whispered the message  
Meant for the ear of the King—  
Joyous and splendid the presage,  
Lofty the vision they bring!

Each for his new land—he made it;  
Each for the Old Land which gave  
Treasure, that none should invade it,  
Blood its high altars to lave;  
Each for the brotherhood nations,  
All of the nations for each:  
Here giving thanks and oblations,  
One in our blood and our speech,

Pledging our love and alliance,  
Faith upon faith for the King,  
Making no oath in defiance,  
Crying, "No challenge we fling,"  
Yet for the peace of all people,  
Yet for the good of our own,  
Here, with our prayers and oblations,  
Pledge we our lives to the throne!

# CLOSE UP

You heard the bugles calling, comrades, brothers,—  
"Close up! Close up!" You mounted to go forth,  
You answered "We are coming," and you gathered,  
And paraded with your Captains in the North.

From here you came, from there you came, your voices  
All flashing with your joy as flash the stars,  
You waited, watched, until, the last one riding  
Out of the night, came roll-call after wars.

Unslung your swords, off with your knapsacks, brothers!  
We'll mess here at headquarters once again;  
Drink and forget the scars; drink and remember  
The joy of fighting and the pride of pain.

We will forget: the great game rustles by us,  
The furtive world may whistle at the door,  
We'll not go forth; we'll furlough here together—  
Close up! Close up! 'Tis comrades evermore!

And Captains, our dear Captains, standing steady,  
Aged with battle, but ever young with love,  
Tramping the zones round, high have we hung your virtues,  
Like shields along the wall of life, like armaments above:

Like shields your love, our Captains, like armaments your  
virtues,  
No rebel lives among us, we are yours;  
The old command still holds us, the old flag is our one flag,  
We answer to a watchword that endures!

Close up, close up, my brothers! Lift your glasses,  
Drink to our Captains, pledging ere we roam,  
Far from the good land, the dear familiar faces,  
The love of the old regiment at home!

## W. E. H.

"Henley is dead!" Ah, but the sound and the sight of him,  
Buoyant, commanding, and strong, suffering, noble in mind!  
Gone, and no more shall we have any discourse or delight of him,  
Wearing his pain like a song, casting his troubles behind.

Gallant and fair! Feeling the soul and the ruth of things,  
Probing the wounds of the world, healing he brought and surcease—  
Laughter he gave, beauty to teach us the truth of things,  
Music to march to the fight, ballads for hours of peace.

Now it is done! Fearless the soul of him strove for us,  
Viking in blood and in soul, baring his face to the rain,  
Facing the storm he fared on, singing for England and love of us,  
On to the last corral where now he lies beaten and slain.

Beaten and slain! Yes, but England hath heed of him,  
Singer of high degree, master of thought and of word—  
She shall bear witness with tears, of the pride and the

loss and the need of him;  
We shall measure the years by the voice and the song unheard.

## WHEN BLOWS THE WIND

When blows the wind and drives the sleet,  
And all the trees droop down;  
When all the world is sad, 'tis meet  
Good company be known:  
And, in my heart, good company  
Sits by the fire and sings to me.

When warriors return, and one  
That went returns no more;  
When dusty is the road we run,  
And garnerers have no store;  
One ingle-nook right warm shall be  
Where my heart hath good company.

When man shall flee and woman fail,  
And folly mock and hope deceive,  
Let cowards beat the breast and wail,  
I'll homeward hie; I will not grieve:  
I'll curtains draw, I'll there set free  
My heart's beloved boon company.

When kings shall favour, ladies call  
My service to their side;  
When roses grow upon the wall  
Of life, and love inside;  
I'll get me home with joy to be  
In my heart's own good company!

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