

# SAILOR TOWN

SEA SONGS AND BALLADS

BY

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I: SAILOR TOWN

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## SAILOR TOWN

### SAILOR TOWN

Along the wharves in sailor town a singing whisper  
goes  
the wind among the anchored ships, the wind  
that blows  
a broad brimming water, where the summer day  
has died  
like a wounded whale a-sounding in the sunset tide.

There's a big China liner gleaming like a gull,  
and her lit ports flashing; there's the long gaunt  
hull  
of a Blue Funnel freighter with her derricks dark  
and still;  
and a tall barque loading at the lumber mill.

And in the shops of sailor town is every kind of  
thing  
that the sailormen buy there, or the ships' crews  
bring:

Shackles for a sea-chest and pink cockatoos,  
Fifty-cent alarum clocks and dead men's shoes.

You can hear the gulls crying, and the cheerful  
noise

Of a concertina going, and a singer's voice—  
And the wind's song and the tide's song, crooning  
soft and low

Rum old tunes in sailor town that seamen know

I dreamed a dream in sailor town, a foolish dream  
and vain,

Of ships and men departed, of old days come  
again—

And an old song in sailor town, an old song to sing  
When shipmate meets with shipmate in the evening

THE BALLAD OF THE "MATTERHORN"

By Casey's Occidental Rooms, when the sun is get-  
ting low,

The chattering crowds of Chinatown along the  
pavements go,

and there you'll hear the wrangling gulls about the  
harbour-side,

And see the ships come in which use the oceans deep  
and wide,

And smell the smell o' the waterfront, the shipping  
and the tide.

And there do meet all brands o' folk which on the  
Coast are found,

From Behring Strait to Mexico, from 'Frisco and  
the Sound,

The Dago and the Dutchman there, with all queer  
breeds that be,

Stand up to drink with Jap and Chink beside the  
sunset sea.

And there do swear and fight and lie and leave their  
 pay behind  
 The whalers and the tugboat men and the loggers  
 rolling blind;  
 And there the Siwash and the Sikh go jostling side  
 by side,  
 And sailormen blow out and in, like driftlogs tide  
 by tide.

By Casey's Occidental Rooms, as I was strolling by  
 And thinking over this and that, and things both  
 far and nigh,  
 There chanced to meet me face to face a man I used  
 to know,  
 That sailed with me in the "Matterhorn" in a day  
 that's long ago.

And "Oh, Lord love you, Mike," I said, and took  
 him by the hand,  
 "Do you sail yet in the 'Matterhorn' and are you  
 long for land?  
 It's good to see your face again, these longshore  
 lads among,  
 To 'mind me of the 'Matterhorn' and the time when  
 I was young."

"If I had sailed in the 'Matterhorn' it is not here  
 I'd be,  
 And thirsty as the hob of hell as I am now," said  
 he,  
 "A bitter drink I'd sup among the cold and clammy  
 dead  
 If I had signed in the 'Matterhorn' when last she  
 sailed," he said.

"She's gone, and none but old Cape Stiff can tell  
 the when or how,  
 And them that watch the lists for her, they're tired  
 o' watching now;  
 Far down, far down in Dead Man's Bay both ship  
 and men do lie,  
 And the 'Lutine' bell has rung for her this many a  
 day gone by.

"I saw her sail from Salthouse Dock—the sun was  
 risin' red,  
 And 'See you next in Callao' my friends aboard her  
 said;  
 'Tween Callao and Liverpool a many ports there be,  
 And many men I'll meet again—but them I shall not  
 see.

“Well, safe we got to Callao, but we were long  
a-going,  
The old tub leaking like a sieve, old Horn his hardest  
blowing;  
The big seas swept her fore and aft; the sails they  
cut like steel;  
Our bodies to the yards they froze, our hands froze  
to the wheel.

“And them that sailed before us came, and most  
that since did sail,  
They came all battered with the seas and broken  
with the gale;  
And one that had been missing long, with sticks all  
snapped and shorn  
Limped in to tell her tale ashore, but not the ‘Mat-  
terhorn.’

“So last we knew that she was gone, as best and  
worst may go,  
The good ship and the bad likewise, the fast ship  
and the slow;  
A fast ship was the ‘Matterhorn’ when all them  
kites was spread,  
A fast ship and a fine she was—” “Aye, she was  
fast,” I said.

From course to skysail up she soared like a mid-  
summer cloud;  
In all this earth I have not seen a thing more  
brave and proud;  
And she is gone as dreams do go, or a song sung  
long before,  
Or the golden years of a man’s youth when they  
are his no more.

And all the shining moons of youth, and all the  
stars of dream  
Were tangled in her topmost spars and through  
her shrouds did gleam;  
Now thundering like a North Sea gale, now hum-  
ming faint and low,  
Came singing with her down the years the winds of  
long ago.

By Casey’s Occidental Rooms a bitter thing I heard,  
With a heavy heart I turned away, and long I spoke  
no word;  
I bared my head there where I stood, “God rest her  
soul,” I said,  
As if a woman I had loved in a far land was dead.

## BILL THE DREAMER

"Some day when I'm rich (said Bill) I'm going to  
leave the sea,  
Sail an' steam alike 'll see the livin' last o' me;  
And 'bout ship or heave her to, they'll rouse me out  
no more,  
In a clean quiet cottage like I've often seen ashore,  
With hen and chickens, daisies growin' by the door.

"Quiet will the days come and easy will go,  
Smoking of my pipe there and workin' with a hoe,  
And thinkin' of poor mates o' mine toiling in the  
cold  
That hadn't sense to leave it an' they growing old.

"For when all's said and done, lads, it's little short  
o' sin  
To spend your money foolish that's bitter hard to  
win;  
I'll save my pay a year or two, and then I'll sail no  
more,  
Sitting down so easy in my little place ashore."

## BILL THE DREAMER

And so went his yarn on and so would he say—  
Round the Horn with hurricanes blowing all the way,  
All the way from Callao trudging home again  
To the Bar light shining in the cold and rain.

But who's to keep from share and share with friends  
o' the best?  
And girls along the waterfront, they'll help to spend  
the rest;  
And the cottage and the garden and the daisies at  
the door,  
They went the way of many dreams when sailors  
come to shore.

And he's rolling down to Rio with a drunken Dago  
crew,  
And the deadheads under hatches till they've got  
their groaning through;  
Yes, he's rolling down to Rio as he's often done  
before,  
And will do till the day comes for Bill to sail no  
more,  
When the ninth wave, the last wave, shall bring him  
to shore!

## THE LAST OF THE SEALING FLEET

ALL in the slime of the stagnant Arm, the mouldering slips beside,  
Where dark as sin slinks out and in the fouled and furtive tide,  
There, slowly parting strake from strake, the poor old sealers lie,  
And whisper to the jostling booms of a brave day gone by.

Unkept, uncaulked, their gaping decks are blistered, bleached and bare;  
Along their keels the chuckling ebb mocks at their blind despair;  
And ever like a ghostly tune through rotted ropes and green  
Runs the shrill keening of the wind and the long sob between.

"Oh, south away to 'Frisco Bay the open seas do roll,  
And north to the white bear's hunting grounds about the lonely Pole;

## THE LAST OF THE SEALING FLEET

And at rutting time on the Pribyloffs the lusting seals do roar,  
But we'll go out by Bretchie Ledge on the sealer's road no more.

"Oh, north away from 'Frisco Bay the tumbling seas roll,  
Both wide and free to Behring's Sea which laps around the Pole:  
A thousand miles from 'Frisco Bay the feeding seal may fare  
With never a foe but the killer whale and the brown man and the bear.

"Yestereen along the waterside I saw my captain go,  
A weary and a broken man, with lagging step and slow;  
Salt was his blood as the salt tide and restless as the sea,  
And like the sea the wild blue eye that there did gaze on me.

"'Old ship,' he said, 'when we were young together, you and I,  
A man's life I lived with men between the sea and sky;

And would to God you had sunk deep and I also had  
died  
Who now upon the land decay as you rot in the  
tide.

“By God, it were a kindlier thing to make an end  
with those  
Which split upon the uncharted reef or splintered in  
the floes  
Than to cheat death a hundred times and last to  
find the day  
When a man's strength must fail from him and a  
good ship decay.

“And north away from 'Frisco Bay the plunging  
seals do go,  
But never a schooner plies that way of all we used  
to know;  
And there the spouting bowhead blows and the grey  
gulls do soar,  
But south or north though you go forth you'll find  
us there no more.’”

GERRANS CHURCHTOWN

THE spire at Gerrans Churchtown, it stands up bold  
and high,  
It stands above the harbour and sees the ships go by;  
It sees the long tides breaking from the Gull to  
Lizard Head,  
The blue-lights and the searchlights, the living and  
the dead.

The lads of Gerrans Churchtown, a roving breed  
are they,  
With their mothers' milk they tasted the salt wind  
and the spray;  
The sea was first their playmate, he licked their feet  
with foam,  
The lads of Gerrans Churchtown that could not  
bide at home.

The lads of Gerrans Churchtown, they're where  
they're wanted now,  
They cleave their fathers' furrow, their grandsires'  
field they plough,—

A field of many acres from Scapa Flow to Nore,—  
And the old men pull the lifeboat, and the young  
lads watch the shore.

And will they come at long last? . . . Ay, surely  
they will come,  
Some day—a day to dream of—that brings the  
Grand Fleet home—  
From peril, toil and glory, and battles overpast,  
The bells of Gerrans Churchtown shall ring them  
home at last.

Will all them come together? . . . Not those  
whose hearts are still  
In a wider green God's-acre than lies on Gerrans  
hill;  
It's a brighter sun they look on than sets in yonder  
West,  
And a sweeter bell than Gerrans' has rung them to  
their rest.

THE OULD HAS-BEEN

ALL down by the harbour a-walking one day,  
I saw an old hulk by the wharf-side that lay,  
Her topmasts lopped off and her paint weathered  
bare,  
Red rust flaking off her, and no one to care.

Then met I a man standing lounging beside,  
Who scornful did speak as he spat in the tide:  
"There lies an ould has-been which once had the  
name  
Of a seagoing clipper, a clipper of fame!

"Time was when her races, with grain or with wool,  
Were the talk of the crews, 'tween Bombay and the  
Pool,  
When the tales of her sailing like wildfire did fly  
From Leith to Port Philip, from Cork to Shanghai.

"But now who's a glance for her, limping her round  
With coal for the ferries that ply on the Sound?  
And who that now sees her would know her the  
same  
Which once was a clipper, a clipper of fame?"

Oh, long I stood gazing there, sad to be told  
 How all men neglected her, now she grew old;  
 And my heart just to see her with pity was sore  
 For her, once so lovely, now lovely no more.

I marked the thick grime on her main-deck forlorn  
 I marked the poor masts of her, woeful and shorn  
 And all of my thought was that sure it was shame  
 To see such an end of that clipper of fame.

I thought of her sailing, so hopeful and proud,  
 The dawn on her sails like a mountain of cloud;  
 I thought of her battles, none stouter than she,  
 With the strength and the rage of her rival the sea.

Oh, better the sea that so long she did use  
 Should take her and break her as good ships would  
 choose,  
 Some chance of the storm or some mercy of flame  
 Should make a brave end of that clipper of fame.

I thought of her captains, how once they would  
 stand  
 So proud on the poop of their splendid command;  
 And all the good sailormen, each in his day  
 That loved her, and left her, and went on his way.

Oh, scattered the world through to-day they must  
 be,  
 And some sleeping sound in the deeps of the sea;  
 And some will be old men grown grizzled and lame,  
 That were lads like myself in that clipper of fame.

But no one can steal from those stubborn old sides  
 The secrets she shares with the winds and the tides,  
 The tales that she tells of the sea and the sky  
 To the weed and the gulls and the ships going by.

And I took off my cap by the dingy wharf-side  
 To the grace and the glory, the strength and the  
 pride,  
 That all were her portion who once had the name  
 In a day that's gone by, of a clipper of fame.

## RIO GRANDE

THERE lies a ship at her moorings out there on  
yonder stream;

Her lines upon the water are lovely like a dream,  
And like a dream she'll slip away with the first  
dawning gleam,

For she's bound for Rio Grande with the morning  
tide.

Yes, she's bound for Rio Grande, and it's there that  
I would be,

And every rope aboard of her is singing to be  
free;

Oh, good-bye to your sweetheart dear and good-bye  
to your bride

If you're bound for Rio Grande with the morning  
tide!

I heard the seagulls piping round, and all the  
seemed to say

Was, "Come you out, young sailorman, it's time to  
come away,

## RIO GRANDE

Oh, heave your donkey's breakfast in, there isn't  
time to stay

If you're bound for Rio Grande with the morning  
tide

If you're bound for Rio Grande away, and oceans  
two or three,

And ports a plenty up and down for likely lads to  
see,

All across the seas, Johnnie, round the world so  
wide

Going out to Rio Grande with the morning tide."

The lights in Paddy Ryan's bar they're shining on  
the shore;

Bid your friends good-bye, Johnnie, pay you now  
your score,

For you don't want the sight nor smell o' the har-  
bour any more;

When you're bound for Rio Grande with the  
morning tide.

And "away my rolling river"—for the sun's put out  
the stars

A-tangle in her royal yards, and the frost is on her  
spars;

Oh, the deep sea hunger's hold of her, and not to  
be denied,

Going out to Rio Grande with the morning tide!

## THE BALLAD OF THE ONLY LOVE

Oh, have you been to the Rio Grande, or yet in  
'Frisco town,

Or west away in Mobile Bay where they roll the  
cotton down?

Oh, have you been in any place where sailors come  
from sea,

And saw you there my only love that sends no word  
to me?

Oh, does he walk with a yaller gal forgetting to be  
true,

Or drink with pals in sailor-town as many sailors  
do?

Does he with strangers fill his glass and to them  
sing his song,

And never think of his only love—

His only love, his only love—

And never think of his own true love that waits for  
him so long?

## THE BALLAD OF THE ONLY LOVE

"Yes, I have seen your only love, and spoken with  
him also,

And it wasn't very far away nor very long ago;

He said, 'Oh, tell my gal at home to forget me if she  
can

And she'd better get another love that ain't a sailor-  
man.'

"But he doesn't walk with no yaller gal, I tell you  
straight and plain,

And there's never a pal in sailor-town 'll drink with  
him again;

We buried him out of an open boat a hundred miles  
from shore,

And you'd better get another love—

Another love, another love—

Oh, you'd better get another love, for he'll come  
home no more.

"Our ship was sunk in the light of day, as plenty  
more have been,

In the North Atlantic homeward bound by a pirate  
submarine,

And we was drifting many a day and food and  
drink had none,

When a cruiser picked us up at last at the rising o'  
the sun.

"Your man was first to go, poor chap, he was  
 crazed-like in his head,  
 Along o' drinking sea-water, for all the captain  
 said.  
 'I'll marry my lass with a ring,' he'd say, 'when I  
 get in from sea,  
 And she shall be my only love—  
                     My only love, my only love—  
 Oh, she shall be my own dear love, for I know that  
 she loves me.'"

Oh, cold, cold are the Atlantic deeps, and very wide  
 the sea,  
 With all its weight of stormy waves between my  
 love and me;  
 And wide and deep the tide o' time a-rolling year  
 on year,  
 But there'll be no parting after death for us that  
 loved so dear.

Oh, many a sailor will come home, and many a ship  
 from sea,  
 But never a ship on any tide will bring my lad to  
 me,

And the long, long days they'll come and go, and  
 the lonely years pass by,  
 But I will keep my only love—  
                     My only love, my only love—  
 Oh, I will keep my only love until the day I die!

## ROLLING HOME

Oh, there's places up and down that are queer and  
quaint and pretty;

Sydney's a pleasant port, 'Frisco's a giddy city;  
But the day's bound to come when your heart be-  
gins to weary

Of big cities and small, gay cities and dreary,  
For an island in the sea, and the kind rain falling,  
When you break the anchor out, with your heart in  
the hauling.

Heave, and wake the dead! . . . Oh, if folks  
would do it for me,

It's I would carry on though the gales blew ne'er  
so stormy;

Oh, if I was a Finn I would whistle up fair weather  
All the way from here to England . . . oh, heave  
together!

Good, ah, good it is when you're young and all's  
before ye,

For to leave the things you know and the old land  
that bore ye,

## ROLLING HOME

For to know many lands and to see many places;  
But the warm English hearts and the kind English  
faces,

But a fireside you know and a red fire there burning,  
Good they are to think about when you're homeward  
turning.

Heave and come she must . . . for to-morrow's  
got to find us

Laying homeward all we know, kicking up the dust  
behind us;

We've a long road to travel, and the more that we  
linger,

Why, the longer till we're home . . . so heave and  
bring her!

Oh, we may be half a year or we may be rather  
longer,

And if but the wind blow fair, then I wish it may  
blow stronger;

Just a few thousand miles, or perhaps a little  
further,

Just a few thousand miles till at long last we berth  
her,

Till by harbour lights we know at the last we steer  
in . . .

And if Christmas Day is past, why we'll bring the  
New Year in!

Heave and break her out! . . . We've a little way  
to cover,

But we'll go all the way gay and lightly like a lover  
With a posy for his lass and a ring for her  
finger . . .

Heave and break her out . . . heave all, and  
bring her!

### THE CHINA SEA

Did you see the poor old hooker, by the ocean wharf  
she lay?

Her decks are foul with harbour grime, she hasn't  
long to stay,

With her cargo all aboard her and the Peter flying  
free,

And a seagull on her foretop a-looking out to sea.

She's loaded up to the fairleads and down to the  
Plimsoll line,

Her bilges choked and her bulkheads sprung, and  
the pumps tied up with twine,

And it's fare you well, good comrades all, for aboard  
her we must be:

A call or two we've got to pay, a call or two upon  
the way,

From Liverpool to 'Frisco Bay,

And all across the China Sea.

Oh, think you of us, if you will, you friends we leave  
at home,

A-listing like a log in the lone Atlantic foam;

Oh think you of us now and then, ill-fitted and worse  
found,  
A-hanging on the skirts of luck this weary world  
around.

They've changed her name and register, they'll  
never change her soul;  
For rolling of her innards out and eating up of  
coal;  
There is no ship that sails the seas can far or near  
compare  
With this weary worn old packet from the port of  
God knows where!

She'll drown us if she can, the jade, she's drowned  
her man before;  
She'll fling her rusty bones and ours to roll 'tween  
shore and shore,  
Or chartless on her drunken way go tumbling tide  
by tide  
To trip the feet of merchantmen which use the  
oceans wide.

They rouse us not by night or day to spend our  
watch below  
In getting leaky lifeboats out and teaching cooks to  
row;

And if the worse should come, why then let ship and  
all go down,  
For we be only sailormen, and we are paid to drown.

Oh, turn you right and round about upon the  
English shore;  
Oh, look you long on England, lads, you may not  
see her more;  
And when we're out of soundings and the Biscay  
gales do blow,  
God help us if the cargo shifts, for then we're bound  
to go.

And she's loaded up to the fairleads, and down to  
the Plimsoll line,  
Her bilges choked and her bulkheads sprung, and  
the pumps tied up with twine:  
And it's fare you well, good comrades all, for aboard  
her we must be,  
A call or two we've got to pay, a call or two upon  
the way,  
From Liverpool to 'Frisco Bay,  
And all across the China Sea.

## A CHANNEL RHYME

STAR Point and Beachy Head  
Tell their tale of quick and dead.

Forelands both and Dungeness  
See many a ship in dire distress.

The Lizard and the Longships know  
Oft the end of friend and foe.

And many and many a seaman's knell  
Has been rung by Manacles bell.

Gull and Dodman ask aright  
A wide berth on a dirty night.

Bolt Head and Bolt Tail  
Are ill spots in a Channel gale.

Over nigh to Portland Bill  
In Channel fog it's just as ill.

## A CHANNEL RHYME

---

And Wolf Rock and Seven Stones  
Rest their feet on sailors' bones.

But from Nore Light to Cape Cornwall  
Goodwin Sands are worst of all!

## RATHLIN HEAD

We left the murk of Merseyside, we left the flaring town;

All smouldering red by Spanish Head the stormy sun went down.

We saw the lamp blink out and in on the Mull o' Galloway,

And at dead of night to Rathlin light a long good-bye did say,

On a bitter cold night in the morning watch,  
A little before the day!

Black deep of night without a star both sky and sea did fill;

So cautious crept we through the dark our engines near stood still.

All salt like tears on rope and rail the sea mist clinging grey . . .

And Rathlin Island close to port, Kintyre to starboard lay,

On a bitter cold night in the morning watch,  
A little before the day!

## RATHLIN HEAD

We heard across the blind black tide the lighthouse boom forlorn,

All night we heard a Glasgow barque blowing the old cow's horn;

And groping slow we passed her by a bare ship's length away—

"A near thing with the barque," was all I heard the old man say,

On a bitter cold night in the morning watch,  
A little before the day!

All houseless stretch the unfenced fields that cold and green do roll

Where winds do herd the berg and floe which calve about the Pole,

Oh, peace be on the small green fields of a land that's far away,

And on the little farms therein where folk a-sleeping lay,

On a bitter cold night in the morning watch,  
A little before the day!

And oh, good-bye the narrow seas and forelands loud wi' foam!

There's many a turning in the road that brings the sailor home;

Full speed once more our engines throbbed as faint  
the east grew grey,  
I turned my face to Rathlin Head, a long good-bye  
to say,  
On a bitter cold night in the morning watch,  
A little before the day!

### THE SAILOR'S GARDEN

THERE'S a soft wind singing in the idle rigging,  
High tide splashing, and a young pale moon,  
Lights in a window and a fiddle jiggling  
Over and over there the same short tune.

Oh, was it the tide along the ship's side sighing,  
Or was it the singing wind that breathes and  
blows,  
Came like a voice across the deep seas crying,  
Set my heart a-thinking how my garden grows?

Five years ago it was I planted roses,  
Five years ago (the bush is grown a tree):  
Five years ago, and once I've seen my posies,  
Five years ago—and once they bloomed for me!

I was home in Spring; bloom was on the May then,  
Birds all were building and buds on the tree!  
When the birds were flown, oh, I was far away then;  
When the rose was open I was far at sea.

I was home in Autumn; winds of cold November  
 Shaking the leaf that shivered on the tree;  
 Brown leaves that sighed for sorrow to remember  
 Flowers that had fallen and I far at sea.

Oh, many are the roads that lead you here and  
 yonder,

Oh, many are the ways about the world that go;  
 But the longest way of all's the sailor's way to  
 wander

To the good North Country and an isle I know.

Oh, many are the winds about the seas a-singing,  
 Oh, many are the songs they sing both night and  
 noon:

But whether it be good or ill that they come bring-  
 ing

The best of all's the wind that blows us home in  
 June.

Home, home in June—and soon to be a-going;  
 Home, home in June—we may not long remain;  
 Home, home in June, just to see the garden growing,  
 And then fare you well till you greet us home  
 again.

MARKET DAY

As I rode on the limber  
 Through the old French market-square,  
 There were bricks and fallen timber  
 And shell-holes everywhere.

The place was blank as Sunday,  
 But something seemed to say:  
 "To-day is surely Monday,  
 And Monday's market day.

"Oh, all along the by-road  
 That goes by Three Maids Down,  
 And the long, straight Roman high-road,  
 They're driving in to town.

"They drive the colt in the gig now  
 I'd just begun to ride,  
 And the setter pup's grown big now,  
 And maybe runs beside.

"The gentry use 'The Garter,'  
 The farmers use 'The Plough,'

And the rest 'The Jolly Carter,'  
Or else the old 'Brown Cow.'

"There are crowds o' horses baiting—  
There's one in every stall—  
And the carriers' carts stand waiting  
Outside the Market Hall.

"There's a fellow selling halters,  
And another hawking cloam,  
For nothing ever alters  
On market day at home."

Oh, I'll shake a leg and go there,  
When leave comes round once more,  
And all the folks I know there  
Will stand in every door.

And, strolling down the street there,  
On the sunny side o' the way,  
There's a lass I'll maybe meet there  
At home on market day.

MOTHER CAREY

As late I went a-walking, a-walking by the sea,  
I thought I heard men talking, I heard them call to  
me:

"Oh, sorrow take the city streets and the weary  
city stones,  
It's time for you to leave them while the strength is  
in your bones."

Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie, there's the ship  
for you,  
Lying in the Royal Roads waiting for the crew,  
And every brace and backstay is singing soft and  
low,

"Mother Carey wants you and you're all bound to  
go!"

As late I went a-strolling, a-strolling by the shore,  
And thought of ports I'd like to see I haven't seen  
before,

Across the Strait the lighthouse kept winking fine  
and free

To show me where the road is that leads to open sea.

Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie, yonder where she  
rides,

Lying in the Royal Roads swinging with the tides,  
Singing with the muttering tides that past her cables  
flow,

"Mother Carey wants you and you're all bound to  
go!"

As late I went a-walking, a-walking by the tide,  
I thought my love was with me and walking at my  
side;

So kind she did reproach me, so sweet her eyes did  
shine,

Yet could not hold beside her this restless heart of  
mine.

"Ah, shake and wake her, Johnnie!" . . . don't  
you hear them calling

Out across the Royal Roads and the dusk a-falling!  
Time and time for me to leave you though I love  
you so;

Mother Carey wants us and we're all bound to go!

All bound to go, Johnnie, all bound to go,  
If it's late or early, lad, if you will or no,  
Sure as sun will rise, Johnnie, sure as tides do flow,  
When Mother Carey wants us we're all bound to

go!

## THE SHIP'S GOOD-BYE

I LEANED on the taffrail, I saw the day dying  
Like a flock of gay birds round the royal yards  
flying;

High over the sunset I saw the young moon,  
And the wind and the tide they were singing one  
tune.

"A hundred and fifty days out from Vancouver  
(Don't you hear 'em all singing it over and over?)  
A hundred and fifty days longer to roam  
(Or less if you're lucky) to England and home!"

The ship took it up as she tugged at her tether,  
Brace, footrope, and halliard all whistling together,  
And so did the seagulls which round her did call—  
But oh, my heart sang it the strongest of all!

There be many good songs we have knocked round  
the world to,  
Manned capstan and halliard, reefed, shifted and  
furled to,

All round the oceans, since first we did roll  
By the Straits of Le Mair for Coquimbo with coal

All round the world, lad, to ports without number,  
Chile for nitrates, the Fraser for lumber,  
Where charters might offer or cargoes might call,—  
But the homeward-bound chantey's the best of them  
all.

"A hundred and fifty days out from Vancouver  
Brings the ship to the land and the lad to his lover,  
A hundred and fifty days longer to roam  
(Or less if you're lucky) to England and home!"

"LET HER GO!": A TRAMP CHANTY

'Er keel was laid in 'seventy-four  
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)

They built 'er cheap, an' they scamped 'er sore,  
'Er rivets was putty, 'er plates was poor,  
An' then come in the Plimsoll line,  
Or I wouldn't be singin' this song o' mine  
(Let 'er go!)

She was cranky an' foul, she was stubborn an' slow  
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)

An' she shipped it green when it come on to blow;  
'Er crews was starved, an' the pay was low,  
An' 'er bloomin' owners was ready to faint  
At a scrape o' pitch or a penn'orth o' paint  
(Let 'er go!)

But she's been 'ere, an' she's been there  
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)

An' she's been almost everywhere;  
An' wherever you went you'd sure see 'er,

With 'er rust-red hawse an' 'er battered old funnel  
 All muck an' dirt from 'er keel to 'er gun'le  
 (Let 'er go!)

She's earned 'er keep in a number o' climes  
 (Let 'er go—let 'er go!)

She's changed 'er name a number o' times  
 Which won't fit right into these 'ere rhymes;  
 But the name of 'er now is the "Sound o' Mull"—  
 Built on the Tyne an' sails out of 'Ull—  
 (Let 'er go!)

'Er keel was laid in 'seventy-four  
 (Let 'er go—let 'er go!)  
 An' a breaker's price was 'er price before  
 The ships was scarce an' the freights did soar;  
 But she's fetched 'er fourteen pound a ton  
 On the Baltic Exchange since the war begun  
 (Let 'er go!)

So she's doin' 'er bit, which we all must do  
 (Let 'er go—let 'er go!)  
 An' whether she's old or whether she's new  
 Don't make much odds to a war-time crew;  
 An' 'oever's sunk, or 'oever's drowned,  
 The "Sound o' Mull" keeps plugging around  
 (Let 'er go!)

An' when she goes, by night or by day,  
 (Let 'er go—let 'er go!)  
 Either up or down, as she likely may,  
 I only 'ope as somebody'll say:  
 "'Er keel was laid in 'seventy-four,  
 She done 'er best, and she couldn't do more;  
 She warn't no swell, an' she warn't no beauty,  
 But she come by 'er end in the way of 'er duty  
 (Let 'er go!)"

## HASTINGS MILL

As I went down by Hastings Mill I lingered in my  
going  
To smell the smell of piled-up deals and feel the  
salt wind blowing,  
To hear the cables fret and creak and the ropes stir  
and sigh  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) as in days gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw a ship there  
lying,  
About her tawny yards the little clouds of sunset  
flying;  
And half I took her for the ghost of one I used to  
know  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) many years ago.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I saw while I stood  
dreaming  
The flicker of her riding light along the ripples  
streaming,

## SAILOR TOWN

The bollards where we made her fast and the berth  
where she did lie  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) in the days gone by.

As I went down by Hastings Mill I heard a fellow  
singing,  
Chipping off the deep-sea rust above the tide  
a-swinging,  
And well I knew the queer old tune and well the  
song he sung  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) when the world was  
young.

And past the rowdy Union Wharf, and by the still  
tide sleeping,  
To a randy dandy deep-sea tune my heart in time was  
keeping,  
To the thin far sound of a shadowy watch a-hauling,  
And the voice of one I knew across the high tide  
calling  
(Shipmate, my shipmate!) and the late dusk falling.

## DEAD MAN'S BAY

I THOUGHT I heard the old man say  
(Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!)  
"Her course is set for Dead Man's Bay  
(And it's time for us to leave her!)  
Dead Man's Bay, where old ships lie  
(Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!)  
When deep-sea days are all gone by  
(And it's time for us to leave her!)"

Time for us to leave her, Johnnie, time to go!  
The same seas 'll toss us, the same winds blow:  
We'll have our fun and folly, dreaming and desire,  
And she gone to ashes on a landward fire.

Ah, the grand old days, Johnnie!—wind and  
weather,  
Days of sun and nights of storm we knew to-  
gether,—  
The game we played with old Cape Stiff, and our  
lives the stake . . .  
Turn and say good-bye, Johnnie, for old sake's  
sake!

## DEAD MAN'S BAY

Long and long after, far and far away,  
Maybe you'll remember, maybe then you'll say,  
When you hear an old name spoken or an old song  
sung:  
"Ay, once we sailed in her, when she and we were  
young."

Old men nodding by a hearth ashore . . . .  
Old ships decaying that use the sea no more . . . .  
That's the way it goes, Johnnie, since the world  
begun,  
And it's time for us to leave her, for her day is done!

And to Dead Man's Bay she's bound at last  
(Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!)  
Where storm and shine alike are past  
(And it's time for us to leave her!)  
No more labour, no more laughter,  
(Leave her, Johnnie, leave her!)  
One more watch and a long sleep after  
(And it's time for us to leave her!)

## THE GREEN THICKET

ALL in a green thicket I heard a bird sing,  
And blithe though his song was it made the tears  
    spring,  
To hear the bird sing as he swung on his spray,  
All in a green thicket at break of the day.

All in a green thicket his song he did pour  
That told of the Springs that shall come nevermore,  
That sang of sweet blossoms, now faded and dry,  
All in a green thicket in Aprils gone by.

All in a green thicket that morning in Spring,  
I smelt the sharp scent of each young growing thing,  
I smelt the sweet herbage all drowned with the dew,  
And the time that's gone from me was with me anew.

All in a green thicket at break of the day  
It was like the dear voice of a friend far away,  
It was like the kind touch of a hand that I know,  
And the smiles and the tears of dead Aprils ago.

## THE GREEN THICKET

All in a green thicket one morning of Spring,  
For to smell the young woodland and hear the bird  
    sing,  
Oh, long did I loiter and dream by the way,  
All in a green thicket at break of the day.

## A DECLARATION OF WAR

THIS is the yarn that M'Larty told by the brazier  
fire,

Where over the mud-filled trenches the star-shells  
blaze and expire—

A yarn he swore was a true one; but Mac was an  
awful liar.

“Way up in the wild North country, a couple of  
years ago,

I hauled Hank out of a snowdrift—it was maybe  
thirty ‘below’—

And I packed him home to my shanty, and I took  
and thawed him with snow.

“He was stiff as a cold-store bullock, I might have  
left him for dead,

But I packed him along, as I’ve told you, and melted  
him out instead,

And I rolled him up in my blankets and put him to  
sleep in my bed.

## A DECLARATION OF WAR

So he dwelt in my humble shanty while the wintry  
gales did roar,

While the blizzards howled in the passes and the  
timber wolves at the door,

And he slept in my bunk at night-time while I  
stretched out on the floor.

“He watched me frying my bacon, and he said that  
the smell was grand,

He watched me bucking the stove-wood, but he never  
lent me a hand,

And he played on my concertina the airs of his  
native land.

“And one month grew into two months, and two  
months grew into three;

And there he was sitting and smiling like a bloom-  
ing Old Man of the Sea,

Eating my pork and beans up, and necking my  
whiskey and tea.

“You say, ‘Why didn’t I shift him?’—For the life  
of me I dunno,

I suppose there’s something inside me that can’t tell  
a fellow to go

I hauled by the heels from a snowdrift at maybe  
thirty ‘below.’

"But at last when the snows were going, and the  
 blue spring skies were pale,  
 Out after bear in the valley, I met a chap on the  
 trail,  
 A chap coming up from the city, who stopped and  
 told me a tale.

"A tale of murders and hold-ups all over the land  
 and sea,  
 And when he was through I was laughing, for the  
 joke of it seemed to be  
 Hank's folks had been acting that way while Hank  
 was rooming with me.

"So off I hiked to the shanty, and never a word I  
 said,  
 I floated in like a cyclone, I yanked him out of my  
 bed,  
 And I grabbed the concertina and I smashed it over  
 his head.

"I shook him up for a minute, I stood him down on  
 the floor,  
 I grabbed the scruff of his trousers and I ran him  
 along to the door,  
 And I said, 'This here, if you get me, is a Decla-  
 ration of War!'

And I gave him a hoist with my gum-boot, a kind  
 of a lift with my toe,  
 But you can't give a fellow a hiding, as any one  
 sure must know,  
 You hauled by the heels from a snowdrift at maybe  
 thirty 'below.'"

## THE PRAIRIE SHEPHERD

(BAA, baa, black sheep!—whose fault but your own  
That you're here on the western prairie, herding the  
sheep alone,—  
Here in a wide and lonely land, by the stranger's  
fold,—  
Oh, rise and go to your father; he's growing weary  
and old.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Poets talk about shepherds, and the wonderful times  
they've got  
Playing tunes to Amaryllis, and all such rot!  
And it might be better than nothing for passing the  
time away  
If you'd got a girl to talk to, or a penny whistle to  
play.

I was a fool and I'm paying—I'm on a job that  
would beat  
The other prodigal hollow, with the husks that the  
swine did eat.

## THE PRAIRIE SHEPHERD

Wouldn't I think I was lucky if I'd plenty of pigs  
to keep!  
They're sociable sort of creatures—if you've ever  
lived among sheep.

All the way to the Rocky Mountains, nothing to  
see. . . .  
Bare and bald and droughty and dusty, and never  
a tree!  
Never a voice to hail you, only a hawk's lone cry  
Hanging there aloft like a speck in the aching sky.

Only the dry grass stirring, only the weary wind  
Seeming to sigh for the people and places you left  
behind:

And I wonder how long I'll stand it before I'm crazy  
and grey,  
With the sheep bleating, bleating all the night and  
the day.

God! will they always be at it in that everlasting  
old tone,  
Telling me over and over the things I have loved and  
known,  
Keeping my heart from forgetting, no matter how  
hard I try,  
The various kinds of a fool I was in the years gone  
by. . . .

(Baa, baa, black sheep! . . . no one's fault but  
your own

That you're here on the western prairie, herding  
your sheep alone,—

No one but God around to see you, and pity your  
tears

For the things you wish you could alter, back there  
in the bygone years.)

TRAVELLER'S REST

WHEN you are tired of the long road and the open  
sky,

I wish it may be my door that you're passing by:

I wish it may be my hearth where you will sit down

And tell your tales of the land and sea and the  
strange far town.

Oh, come you in from eastward or come you from  
the west,

Here's good cheer to greet you and welcome of the  
best:

Oh come you with your pockets full or come you  
home poor,

Here's a place by the fireside and an open door.

You'll tell me where you were since, and the things  
you've seen

Up and down the wide world where so long you've  
been,—

All the time that I've been here and you far away,—

And then awhile be silent, as good friends may.

And then awhile listen to the wind and rain,  
Moaning in the chimney-breast, beating at the  
pane,—

Dark and cold outside there, and the stormy skies  
And you sitting down here with the firelight in your  
eyes.

SHIPMATE SORROW

I was shipmate with Sorrow in a day gone by;  
We shared wheel and look-out, old Sorrow and I;  
Good times and bad times, foul weather and fair,  
The old grey face of him was always there.

There was never chanty raised there, never song I  
heard,  
But his voice would be in it like a crying bird;  
I was dull in the dog watches, when the laugh went  
free,  
Because of old Sorrow sitting down by me.

I thought I could lose him in the stir and change  
Of bright, wicked cities, all sunlit and strange;  
There came a hand at my elbow and a voice in my  
ear—  
It was old patient Sorrow saying: "Lad, I'm here!"

And by the bustling harbour, up the busy street,  
Many a time I see him, many a time I meet  
The old grey face there of one I used to know—  
And it's old shipmate Sorrow out of long ago.

And the watch at the halliards they may sing with  
a will,  
But the voice I used to hear—oh, I sometimes hear  
it still,  
Like a wind in a shroud piping, or a seabird's cry—  
And it's old Sorrow singing out of times gone by!

THE RHYME OF THE "INISFAIL"

LIMEHOUSE way, the other day, as I did chance to  
be,  
I met with a hairy sailorman, was shipmate once  
with me,  
With his short black pipe between his teeth, and  
his tarry dungaree.

I gripped him by the elbow then; he swung upon his  
heel  
(And oh, that deep-sea speech to hear, that rope-  
hard hand to feel,  
It brought me back the younger years, the look-out  
and the wheel!

The way of a ship in the great waters where the  
flying-fishes are,  
A creaking block, and the reef-points tapping, and  
a far Southern star,  
And the smell of nitrates, and new lumber, and paint  
and Stockholm tar).

And "What's the news now up and down?" an'  
 "Where's your ship?" I cried,  
 "Greenland Basin or Martin's Wharf?" He turned  
 and spat aside.  
 "She's dockin' far from here this night on a late,  
 long tide.

"An' I came home in steam," he said, "I never  
 thought to do,  
 In a sooty, smeary cargo-tank, with a greasy steam-  
 boat crew;  
 An' if you'd know the why of it I'll tell ye plain an'  
 true.

"I sailed last June from Carrizal—no call to tell  
 the tale  
 Of every bit of a blow we had an' every Cape Horn  
 gale—  
 In an old-time Clyde-built packet that was named  
 the *Inisfail*.

"One o' them ships with painted ports that Gow of  
 Glasgow had  
 In the great old days of the wool-clippers when I  
 was but a lad;  
 An' she was one o' the best o' them; their worst was  
 never bad.

All full-rigged ships in them days too, I've heard  
 old shellbacks say;  
 The *Inisfail* was near the last, an' she had had her  
 day  
 When they cut the half of her sail-plan down and  
 her mizzen yards away."

"Why, well I knew the *Inisfail*," I said, "and well  
 should know;  
 She lay with us in Taltal once, and once in Callao,  
 The time I sailed in the nitrate trade, a sight o'  
 years ago.

"A woman with a harp she had by way of figure-  
 head,  
 And shamrocks all about her dress like golden stars  
 were spread;  
 A bonnier thing was never carved." "That's her,"  
 Mike sighed and said.

"Ay, well, she's gone, the *Inisfail*; her split an'  
 broken hull,  
 It does not lie by the Seven Stones, the Brisons nor  
 the Gull,  
 Where many a bumpin' cargo lies an' many a dead  
 man's skull.

"But fifty miles from Fastnet Light, in the  
and open sea,  
Where the seagulls meet the homeward bound, close  
hauled or running free.  
It's there I left the *Inisfail* in the place where she  
left me.

\* \* \* \* \*

"A shadow like a shark, I saw the damned torpedo  
glide;  
Like a sunken reef it jarred her ribs, it ripped  
her loaded side  
As the killer rips the mother-whale in the red Bea  
ring tide.

"We did not need the soundin'-rod to try the depth  
below;  
By the feel of her beneath our feet we could not  
help but know  
She'd never fetch a port no more, an' 'twas time  
for us to go.

"So we cast the long-boat's lashin's loose, we hoisted  
it over the rail  
(An' we blessed our luck, as we tumbled in, it wasn't  
blowin' a gale),  
An' we stood off an' on, to see the last of the *Inis*  
*fail*.

We had not got the sail off her; with all her cloths  
agleam  
She looked as lovely as a bird, as peaceful as a  
dream,  
As she lay with her mainyard aback an' liftin' on  
the stream.

"We could see the smoke from the galley-fire, in  
little puffs that blew,  
An' the brasswork winkin' in the sun an' the gilt  
vane flashin' too,  
An' the shark's tail at her bowsprit end, an' a score  
o' things we knew.

"We sat an' watched for the end of her—we hardly  
spoke or stirred;  
'She'll maybe float,' said some one then. He scarce  
had shaped the word  
When she shivered an' lurched like a meltin' berg  
and dived like a wounded bird.

"An' she'll never know the stars an' the wind no  
more, the sun an' the blue,  
Never the kiss of the Trade again, never the sound  
o' the crew  
An' they chantyin' up the anchor in one o' them  
ports she knew.

An' no one 'll ever be cold or hungry, battered  
sore,  
Or do a job of work aboard of 'er any more,  
Or lift a stave at the halliards the same as they  
used before.

"No one 'll doze in the black shadows when the  
moon's yellow as corn,  
Or sing songs in the dog watches, or wish he was  
never born,  
Fistin' them big courses of hers down there off the  
pitch o' the Horn.

"Nor they won't sell her or scrap her now when  
workin' days are done;  
She won't rust in the breaker's yard nor lie an' rot  
in the sun  
Like an old broken sailorman whose yarn's nearly  
spun.

"For she lies deep, the *Inisfail*—ay, deep she lies  
an' drowned,  
Farther 'n ever a wave will stir an' deeper 'n lead  
can sound—  
Fifty mile from Fastnet Light an' homeward  
bound . . ."

THE BALLAD OF THE "EASTERN  
CROWN"

I've sailed in 'ookers plenty since first I went to  
sea—

An' sail or steam, an' good or bad, was all alike to  
me;

There's some 'ave tried to starve me, an' some 'ave  
tried to drown—

But I never met the equal o' the "Eastern Crown."

'Er funnel's like a chimley, 'er sides is like a tub,  
An' pay is middlin' scanty, an' likewise so is  
grub;

She's 'ard to beat for steerin' bad, she's 'ard to beat  
for grime,

An' rollin' is 'er 'obby—oh, she's rollin' all the time!

Rollin' down to Singapore—rollin' up to Maine—  
Rollin' round to Puget Sound, and then 'ome  
again!

A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,  
An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

We sailed for Philadelphia, New York an' Montreal  
 Dischargin' general cargo at our various ports  
 call;  
 We knocked about a year or so 'tween Callao an'  
 Nome,  
 An' then to Portland, Oregon, to load with deals for  
 'ome.

She's met with accidents a few (which is her usual  
 way);  
 She scraped the bowsprit off a barque in San Fran-  
 cisco Bay;  
 She's shed propeller blades an' plates wherever she  
 'as been . . .  
 An' last she's fouled 'er bloomin' screw on a Ger-  
 man submarine!

Rollin' in the sunshine—rollin' in the rain—  
 Rollin' up the Channel—an' we're 'ome again!  
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,  
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

As on the 'igh an' draughty bridge I stood my wheel  
 one day,  
 "If we should sight a submarine" (I 'eard the old  
 man say)

I'd do as Admirals retired an' other folks 'ave  
 said,  
 I'd run the old Red Duster up an' ring 'Full speed  
 ahead';

"I'd sink before I'd 'eave 'er to or 'aul my colours  
 down;  
 By Gosh, they'll catch a Tartar if they catch the  
 'Eastern Crown'!  
 I've thought it out both 'igh an' low, an' this seems  
 best to me—  
 Pursoo a zig-zag course" ('e says) "an' see what I  
 shall see!"

Rollin' through the Doldrums—rollin' in the foam—  
 Rollin' by the Fastnet—an' we're nearly 'ome:  
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,  
 An' the crew cursin' rosy when she ships it green!

'E said it, an' 'e meant it, an' 'e acted as he said  
 When sure enough we sighted one abeam o' Lizard  
 'Ead;  
 You should 'ave 'eard the engines grunt—you  
 should 'ave seen 'er roll!  
 She was beatin' all 'er records as they shovelled on  
 the coal!

They missed us by a spittin' length—'er roll  
 served 'er well,  
 But it served 'er better after, as you're goin' to 'ea  
 me tell;  
 For she some'ow rolled 'erself atop o' the bloomin'  
 submarine . . .  
 An' the oil upon the waters was the last of it wa  
 seen.

Rollin' up to London Town (an' down by the bow)  
 Rollin' 'ome to Surrey Docks—ain't we 'eroes now  
 A long roll, an' a short roll, an' a roll in between,  
 An' the crew cursin' rosy as she ships it green!

BRITISH MERCHANT SERVICE, 1915

er, down by Millwall Basin as I went the other day,  
 met a skipper that I knew, and to him I did say:  
 Now what's the cargo, captain, that brings you  
 up this way?"

Oh, I've been up and down (he said) and round  
 about also . . .  
 From Sydney to the Skager-rack, and Kiel to  
 Callao . . .  
 With a leaking steam-pipe all the way to Cali-  
 forn-i-o. . . .

"With pots and pans and ivory fans and every kind  
 of thing,  
 Rails and nails and cotton bales and sewer-pipes  
 and string—  
 But now I'm through with cargoes, and I'm here to  
 serve the King!

"And if it's sweeping mines (to which my fancy  
 somewhat leans)

Or hanging out with booby traps for the skulking  
submarines . . .

I'm here to do my blooming best and give the beg-  
gars beans!

"A rough job and a tough job is the best job for  
me,

And what or where I don't much care, I'll take what  
it may be,

For a tight place is the right place when it's foul  
weather at sea!"

\* \* \* \* \*

There's not a port he doesn't know from Melbourne  
to New York;

He's as hard as a lump of harness-beef and as salt  
as pickled pork;

And . . . he'll stand by a wreck in a murdering  
gale, and count it part of his work!

He's the terror of the foc's'le when he heals its  
various ills

With turpentine and mustard leaves and poultices  
and pills . . .

But he knows the sea like the palm of his hand, as  
a shepherd knows the hills.

He'll spin you yarns from dawn to dark . . . and  
half of 'em are true!

He swears in a score of languages, and maybe talks  
in two! . . .

And he'll lower a boat in a hurricane to save a  
drowning crew!

A rough job or a tough job—he's handled two or  
three,

And what or where he won't much care, nor ask what  
the risk may be . . .

For a tight place is the right place when there's wild  
weather at sea!

## THE YOUNGER SON

THE Younger Son he's earned his bread in ways  
both hard and easy  
From Parramatta to the Pole, from Yukon to  
Zambesi;  
For young blood is roving blood, and a far road's  
best,  
And when you're tired of roving there'll be time  
enough to rest!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "How's the  
world been using you?  
Thought you were in Turkestan or China or  
Peru!"—  
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving  
Britons stray . . .  
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the  
way!

He's left the broncos to be bust by who in thunder  
chooses;  
He's left the pots to wash themselves in Canada's  
caboose;

## THE YOUNGER SON

He's left the mine and logging camp, the peavie,  
pick and plough,  
For young blood is fighting blood, and England  
needs him now!

And it's "Hello" and "How d'ye do?" "Who'd ha'  
thought of meeting you!  
What's the news of Calgary, Quebec and Cariboo?"  
It's a long trail in peace-time where the roving  
Britons stray,  
But in war-time, in war-time, it's just across the  
way!

He's travelled far by many a trail, he's rambled  
here and yonder,  
No road too rough for him to tread, no land too  
wide to wander;  
For young blood is roving blood, and the spring  
of life is best,  
And when all the fighting's done, lad, there's time  
enough to rest.

And it's good-bye, tried and true, here's a long  
farewell to you  
(Rolling stone from Mexico, Shanghai or Timbuc-  
too)!

Young blood is roving blood, but the last sleep  
best,  
When the fighting all is done, lad, and it's time to  
rest!

THE NORTH SEA GROUND

Oh, Grimsby is a pleasant town as any man may  
find,  
An' Grimsby wives are thrifty wives, an' Grimsby  
girls are kind;  
An' Grimsby lads have never yet been lads to lag  
behind  
When there's men's work doin' on the North  
Sea ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . for the high  
tide's flowin',  
An' off the misty waters a cold wind blowin';  
Skipper's come aboard, an' it's time that we were  
goin',  
An' there's fine fish waitin' on the North  
Sea ground!

Soles in the Silver Pit . . . an' there we'll let 'em  
lie!  
Cod on the Dogger . . . oh, we'll fetch 'em by an'  
by!

War on the waters . . . an' it's time to serve  
die,  
For there's wild work doin' on the North Sea  
ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . they want you  
at the trawlin'  
(With your long sea-boots an' your tarry old tar  
paulin);  
All across the bitter seas duty comes a-callin',  
In the winter's weather off the North Sea  
ground.

It's well we've learned to laugh at fear (the sea has  
taught us how);  
It's well we've shaken hands with death—we'll not be  
strangers now,  
With death in every climbin' wave before the  
trawler's bow,  
An' the black spawn swimmin' on the North  
Sea ground.

Good luck to all our fightin' ships that rule the Eng-  
lish sea;  
Good luck to our brave merchantmen wherever they  
may be;

The Sea it is their highway, and we've got to sweep  
it free  
For the ships passing over on the North Sea  
ground.

An' it's "Wake up, Johnnie" . . . for the sea  
wind's cryin',  
"Time an' time to go where the herrin' gulls are  
flyin'"—  
An' down below the stormy seas the dead men lyin',  
Oh, the dead lyin' quiet on the North Sea  
ground!

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

WHITE Star, Cunard,  
Great ships and small—  
Gallant British merchantmen,  
Here's to each and all!  
Union Castle, Orient,  
From Shankhai to Dover,  
Fighting British merchantmen  
All the world over!

\* \* \* \*

What is the house-flag? . . .  
The same that's yours and mine—  
In fair weather and foul weather  
The flag of the British Line!

What trade is this ye sail in? . . .  
An ancient trade and bold;  
Drake's trade, Blake's trade  
It was in days of old—

To mar the might of tyrants,  
To keep the highway free,

ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE

And hold against all comers  
The lordship of the sea!

Whence comes your right of service? . . .  
By right of breed and birth!  
And where had ye your schooling? . . .  
In all the seas of earth;

'Tween the Lizard and Cape Leeuwin,  
From the Fastnet to the Horn,  
We learnt the stern old lessons  
None learn but seamen born.

What cargo do ye carry? . . .  
Full freight of death and fame,  
And the men of the White Ensign  
Of the Red shall think no shame!

When the day is darkened with battle,  
And the seas are sown with the dead,  
The pride of the White Ensign  
Shall be the pride of the Red!

Honour and pride both far and wide,  
Where'er the salt tides run,  
And a long sleep, the last sleep,  
For them whose watch is done!

\* \* \* \*

Cunard, White Star,  
Great ships and small—  
Gallant British merchantmen,  
Here's to each and all!  
Royal Mail, P. and O.,  
From Shanghai to Dover,  
Fighting British merchantmen  
All the world over!

THE "ORION'S" FIGUREHEAD AT  
WHITEHALL

ALL wind and rain, the clouds fled fast across the  
evening sky—  
Whitehall aglimmer like a beach the tide has late left  
dry—  
And there I saw the figurehead which once did grace  
the bow  
Of the old bold "Orion"—  
The fighting old "Orion" in the days that  
are not now.

And I wondered did he dream at all of those great  
fights of old  
And ships from out whose oaken sides Trafalgar's  
thunder rolled;  
There were "Ajax," "Neptune," "Temeraire,"  
"Revenge," "Leviathan,"  
With the old bold "Orion"—  
The fighting old "Orion" when "Victory"  
led the van.

Old ships, their ribs are ashes now . . . but still  
 the names they bore  
 And still the hearts that manned them live to sail  
 the seas once more—  
 To sail and fight, and watch and ward, and strike  
 as stout a blow  
 As the old bold "Orion,"

The fighting old "Orion" in the wars of  
 long ago.

They watch, the grey and silent ships, like death as  
 bleak and stern;  
 They wait (not yet, not yet has dawned the day for  
 which they burn):  
 They're ware and waiting for the word that sets  
 their thunders free,  
 Like the old bold "Orion,"

The fighting old "Orion" when Nelson  
 sailed the sea.

Oh, waiting is a weary game—but Nelson played it  
 too!  
 And be it late or be it soon, such work is yet to do  
 Your starry namesake never saw who walked the  
 midnight sky  
 (Old bold "Orion"—

Fighting old "Orion"!) in the great old  
 years gone by.

And be the game a waiting game we'll play it with  
 the best;  
 Or be the game a watching game we'll watch and  
 never rest;  
 But the fighting game it pays for all when the guns  
 begin to play  
 (Ah, bold "Orion"—

Fighting old "Orion"! as you heard 'em  
 yesterday!).

THE RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL

I RODE into Pincher River on an August afternoon—  
The pinto's hoofs on the prairie drumming a drowsy  
tune—  
By the shacks and the Chinks' truck-gardens to the  
Athabasca Saloon.

And a bunch of the boys was standing around by  
the old Scotch Store,  
Standing and spitting and swearing by old Mac-  
allister's door,  
And the name on their lips was Britain—the word  
that they spoke was "War"!

War! . . . Do you think I waited to talk about  
wrong or right  
When I knew my own old country was up to the  
neck in a fight?  
I said "So long"—and I beat it—"I'm hitting the  
trail to-night!"

wasn't long at my packing; I hadn't much time  
to dress;  
And the cash I had at disposal was a ten-spot (more  
or less),  
So I didn't wait for my ticket—I booked by the  
hoboes' express.

I rode the bumpers at night-time; I beat the ties in  
the day,  
Stealing a ride and humming a ride all of the bloom-  
ing way,  
and . . . I left the First Contingent drilling at  
Valcartier!

I didn't cross in a liner (I hadn't my passage by  
me!)  
I spotted a Liverpool cargo tramp, smelly and  
greasy and grimy,  
And she wanted hands for the voyage, and the old  
man guessed he'd try me.

She kicked like a ballet dancer or a range-bred  
bronco mare;  
She rolled till her engines rattled—she wallowed,  
but what did I care?  
It was, "Go it, my bucking beauty, if only you'll  
take me there!"

Then . . . came an autumn morning, grey-blue  
 windy and clear,  
 And the fields—the little white houses—green, and  
 peaceful, and dear—  
 And the heart inside o' me saying: "Take me,  
 Mother, I'm here!

"Here, for I thought you'd want me; I've brought  
 you all that I own,  
 A lean long lump of a carcass that's mostly muscle  
 and bone—  
 Six foot two in my stockings—weigh-in at fourteen  
 stone!

"Here, and I hope you'll have me—take me for  
 what I'm worth,  
 A chap that's a bit of a waster, come from the ends  
 of the earth,  
 To fight with the best that's in him for the dear old  
 land of his birth!"

CAPTAIN PAUL JONES

CAP'N PAUL JONES was a Britisher born, he hailed  
 from the Solway shore,  
 But he struck a snag with his folks at home, as  
 many have done before;  
 He shook the old land's dust from his feet, and he  
 gave her a piece of his mind,  
 But he never knew that he'd somehow left a bit of his  
 heart behind.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a skipper of fame, and a  
 darned good sailorman too,  
 And a bit of a bucko, as I've heard tell, in the way  
 he handled his crew:  
 He learned 'em to drill and he learned 'em to shoot  
 and to jump at the word o' command,  
 The same as he knew how they learned 'em to do in  
 the ships of his native land.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, though he  
 changed his flag and his name,  
 In his "Ranger" frigate he led us a dance, but we  
 honour him all the same;

We used to call him a pirate then, and he certainly  
wasn't our friend,  
But he sailed and he fought as a Britisher ought,  
which is what matters most in the end.

Cap'n Paul Jones was a Britisher born, which is  
why, now the time has come,  
He knows the tug of the Solway tide, and the rattle  
of Drake's old drum;  
He is back to the sea in the old, old way, a sailor-  
man smart and bold,  
And the flag o' the "Ranger" is flying to-day by the  
flag that she fought of old.

THE BALLAD OF THE HUN KING'S DREAM

ABOUT the dead dark o' the night,  
Ere the first cock clapped his wing,  
The Hun Lord's soul had wandered far—  
A shrunk and wizened thing—

Beyond Polaris and the Plough,  
And the cold Northern Crown,  
Where white in space the Milky Way  
O'er the lip of space pours down.

East o' the Sun, West o' the Moon,  
In a twilit land walked he,  
The same where vagrant souls do range  
When sleep has set them free—  
And a shadowy guide went at his side  
Whose face he might not see.

And first there was a place of thorns,  
And then a salt sea-shore,

And then a river dark and wide  
 That no man might cross o'er;  
 And the wind blew, the wind blew  
 As it could blow no more.

"What thorns be these, so long and keen,  
 That bite me to the bone?" . . .  
 Oh, these be thorns of hate and lies  
 Which you on earth have sown.

"What sea is this before my feet  
 That has so salt a tide?"  
 Oh, that is the flood of women's tears  
 That fall and are not dried;  
 They weep, and, weeping, name his name  
 Through whom their dear ones died.

"What stream is this so dark and deep  
 That laps me to the chin?" . . .  
 Oh, that is the river of men's blood  
 Who perished by your sin.

There is no boat shall ferry you,  
 No ford shall bring you through  
 The red river that runs always  
 Between your God and you.

There was no light in all that land  
 But the far glare of Mars;  
 And the wind blew, the wind blew,  
 It shook the fixed stars.

And in that wind the shivering soul  
 Like a dry leaf was driven . . .  
 "What wind is this, what fearful wind,  
 That rocks the stars in Heaven?"

Oh, that is the breath of a dead mother  
 With a dead babe at her side,  
 Beneath your iron heel who lay,  
 And cursed you as she died!

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT

Gifts from a full garner—wealth from a brimming  
store—

How shall these things be offered from a seagirt land  
and poor?

I—who have neither gold nor jewels, cattle nor  
corn—

I (says Newfoundland) give the lads I have borne

Toll o' the Banks when the white fog spins a shroud  
there,

Toll o' the Gulf when the Fundy gales are loud  
there,

Toll o' the ice-pack grinding south by Labrador—  
These things have I paid . . . yet will not grudge  
my part in war.

Bone o' my bone—and in bitter pain I bare them!  
Blood o' my blood—oh, it's cruel hard to spare  
them!

Splendid sons of seamen—more than life to me—  
No new thing is sacrifice to them which use the sea!

## NEWFOUNDLAND'S GIFT

Salt is the sea-crust on our land's wave-fretted  
shore;

Salt, salt seas, they bring our seamen home no more.  
Salt, salt winds, they'll blow them home no more to  
me—

Well we know the taste of it whose menfolk use the  
sea!

Bone o' my heart—and the salt sad tides roll over  
them;

Heart o' my heart—oh, the wide, cold seas 'll cover  
them!

Gold and gear I give not . . . life and love and  
all to me,

*These* I give to England . . . to England and the  
sea!

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

Oh, where is the lad that's far away? . . .  
And what of the one that sails the sea? . . .  
Oh, how will they keep Saint Patrick's Day,  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning?

There's some will hear the great guns' din  
At the break o' day their tune begin,  
And the snipers welcome the daylight in  
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

And be they far or be they near,  
Upon that day they'll keep good cheer,  
And make the foe that meets them fear  
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

There's some will watch the fleet that lurks  
By harbour, mine and fortress works,  
And some will hammer the heathen Turks  
On Patrick's Day in the morning.

## ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN THE MORNING

---

Oh, far and near their watch is set,  
But be they cold, or be they wet,  
Will there a man of them all forget  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning?

Ay, some there'll be so sound who sleep  
In the fields o' France or the waters deep,  
They will not know that their kinsmen keep  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning.

Sweet is the sleep of them, far away;  
And how should they heed if a man should say:  
"Oh, don't you remember Saint Patrick's Day,  
Saint Patrick's Day in the morning?"

## THE HAPPY WARRIOR

(April 23rd)

### I

HERE, a soldier plain, I kneel,  
Sword on thigh, spur on heel.

If I fall or if I stand,  
Lord, my times are in Thy hand.

Three things beneath the sun,  
These I'll ask, and so have done.

Clean hand, clean sword,  
And a clean heart to serve Thee, Lord!

### II

When Spring's turned and Winter's done,  
Life in every bough does run.

Very sweet the Spring sky . . .  
Shall a man desire to die,

Die, and be no more seen  
Where streams run and fields are green,

And the birds do sing shrill  
Mating songs in April?

Should a man not fear to fall,  
Lord, Lord . . . if life were all? . . .

ARMED MERCHANTMEN: AN OLD SONG  
RE-SUNG

By the Liverpool Docks at the break of the day,  
I saw a flash packet, bound westward away;  
And well did I mark how each new-mounted gun  
Like silver did gleam in the first morning sun.

Bound away, bound away, where the wide waters  
flow,  
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, Lord, let her go!

For thieves be abroad on the ocean highway  
To harass our traders by night and by day;  
But let such attempt her, to take or assail,  
They may find to their cost she's a sting in her  
tail.

She's a crack ocean liner—now catch her who  
can!—  
Her crew are true British and game to a man;  
The pirates of Potsdam had best have a care—  
She's the Navy's stepdaughter, and touch her  
who dare!  
—114—

ARMED MERCHANTMEN: AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

Bound away, bound away, with a bone in her mouth,  
She passes the Bar light, she turns to the south,  
A Liverpool packet that stays for no foe—  
Safe, safe on her journey, oh, Lord, let her go!

Bound away, bound away, where the wide waters  
flow,  
She's a Liverpool packet—oh, Lord, let her go!

## STORMY DUSK

To-NIGHT the dark came stormy down,  
The sun went red to rest;  
And fleets of clouds like battleships  
Filled all the burning West.  
The wind was rising to a gale,  
It howled in hedge and tree . . .  
And it's cold, bitter cold,  
Where our sailormen must be,  
Oh, it's bitter cold this night  
In the wild North Sea!

To-night I heard the church clock strike  
Across the gusts of storm . . .  
And I thought how go the hours at sea  
While we are sheltered warm . . .  
I prayed God guard our ships at sea  
And keep them from all harm. . . .  
And guide them through the pitch-black tides  
Where the drifting death may be,  
And give them soon a safe return  
And a fruitful victory. . . .

And Christ our Lord who walked of old  
On waves of Galilee,  
Be near our men this night  
In the wild North Sea!

## THE LOWLAND SEA

Oh, sailed you by the Goodwins,  
Oh, came you by the Sound?  
And saw you there my true love,  
That was homeward bound?

"Oh, never will he anchor  
Again in English ground;  
A-sailing by the Lowlands  
Your sailorman is drowned.

"They gave his ship her death-blow  
As she was sailing by,  
And every soul aboard her,  
Oh, they left them all to die.

"They were not common pirates  
Nor rovers of Sallee . . .  
But gentlemen of high estate  
Come out of Germanie!"

It was no worthy gentleman,  
Though he were crownéd King;  
It was no honest seaman  
That wrought so vile a thing.

But the foulest of all pirates  
That ever sailed the sea . . .  
And they should swing as pirates swing  
Upon the gallows, tree,  
A-sailing by the Lowlands  
That took my lad from me!

## THE TRAVELLER

I've loops o' string in the place o' buttons, I've  
mostly holes for a shirt;  
My boots are bust and my hat's a goner, I'm gritty  
with dust an' dirt;  
An' I'm sittin' here on a bollard watchin' the China  
ships go forth,  
Seein' the black little tugs come slidin' with timber  
booms from the North,  
Sittin' an' seein' the broad Pacific break at my feet  
in foam . . .  
Me that was born with a taste for travel in a back  
alley at home.

They put me to school when I was a nipper at the  
Board School down in the slums,  
And some of the kids was good at spellin' and some  
at figures and sums;  
And whether I went or whether I didn't they learned  
me nothin' at all,  
Only I'd watch the flies go walkin' over the maps on  
the wall,  
—120—

## THE TRAVELLER

Strollin' over the lakes an' mountains, over the plains  
an' sea,—  
As if they was born with a taste for travel . . .  
somethin' the same as me!

If I'd been born a rich man's youngster with lots o'  
money to burn,  
It wouldn't ha' gone in marble mansions and statues  
at every turn,  
It wouldn't ha' gone in wine and women, or dogs an'  
horses an' play,  
Nor yet in collectin' bricks an' bracks in a harmless  
kind of a way;  
I'd ha' paid my fare where I've beat my way (but I  
couldn't ha' liked it more!),  
Me that was born with a taste for travel—the same if  
you're rich or poor.

I'd ha' gone bowlin' in yachts and rollin' in plush-  
padded Pullman cars,—  
The same as I've seen 'em when I lay restin' at night-  
time under the stars,  
Me that have beat the ties and rode the bumpers  
from sea to sea,  
Me that have sweated in stokeholds and dined off  
mouldy salt-horse and tea;  
—121—

Me that have melted like grease at Perim and froze  
like boards off the Horn,  
All along of a taste for travel that was in me when I  
was born.

I ain't got folks an' I ain't got money, I ain't got  
nothing at all,  
But a sort of a queer old thirst that keeps me movin'  
on till I fall,  
And many a time I've been short o' shelter and many  
a time o' grub,  
But I've got away from the rows o' houses, the  
streets, an' the corner pub—  
And here by the side of a sea that's shinin' under  
a sky like flame,  
Me that was born with a taste for travel, give thanks  
because o' the same.

SALVAGE

Nor the encounter of navies in battle array—  
The roar of the salvos—the smoke-wrack that  
darkens the day—  
*But a mined ship with her forepeak full  
Off the Foreland, wanting towing . . .*

Not the white flame of the searchlights, the red glare  
between,  
The heaven-splitting thunder and roar of the struck  
magazine—  
*But a fog rolling up Channel as white as wool,  
And never a light showing . . .*

Not the fierce dash of destroyers—the bow-wave  
like snow—  
The track of the headlong torpedo launched swift  
on the foe—  
*But a ship aground off the Long Sand light,  
And a hell of a gale blowing . . .*

Not the stern splendour of battle, the glory, the  
fame,

Not the awarding of honours, the nation's acclaim,

*But a crew and a cargo to take off by night,*

*And the light fast going . . .*

*(But only the duty and deed—whose reward is in  
no man's bestowing!)*

## WAR RISKS

“LET go aft!” . . . and out she slides,  
Pitching when she meets the tides . . .  
She for whom our cruisers keep  
Stately vigil in the deep . . .  
Sink or swim, lads, war or no,  
Let the poor old hooker go!

Soon, hull down, will England's shore,  
Smudged and faint, be seen no more;  
Soon the following gulls return  
Where the friendly dock-lights burn;  
Soon the cold stars, climbing high,  
March across the empty sky . . .  
Empty seas before her bow  
(Lord, she's on her lonesome now!).

When the white fog, stooping low,  
Folds in darkness friend and foe . . .  
When the fast great liners creep  
Veiled and silent through the deep . . .

When the hostile searchlight's eye  
Sweeps across the midnight sky . . .  
Lord of light and darkness, then  
Stretch Thy wing o'er merchantmen!

When the waters known of old  
Death in dreadful shape may hold . . .  
When the mine's black treachery  
Secret walks the insulted sea . . .  
(Lest the people wait in vain  
For their cattle and their grain)  
Since Thy name is mercy, then,  
Lord, be kind to merchantmen!

THE PIRATE'S ONLY DELIGHT

HEY, bullies, ho, bullies, what have ye seen,  
Flying with the seagulls where the seas are green?

Oh, I saw a ship a-sinking,  
And the sight it pleased me well  
(Says Teach the pirate, drinking  
Red wine in Hell).

Hey, bullies, ho, bullies, what about the crew?  
There were men that watched 'em drowning as we  
often used to do.

A fine sport for sharing,  
A rare tale to tell  
(Says Teach the pirate, baring  
Yellow fangs in Hell).

Hey, bullies, ho, bullies, saw you aught beside?  
Oh, we saw a drowned girl there drifting on the tide!

A sight to split you laughing,  
A sweet thing to tell  
(Says Teach the pirate, quaffing  
Red wine in Hell).

## CLARE'S BRIGADE

MEN of the old grievous battles, men of Clare's  
Brigade,

Do ye hear the troops marching through the land  
where ye are laid,

Far from the clear running brooks, the dappled sun  
and shade

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland?

Ah, but not in the old fashion (men of Clare's  
Brigade!),

Not in the sorrow of exile your kinsmen draw the  
blade,

For the old trouble's ended now, its grey ghost is  
laid

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland.

There shall be pride and love there where sorrow  
dwelt before;

Kind peace shall be her portion, ay, peace from  
shore to shore,

And Patrick's plant springing there, springing ever  
more

On the fair green hills of holy Ireland!

## THE RECRUIT

BAT and ball are there, lad,

And you not there to play . . .

"There's a nobler game playing  
For English lads to-day."

And if your mates miss you

As they are like to do? . . .

"If my mates were men, lad,  
They'd ha' 'listed too."

What will your dad say

That is old and grey? . . .

"Oh, he'd give life and all, lad,  
To be young this day."

Was your mother not weeping

As you marched away? . . .

"Ay, weeping she kissed me  
As a lad's mother may."

And what'll your girl say then  
That used to walk with you? . . .  
"Perhaps she'll walk lonely  
For she loves me true.

"But parents both and sweetheart,  
All have said the same—  
'If you hadn't gone, lad,  
I'd ha' died for shame!'"

### THE KNITTERS

IN streets that are humming  
With the city's stair . . .  
Or where leaves fall rustling  
Through the quiet air . . .  
There are women knitting  
Everywhere . . .

Knitting and waiting  
Through hours like years—  
Not with loud grieving  
Nor sighing nor tears—  
In their hands the needles  
Flash like spears.

Every thread a sorrow,  
Every strand a prayer—  
("Oh, where sleeps my dear one?  
Or how does he fare?")  
There are women knitting  
Everywhere . . .

## THE MOUTH-ORGAN

Oh, there ain't no band to cheer us up, there ain't  
no 'Ighland pipers  
To keep our warlike ardure warm round New Cha-  
pelle an' Wipers;  
So—since there's nothin' like a tune to glad the  
'eart o' man—  
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e does the best 'e  
can.

There ain't no birds in Plug Street Wood, the guns  
'ave sent 'em flyin',  
An' there ain't no song to 'ear except the squealin'  
shells a-cryin';  
The thrushes all 'ave 'ooked it, an' the blackbirds  
'ad to flit . . .  
So Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e ups an' does 'is bit.

'Is notes is somewhat limited, they are not 'igh an'  
soary;  
'E 'asn't got that many things in 'is bloomin' re-  
pertory;

## THE MOUTH-ORGAN

But when 'e's played the lot, why, then 'is course is  
straight an' plain,  
'E starts at the beginnin' an' 'e plays 'em all again!

'E's played 'em oft upon the march, an' likewise in  
the trenches;  
'E's played 'em to the Gurkhas, an' 'e's played 'em  
to the Frenchies;  
'E may be ankle-deep in dust or middle-deep in  
slime,  
But Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e's at it all the time.

Wet, 'ungry, thirsty, 'ot or cold, whatever may be-  
tide 'im,  
'E'll play upon the 'ob of 'ell while the breath is  
left inside 'im;  
And when we march up Potsdam Street an' goose-  
step through Berlin,  
Why, Billy with 'is mouth-organ 'e'll play the Army  
in!

## THE FURROW

AN old horse to the furrow—an old man to the  
plough—  
For the young horse and the young lad, they're  
needed yonder now—

The horse, so young and mettled he scarce had  
known the rein,  
That shook his feathered fetlocks and tossed his  
streaming mane—

The lad that used to drive him, so strong and  
straight and tall,  
That dressed him fine with ribbons and groomed  
him in the stall.

Ah, there as here, old Captain, we know, both I and  
you,  
He'll drive a straight furrow as he always used to  
do!

The clods before the ploughshare fall heavily apart,  
But never a clod among them so heavy as my heart,

## THE FURROW

To smell the clean earth breaking and the kind  
country smells,  
And think o' the stink and reek there, and the  
bursting o' the shells.

An old horse to the furrow—an old man to the  
plough—  
And the young horse and the young lad . . . how  
fare they yonder now?

## AFTER DARK

UNDER the blue sky,  
And the white clouds sailing high,  
Where the gallant wind went by,  
A bird sang on—sang on  
Till the day (too soon) was done.

And the daylight died  
From the fields and the hillside,  
And the moorland bare and wide . . .  
But the bird sang on—sang on  
Long after the light was gone—

Like a voice that said:  
"Oh, you who weep your dead,  
Be comforted—be comforted!  
For the deed lives on—lives on  
Long after the life is gone!" . . .