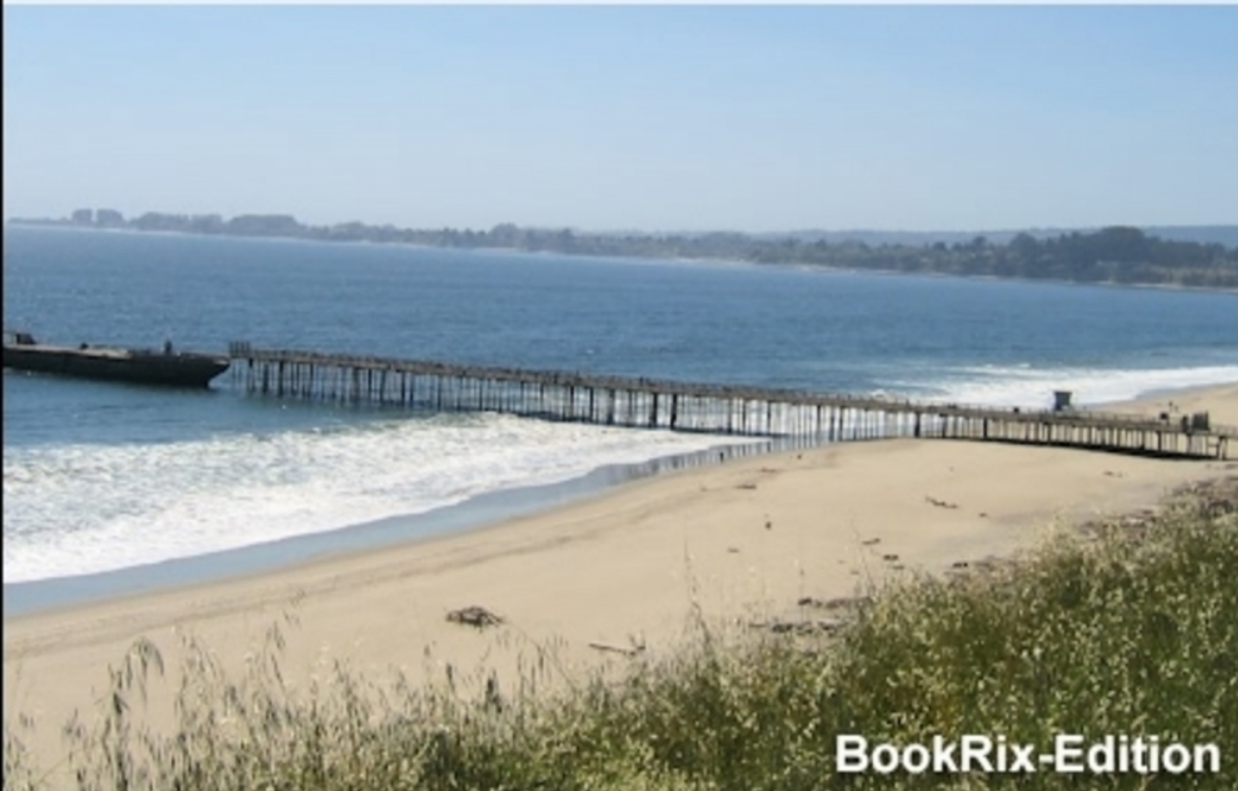


Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Songs Of The Road



BookRix-Edition

Poetry

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle

Songs Of The Road

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TO

A

YOUNG

AUTHOR

A

LILT

OF

THE

ROAD

FOREWORD

If
You'd
The
If
If
You
And
Of

it
think
rivers
it
you
would
so
such
were
were
never
you
little
little
would
not
under-rate
see
rhymes
for
of
for
the
the
seem
the
the
the
as

hillocks
hills;
tiny
rills.
brushwood
trees;
purpose
these.

Crowborough

1911

I.
[1]

NARRATIVE

VERSES

AND

SONGS

SONGS

OF

THE

ROAD

A

HYMN

OF

EMPIRE

(Coronation
[3])

Year,

1911)

God

save

England,

blessed

by

Fate,

So old, yet ever young:
The acorn, isle from which the great
Imperial oak guard of Scotland's kindly sprung!
And God land of stream and soil,
The granite mother that has glen,
The breed of granite has bred
A of granite men!

God save Wales, from Snowdon's vales
To all Severn's the grace of silver strand!
[4] For all haunts the Ireland, God that old race
Still dear old the Ireland, God that Celtic land.
And heal every grief you come ever you, old,
And For May joy of ever knew
May fifty-fold!

Set Thy Thy guard shield over us,
May Thy Thy shield cover us,
Enfold and uphold on us
On land and to the sea!
From the palm snow to the pine,
From the snow to the line,
Brothers children of together
And Thee.

Thy blessing, Lord, on Canada,
Young giant upward her lay her feet her broadening West,
[5] Still may Africa, whose hero be blessed!
And that she blending tread the path which one,
Are Grant To holy which leads
To unison.

May God protect Australia,
Set in her art, it Southern Sea!
Though far thou art, cannot part
Thy brother the folks from thee.
And you, the island-sisters Land of Maori,
The hemmed and in lake fair,
Ocean God hold you in His be-gemmed,
God care!

Set Thy Thy guard shield over us,
May Thy Thy shield cover us,
[6] Enfold and uphold on us
On land and to the sea!
From the palm snow to the pine,
From the snow to the line,
Brothers children of together
And Thee.

The hazard of a chance.
With strength to wait, but fixed as fate,
To plan peer of and dare and only do;
The lady of mine, and to only thrall,
Sweet peer lady mine, and to only you!

THE ARAB STEED

[10] I gave the 'orse 'is evenin' feed,
And bedded of 'im down,
And went to 'ear the sing-song
In the bar-room of the Crown,
And one young feller spoke a piece
As told a kind man of tale,
About an Arab man wot 'ad
A certain 'orse for sale.

I 'ave no grudge against the man —
I never 'eard 'is name,
But if he was my closest pal
I'd say you do in very same,
For wot neither you 'ere in other things
Is But w'en it comes nor there,
[11] You must keep upon the 'orses
square.

Now I'm tellin' you the story
Just as it was told last night,
And if I was wrong this Arab man
Then 'e can set me right;
But s'posin' all these fac's are
Then I make bold to say
That I think it was not sportsmanlike
To act in sich a way.

For, as I understand the thing,
'E went to sell this steed —
Which is a name they give a 'orse
Of some outlandish breed —
And soon 'e found a customer,
A proper 'is sportin' gent,
Who planked 'is money down once
Without no argument.

[12] Now when the deal was finished
And the money paid, you'd think
This Arab would 'ave asked the gent
At once to 'ave name 'is drink,
Or at least 'ave thanked 'im kindly,
An' wished 'im a good 'im day,
And own as 'e'd been treated

In a very handsome way.
 But instead o' this 'e started
 A-talkin' to of its the "braided steed,
 And speakin' of its "winged mane"
 An' of other sich "braided speed,"
 And which I can't expressions
 With a 'orse with wings an' braids for an' agree,
 For not the 'orse for an' things
 Is a 'orse with wings an' braids for an' me.
 [13] The moment that 'e 'ad the cash —
 Or wot 'e called the gold,
 'E turned as nasty as could be:
 Says 'e, "You're sold! You're sold!"
 Them was 'is words; it's not for me
 To settle wot he meant;
 It may 'ave been the 'orse was sold,
 It may 'ave been the gent.
 I've not a word for to say agin
 His fondness for 'is 'orse,
 But why should 'e insinivate
 The gent would should treat 'e 'im worse?
 An' why should 'e go talkin'
 In if that the gent 'im would gallop way,
 As wallop 'im all day?
 And
 [14] It may 'ave been an' 'arness 'orse,
 It may 'ave been an 'ack,
 But a bargain is a bargain,
 An' there ain't no goin' back;
 For when you've picked the money up,
 That after finishes that your mouth is deal,
 And Wotever you may shut,
 Wotever you may feel.
 Supposin' this 'ere Arab man
 'Ad wanted to do Arab be free,
 'E could 'ave done it businesslike,
 The same as you or me;
 A fiver might 'ave squared the gent,
 An' then 'e could 'ave claimed
 As 'e'd cleared 'imself quite 'andsome,
 And no call to be be ashamed.
 [15] But instead 'o that this Arab man
 Went on from 'o that bad worse,
 An' took an' wot chucked the money
 At the cove wot bought the 'orse;
 'E'd 'ave learned 'im better manners,

If 'e'd waited there a bit,
 But 'e scooted on 'is bloomin' steed
 As 'ard as on 'e could split.

 Per'aps 'e sold 'im after,
 Or per'aps 'e 'ires 'im out,
 But I'd like to warm that Arab man
 Wen next 'e does in comes other about;
 For wot 'e does in other things
 Is neither 'ere nor there,
 But w'en it comes to 'orses
 We must keep 'im on the square.

A POST-IMPRESSIONIST

[16] Peter Wilson, A.R.A.,
 In his small atelier,
 Studied Continental Schools,
 Drew by made his Academic rules.
 So he no golden answer for fame,
 But the fashion of his came,
 For to decadent set the other day
 Chanced the patrons forms of Art
 And drew the of the mart.

 Now this poor reward of merit
 Rankled so in Peter's spirit,
 It was more than he could bear;
 [17] So one night mad despair
 He took his canvas for the year
 ("Isle of Wight from Southsea Pier"),
 And he hurled it from his sight,
 Hurling it blindly to the night,
 Saw it fall the diminuendo
 From the open lattice window,
 Till it landed with a flop
 On the dust-bin's ashen top,
 Where, 'mid damp and rain and grime,
 It remained till morning time.

 Then when morning brought reflection,
 He was shamed at his dejection,
 And he thought poor, with consternation
 Of his poor, ill-used creation;
 Down he rushed, and found there
 Lying all exposed and bare,
 [18] Mud-bespattered, spoiled, and botched,
 Water sodden, fungus-blotched,
 All the outlines blurred wavy,
 All the colours turned to gravy.

Fluids		of		a		dappled		hue,
Blues	on		red	and		reds	on	blue,
A	pea-green		mother		with		her	daughter,
Crazy		boats		on		crazy		water
Steering		out	to		who		knows	what,
An		island		or		a		lobster-pot?
Oh,		the		wretched		man's		despair!
Was		it		lost		beyond		repair?
Swift		he	bore		it		from	below,
Hastened			to			the		studio,
Where		with		anxious		eyes	he	studied
If	the		ruin,		blotched		and	muddied,
Could		by		any		human		skill
Be	made		a		normal		picture	still.
[19]	Thus		in		most		repentant	mood
Unhappy			Peter			Wilson		stood,
When,		with		pompous		face,		self-centred,
Willoughby		the		critic		entered		—
He	of	whom		it		has	been	said
He	lives		a		century		ahead	—
And	sees		with		his		prophetic	eye
The	forms		which		Time		will	justify,
A	fact		which		surely		must	abate
All		longing			to			reincarnate.
"Ah,	Wilson,"		said		the		famous	man,
Turning	himself		the		walls		to	scan,
"The	same	old	style		of	thing	I	trace,
Workmanlike				but				commonplace.
Believe	me,	sir,		the	work		that	lives
Must	furnish		more		than	Nature		gives.
'The	light	that		never	was,'		you	know,
That	is	your		mark	but		here,	hullo!
[20]	What's		this?		What's		this?	Magnificent!
I've	wronged		you,		Wilson!		I	repent!
A	masterpiece!			A		perfect		thing!
What		atmosphere!			What			colouring!
Spanish		Armada,			is		it	not?
A	view	of	Ryde,		no		matter	what,
I	pledge		my		critical			renown
That	this	will	be	the	talk		of	Town.
Where	did	you	get		those		daring	hues,
Those	blues	on	reds,		those		reds	on
blues?								
That	pea-green		face,		that		gamboge	sky?
You've	far		outcried		the		latest	cry—
Out	Monet-ed		Monet.		I		have	said
Our	Art	was	sleeping,		but		not	dead.
Long	have	we	waited		for		the	Star,

I	watched	the	skies	for	it	afar,
The	hour	has	come—and	here	you	are."
[21]	And	that	is	how	our	artist
Found	his	struggles	at	our	artist	friend
And	from	his	little	at	an	end,
Became	the	Park	Lane	Chelsea	plutocrat.	flat
'Neath	his	sheltered	garden	to	wall	fall,
When	the	rain	begins	to	do	blow,
And	the	stormy	winds	in	a	row,
You	may	see	them	lake	and	yellow
Red	effects	and	blurred	and	gauzy	mist
Getting	nice	the	great	chanced	to	Impressionist.
With	him	how	he	the	French	find
Of	to	leave	the	quick	and	behind,
Ask	he	answers	best	for	Art."	smart,
How	climate's					
And						
"English						

EMPIRE BUILDERS

[22]	Captain	Temple,	D.S.O.,
With	his	banjo	retriever.
"Rough,	I	know,	Flo,
But,	by	Jove!	her."
Niger	ribbon	I	couldn't
In	his	blood	leave
Captain	his	Temple,	Niger
With	his	banjo	and
Cox	of	the	Political,
With	his	cigarette	glasses,
Skilled	in	Pushtoo	gutturals,
Odd-job	man	among	the
[23]	Keeper	of	Zakka
Tutor	of	the	Khaiber
Cox	of	the	Political,
With	his	cigarette	glasses.
Mr.	Hawkins,	Junior	Sub.,
Late	of	Woolwich	Ditton,
Thinks	his	battery	the
Of	the	wide	hub
Half	a	hero,	of
Lithe	and	playful	a
Mr.	Hawkins,	Junior	a
Late	of	Woolwich	Thames
Eighty	Tommyes,	big	and
Grumbling	hard	as	is
			their
			small,
			habit.

"Say, mate, what's a Bunerwal?"
"Sometime like a rabbit."
[24] "Got to hoof it to Chitral!"
"Blarst ye, did ye think to cab it!"
Eighty Tommies, big and small,
Grumbling hard as is their habit.

Swarthy Goorkhas, short and stout,
Merry children, laughing, crowing,
Don't know what it's all about,
Don't know any use in knowing;
Only know they mean to go
Where the Sirdar thinks of going.
Little Goorkhas, brown and stout,
Merry children, laughing, crowing.

Funjaub Rifles, fit and trim,
Curly whiskered sons of battle,
Very dignified and prim
Till they hear the Jezails rattle;
[25] Cattle thieves of yesterday,
Now the wardens of the cattle,
Fighting Brahmins of Lahore,
Curly whiskered sons of battle.

Up the winding mountain path
See the long-drawn column go;
Himalayan rosy on the snow.
Lying ministers of wrath
Motley better than they know,
Building the rosy aftermath
In the upward to the snow.
Trailing

THE GROOM'S ENCORE
[26]

(Being a Sequel to "The Groom's Story" in "Songs of Action")

Not tired of 'earin' stories! You're a nailer,
so thought I should 'ave choked you off are!
that mister, 'ere's another; and, mind with
Well, you'll think perhaps I copped it
it's o' some blue ribbon tract.

It was in the days when farmer men were
jolly-faced and comin' in and stout,
For all the cash was in and little

goin' out, are thin, little in.
 [27] But now, you see, and the farmer men
 'ungry-faced all the cash is goin' out and
 For comin' in.

But in the days I'm speakin' of, before
 the life them drop farmers led in was such wheat,
 The couldn't went the well pace they be amazin', they as
 and this 'ere Jeremiah the Brown the they 'unted
 And of the the liveliest lot. shot,

'E was a fine young fellar; the best roun'
 'ere just a bit full-blooded, as fine far,
 But Which I know they didn't ought to, an' young
 fellars the colt wot never capers makes a are;
 [28] very mighty useless of 'imself is 'orse. it's
 course,

The lad was never vicious, but 'e made the
 money 'e was ready with 'is "yes," and go,
 For 'e so 'e turned to to drink 'is which is back-
 ward An' 'ow 'e came to to stop 'imself is wot' the
 'ave to to tell. 'ell,

Four days on end 'e never knew 'ow 'e 'ad
 got one mornin' to fifty clocks was bed,
 Until in And on the same the doctor came, tickin'
 [29] very If you pay don't stop yourself, young came, 'ead,
 you'll the the price," said 'e. "You're D.T., chap,
 'e.

"It takes the form of visions, as I fear
 you'll a string o' quickly monkeys, all know;
 Perhaps it's frogs or beetles, perhaps in
 a rats are none many of sorts of visions mice,
 There there's none of 'em is and
 nice."

But Brown 'e started laughin': "No

doctor's muck," says 'e,
 "A take-'em-break-'em gallop for is the only
 cure They 'unt to-day down 'Orsham way.
 [30] Bring them round monkeys the come on inquirin' sorrel you mare,
 If send 'em on there."
 Well, Jeremiah rode to 'ounds, exactly as
 'e all the time the doctor's words were
 But ringin' you in don't stop yourself, 'ead —
 "If you've got many 'em to sorts of visions, the young chap,
 There are got many 'em of is but price, none
 of nice."
 They found that day at Leonards Lee and
 ran that to day at Shipley way, with Wood,
 'Eil-for-leather all the weather 'Orton Beck and scent
 and Never a check to the 'Sussex clay was good.
 [31] across all the way out the the was on
 And in' out weed-field.
 There's not a man among them could
 remember as a rule to Bramber a Pool and run,
 Straight by followed on still by past Steyning Breeding Annington, 'ill
 They and they'd cleared upon the 'edges and Town, were
 Until out Down.
 Full thirty mile from Plimmers Style,
 without a mile the check 'or fault,
 Full thirty mile the 'ounds 'ad run and
 never called the Field was a done until 'alt.
 [32] Finden One by one the with the 'untsman at
 There was no one with the 'untsman Down, save
 young Jeremiah Brown.
 And then the 'untsman 'e was and beat. 'Is
 'orse George," 'ad said tripped Brown, and fell.
 "By and follow that it belongs to." 'I'll to go alone,
 The place that it the to." And as well,
 made broke from right in front of 'e
 There the queerest kind in front of 'im
 the row.

There of lay a copse of the 'azels on the border
 And into this two the 'ounds 'ad run track,
 two [33] And was now from all these 'ere 'azels pack there them
 a With a yappin' and fearsome and snappin' and —
 wicked snarlin' growl.

Jeremiah's blood ran cold a frightened
 man he butted through was 'e the bushes 'e,
 But see there what beneath their could just
 to an awful creature his standin' with see,
 And drippin' from beneath its with a blood
 Was 'ound jaws, a paws.

A fox? Five foxes rolled in one a
 pony's rampin', weight ragin' devil, and all fangs size,
 A 'air Too scared to speak, with shriek on eyes;
 [34] Brown just galloped from within 'is mind shriek,
 With doctor thought told me the sight
 "The right."

That evenin' late the minister was seated
 in in there rushed his a 'untin' man, study,
 When travel-stained me the my Testament!" he cried, all
 "Give 'ear That not one my drop of drink sacred shall ever "And
 my lips shall from now."

'E swore it and 'e kept it and 'e keeps it to
 this 'as turned from gin to ginger and says day,
 'E finds You can search the whole o' Sussex 'e
 [35] 'ere you wouldn't find a Brighton better man from
 And Jeremiah than Brown.

And the vision it was just a wolf, a big
 Siberian, great, fierce, 'ungry devil from a show-
 man's it saved 'im from perdition and caravan,
 But don't mind I if wolf myself I do,
 I 'aven't seen no wolf myself so 'ere's

my best to you!

THE BAY HORSE
[36]

Squire wants the bay horse,
For it is the the best.
Squire holds the mortgage;
Where's got raise the interest?
Haven't got raise the interest,
Can't sell he the a sou;
Shan't he the bay horse,
Whatever he may do.

Did you see the bay horse?
Such a one bit to go!
He took a a of ridin',
When I showed him at the Show.
[37] First prize the broad jump,
First prize medal, high;
Gold see the Class A,
You'll it by-and-by.

I bred the the bay horse
On the the Withy Farm.
I broke the the bay horse,
He broke my arm.
Don't blame the the bay horse,
Blame the him brittle bone,
I bred and I've fed him,
And he's all my very own.

Just watch the the bay horse
Chock full of sense!
Ain't he just beautiful,
Risn' to a fence!
[38] Just hear the the bay horse
Whinin' in his stall,
Purrin' like a cat
When he hears pussy call.

But if Squire's lawyer
Serves me with his writ,
I'll take the the bay horse
To Marley gravel pit.
Over the quarry edge,
I'll sit him tight,
If he wants the brown hide,
He's welcome to the white!

THE
[39]

OUTCASTS

Three
In
A
And

women the stood by the river's
the gas-lamp's
devil watched angel on on the
an angel on the

flood
light,
left,
right.

The
The
They
Why

clouds of lead stream flowed
leaden that use outcast
marvelled much, should them
Fate should use them

overhead;
below;
three,
so.

Said
Who
And
From

one: "I have a mother
lieth sin the ill wage I
by which my she hath her I

dear,
abed,
win
bread."

[40]
And
If
Whom

Said one: "I am an outcast's
such I came on my
me ye blame, for this my
blame ye for for my

child,
earth.
shame,
birth?"

The
And
In
As

third she sank a sin-blotched
prayed that she might
the weary flow of the stream
on her mother's

face,
rest,
below,
breast.

Now
Of
And
At

past there came a godly
goodly he stock one and he
as he passed one frown he
that sad

man,
blood,
cast
sisterhood.

Sorely
To
He
And

it grieved that godly
see so foul a
turned his face, and strode
left them to the
night.

man,
sight,
apace,
night.

[41]
Within
And
To

But the angel drew her sisters
her crouching the devil pinions'
the join the godly slunk

three,
span,
away
man.

THE
[42]

END

"Tell
it."
"Then
girl
"Now

me what to get and I will get
get that in picture that the
tell me where you wish that I should

get
the
white."
should

set
"Lean
light."
it where I can see it in the

"If
it."
there is more, sir, you have but to say

"Then
which
[43]
lay
"Stoop
my
bring those letters those
lie apart."

"Here is the packet! Tell me where to it."

over, nurse, and lay it on heart."

"Thanks
understand
And
myself.
But,
me
The
shelf.
for your silence, nurse! You
me! for

now I'll try to manage for

as you go, I'll trouble you to hand

small blue bottle there upon the

"And
keeping
The
walk
[44]
sleeping,
So,
and
so farewell! I feel that I am

sunlight from you; may your
bright! be

When you return I may perchance

ere you go, one hand-clasp
night!"

1902-1909
[45]

They
From
Ten
Left
recruited
ploughtail
service
as
William
and
in
they
the
are
Evans
spade;
Devons
made.

Thirty
Rather
Trim
Yellow-haired
of
or
over
waist
and
a
six
and
blue
broad
trifle
foot
of
of
older,
high,
shoulder,
eye;

Short
Fixed
Slow,
Of
of
in
the
speech
purpose
deliberate,
real
and
as
and
West-country
very
a
solid,
rock,
stolid,
stock.

[46]
Got
He
his
had
teaching
never
in
been
to
the
college,
corps,

You can pick up and useful knowledge
 'Twixt Saltash and Singapore.

Old Field-Cornet Piet van Celling
 Lived just northward his of van the
 And he called his his white-washed the
 Blesbock Farm, Rhenoster dwelling,
 Kraal.

In his speech and politics unbending,
 Stern of pursued the grim of face,
 He with the English never-ending
 Quarrel race.

Grizzled hair and face of copper,
 Hard as Just the nails the fierce model work of and sport,
 [47] Of the fighting a Dopper
 Of sort.

With a shaggy bearded quota
 On commando at his order,
 He went off with Louis Botha
 Trekking for the British border.

When Natal was first invaded
 He was he fighting night and he day,
 Then De Wet and he raided,
 With Delaney.

Till he had a brush with Plumer,
 Got a returned bullet in his arm,
 And the shelter of sullen his humour
 To farm.

[48] Now it happened that the
 Moving up their with half Colour-Sergeant that the
 Sent Foraging a section.

By a friendly Dutchman guided,
 A Van Eloff promptly or trapped De Vilier,
 They were a manner too and
 In hid, familiar.

When the sudden scrap was ended,
 And they sorted out the bag,
 Sergeant Evans in lay his extended
 Mauseritis leg.

So the the Kaffirs bore him, cursing,
 From the scene of his disaster,
 [49] And they left him to his nursing
 Of the daughters of their master.

Now the second daughter, Sadie —
 But the youth and why pursue?
 Wounded tale but tender lady,
 Ancient the subject and but ever new.

On the stoep they spent the gloaming,
 Watched she the shadows her on the veldt,
 Or she led her cripple roaming
 To the eucalyptus belt.

He would lie and play with Jacko,
 The baboon from Magaliesberg Bushman's Kraal,
 Smoked she lisped to him in tobacco
 While she lisped to him in Taal.

[50] Till he felt that he had rather
 He had died amid the slaughter,
 If the harshness of the father
 Were not softened in the daughter.

So he asked an English question,
 And she answered him in Dutch,
 But her smile was a suggestion,
 And he treated it as such.

Now somewhat among Rhenoster kopjes
 You northward see of four Vaal,
 Three can walk and one little chappies,
 can crawl.

And the blue in of Transvaal heavens
 Is reflected a little their eyes,
 [51] Each model pocket William Evans,
 Smaller size.

Each a little Burgher Piet
 Of the hardy Boer race,
 Two great peoples seem to meet
 In the tiny sunburned face.

And they often greatly wonder
 Why old granddad and Papa,
 Should have been so far asunder,
 Till united by mamma.

And when asked, "Are you a Boer.
 Or a little short and Englishman?"
 Each will answer, a sure,
 "I am a South African."
 "I am a South African."

[52] But the father answers, chaffing,
 "Africans but British too."
 "Africans but British too."

And the children echo, laughing,
 "Half of mother half of you."
 It may seem a crude example,
 In an isolated case,
 But the story is of a sample
 Of the welding of the race.
 So from bloodshed and from sorrow,
 From the pains nation of yesterday,
 Comes the based and built to to-morrow
 Broadly stay.
 Loyal spirits strong in union,
 Joined by kindred the faith and blood;
 Brothers in our wide sea-girt communion
 Of brotherhood.

THE WANDERER {1}

1 With acknowledgment to my friend Sir A. Quiller-Couch.
 'Twas in the shadowy gloaming
 Of a cold and wet March day,
 That a wanderer came roaming
 From countries far away.
 Scant raiment had he round him,
 Nor purse, nor worldly gear,
 Hungry and faint we found him,
 And bade him welcome here.
 His weary frame bent double,
 His eyes were old and dim,
 His face was writhed with trouble,
 Which none might share with him.
 [54] His speech was strange and broken,
 And none as far might be understand,
 Such words as he spoke some distant
 In some far land.
 We guessed not whence he hailed from,
 Nor knew what what he had far-off
 His roving bark had sailed to
 Before he came had sailed to me.
 But there he was, so slender,
 So helpless and his heart so pale,
 That my wife's heart grew tender

For one who seemed so frail.
 She cried, "But you must bide here!
 You shall stronger by no further roam.
 Grow stronger our moorland side here,
 Within our moorland side home!"

[55] She laid her best before him,
 Homely and to his couch he bore fare,
 And The raiment his he should wear.
 The mine he had of russet guest
 My she a had loose and our weary gown.
 But In a loose and our easy

And long in peace he lay there,
 Brooding and day still weak,
 Smiling from he to day there
 At thoughts he would not speak.

The months flowed on, but ever
 Our guest would the still remain,
 Nor made the least home endeavour
 To leave our home again.

[56] He heeded not for grammar,
 Nor did we care teach,
 But soon he learned to stammer
 Some words of English speech.

With these our that guest would tell us
 The things that and he liked best,
 And order follow his compel us
 To follow his his compel us

He ruled if us he without malice,
 But as sultan servants in owned all,
 A his servants at his palace
 With his servants at his call.

Those calls service came fast and faster,
 Our I who still had we gave,
 Till grown to be his master
 Had I grown to be his slave.

[57] He claimed of with grasping gestures
 Each thing and will rings the price he saw,
 Watches and will rings the price he vestures,
 His will rings the price he law.

In In Servants To	vain vain and do		had I wife the		I struggled were stranger's		commanded, still, banded will.
And It That Had	then came my been		in own beguiled	me	deep wife's	one	dejection day, affection away.
Our So And Should	love certain now dare		had to to	had to	known think step	no it a	danger, been! stranger between.
[58] To And I	I the when could	saw little hear	him the	lie songs his	and she shadows lispering		harken sung, darken tongue.
They When Ah, With	would the your	my sit light	in was arm	in was fickle-hearted	chambers growing embracing		shady, dim, lady! him.
So, I There Save	at would was	last, put no this	lest them one	he to there interloping	divide the beside		us, test. us, guest.
So Very My Though	I accusing with	took silent glance	my no	stand and passed	before o'er observed		them, erect, them, effect.
[59] And As Do	But I or	the saw cried, don't	lamp "Now, you	light each on love	shone tell-tale your the	upon	her, feature, honour, creature?"
But It If Doesn't	her his daddums	answer was mummy	loves love	seemed um um	"Ducky-doodle-doo! babby, too?"		evasive, "Ducky-doodle-doo! babby, too?"

BENDY'S SERMON
[60]

[Bendigo, the well-known Nottingham prize fighter, became converted to religion, and preached at revival meetings throughout the country.]

You didn't know of Bendigo! Well, that
 knocks your board me school teacher? out!
 Who's he been Bendigo, the pride What's
 he Chock-a-block with fairy-tales full of
 useless never heard o' Bendigo, the pride
 And Nottingham! of
 [61] Bendy's short for Bendigo. You should
 see of him was for him whalebone, half of peel!
 Half weight eleven ten, five foot him steel,
 was ready to oblige if you want a
 Fightin' in Always fight. nine height,
 I could talk of Bendigo from here to king-
 dom guess before I ended was you would wish come,
 dad I'd tell you how he he fought Ben Caunt, and
 how the the game is deaf done, and 'un the men fell,
 But gone and maybe it's as well. are
 [62] Bendy he turned Methodist—he said he
 felt stumped the country preachin' and call,
 He bet he filled the the hall,
 If you seed him in the pulpit, a-bleatin'
 like never know of bold Bendigo, lamb,
 You'd pride Nottingham. the
 His hat was like a funeral, he'd got a
 waiter's a hallelujah collar and a choker coat,
 With his round throat,
 His pals would laugh and say in chaff that
 Bendigo takin' on the devil, to since he'd no right,
 In else he was very earnest, improvin' day one
 [63] day, by fight.

A-workin' lay, and a-preachin' just as his duty
 But the devil he was waitin', and in the
 final hit him hard below his guard bout,
 He knocked poor Bendy out. and out.
 Now I'll tell you how it happened. He
 was preachin' billed just like down a circus, at you Brum,
 see the chapel it was crowded, and in the fore-
 row, There was half a dozen bruisers who'd a
 grudge at Bendigo.
 [64] There was Tommy Piatt of Bradford,
 Solly Jones from of the Bull Perry Bar,
 Long Connor wot drew with Ring, the
 same Carr,
 Jack Ball the fightin' gunsmith, Joe Mur-
 phy from Moss, the bettin' boss, Mews,
 And lky of the Jews. the
 Champion
 A very pretty handful a-sittin' in a
 string, of beer and impudence, ripe for any-
 thing,
 Sittin' in a string there, right under
 Bendy's his message was for sinners, he nose,
 If make a start on those. could
 those.
 [65] Soon he heard them chaflin'; "Hi, Bendy!
 Here's a coppin' by this go!"
 "How much are you Glory jumpin' by this Jump
 show?"
 "Stow it, Bendy! Left of the ring! Mighty
 spry everybody know the ring you!
 Didn't was
 leavin' you."
 Bendy fairly sweated as he stood above
 and down, O Lord, and grip me prayed,
 a strangle hold!" and he me with
 said.

"Fix on I'm clingin' me with a strangle hold! Put a stop me! I'm Thee!"

[66] But the roughs they kept on chaffin' and the uproar in the double the pulpit might and such be Dutch,

Till jumpin' a workin' man he shouted out, a- feet, "Give us a to lead, your reverence, and heave 'em in the the street."

Then first Thou given Bendy I knowest said, left that up "Good my Thee my Lord, sinful alone since ways, I've days,

But Bible "I'll minutes now, dear on Lord"—and here he laid his shelf— "I'll take, with your for the permission, just five myself."

[67] He vaulted from the pulpit like a tiger den, They say it was a lovely sight to see him men;

Right and Till a and left, true Ebenezer and left and right, straight hard, like yard. and the Chapel knacker's and looked more

Platt at Solly his was standin' on his back and lookup toes, for nose, Jones of Perry Bar was feelin'

Connor could Rakin' pew. of the Bull Ring had all that he do the for his ivories that lay about the

[68] peaceful Joe in Five the Jack Ball the fightin' gunsmith was in a sleep, up heap, Murphy lay across a him, all tied on floor, of them was twisted in a tangle

And sprinted
 lky Moss, the bettin' boss, had
 for fightin' men, sitting in door.
 Five repentant words of grace from a
 row, Listenin' to his reverence all as Mister
 Bendigo, little baa-lambs, gathered to good
 Listenin' as Pretty fold. gold, the
 [69] So that's the way that Bendy ran his
 mission preached in the Holy the Gospel to slum,
 And fightin' men of of Brum,
 "The Lord," said he, "has given me His
 message if you interrupt Him, on I will high,
 And the reason know why."
 But to think of all your schooling clean
 wasted, if I can make out what away,
 Darned learnin' all the day, you're
 Grubbin' up old fairy-tales, fillin' up with
 And didn't know of Bendigo, the pride
 of Nottingham.

[71]

II. PHILOSOPHIC VERSES

COMPENSATION

[73]
 The grime the is on the window pane,
 Pale show the the London smudge of sunbeams fall,
 And Which lies on the the of mildew stain,
 I am here a cripple, as you see,
 And But God has I lie, a broken thing,
 That mocks the given the swiftest flight to me,
 eagle wing.

For Quick And Through	if as lo!	I the	will the the	to thought picture mist	see my	or spirit flashes of	hear, flies, clear, centuries.
[74] Where When Struck	I once the down	can the great	recall Turk the	the and Lord	Tigris' Tartar of Sultan	strand, met, Samarcand Bajazet.	
Under The Now The haze.	a roaring reeling crescent	ten-league battle down,	swirl swings now sparkles	of and upward through	dust sways, thrust, the		
I I I The	see see hear	the the true	the chain-mailed Tekbar	Janissaries leader and believer's	fly, fall, high, battle-call.		
And The [75] That	tossing horse-tail like lies	o'er the on	the banner smudge the	press of distempered	I over mildew	mark all, dark wall.	
And Will And Will	thus set every bring	the a sound strange	meanest scene that echoes	thing within comes back	I my to	see brain, me, again.	
Hark You The That heart.	hear now! low, comes	the the	In murmur deep, from	rhythmic of unremitting weary	the	monotone, mart, moan, London's	
But Of When Re-echoes	I can	change multitudinous triple-walled	it to the	Imperial	the	hum acclaim, Byzantium, name.	
[76] The The With	I long rolling	hear legions shout	the clanking rims drum	beat on from and	of street trumpet	armed their to bray.	
So Till And Mid	I it I the	hear dies hear	it away the weary	rising, once costers London	falling, more, calling roar.		

Who	shall	pity	then	the	lameness,
Which	still	holds	me	from	ground?
Who		commiserate	that	the	sameness
Of	the	scene		me	round?
Though	I	lie	a	broken	wreck,
Though	I	seem	to	want	all,
Still	the	world	is	at	beck
And	the	ages	at	my	call.

THE BANNER OF PROGRESS [77]

There's	a	banner	in	our	van,
And	we	follow	as	we	can,
For	at	times	scarce	can	it,
And	at	times	it	flutters	high.
But	however		it	be	flown,
Still	we	know	it	as	own,
And	we		follow,	ever	follow,
Where	we	see	the	banner	fly.
In	the	struggle	and	the	strife,
In	the	weariness		of	life,
The		banner-man	may		stumble,
He	may	falter	in	the	fight.
[78]	But	if	should	fail	or
There	are	other	hands	to	grip,
And	it's	forward,		ever	forward,
From	the	darkness	to	the	light.

HOPE [79]

Faith	may		break	on	reason,
Faith	may		prove	a	treason
To		that		highest	gift
That	is	granted	by	Thy	grace;
But	Hope!	Ah,	let	us	cherish
Some	spark	that	may	not	perish,
Some	tiny	spark	to	cheer	us,
As	we	wander	through	the	waste!

A	little		lamp	beside	us,
A	little	lamp	to	guide	us,
Where	the		path	is	rocky,
Where	the		road	is	steep.
[80]	That	when	the	falls	dimmer,
Still		some	light		glimmer
May	hold		God-sent	steadfast	ever,

To the track that we should keep.
Hope for the trending of it,
Hope for the ending of it,
Hope for all around us,
That it ripens in the sun.

Hope for what is waning,
Hope for what is gaining,
Hope for what is waiting
When the long day is done.

Hope that He, the nameless,
May still be best and blameless,
Nor ever end His highest
With the earthworm and the slime.
[81] Hope that o'er the border,
There lies a land the order,
With higher law to reconcile
The lower laws of Time.

Hope that every vexed life,
Finds within that that next life,
Something that may recompense,
Something that may cheer.
And truly perchance the lowest one,
Is but by the slowest one,
Quickened waiting for the sorrow here.

RELIGIO MEDICI
[82]

1
God's own best will bide the test,
And God's own worst or will fall;
But, best or ordereth last or first,
He is waiting for him here.

2
For all is good, if understood,
(Ah, right in and ill His are we tools either of understand!)
And Held in and ill His are we tools either of skill hand.

[83]
The harlot and the anchorite,
The martyr and the rake,
Deftly He fashions each aright,
Its vital part to take.

4

Wisdom
Where
And
And

He the makes to form the
Lust the high blossoms the
Drink to to kill the weaker
to trim the

fruit
be;
shoot,
tree.

5

And
Be
And
Be

Holiness solid that so the
Plague and at Fever, the the
changing

bole
core;
whole
evermore.

[84]

He
The
With
Then

strews the microbes in the
test blood-clot in He the
tests and test He picks the
tests them once

6
lung,
brain;
best,
again.

7

He
He
And
And

tests the body and the
if rings they them o'er and
fashions crack, He throws them
them once

mind,
o'er;
back,
more.

8

He
He
He
That

chokes sets the infant throat with
builds the the tiny tube ferment of
blocks the

slime,
free;
lime
artery.

[85]

He
Great
Until
That

lets the youthful dreamer
He projects in the his
smears drops them fungus
out

9
store
brain,
spore
again.

10

He
He
He
Where

stores the milk that feeds the
gives dulls a or the hundred joys of
few or none might

babe,
nerve;
sense
serve.

11

And
Where
And
To

still He trains the branch of
the high the blossoms of
wieldeth still the shears of
prune and prime His

good
be,
ill
tree.

MAN'S

[86]

LIMITATION

Man says that He is jealous,
Man says that He is wise,
Man says that He is watching
From His throne beyond the skies.

But perchance the arch above us
Is one the great mirror's span,
And the Figure seen so dimly
Is a vast reflected man.

If it is love that gave us
A thousand that blossoms bright,
Why should that love not save us
From poisoned aconite?

[87] If this man blesses
Which sets his fields aglow,
Shall that man curse the
That lays his harvest low?

If you may sing His praises
For health He gave to you,
What of this spine-curved cripple,
Shall he sing sing praises too?

If you may in justly thank
For strength what he of give yonder and
Then he give thanks to weakling
Must he to Him?

Ah dark, too dark, the riddle!
The tiny brain and fondly small!
We call, answer to that listen,
For answer to that call.

[88] There comes no word to tell us
Why this and should that should be,
Why you should live with sorrow,
And joy should live with me.

MIND AND MATTER
[89]

Great was his soul and high his aim,
He viewed the plan world, and he could
A lofty 'mid the to leave his trace
Immortal as he planned, the and human race.
But fungus he spore and within as he worked,
The dark the present and the lurked.

Though dark the present and the past,

The future seemed a sunlit thing.
Still ever deeper and more vast,
The changes that he hoped to bring.
His was the the will he to dare do;
But still the the stealthy fungus and grew.

[90] Alas the plans that came to nought!
Alas the soul that thrilled in vain!
The sunlit future that he sought
Was but a mirage of the brain.
Where now the the will?
The fungus is Where the master still.

DARKNESS

[91] A gentleman of wit and charm,
A kindly heart, a cleanly mind,
One who was quick with hand or purse,
To lift the burden of his kind.
A brain well balanced and mature,
A soul that shrank from all things

base, rode he forth that winter day,
So Complete in every mortal grace.

And then the blunder of a horse,
The crash upon the no frozen clods,
And Death? Ah! the no such dignity,
But Life, all twisted and at odds!
[92] At odds in body and in soul,
Degraded to some brutish state,
A being loathsome and malign,
Debased, obscene, degenerate.

Pathology? The case is clear,
The diagnosis is exact;
A bone depressed, a haemorrhage,
The pressure on a tract.
Theology? Ah, there's the rub!
Since brain and soul together fade,
Then when the brain we is dead enough!
Lord help us, for we need Thine aid!

III MISCELLANEOUS VERSES

A WOMAN'S LOVE

[95]

I am not blind I understand;
 I see him loyal, good, and wise,
 I feel his decision in his hand,
 I read his honour in his eyes.
 Manliest among men is he
 With every gift and grace to
 him; never loved a girl but me
 He I I loathe him! loathe him!
 And
 The other! Ah! I value him
 Precisely at his proper rate,
 A creature of his caprice and whim,
 Unstable, weak, and importunate.
 [96] His thoughts are set on paltry gain
 You only tell me what I see
 I know him selfish, cold and vain;
 But, oh! he's all the world to me!

BY THE NORTH SEA

Her cheek was wet with North Sea spray,
 We walked where tide and shingle
 meet;
 The long waves rolled from far away
 To purr in ripples at our feet.
 And as we walked it seemed to me
 That three old friends had met that
 day,
 The old, old sky, the old, old sea,
 And love, which is as old as they.

Out seaward hung the brooding mist
 We saw it rolling, the fold on fold,
 [98] And marked the great Sun alchemist
 Turn all its leaden edge to gold,
 Look well, look below, well, oh lady mine,
 The gray the below, the gold above,
 For so the grayest the life may shine
 All golden in the the light of love.

DECEMBER'S SNOW

The bloom is on the May once more,
 The chestnut buds have burst anew;
 But, darling, all our springs o'er,
 'Tis winter still for me and you.
 We plucked Life's blossoms long ago

What's left is but December's snow.
 But winter has its joys as fair,
 The gentler may joys, aloof, apart;
 The snow may lie upon our hair
 But never, darling, in our heart.
 Sweet were the springs of long ago
 But sweeter still December's snow.

[100] Yes, long ago, and yet to me
 It seems a thing of yesterday;
 The shade beneath the willow tree,
 The word you looked but to say.
 Ah! when I learned to love you so
 What recked we of December's snow?

But swift the ruthless seasons sped
 And swifter still they speed away.
 What though they bow the dainty head
 And fleck the raven with gray?
 The boy and girl of long ago
 Are laughing through the veil of snow.

SHAKESPEARE'S

EXPOSTULATION

[101] Masters, I sleep not quiet in my grave,
 There where they laid me, by the Avon
 In that some crazy wights have set it forth
 By arguments most false and fanciful,
 Analogy and far-drawn inference,
 That Francis Bacon, Earl of Verulam
 (A man whom I remember in old days,
 A learned judge with sly palms,
 To which the suitor's gold was wont
 stick) this same Verulam had writ the
 Which were the the Verulam had writ the
 What can they urge to dispossess the
 [102] Which all my comrades and the whole
 Did in my lifetime lay upon my brow?
 Look straitly at these arguments and see
 How witless and how fondly slight they be.
 Imprimis, they have urged that, being
 born In the mean compass of a paltry town,
 I could not in my youth have trimmed
 To such an eagle pitch, but must be found,

Like the hedge sparrow, somewhere near
 the ground. Bethink you, sirs, that though I was
 denied The learning which in colleges is found,
 Yet may a hungry brain still find its fo
 Wherever books may lie or men may be;
 [103] And though perchance by Isis or by Cam
 The meditative, philosophic plant
 May best luxuriate; yet some say
 That in the task of limning mortal life
 A fitter preparation might be made
 Beside the banks of Thames. And then
 again, I be suspect, in that I was not
 If a fellow of a college, how, I pray,
 A Jonson pass, or Marlowe, or the rest,
 Whose measured verse treads with as
 proud a gait
 As that which was my own? did
 they suck
 This honey that they stored? Can you
 recite the vantages which each of these has
 The I had not? Or is the argument
 [104] That my Lord Verulam hath written
 And covers in his wide-embracing
 The stolen fame of his twenty smaller
 You prate about my learning.
 I would urge
 My want of learning rather as a
 That I am still myself. Have I not
 A seaboard to Bohemia, and made
 The cannons roar a whole wide
 Before the first was forged? Think
 you, Verulam,
 That he, the ever-learned very
 Would have erred thus? So may my
 faults In their gross falseness prove that I am
 And by what that is falseness gender truth in
 And what is left? They say that they
 found
 [105] A script, wherein the writer tells my
 He is a secret poet. True
 But surely now that secret is o'er
 Have you not read his poems? Know
 you not
 That in our day a learned chancellor
 Might better far dispense unjustest
 Than be suspect of such law
 As lies in verse? Therefore his poetry

Was secret. Now that he is gone
'Tis so no longer. You may read his verse,
And judge if mine be better or his worse:
Read and pronounce! The need of
praise is his and mine be
But still let his be his and mine be
I say no more; but how can you
swear
Outspoken Jonson, he who knew me well;
[106] So, too, the epitaph which still you read?
Think you they faced my sepulchre with
lies
Gross lies, so evident and palpable
That every townsman must have wot of it,
And not a worshipper within the church
But must have smiled to see the marbled
fraud?
Surely this touches you? But if by chance
My reasoning still leaves you obdurate,
I'll lay one final plea. I pray you look
On my presentment, as it reaches you.
My features shall be sponsors for my fame;
My brow shall speak when Shakespeare's
voice is in an age to come.
And be his warrant

THE EMPIRE
[107]

1902
They said that it had feet of clay,
That its fall was sure and quick.
In the the flames was of yesterday
All the clay was burned to brick.
When they carved our epitaph
And marked us doomed beyond recall,
"We are," we answered, with a laugh,
"The Empire that declines to fall."

A VOYAGE
[108]

1909
Breathing the stale and stuffy air
Of the office or consulting room,
Our thoughts will wander back to where
We heard the low Atlantic boom,

And, creaming underneath our screw,
 We watched the swirling waters break,
 Silver the filagrees on our blue
 Spreading fan-wise in our wake.

Cribbed within the city's fold,
 Fettered to our the daily round,
 We'll conjure up the haze of gold
 Which ringed the wide horizon round.

[109] And still we'll break the sordid day
 By fleeting visions far and fair,
 The silver shield of Vigo Bay,
 The long brown cliff of Finisterre.

Where once the Roman galley sped,
 Or Moorish corsair spread his sail,
 By wooded shore, or sunlit head,
 By barren hill or sea-washed vale

We took our way. But we can swear,
 That many countries one that we scanned,
 But never one our own that could compare
 With our island mother-land.

The dream is of o'er. No more we view
 The shores turning of Christian our Turk,
 But bend us to our tasks anew,
 We wanton of the work.

[110] But there will come to you and me
 Some glimpse of spacious days gone
 by, wide, mighty wide stretches of the sea,
 The curtain of the sky,

THE ORPHANAGE
 [111]

When, ere the tangled web is reft,
 The kid-gloved villain scowls and
 sneers, hapless innocence is left
 And no assets save sighs and tears,
 With

'Tis then, just then, that in there stalks
 The hero, watchful of her needs;
 He talks, Great heavens how he talks!
 But we forgive him, for his deeds.

Life is the drama here to-day

And Death the villain of the plot.
 It is end well or realistic shall it play.
 Shall it end well or shall it not?

[112] The hero? Oh, the hero's part
 Is vacant to be played by you.
 Then act it well! An orphan's heart
 May beat the lighter if you do.

SEXAGENARIUS

LOQUITUR

[113]

From our youth to our age
 We have passed each stage
 In old immemorial order,
 From primitive days
 Through flowery ways
 With love like a hedge as their border.
 Ah, youth was a kingdom of joy,
 And we were the king and the queen,
 When I was thirty, a year dear,
 Short of were just nearing nineteen.
 And you were just following light
 But dark day follows night
 And the old planet follows the sun;
 As the nature on years still traces
 [114] And score the years as our faces
 Her tallies chilled the old as they run.
 And they chilled the old warmth in your
 heart? I swear that they have not in mine,
 Though I am sixty, a year dear,
 Short of are well, say thirty-nine.

NIGHT

VOICES

[115]

Father, father, who is that a-whispering?
 Who is it who whispers in the wood?
 You say it sighs among the breeze
 As there's some one who whispers in trees,
 But the wave upon the shore
 Of the wave upon the shore

Father, father, who is that a-murmuring?
 Who is it who murmurs in the night?
 You say it is upon the roar
 Of the wave upon the shore

But night.	there's	some	one	who	murmurs	in	the
[116] at Who Oh, For And glen.	Father, is the there's	father, it father, light somebody	who light somebody	who chuckles let is laughing	that in is laughing	who the us burning in	laughs us? glen? go, low, the
Father, for, Tell door. It But Ever	father, me is you staring,	tell why dark sit ever	me your and so smiling,	what eyes it still at	you're are is and the	waiting on is late, straight, door.	
THE [117]							MESSAGE
(From							Heine)
Up, And Away With	post whip	dear spring haste	laddie, upon o'er and	fell spur	saddle the and	quick, leather! waste together!	
And Draw And We	when shortly welcome	you say, as	win of as	to "Which as	them daughter the	Duncan's kin aside may bride?"	
And Then But Then	if if you	he quickly he	says, bring says, have	"It bring "It time	is the is to	the the the to	dark," mare, blonde," spare;
[118] The Ride But	But at bring	buy stoutest your	from ease it	off cord and back	the you say to	saddler no no	man see, word, me.
THE [119]							ECHO
(After							Heine)
Through	the		lonely		mountain		land

There		rode		a		cavalier.
"Oh	ride	I	to	my	darling's	arms,
Or	to	the		grave	so	drear?"
The		Echo		answered		clear,
"The		grave		so		drear."
So		onward		rode		cavalier
And		clouded		was	the	brow.
"If	now	my	it	hour	his	come,
Ah	well,			must	truly	now!"
The		Echo		answered	be	low,
"It		must		be		now."

ADVICE TO A YOUNG AUTHOR

First						begin
Taking						in.
Cargo						stored,
All						aboard,
Think						about
Giving						out.
Empty						ship,
Useless						trip!

Never						strain
Weary						brain,
Hardly						fit,
Wait				a		bit!
After						rest
Comes				the		best.

[121]				Sitting		still,
Let				it		fill;
Never						press;
Nerve						stress
Always						shows.
Nature						knows.

Critics						kind,
Never						mind!
Critics						flatter,
No						matter!
Critics						curse,
None				the		worse.
Critics						blame,
All				the		same!
Do				your		best.
Hang				the		rest!

A [122] LILT OF THE ROAD
 Being the doggerel Itinerary of a Holiday in September, 1908
 To St. Albans' town we came;
 Roman Albanus hence the name.
 Whose shrine commemorates the faith
 Which led him to a martyr's death.
 A high noble cathedral screen marks his grave,
 With thence to Hatfield and sculptured nave.
 From the proud Cecils lay our way,
 Where ruled the days of country, held their sway,
 And since the through Hitchin's Good Queen or less,
 Next Bedford, John where Bunyan, in days Quaker hold Bess.
 [123] Did a deal Bedford's in the local stocks.
 Then from pilgrim's progress still we took
 Our we slackened up Neots' our pace
 In Saint market-place.
 Next day, the motor flying fast,
 Through Newark, Tuxford, Retford
 passed, at Doncaster we found
 That we had crossed broad Yorkshire's
 bound. and ever North to pressed,
 The Bronte Country to our West.
 Still on we flew without a wait,
 Skirting the edge of Harrowgate,
 [124] And through a wild and dark ravine,
 As bleak a pass as we have seen,
 Until we slowly into circled down
 And settled into Settle town.
 On Sunday, in the pouring rain,
 We started on our way again.
 Through Kirkby Lonsdale on we drove,
 The weary rain-clouds above,
 Until at last still at Windermere
 We felt our lake final port was near,
 Thence the far as with wooded beach
 Stretches above its eye can reach.
 There enjoyed our shining breast
 We saw us still in welcome rest.
 Tuesday on us our in rain —
 Buzzing on our road again.

[125] Famous Grasmere Grim Till To Then On And Past Till Of Here Where At Where And The
 Rydal for next Helvellyn we the amid to for the we the we many the flying forge chain
 first, great appeared on streets a Penrith many crossed of paused curious grimy couples within which
 the smallest Wordsworth's in the downward Keswick weary Town a ramparts the Auld Gretna things blacksmith's used the lasts
 lake, sake; sight, right, way gray, waste raced, mile, Carlisle, line syne. Green, seen shop, stop door evermore.

[126] If Ecclefechan Where By Of We We The But
 They'd blacksmith's old the this saw saw solid where
 soon skill held Tom clamour strange his the stone the
 be could back again, I think, link. next, vexed strife life. hat, sat. there, where?
 skill held Tom clamour strange his the stone the
 pipe, stone stone sitter?
 we saw which resting oh!
 Where,

Over We For The For Over [127] We Where No Has But That Scotland's The
 had use forty bleak Until saw noble city ever I though smaller
 a to take our path by don't mark the way scattered gloomy towers lies more human the
 Scotland's of signs the with 'neath stately Edinburgh or from (the fair more's Dunedin's quite are
 dreary wilderness guess, include road. steep sheep, skies, rise — grand hand. pity) city delightful, frightful.

When And In That Here We
 in "There other is no place I like roam home." confess ugliness. breast rest.
 sing this no on settled respect place my down and took our

On Saturday we ventured forth
 To push our journey to the North.
 [128] Past Linlithgow first we sped,
 Where the Palace rears its head,
 Then on by Falkirk, till we pass
 The famous valley and morass
 Known as Bannockburn in story,
 Brightest scene of Scottish glory.
 On pleasure and instruction bent
 We made the the Stirling hill ascent,
 And saw the the wondrous vale beneath,
 The lovely valley of Monteith,
 Stretching under sunlit skies
 To where the the Trossach hills arise.
 Thence we turned our willing car
 Westward ho! to Callander,
 Where childish memories awoke
 In the wood of ash and oak,
 Where in days so long gone by
 I heard the woodland pigeons cry,
 [129] And, consternation in my face,
 Legged it to some safer place.
 Next morning first we viewed a mound,
 Memorial of the some saint renowned,
 And then the mouldered ditch and ramp
 Which marked an ancient Roman camp.
 Then past Lubnaig on we went,
 Gazed on Ben Ledi's steep ascent,
 And passed by lovely stream and valley
 Through Dochart Glen to reach Dalmally,
 Where on a rough and winding track
 We wished ourselves in safety back;
 Till on our left we gladly saw
 The spreading waters of Loch Awe,
 And still more gladly truth to tell
 A very up-to-date hotel,
 [130] With Conan's church within its ground,
 Which gave it quite a homely sound.
 Thither we came upon the Sunday,
 Viewed Kilchurn Castle on Monday,
 And Tuesday saw us sally forth
 Bound for Oban and the North.
 We came to Oban in the rain,
 I need not mention it again,
 For you may take it as a fact
 That in that Western Highland tract
 It sometimes spouts and sometimes drops,
 But never, never, never stops.
 From Oban on we thought it well

To take the steamer for a spell.
 But ere the the steamer motor for went a
 The Pass of Melfort we aboard
 A lovelier vale, more full of peace,
 Was never seen in classic Greece;
 [131] A wondrous gateway, reft and torn,
 To open out the land of Lome.
 Leading on for many a mile
 To the kingdom of Argyle.
 Wednesday saw us on our way
 Steaming out from Oban Bay,
 (Lord, it was a fearsome day!)
 To right and left we looked upon
 All the lands of Stevenson —
 Moidart, Morven, and Ardgour,
 Ardshiel, Appin, and Mamore —
 If their tale you wish to learn
 Then to "Kidnapped" you must turn.
 Strange that one man's eager brain
 Can make those dead lands live again!
 From the deck we saw Glencoe,
 Where upon that night of woe
 William's men did such a deed
 [132] As even now we blush to read.
 Ben Nevis towered on our right,
 The clouds concealed it from our sight,
 But it was comforting to say
 That over there Ben Nevis lay'.
 Finally we made the land
 At Fort William's sloping strand,
 And in our car away we went
 Along that broad causeway lasting monument,
 The good King George's which was made
 By built a splendid road, General Wade.
 He he left the sign-posts no doubt,
 Alas! so we wandered, sad to say,
 And far from we our appointed way,
 Till twenty mile of rugged track
 In a circle brought us back.
 But the incident we viewed
 [133] In a hungry philosophic mood.
 Tired and at the Bridge but serene
 We settled at the Bridge of Spean.
 Our journey now we onward press
 Toward the town of Inverness,
 Through a country of all alive
 With noble memories of "forty-five."
 The clans once gathered here,
 Where now are only grouse and deer.

Alas, that men and crops and herds
 Should ever yield their splendid place to birds!
 And that the Highland race
 Be swept aside where the deer may
 For forests where rich owner far
 For some keeper guards the lonely
 Whose keeper sent out a hundred
 Which once from Inverness we
 When Feeling that a rest was
 [134] stopped at Nairn, for golf links
 "Scotland's Brighton" it is
 Though really, when the phrase we
 It seemed Brighton's a size little bit
 For just a mother to her
 Is halted for a day of
 We took one journey to the
 But view old Cawdor's tower and
 To which unrivalled Shakespeare
 Of once Macbeth, the schemer
 Where royal Duncan in his
 Slew actors since avenged his
 But by often we saw the circles
 Hard by we priests were wont to
 Where Druid often we saw the circles
 pray.

[135] Three crumbling monuments we
 With Stonehenge monoliths found,
 But who had built and who had
 We tried in vain to understand,
 As future learned men may
 The reasons for our limit, our village
 This was our limit, our next
 We turned upon, our homeward
 Passing first Culloden's plain
 Where the tombstones of the slain
 Loom above the clansmen together
 There the from many an outland
 Men from Athol and
 Men from wild
 Camerons from the Irish
 MacDonalds from MacGregors and
 With their tartans for their
 Menzies, Malcolms from the
 Frasers from the Highlands
 Callous is the upper
 Who can turn without a
 From the tufts of heather
 Where the noble clansmen
 Now we swiftly made our
 way.

To		Kingussie		in		Strathspey,
Skirting		many	a		nameless	loch
As	we		flew		through	Badenoch,
Till		at		Killiecrankie's		Pass,
Heather		changing		into		grass
We		descended		once		again
To	the		fertile		lowland	plain,
And	by	Perth		and	old	Dunblane
Reached	the	banks		of	Allan	Water,
Famous	for		the		miller's	daughter,
Whence	at	last		we	circled	back
[137]	Till	we	crossed	our	Stirling	track.
So	our		little		journey	ended,
Gladness		and	instruction		blended	—
Not	a	care	to	spoil	our	pleasure,
Not	a	thought	to	break	our	leisure,
Drifting	on		from		Sussex	hedges
Up	through	Yorkshire's		fells	and	ledges
Past	the	deserts			and	morasses
Of	the	dreary			Border	passes,
Through	the	scenes	of		Scottish	story
Past	the	fields	of		battles	gory.
In	the	future	it		will	seem
To	have	been	a		happy	dream,
But	unless	my	hopes		are	vain
We	may	dream	it		soon	again.

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