

# **The Seven Seas**

**By**

**Rudyard Kipling**

[www.freeclassicebooks.com](http://www.freeclassicebooks.com)

CONTENTS.

**Contents**

|                                      |    |
|--------------------------------------|----|
| DEDICATION .....                     | 4  |
| A SONG OF THE ENGLISH. ....          | 5  |
| THE FIRST CHANTEY. ....              | 12 |
| THE LAST CHANTEY. ....               | 13 |
| MCANDREWS' HYMN. ....                | 17 |
| THE MIRACLES. ....                   | 21 |
| THE NATIVE-BORN. ....                | 22 |
| THE KING. ....                       | 24 |
| THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS. .... | 25 |
| THE DERELICT. ....                   | 30 |
| THE SONG OF THE BANJO. ....          | 32 |
| "THE LINER SHE'S A LADY." .....      | 35 |
| MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT. ....          | 36 |
| ANCHOR SONG. ....                    | 38 |
| THE SEA-WIFE. ....                   | 40 |
| HYMN BEFORE ACTION. ....             | 41 |
| TO THE TRUE ROMANCE. ....            | 42 |
| THE FLOWERS. ....                    | 44 |
| THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS. ....  | 46 |
| THE STORY OF UNG. ....               | 50 |
| THE THREE-DECKER. ....               | 52 |
| AN AMERICAN. ....                    | 54 |
| THE MARY GLOSTER. ....               | 56 |
| SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL. ....     | 60 |

|                                       |    |
|---------------------------------------|----|
| BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.....             | 61 |
| "BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN." .....       | 62 |
| "BIRDS OF PREY" MARCH.....            | 64 |
| "SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO." .....       | 65 |
| SAPPERS. ....                         | 67 |
| THAT DAY. ....                        | 69 |
| "THE MEN THAT FOUGHT AT MINDEN."..... | 71 |
| A SONG OF INSTRUCTION.....            | 71 |
| CHOLERA CAMP. ....                    | 73 |
| THE LADIES.....                       | 75 |
| FOOTNOTES: .....                      | 77 |
| THE MOTHER-LODGE. ....                | 78 |
| "FOLLOW ME 'OME." .....               | 80 |
| THE SERGEANT'S WEDDIN'. ....          | 81 |
| THE JACKET. ....                      | 82 |
| THE 'EATHEN. ....                     | 84 |
| FOOTNOTES: .....                      | 87 |
| THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY.....              | 88 |
| "MARY, PITY WOMEN!" .....             | 90 |
| FOOTNOTES: .....                      | 92 |

## DEDICATION

To The City Of Bombay.

The Cities are full of pride,      Challenging each to each--      This from  
her mountain-side,      That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships full tale--      Their corn and oil and wine,  
Derrick and loom and bale,      And rampart's gun-flecked line;      City by  
city they hail:      "Hast aught to match with mine?"

And the men that breed from them      They traffic up and down,      But  
cling to their cities' hem      As a child to the mother's gown.

When they talk with the stranger bands,      Dazed and newly alone;  
When they walk in the stranger lands,      By roaring streets unknown;  
Blessing her where she stands      For strength above their own.

(On high to hold her fame      That stands all fame beyond,      By oath to  
back the same,      Most faithful-foolish-fond;      Making her mere-breathed  
name      Their bond upon their bond.)

So thank I God my birth      Fell not in isles aside--      Waste headlands  
of the earth,      Or warring tribes untried--      But that she lent me worth  
And gave me right to pride.

Surely in toil or fray      Under an alien sky,      Comfort it is to say:  
"Of no mean city am I."

(Neither by service nor fee      Come I to mine estate--      Mother of Cities  
to me,      For I was born in her gate,      Between the palms and the sea,  
Where the world-end steamers wait.)

Now for this debt I owe,      And for her far-borne cheer      Must I make  
haste and go      With tribute to her pier.

And she shall touch and remit      After the use of kings      (Orderly,  
ancient, fit)      My deep-sea plunderings,      And purchase in all lands.  
And this we do for a sign      Her power is over mine,      And mine I hold at  
her hands.

## **A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.**

Fair is our lot--O goodly is our heritage! (Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!) For the Lord our God Most High He hath made the deep as dry, He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

Yea, though we sinned--and our rulers went from righteousness-- Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem. Oh be ye not dismayed, Though we stumbled and we strayed, We were led by evil counsellors--the Lord shall deal with them.

Hold ye the Faith--the Faith our Fathers sealèd us; Whoring not with visions--overwise and overstale. Except ye pay the Lord Single heart and single sword, Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale.

Keep ye the Law--be swift in all obedience. Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford. Make ye sure to each his own That he reap what he hath sown; By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hear now a song--a song of broken interludes-- A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth. Through the naked words and mean May ye see the truth between As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!

The Coastwise Lights.

Our brows are wreathed with spindrift and the weed is on our knees; Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas. From reef and rock and skerry--over headland, ness and voe-- The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors; Through the yelling Channel tempest when the syren hoots and roars-- By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail-- As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman have a care, The  
flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer; From our  
vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains The lover from the  
sea-rim drawn--his love in English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool; We  
warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith and Hull; To each and all  
our equal lamp at peril of the sea-- The white wall-sided warships or the  
whalers of Dundee!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-ports of the Morn!  
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn! Swift shuttles of  
an Empire's loom that weave us main to main, The Coastwise Lights of  
England give you welcome back again!

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates; Go, get  
you into London with the burden of your freights! Haste, for they talk of  
Empire there, and say, if any seek, The Lights of England sent you and by  
silence shall ye speak.

The Song of the Dead.

Hear now the Song of the Dead--in the North by the torn berg-edges--  
They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-stripped  
sledges. Song of the Dead in the South--in the sun by their skeleton  
horses, Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust of the  
sere river-courses.

Song of the Dead in the East--in the heat-rotted jungle hollows, Where  
the dog-ape barks in the kloof--in the brake of the buffalo-wallows.  
Song of the Dead in the West--in the Barrens, the snow that betrayed  
them, Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp and the  
grave-mound they made them; Hear now the Song of the Dead!

I.

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town; We  
yearned beyond the skyline where the strange roads go down. Came the  
Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need. Till the Soul  
that is not man's soul was lent us to lead. As the deer breaks--as the  
steer breaks--from the herd where they graze, In the faith of little  
children we went on our ways. Then the wood failed--then the food failed--  
then the last water dried-- In the faith of little children we lay down and

died. On the sand-drift--on the veldt-side--in the fern-scrub we lay,  
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way. Follow after--  
follow after! We have watered the root, And the bud has come to blossom  
that ripens for fruit! Follow after--we are waiting by the trails that we lost  
For the sound of many footsteps, for the tread of a host. Follow after--  
follow after--for the harvest is sown: By the bones about the wayside ye  
shall come to your own!

\* \* \* \* \*

When Drake went down to the Horn And England was crowned  
thereby, 'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed Our Lodge--our  
Lodge was born (And England was crowned thereby).

Which never shall close again By day nor yet by night, While man  
shall take his life to stake At risk of shoal or main (By day nor yet by  
night),

But standeth even so As now we witness here, While men depart, of  
joyful heart, Adventure for to know. (As now bear witness here).

## II.

We have fed our sea for a thousand years And she calls us, still  
unfed, Though there's never a wave of all her waves But marks our  
English dead: We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest To the  
shark and the sheering gull. If blood be the price of admiralty, Lord  
God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now But lifts a keel we manned;  
There's never an ebb goes seaward now But drops our dead on the sand-  
- But slinks our dead on the sands forlore, From The Ducies to the  
Swin. If blood be the price of admiralty, If blood be the price of  
admiralty, Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years, For that is our doom and  
pride, As it was when they sailed with the Golden Hind Or the wreck  
that struck last tide-- Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare. If blood be the price of admiralty, If  
blood be the price of admiralty, If blood be the price of admiralty, Lord  
God, we ha' bought it fair!

The Deep-sea Cables.

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar-- Down  
to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes  
are. There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep, Or  
the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables  
creep.

Here in the womb of the world--here on the tie-ribs of earth Words,  
and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat-- Warning, sorrow and  
gain, salutation and mirth-- For a Power troubles the Still that has  
neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father  
Time; Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.  
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime, And a new  
Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"

The Song of the Sons.

One from the ends of the earth--gifts at an open door-- Treason has  
much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more! From the whine of a dying  
man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed, Turn, for the world is thine.  
Mother, be proud of thy seed! Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our  
speech so rude? Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men of The  
Blood?

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in-- We that  
were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin. Not in the dark do  
we fight--haggle and flout and gibe; Selling our love for a price, loaning  
our hearts for a bribe. Gifts have we only to-day--Love without promise or  
fee-- Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea:

The Song of the Cities.

Bombay.

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen Fronting thy richest sea with  
richer hands-- A thousand mills roar through me where I glean All  
races from all lands.

Calcutta.

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built, Wealth sought and Kings

adventured life to hold. Hail, England! I am Asia--Power on silt, Death  
in my hands, but Gold!

Madras.

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow, Wonderful kisses,  
so that I became Crowned above Queens--a withered beldame now,  
Brooding on ancient fame.

Rangoon.

Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade? Little care I, but hear the  
shorn priest drone, And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

Singapore.

Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my aid Ere the spent gear  
shall dare the ports afar. The second doorway of the wide world's trade  
Is mine to loose or bar.

Hong-Kong.

Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps Under innumerable keels  
to-day. Yet guard (and landward) or to-morrow sweeps Thy warships  
down the bay.

Halifax.

Into the mist my guardian prows put forth, Behind the mist my virgin  
ramparts lie, The Warden of the Honour of the North, Sleepless and  
veiled am I!

Quebec and Montreal.

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose, Foolish and causeless, half  
in jest, half hate. Now wake we and remember mighty blows, And,  
fearing no man, wait!

Victoria.

From East to West the circling word has passed, Till West is East  
beside our land-locked blue; From East to West the tested chain holds

fast,     The well-forged link rings true!

Capetown.

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,     I dream my  
dream, by rock and heath and pine,     Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one  
land     From Lion's Head to Line!

Melbourne.

Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place,     Got between greed of gold  
and dread of drouth,     Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race  
That whips our harbour-mouth!

Sydney.

Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to good;     Forcing strong wills  
perverse to steadfastness;     The first flush of the tropics in my blood,  
And at my feet Success!

Brisbane.

The northern stirp beneath the southern skies--     I build a nation for  
an Empire's need,     Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,     Queen over  
lands indeed!

Hobart.

Man's love first found me; man's hate made me Hell;     For my babes'  
sake I cleansed those infamies.     Earnest for leave to live and labour well  
God flung me peace and ease.

Auckland.

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart--     On us, on us the  
unswerving season smiles,     Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart  
To seek the Happy Isles!

England's Answer.

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;     Little used to  
lie down at the bidding of any man.     Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of  
the bone that I bare;     Stark as your sons shall be--stern as your fathers

were. Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether, But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together. My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by; Sons, I have borne many sons but my dugs are not dry. Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors, That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors-- Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas, Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees!-- That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face-- Thus for the good of your peoples--thus for the Pride of the Race. Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures, I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours: In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all, That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall. Draw now the three-fold knot firm on the nine-fold bands, And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands. This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom, This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom. The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will, Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still. Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you, After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few. Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways, Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise. Stand to your work and be wise--certain of sword and pen, Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

## **THE FIRST CHANTEY.**

Mine was the woman to me, darkling I found her; Haling her dumb  
from the camp, held her and bound her. Hot rose her tribe on our track  
ere I had proved her; Hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her.

Swift through the forest we ran; none stood to guard us, Few were my  
people and far; then the flood barred us-- Him we call Son of the Sea,  
sullen and swollen; Panting we waited the death, stealer and stolen,

Yet ere they came to my lance laid for the slaughter, Lightly she leaped  
to a log lapped in the water; Holding on high and apart skins that arrayed  
her, Called she the God of the Wind that he should aid her.

Life had the tree at that word, (Praise we the Giver!) Otter-like left he  
the bank for the full river. Far fell their axes behind, flashing and ringing,  
Wonder was on me and fear, yet she was singing.

Low lay the land we had left. Now the blue bound us, Even the Floor of  
the Gods level around us. Whisper there was not, nor word, shadow nor  
showing, Still the light stirred on the deep, glowing and growing.

Then did He leap to His place flaring from under, He the Compeller, the  
Sun, bared to our wonder. Nay, not a league from our eyes blinded with  
gazing, Cleared He the womb of the world, huge and amazing!

This we beheld (and we live)--the Pit of the Burning, Then the God  
spoke to the tree for our returning; Back to the beach of our flight,  
fearless and slowly, Back to our slayers he went: but we were holy.

Men that were hot in that hunt, women that followed, Babes that were  
promised our bones, trembled and wallowed: Over the necks of the tribe  
crouching and fawning-- Prophet and priestess we came back from the  
dawning!

## THE LAST CHANTEY.

"And there was no more sea."

Thus said The Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,      Calling to the  
angels and the souls in their degree:      "Lo! Earth has passed away  
On the smoke of Judgment Day.      That Our word may be established  
shall We gather up the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:      "Plague upon the  
hurricane that made us furl and flee!      But the war is done between us,  
In the deep the Lord hath seen us--      Our bones we'll leave the barracout',  
and God may sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayèd Him:      "Lord, hast Thou  
forgotten Thy covenant with me?      How once a year I go      To cool me  
on the floe,      And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea!"

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind:      (He that bits  
the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee):      "I have watch and  
ward to keep      O'er Thy wonders on the deep,      And Ye take mine  
honour from me if Ye take away the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:      "Nay, but we were  
angry, and a hasty folk are we!      If we worked the ship together      Till  
she foundered in foul weather,      Are we babes that we should clamour for  
a vengeance on the sea?"

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:  
"Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we;      But Thy arm was  
strong to save,      And it touched us on the wave,      And we drownded the  
long tides idle till Thy Trumpets tore the sea."

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:      "Once we  
frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily.      There were fourteen score  
of these,      And they blessed Thee on their knees,      When they learned  
Thy Grace and Glory under Malta by the sea."

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,      Plucking at their  
harps, and they plucked unhandily:      "Our thumbs are rough and  
tarred,      And the tune is something hard--      May we lift a Deep-sea

Chantey such as seamen use at sea?"

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers-- Fettered wrist to  
bar all for red iniquity: "Ho, we revel in our chains O'er the sorrow  
that was Spain's; Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of  
the sea!"

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner-- (He that led the  
flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee): "Ho, the ringer and right whale,  
And the fish we struck for sale, Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness  
that wallow in the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners, Crying: "Under  
Heaven, here is neither lead nor lea! Must we sing for evermore  
On the windless, glassy floor? Take back your golden fiddles and we'll  
beat to open sea!"

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him, And  
'stablished his borders unto all eternity, That such as have no pleasure  
For to praise the Lord by measure, They may enter into galleons and  
serve Him on the sea.

Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it, Stinging,  
ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free; And the ships shall go  
abroad To the glory of the Lord Who heard the silly sailor-folk and  
gave them back their sea!

#### THE MERCHANTMEN.

King Solomon drew merchantmen, Because of his desire For  
peacocks, apes, and ivory, From Tarshish unto Tyre: With cedars out  
of Lebanon Which Hiram rafted down, But we be only sailormen  
That use in London town.

Coastwise--cross-seas--round the world and back again-- Where the  
flaw shall head us or the full Trade suits-- Plain-sail--storm-sail--lay your  
board and tack again-- And that's the way we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his  
boots!

We bring no store of ingots, Of spice or precious stones, But that  
we have we gathered With sweat and aching bones: In flame beneath

the tropics, In frost upon the floe, And jeopardy of every wind  
That does between them go.

And some we got by purchase, And some we had by trade, And  
some we found by courtesy Of pike and carronade, At midnight, 'mid-  
sea meetings, For charity to keep, And light the rolling homeward-  
bound That rode a foot too deep.

By sport of bitter weather We're walty, strained, and scarred From  
the kentledge on the kelson To the slings upon the yard. Six oceans  
had their will of us To carry all away-- Our galley 's in the Baltic,  
And our boom 's in Mossel Bay!

We've floundered off the Texel, Awash with sodden deals, We've  
slipped from Valparaiso With the Norther at our heels: We've ratched  
beyond the Crossets That tusk the Southern Pole, And dipped our  
gunnels under To the dread Agulhas roll.

Beyond all outer charting We sailed where none have sailed, And  
saw the land-lights burning On islands none have hailed; Our hair  
stood up for wonder, But, when the night was done, There danced the  
deep to windward Blue-empty 'neath the sun!

Strange consorts rode beside us And brought us evil luck; The  
witch-fire climbed our channels, And danced on vane and truck: Till,  
through the red tornado, That lashed us nigh to blind, We saw The  
Dutchman plunging, Full canvas, head to wind!

We've heard the Midnight Leadsman That calls the black deep down--  
Ay, thrice we've heard The Swimmer, The Thing that may not drown.  
On frozen bunt and gasket The sleet-cloud drave her hosts, When,  
manned by more than signed with us, We passed the Isle o' Ghosts!

And north, amid the hummocks, A biscuit-toss below, We met the  
silent shallop That frightened whalers know; For, down a cruel ice-lane,  
That opened as he sped, We saw dead Henry Hudson Steer, North by  
West, his dead.

So dealt God's waters with us Beneath the roaring skies, So walked  
His signs and marvels All naked to our eyes: But we were heading  
homeward With trade to lose or make-- Good Lord, they slipped  
behind us In the tailing of our wake!

Let go, let go the anchors;      Now shamed at heart are we      To bring so  
poor a cargo home      That had for gift the sea!      Let go the great bow-  
anchors--      Ah, fools were we and blind--      The worst we baled with utter  
toil,      The best we left behind!

Coastwise--cross-seas--round the world and back again,      Whither the  
flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive down:      Plain-sail--storm-sail--lay your  
board and tack again--      And all to bring a cargo up to London Town!

**MCANDREWS' HYMN.**

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream, An',  
taught by time, I tak' it so--exceptin' always Steam. From coupler-flange  
to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God-- Predestination in the stride o'  
yon connectin'-rod. John Calvin might ha' forged the same--enormous,  
certain, slow-- Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame--my "Institutio." I  
cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to please; I'll stand the  
middle watch up here--alone wi' God an' these My engines, after ninety  
days o' race an' rack an' strain Through all the seas of all Thy world,  
slam-bangin' home again. Slam-bang too much--they knock a wee--the  
crosshead-gibs are loose; But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them  
fair excuse.... Fine, clear an' dark--a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o'  
sight, An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night! His wife's  
at Plymouth.... Seventy--One--Two--Three since he began-- Three turns  
for Mistress Ferguson ... an' who's to blame the man? There's none at any  
port for me, by drivin' fast or slow, Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee,  
Lord, thirty years ago. (The year the Sarah Sands was burned. Oh roads  
we used to tread, Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws--fra' Govan to Parkhead!)  
Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say: "Good  
mornn, McAndrews! Back again? An' how's your bilge to-day?" Miscallin'  
technicalities but handin' me my chair To drink Madeira wi' three Earls--  
the auld Fleet Engineer, That started as a boiler-whelp--when steam and  
he were low. I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi' tow.  
Ten pound was all the pressure then--Eh! Eh!--a man wad drive; An' here,  
our workin' gauges give one hunder' fifty-five! We're creepin' on wi' each  
new rig--less weight an' larger power: There'll be the loco-boiler next an'  
thirty knots an hour! Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam  
began Leaves me no doot for the machine: but what about the man?  
The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million mile o' sea: Four time  
the span from earth to moon.... How far, O Lord, from Thee? That wast  
beside him night an' day. Ye mind my first typhoon? It scoughed the  
skipper on his way to jock wi' the saloon. Three feet were on the stokehold  
floor--just slappin' to an' fro-- An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the  
marks to show. Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns--deep in my soul  
an' black, An' times like this, when things go smooth, my wickudness  
comes back. The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the seas,  
Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed.... Forgie's our trespasses. Nights  
when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in my gaze, The couples kittlin'  
in the dark between the funnel stays; Years when I raked the ports wi'  
pride to fill my cup o' wrong-- Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay

Street in Hong-Kong! Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I  
abode-- Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!  
An' waur than all--my crownin' sin--rank blasphemy an' wild. I was not  
four and twenty then--Ye wadna' judge a child? I'd seen the Tropics first  
that run--new fruit, new smells, new air-- How could I tell--blind--fou wi'  
sun--the Deil was lurkin' there? By day like playhouse-scenes the shore  
slid past our sleepy eyes; By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered  
from those velvet skies, In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder  
down the streets-- An' ijit grinnin' in a dream--for shells an' parrakeets,  
An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried-- Fillin'  
my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside. Till, off Sumbawa Head, Ye  
mind, I heard a land-breeze ca' Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom:  
"McAndrews, come awa'!" Firm, clear an' low--no haste, no hate--the  
ghostly whisper went, Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:  
"Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel', Got out o'  
books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell. They mak' him in the  
Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt, A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's  
only strong to hurt, Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot  
rod, But come wi' Us" (Now, who were They?) "an' know the Leevin' God,  
That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest, But swells the  
ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the woman's breast." An' there it stopped: cut  
off: no more; that quiet, certain voice-- For me, six months o' twenty-four,  
to leave or take at choice. 'Twas on me like a thunderclap--it racked me  
through an' through-- Temptation past the show o' speech, unnamable  
an' new-- The Sin against the Holy Ghost?... An' under all, our screw.  
That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin' swell, Thou  
knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest, Lord, I fell. Third on the  
Mary Gloster then, and first that night in Hell! Yet was Thy hand beneath  
my head: about my feet Thy care-- Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial  
o' despair, But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my  
prayer! We dared na run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire, An'  
I was drowzin' on the hatch--sick--sick wi' doubt an' tire: "Better the sight  
of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire!" Ye mind that word? Clear as  
our gongs--again, an' once again, When rippin' down through coral-trash  
ran out our moorin'-chain; An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see my  
duty plain. Light on the engine-room--no more--clear as our carbons  
burn. I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return.

\* \* \* \* \*

Obsairve! Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard--  
Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord, But--average fifteen  
hunder' souls safe-borne fra' port to port-- I am o' service to my kind. Ye

wadna' blame the thought? Maybe they steam from grace to wrath--to sin by folly led,-- It isna mine to judge their path--their lives are on my head. Mine at the last--when all is done it all comes back to me, The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea. We'll tak' one stretch--three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer-- Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington--ye need an engineer. Fail there--ye've time to weld your shaft--ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke, Or make Kerguelen under sail--three jiggers burned wi' smoke! An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an' blow-- The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an' shift Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the big South drift. (Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord: I've met them at their work, An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.) Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things. Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their baggage clear-- The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes--an' this is what I'll hear: "Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now." While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow. They've words for everyone but me--shake hands wi' half the crew, Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew. An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam' few pickin's here-- No pension, an' the most we earn's four hunder' pound a year. Better myself abroad? Maybe. I'd sooner starve than sail Wi' such as call a snifter-rod ross.... French for nightingale. Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I can not afford To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans. I'm older than the Board. A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close, But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to those. (There's bricks that I might recommend--an' clink the fire-bars cruel. No! Welsh--Wangarti at the worst--an' damn all patent fuel!) Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay. My Deferential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay, I blame no chaps wi' clearer head for aught they make or sell. I found that I could not invent an' look to these--as well. So, wrestled wi' Apollyon--Nah!--fretted like a bairn-- But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn. Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant to me-- E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee.... Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find her runnin' hard? Ye needn't swill the cap wi' oil--this isn't the Cunard. Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that off again! Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The Name in vain! Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to oversee Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee. The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro, Till for the sake of--well, a kiss--I tak' 'em down below. That minds me of our Viscount loon--Sir Kenneth's kin--the chap Wi' russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap. I showed him round

last week, o'er all--an' at the last says he: "Mister McAndrews, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?" Damned ijit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws, Manholin', on my back--the cranks three inches from my nose. Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well, Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell? I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns--the loves an' doves they dream-- Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam! To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime Whaurto--uplifted like the Just--the tail-rods mark the time. The crank-throws give the double-bass; the feed-pump sobs an' heaves: An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves. Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides, Till--hear that note?--the rod's return whings glimmerin' through the guides. They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamoes. Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed, To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed. Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed, An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made; While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says: "Not unto us the praise, or man--not unto us the praise!" Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson--theirs an' mine: "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!" Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose, An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows. Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain, Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain! But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand My seven thousand horse-power here. Eh, Lord! They're grand--they're grand! Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties stood, Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good? Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex, Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man--the Arrtifex! That holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip, An' by that light--now, mark my word--we'll build the Perfect Ship. I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve--not I. But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. All thanks to Thee, Most High! An' I ha' done what I ha' done--judge Thou if ill or well-- Always Thy Grace preventin' me.... Losh! Yon's the "Stand by" bell. Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-watch is set. Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pelagian yet. Now I'll tak' on.... 'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought What your good leddy costs in coal?... I'll burn 'em down to port.

**THE MIRACLES.**

I sent a message to my dear--      A thousand leagues and more to her--  
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,      And Lost Atlantis bore to her.

Behind my message hard I came,      And nigh had found a grave for me;  
But that I launched of steel and flame      Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,      To bid me change my mind again--  
He broke his teeth along my rail,      And, roaring, swung behind again.

I stayed the sun at noon to tell      My way across the waste of it;      I read  
the storm before it fell      And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night--      The towers I built had heard of me--  
And, ere my rocket reached its height,      Had flashed my Love the word of  
me.

Earth gave her chosen men of strength      (They lived and strove and  
died for me)      To drive my road a nation's length,      And toss the miles  
aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs--      Too slow their fleetest flew for  
me--      I tired twenty smoking steeds,      And bade them bait a new for me.

I sent the lightnings forth to see      Where hour by hour she waited me.  
Among ten million one was she,      And surely all men hated me!

Dawn ran to meet us at my goal--      Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!--  
And little folk of little soul      Rose up to buy and sell again!

**THE NATIVE-BORN.**

We've drunk to the Queen--God bless her!-- We've drunk to our  
mothers' land; We've drunk to our English brother (But he does not  
understand); We've drunk to the wide creation, And the Cross swings  
low to the morn, Last toast, and of obligation, A health to the Native-  
born!

They change their skies above them, But not their hearts that roam!  
We learned from our wistful mothers To call old England "home"; We  
read of the English sky-lark, Of the spring in the English lanes, But  
we screamed with the painted lories As we rode on the dusty plains!

They passed with their old-world legends-- Their tales of wrong and  
dearth-- Our fathers held by purchase, But we by the right of birth;  
Our heart's where they rocked our cradle, Our love where we spent our  
toil, And our faith and our hope and our honour We pledge to our  
native soil!

I charge you charge your glasses-- I charge you drink with me To  
the men of the Four New Nations, And the Islands of the Sea-- To the  
last least lump of coral That none may stand outside, And our own  
good pride shall teach us To praise our comrade's pride.

To the hush of the breathless morning On the thin, tin, crackling  
roofs, To the haze of the burned back-ranges And the dust of the  
shoeless hoofs-- To the risk of a death by drowning, To the risk of a  
death by drouth-- To the men of a million acres, To the Sons of the  
Golden South.

To the Sons of the Golden South, (Stand up!) And the life we live  
and know, Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about, If a  
fellow fights for the little things he cares about With the weight of a  
single blow!

To the smoke of a hundred coasters, To the sheep on a thousand  
hills, To the sun that never blisters, To the rain that never chills--  
To the land of the waiting springtime, To our five-meal, meat-fed men,  
To the tall deep-bosomed women, And the children nine and ten!

And the children nine and ten, (Stand up!) And the life we live and

know, Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about, If a fellow  
fights for the little things he cares about With the weight of a two-fold  
blow!

To the far-flung fenceless prairie Where the quick cloud-shadows  
trail, To our neighbour's barn in the offing And the line of the new-cut  
rail; To the plough in her league-long furrow With the gray Lake gulls  
behind-- To the weight of a half-year's winter And the warm wet  
western wind!

To the home of the floods and thunder, To her pale dry healing blue--  
To the lift of the great Cape combers, And the smell of the baked Karroo.  
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head-- To the reef and the water-gold,  
To the last and the largest Empire, To the map that is half unrolled!

To our dear dark foster-mothers, To the heathen songs they sung--  
To the heathen speech we babbled Ere we came to the white man's  
tongue. To the cool of our deep verandas-- To the blaze of our jewelled  
main, To the night, to the palms in the moonlight, And the fire-fly in  
the cane!

To the hearth of our people's people-- To her well-ploughed windy sea,  
To the hush of our dread high-altars Where the Abbey makes us We;  
To the grist of the slow-ground ages, To the gain that is yours and mine--  
- To the Bank of the Open Credit, To the Power-house of the Line!

We've drunk to the Queen--God bless her!-- We've drunk to our  
mothers' land; We've drunk to our English brother (And we hope he'll  
understand). We've drunk as much as we're able, And the Cross  
swings low to the morn; Last toast--and your foot on the table!-- A  
health to the Native-born!

A health to the Native-born, (Stand up!) We're six white men arow,  
All bound to sing o' the little things we care about, All bound to fight for  
the little things we care about With the weight of a six-fold blow! By  
the might of our cable-tow, (Take hands!) From the Orkneys to the Horn,  
All round the world (and a little loop to pull it by), All round the world  
(and a little strap to buckle it), A health to the Native-born!

## THE KING.

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;      "With bone well carved he  
went away,      Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,      And jasper tips the  
spear to-day.      Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,      And he with  
these. Farewell, Romance!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Lake-folk sighed;      "We lift the weight of  
flatling years;      The caverns of the mountain side      Hold him who scorns  
our hutted piers.      Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,      Guard ye his  
rest. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;      "By sleight of sword we may  
not win,      But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke      Of arquebus and culverin.  
Honour is lost, and none may tell      Who paid good blows. Romance,  
farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders cried;      "Our keels ha' lain with every  
sea;      The dull-returning wind and tide      Heave up the wharf where we  
would be;      The known and noted breezes swell      Our trudging sail.  
Romance, farewell!"

"Good-bye, Romance!" the Skipper said;      "He vanished with the coal we  
burn;      Our dial marks full steam ahead,      Our speed is timed to half a  
turn.      Sure as the tidal trains we ply      'Twixt port and port. Romance,  
good-bye!"

"Romance!" the Season-tickets mourn,      "He never ran to catch his  
train,      But passed with coach and guard and horn--      And left the local-  
-late again!      Confound Romance!"... And all unseen      Romance brought  
up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,      His oil-can soothed the worrying  
cranks,      His whistle waked the snowbound grade,      His fog-horn cut the  
reeking Banks;      In dock and deep and mine and mill      The Boy-god  
reckless laboured still.

Robed, crowned and throned, he wove his spell,      Where heart-blood  
beat or hearth-smoke curled,      With unconsidered miracle,      Hedged in a  
backward-gazing world;      Then taught his chosen bard to say:      "The King  
was with us--yesterday!"

### THE RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS.

Away by the lands of the Japanee,                      When the paper lanterns glow  
And the crews of all the shipping drink                      In the house of Blood Street  
Joe,     At twilight, when the landward breeze                      Brings up the harbour  
noise,     And ebb of Yokohama Bay                      Swigs chattering through the  
buoys,     In Cisco's Dewdrop Dining Rooms                      They tell the tale anew  
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,                      When the Baltic ran from the  
Northern Light                      And the Stralsund fought the two!

Now this is the Law of the Muscovite, that he proves with shot and  
steel,     When ye come by his isles in the Smoky Sea ye must not take the  
seal,     Where the gray sea goes nakedly between the weed-hung shelves,  
And the little blue fox he is bred for his skin and the seal they  
breed for themselves;     For when the matkas seek the shore to drop their  
pups aland,     The great man-seal haul out of the sea, aroaring, band by  
band;     And when the first September gales have slaked their rutting-  
wrath,     The great man-seal haul back to the sea and no man knows their  
path.     Then dark they lie and stark they lie--rookery, dune, and floe,  
And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance with the  
houseless snow.     And God who clears the grounding berg and steers the  
grinding floe,     He hears the cry of the little kit-fox and the lemming on the  
snow.     But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear,  
The sealing-boats they filch that way at hazard year by year.     English they  
be and Japanee that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,     And some be Scot,  
but the worst, God wot, and the boldest thieves,                      be Yank!

It was the sealer Northern Light, to the Smoky Seas she bore.     With a  
stovepipe stuck from a starboard port and the Russian flag at                      her  
fore.     (Baltic, Stralsund, and Northern Light--oh! they were birds of a  
feather--     Slipping away to the Smoky Seas, three seal-thieves together!)

And at last she came to a sandy cove and the Baltic lay therein,     But her  
men were up with the herding seal to drive and club and skin.     There were  
fifteen hundred skins abeach, cool pelt and proper fur,     When the  
Northern Light drove into the bight and the sea-mist drove                      with  
her.     The Baltic called her men and weighed--she could not choose but  
run--     For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it shows like a  
four-inch gun     (And loss it is that is sad as death to lose both trip and  
ship     And lie for a rotting contraband on Vladivostock slip).     She turned  
and dived in the sea-smother as a rabbit dives in the whins,     And the  
Northern Light sent up her boats to steal the stolen skins.     They had not

brought a load to side or slid their hatches clear,    When they were aware  
of a sloop-of-war, ghost-white and very near.    Her flag she showed, and  
her guns she showed--three of them, black,    abeam,    And a funnel  
white with the crusted salt, but never a show of steam.    There was no time  
to man the brakes, they knocked the shackle free,    And the Northern Light  
stood out again, goose-winged to open sea.

(For life it is that is worse than death, by force of Russian law    To work  
in the mines of mercury that loose the teeth in your jaw!)    They had not  
run a mile from shore--they heard no shots behind--    When the skipper  
smote his hand on his thigh and threw her up in the    wind:  
"Bluffed--raised out on a bluff," said he, "for if my name's Tom Hall,    You  
must set a thief to catch a thief--and a thief has caught us all!    By every  
butt in Oregon and every spar in Maine,    The hand that spilled the wind  
from her sail was the hand of Reuben    Paine!    He has rigged and  
trigged her with paint and spar, and, faith, he    has faked her well--  
But I'd know the Stralsund's deckhouse yet from here to the booms o'  
Hell.    Oh, once we ha' met at Baltimore, and twice on Boston pier,    But  
the sickest day for you, Reuben Paine, was the day that you came  
here--    The day that you came here, my lad, to scare us from our seal  
With your funnel made o' your painted cloth, and your guns o' rotten  
deal!    Ring and blow for the Baltic now, and head her back to the bay,  
For we'll come into the game again with a double deck to play!"

They rang and blew the sealers' call--the poaching cry o' the sea--    And  
they raised the Baltic out of the mist, and an angry ship was she:    And  
blind they groped through the whirling white, and blind to the    bay  
again,    Till they heard the creak of the Stralsund's boom and the clank of  
her mooring-chain.    They laid them down by bitt and boat, their pistols in  
their belts,    And: "Will you fight for it, Reuben Paine, or will you share the  
pelts?"

A dog-toothed laugh laughed Reuben Paine, and bared his flenching  
knife.    "Yea, skin for skin, and all that he hath a man will give for his life;  
But I've six thousand skins below, and Yeddo Port to see,    And there's  
never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-Three.    So go in peace to the  
naked seas with empty holds to fill,    And I'll be good to your seal this  
catch, as many as I shall kill."

Answered the snap of a closing lock and the jar of a gun-butt slid,    But  
the tender fog shut fold on fold to hide the wrong they did.    The weeping  
fog rolled fold on fold the wrath of man to cloak,    And the flame-spurts  
pale ran down the rail as the sealing-rifles    spoke.    The bullets bit

on bend and butt, the splinter slivered free, (Little they trust to sparrow-dust that stop the seal in his seal) The thick smoke hung and would not shift, leaden it lay and blue, But three were down on the Baltic's deck and two of the Stralsund's crew. An arm's length out and overside the banked fog held them bound; But, as they heard or groan or word, they fired at the sound. For one cried out on the name of God, and one to have him cease; And the questing volley found them both and bade them hold their peace. And one called out on a heathen joss and one on the Virgin's Name; And the schooling bullet leaped across and showed them whence they came. And in the waiting silences the rudder whined beneath, And each man drew his watchful breath slow taken 'tween the teeth-- Trigger and ear and eye acock, knit brow and hard-drawn lips-- Bracing his feet by chock and cleat for the rolling of the ships: Till they heard the cough of a wounded man that fought in the fog for breath, Till they heard the torment of Reuben Paine that wailed upon his death:

"The tides they'll go through Fundy Race but I'll go never more And see the hogs from ebb-tide mark turn scampering back to shore. No more I'll see the trawlers drift below the Bass Rock ground, Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up the Sound. Sorrow is me, in a lonely sea and a sinful fight I fall, But if there's law o' God or man you'll swing for it yet, Tom Hall!"

Tom Hall stood up by the quarter-rail. "Your words in your teeth," said he. "There's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty Three. So go in grace with Him to face, and an ill-spent life behind, And I'll take care o' your widows, Rube, as many as I shall find." A Stralsund man shot blind and large, and a warlock Finn was he, And he hit Tom Hall with a bursting ball a hand's-breadth over the knee. Tom Hall caught hold by the topping-lift, and sat him down with an oath, "You'll wait a little, Rube," he said, "the Devil has called for both. The Devil is driving both this tide, and the killing-grounds are close, And we'll go up to the Wrath of God as the holluschickie goes. O men, put back your guns again and lay your rifles by, We've fought our fight, and the best are down. Let up and let us die! Quit firing, by the bow there--quit! Call off the Baltic's crew! You're sure of Hell as me or Rube--but wait till we get through."

There went no word between the ships, but thick and quick and loud The life-blood drummed on the dripping decks, with the fog-dew from the shroud, The sea-pull drew them side by side, gunnel to gunnel laid, And they felt the sheerstrakes pound and clear, but never a word was

said.

Then Reuben Paine cried out again before his spirit passed: "Have I followed the sea for thirty years to die in the dark at last? Curse on her work that has nipped me here with a shifty trick unkind-- I have gotten my death where I got my bread, but I dare not face it blind. Curse on the fog! Is there never a wind of all the winds I knew To clear the smother from off my chest, and let me look at the blue?" The good fog heard--like a splitten sail, to left and right she tore, And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze and the seal upon the shore. Silver and gray ran spit and bay to meet the steel-backed tide, And pinched and white in the clearing light the crews stared overside. O rainbow-gay the red pools lay that swilled and spilled and spread, And gold, raw gold, the spent shell rolled between the careless dead-- The dead that rocked so drunkenwise to weather and to lee, And they saw the work their hands had done as God had bade them see!

And a little breeze blew over the rail that made the headsails lift, But no man stood by wheel or sheet, and they let the schooners drift. And the rattle rose in Reuben's throat and he cast his soul with a cry, And "Gone already?" Tom Hall he said. "Then it's time for me to die." His eyes were heavy with great sleep and yearning for the land, And he spoke as a man that talks in dreams, his wound beneath his hand. "Oh, there comes no good in the westering wind that backs against the sun; Wash down the decks--they're all too red--and share the skins and run, Baltic, Stralsund, and Northern Light,--clean share and share for all, You'll find the fleets off Tolstoi Mees, but you will not find Tom Hall. Evil he did in shoal-water and blacker sin on the deep, But now he's sick of watch and trick, and now he'll turn and sleep. He'll have no more of the crawling sea that made him suffer so, But he'll lie down on the killing-grounds where the holluschickie go. And west you'll turn and south again, beyond the sea-fog's rim, And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick for him. And you'll not weight him by the heels and dump him overside, But carry him up to the sand-hollows to die as Bering died, And make a place for Reuben Paine that knows the fight was fair, And leave the two that did the wrong to talk it over there!"

Half-steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is mostly veiled-- Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail ye as Bering sailed; And, if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall plain, North and by west, from Zapne Crest, ye raise the Crosses Twain. Fair marks are they to the inner bay, the reckless poacher knows, What time the scarred see-catchie lead their sleek seraglios. Ever they hear the floe-pack clear, and the blast of

the old bull-whale, And the deep seal-roar that beats off shore  
above the loudest gale. Ever they wait the winter's hate as the thundering  
boorga calls, Where northward look they to St. George, and westward to  
St. Paul's. Ever they greet the hunted fleet--lone keels off headlands  
drear-- When the sealing-schooners flit that way at hazard year by year.  
Ever in Yokohama Port men tell the tale anew Of a hidden sea and a  
hidden fight, When the Baltic ran from the Northern Light And the  
Stralsund fought the two!

**THE DERELICT.**

"And reports the derelict Mary Pollock still at sea."

Shipping News.

I was the staunchest of our fleet      Till the Sea rose beneath our  
feet    Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.      Into his pits he  
stamped my crew,      Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw;      Bidding me  
eyeless wait upon his pleasure.

Man made me, and my will      Is to my maker still,      Whom now the  
currents con, the rollers steer--      Lifting forlorn to spy      Trailed  
smoke along the sky,      Falling afraid lest any keel come near.

Wrenched as the lips of thirst,      Wried, dried, and split and burst,  
Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;      And, jarred at  
every roll,      The gear that was my soul      Answers the anguish of my  
beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full,      Gangs of the prying gull      That  
shriek and scabble on the riven hatches.      For roar that dumb'd the  
gale      My hawse-pipes guttering wail,      Sobbing my heart out through  
the uncounted watches.

Blind in the hot blue ring      Through all my points I swing--  
Swing and return to shift the sun anew.      Blind in my well-known sky  
I hear the stars go by,      Mocking the prow that can not hold one true!

White on my wasted path      Wave after wave in wrath      Frets  
'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me.      Flung forward, heaved  
aside,      Witless and dazed I bide      The mercy of the comber that shall  
end me.

North where the bergs careen,      The spray of seas unseen  
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling;      South where the  
corals breed,      The footless, floating weed      Folds me and fouls me,  
strake on strake upcrawling.

I that was clean to run      My race against the sun--      Strength on  
the deep, am baw'd to all disaster--      Whipped forth by night to meet

My sister's careless feet,      And with a kiss betray her to my master!

Man made me, and my will      Is to my maker still--      To him and  
his, our peoples at their pier:      Lifting in hope to spy      Trailed smoke  
along the sky;      Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

## THE SONG OF THE BANJO.

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile-- You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp-- You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile, And play it in an Equatorial swamp. I travel with the cooking-pots and pails-- I'm sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork-- And when the dusty column checks and tails, You should hear me spur the rearguard to a walk!

With my "Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!" [O it's any tune that comes into my head!] So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop; So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight, When it's good to make your will and say your prayer, You can hear my strumpty-tumpty overnight Explaining ten to one was always fair. I'm the prophet of the Utterly Absurd, Of the Patently Impossible and Vain-- And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred, Give me time to change my leg and go again.

With my "Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump!" In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus, I--the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread, Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own,-- 'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed, In the silence of the herder's hut alone-- In the twilight, on a bucket upside down, Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess-- I am Memory and Torment--I am Town! I am all that ever went with evening dress!

With my "Tunk-a tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!" [So the lights--the London lights--grow near and plain!] So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the Flesh, Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea, Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars, I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores. He is blooded to the open and the sky, He is taken in a snare that shall not fail, He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die, Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah! Haul!" [O the green that  
thunders aft along the deck!] Are you sick o' towns and men? You must  
sign and sail again, For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and trek!"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day clear-- Up the  
pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel-- Round the bluff that sinks  
her thousand fathom sheer-- Down the valley with our guttering brakes  
asqueal: Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow, Where the  
many-shedded levels loop and twine, So I lead my reckless children from  
below Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.

With my "Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!" [And the axe has cleared  
the mountain, croup and crest!] So we ride the iron stallions down to  
drink, Through the cañons to the waters of the West!

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone-- Common tunes that  
make you choke and blow your nose, Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh  
that brings the groan-- I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;  
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun-- And the lying, and the  
lusting, and the drink, And the merry play that drops you, when you're  
done, To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!" Here's a trifle on  
account of pleasure past, Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes  
to see your sin And the heavier repentance at the last.

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof-- I have told the naked  
stars the grief of man. Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof--  
I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran. My bray ye may not alter  
nor mistake When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things, But the  
Song of Lost Endeavour that I make, Is it hidden in the twanging of the  
strings?

With my "Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!" [Is it naught to you that  
hear and pass me by?] But the word--the word is mine, when the order  
moves the line And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die.

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre-- [O the blue below the  
little fisher-huts!] That the Stealer stooping beach ward filled with fire,  
Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts! By the wisdom of the  
centuries I speak-- To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth-- I, the  
joy of life unquestioned--I, the Greek-- I, the everlasting Wonder Song of  
Youth!

With my "Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!" [What d'ye lack, my  
noble masters? What d'ye lack?] So I draw the world together link by  
link: Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

**"THE LINER SHE'S A LADY."**

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds-- The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs; But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun', They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!

Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard, All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard; Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old-- Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face, An' if she meets an accident they call it sore disgrace: The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e's always 'andy by, But, oh, the little cargo-boats! they've got to load or die.

The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried; The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside; But, oh, the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any man! They've got to do their business first, and make the most they can.

The Liner she's a lady, and if a war should come, The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e'd bid 'er stay at home; But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide! 'E'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are England's pride.

The Liner she's a lady, but if she wasn't made, There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an' foreign trade. The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't 'ere, 'E wouldn't have to fight at all for 'ome an' friends so dear.

'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard, All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard; Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old-- 'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

## MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT.

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea, An' the pens  
broke up on the lower deck an' let the creatures free-- An' the lights went  
out on the lower deck, an' no one down but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there, For the lower deck  
is the dangerousest, requirin' constant care, An' give to me as the  
strongest man, though used to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or trod, For the lower deck  
was packed with steers thicker 'n peas in a pod, An' more pens broke at  
every roll--so I made a Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the same, If He got me  
to port alive I would exalt His name, An' praise His Holy Majesty till  
further orders came.

He saved me from the cattle an' He saved me from the sea, For they  
found me 'tween two drownded ones where the roll had landed me--  
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy as could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by a bullock at all, An' I lay  
still for seven weeks convalessing of the fall, An' readin' the shiny  
Scripture texts in the Seamen's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to my prayer: "I never  
puts on My ministers no more than they can bear. So back you go to the  
cattle-boats an' preach My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade, But most of all, as well  
you know, when the steers are mad-afraid; So you go back to the cattle-  
boats an' preach 'em as I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they mustn't knife on a blow,  
They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you must preach it so; For now  
those boats are more like Hell than anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get, An' I wanted to  
preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet, But the Word of the Lord  
were lain on me, an' I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, as warned would be the case, An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scripture says; But following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm, An' I use no knife nor pistol an' I never take no harm, For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

An' I sign for four pound ten a month and save the money clear, An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never lose a steer; An' I believe in Almighty God an' I preach His Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em wrong, For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that doth belong-- Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the competition so strong!

**ANCHOR SONG.**

(From Many Inventions).

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah heave her short again! Over, snatch  
her over, there, and hold her on the pawl. Loose all sail, and brace your  
yards aback and full-- Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!

Well, ah fare you well; we can stay no more with you, my love--  
Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee; For the  
wind has come to say: "You must take me while you may, If  
you'd go to Mother Carey, (Walk her down to Mother Carey!) Oh,  
we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!"

Heh! Walk her round. Break, ah break it out o' that! Break our  
starboard bower out, apeak, awash, and clear. Port--port she casts, with  
the harbour-roil beneath her foot, And that's the last o' bottom we shall  
see this year!

Well, ah fare you well, for we've got to take her out again-- Take her  
out in ballast, riding light and cargo-free. And it's time to clear and  
quit When the hawser grips the bitt, So we'll pay you with the  
foresheet and a promise from the sea!

Heh! Tally on! Aft and walk away with her! Handsome to the cathead,  
now; O tally on the fall! Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.  
Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard haul!

Well, ah fare you well, for the Channel wind's took hold of us,  
Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free. And it's  
blowing up for night, And she's dropping Light on Light, And  
she's snorting under bonnets for a breath of open sea.

Wheel, full and by; but she'll smell her road alone to-night. Sick she  
is and harbour-sick--O sick to clear the land! Roll down to Brest with the  
old Red Ensign over us-- Carry on and thrash her out with all she'll  
stand!

Well, ah fare you well, and it's Ushant gives the door to us,  
Whirling like a windmill on the dirty scud to lee: Till the last, last  
flicker goes From the tumbling water-rows, And we're off to

Mother Carey (Walk her down to Mother Carey!)  
for Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!

Oh, we're bound

## THE SEA-WIFE.

There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,      And a wealthy wife is she;  
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men      And casts them over sea,

And some are drowned in deep water,      And some in sight o' shore.  
And word goes back to the weary wife,      And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate and gear,      And hearth and garth and  
bield,      She willed her sons to the white harvest,      And that is a bitter  
yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,      To ride the horse of tree;  
And syne her sons come home again      Far-spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again      With little into their hands,  
But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men      In the new and naked lands.

But the faith of men that ha' brothered men      By more than the easy  
breath,      And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men      In the open books  
of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,      But poor in the goods o' men,  
So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth      They sell for their teeth  
again.

For whether they lose to the naked skin,      Or win to their hearts'  
desire,      They tell it all to the weary wife      That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind      That makes the white ash spin;  
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides      Her sons go out and in;

(Out with great mirth that do desire      Hazard of trackless ways,      In  
with content to wait their watch      And warm before the blaze);

And some return by failing light,      And some in waking dream,      For  
she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts      That ride the rough roof-  
beam.

Home, they come home from all the ports,      The living and the dead;  
The good wife's sons come home again      For her blessing on their head!

**HYMN BEFORE ACTION.**

The earth is full of anger,      The seas are dark with wrath;      The  
Nations in their harness      Go up against our path!      Ere yet we loose the  
legions--      Ere yet we draw the blade,      Jehovah of the Thunders,  
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,      Proud heart, rebellious brow--      Deaf  
ear and soul uncaring,      We seek Thy mercy now:      The sinner that  
forsook Thee,      The fool that passed Thee by,      Our times are known  
before Thee--      Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us      At altars not Thine own,      Who lack  
the lights that guide us,      Lord, let their faith atone;      If wrong we did to  
call them,      By honour bound they came;      Let not Thy wrath befall  
them,      But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,      Revenge that knows no rein--      Light  
haste and lawless error,      Protect us yet again.      Cloak Thou our  
undeserving,      Make firm the shuddering breath,      In silence and  
unswerving      To taste thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,      Remember, reach and save      The soul  
that comes to-morrow      Before the God that gave!      Since each was born  
of woman,      For each at utter need--      True comrade and true foeman,  
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,      E'en now we face the fray--      As  
Thou didst help our fathers,      Help Thou our host to-day!      Fulfilled of  
signs and wonders,      In life, in death made clear--      Jehovah of the  
Thunders,      Lord God of Battles, hear!

**TO THE TRUE ROMANCE.**

(From Many Inventions).

Thy face is far from this our war,      Our call and counter-cry,      I shall  
not find Thee quick and kind,      Nor know Thee till I die:      Enough for me  
in dreams to see      And touch Thy garments' hem:      Thy feet have trod so  
near to God      I may not follow them.

Through wantonness if men profess      They weary of Thy parts,      E'en  
let them die at blasphemy      And perish with their arts;      But we that  
love, but we that prove      Thine excellence august,      While we adore  
discover more      Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred      Beyond his belly-need,  
What is is Thine of fair design      In thought and craft and deed;      Each  
stroke aright of toil and fight,      That was and that shall be,      And hope  
too high, wherefore we die,      Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee      To gild his dross thereby,  
And knowledge sure that he endure      A child until he die--      For to make  
plain that man's disdain      Is but new Beauty's birth--      For to possess, in  
loneliness,      The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech,      And Life all mystery,      So shalt  
Thou rule by every school      Till love and longing die,      Who wast or yet  
the lights were set,      A whisper in the Void,      Who shalt be sung through  
planets young      When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,      Across the pressing dark,  
The children wise of outer skies      Look hitherward and mark      A light  
that shifts, a glare that drifts,      Rekindling thus and thus,      Not all  
forlorn, for Thou hast borne      Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide      The servant of Thy will;      Tide  
hath no time, for to Thy rhyme      The ranging stars stand still--      Regent  
of spheres that lock our fears      Our hopes invisible,      Oh 'twas certes at  
Thy decrees      We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path      That lacks thy morning-eyne,  
And captains bold by Thee controlled      Most like to Gods design;      Thou

art the Voice to kingly boys      To lift them through the fight,      And  
Comfortress of Unsuccess,      To give the dead good-night--

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law      And Man's infirmity,      A shadow  
kind to dumb and blind      The shambles where we die;      A sum to trick  
th' arithmetic      Too base of leaguings odds,      The spur of trust, the curb  
of lust,      Thou handmaid of the Gods!

Oh Charity, all patiently      Abiding wrack and scaith!      Oh Faith, that  
meets ten thousand cheats      Yet drops no jot of faith!      Devil and brute  
Thou dost transmute      To higher, lordlier show,      Who art in sooth that  
lovely Truth      The careless angels know!

Thy face is far from this our war,      Our call and counter-cry,      I may  
not find Thee quick and kind,      Nor meet Thee till I die.

Yet may I look with heart unshook      On blow brought home or missed--  
Yet may I hear with equal ear      The clarions down the list;      Yet set my  
lance above mischance      And ride the barriere--      Oh, hit or miss, how  
little 'tis,      My Lady is not there!

## THE FLOWERS.

"To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic, almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress, are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote; the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rather primrose, nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April as the English thrush."--The Athenæum.

Buy my English posies-- Kent and Surrey may, Violets  
of the Undercliff Wet with Channel spray; Cowslips from a  
Devon combe Midland furze afire-- Buy my English posies,  
And I'll sell your hearts' desire!

Buy my English posies!-- You that scorn the may Won't  
you greet a friend from home Half the world away? Green  
against the draggled drift, Faint and frail and first-- Buy my  
Northern blood-root And I'll know where you were nursed! Robin  
down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me," Spring has found the  
maple-grove, the sap is running free; All the winds o' Canada call the  
ploughing-rain. Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love  
again!

Buy my English posies!-- Here's to match your need.  
Buy a tuft of royal heath, Buy a bunch of weed White as sand  
of Muysenberg Spun before the gale-- Buy my heath and lilies  
And I'll tell you whence you hail! Under hot Constantia broad the  
vineyards lie-- Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless  
sky-- Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain-- Take the  
flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!-- You that will not turn, Buy  
my hot-wood clematis, Buy a frond o' fern Gathered where the  
Erskine leaps Down the road to Lorne-- Buy my Christmas  
creeper And I'll say where you were born! West away from  
Melbourne dust holidays begin-- They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora  
Lynn-- Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main-  
- Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!-- Here's your choice unsold!  
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom, Buy the kowhai's gold Flung

for gift on Taupo's face                      Sign that spring is come--                      Buy my  
clinging myrtle                      And I'll give you back your home!                      Broom behind  
the windy town; pollen o' the pine--                      Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the  
ratas twine--                      Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain--                      Take the  
flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!                      Ye that have your own                      Buy  
them for a brother's sake                      Overseas, alone.                      Weed ye trample  
underfoot                      Floods his heart abrim--                      Bird ye never heeded,  
Oh, she calls his dead to him!                      Far and far our homes are set round the  
Seven Seas.                      Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!                      Unto each  
his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land--                      Masters of the Seven Seas,  
oh, love and understand!

## THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS.

The King has called for priest and cup,      The King has taken spur and  
blade      To dub True Thomas a belted knight,      And all for the sake o' the  
songs he made.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,      They have  
sought him over down and lea;      They have found him by the milk-white  
thorn      That guards the gates o' Faerie.

'Twas bent beneath and blue above,      Their eyes were held that they  
might not see      The kine that grazed between the knowes,      Oh, they  
were the Queens o' Faerie!

"Now cease your song," the King he said,      "Oh, cease your song and get  
you dight      To vow your vow and watch your arms,      For I will dub you a  
belted knight.

"For I will give you a horse o' pride,      Wi' blazon and spur and page and  
squire;      Wi' keep and tail and seizin and law,      And land to hold at your  
desire."

True Thomas smiled above his harp,      And turned his face to the naked  
sky,      Where, blown before the wastrel wind,      The thistle-down she  
floated by.

"I ha' vowed my vow in another place,      And bitter oath it was on me,  
I ha' watched my arms the lee-long night,      Where five-score fighting-men  
would flee.

"My lance is tipped o' the hammered flame,      My shield is beat o' the  
moonlight cold;      And I won my spurs in the Middle World,      A thousand  
fathoms beneath the mould.

"And what should I make wi' a horse o' pride,      And what should I  
make wi' a sword so brown,      But spill the rings o' the Gentle Folk      And  
flyte my kin in the Fairy Town?

"And what should I make wi' blazon and belt,      Wi' keep and tail and  
seizin and fee,      And what should I do wi' page and squire      That am a  
king in my own countrie?

"For I send east and I send west,      And I send far as my will may flee,  
By dawn and dusk and the drinking rain,      And syne my Sendings return  
to me.

"They come wi' news of the groanin' earth,      They come wi' news o' the  
roarin' sea,      Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh,      And man that's  
mazed among the three."

The King he bit his nether lip,      And smote his hand upon his knee:  
"By the faith o' my soul, True Thomas," he said,      "Ye waste no wit in  
courtesie!

"As I desire, unto my pride,      Can I make Earls by three and three,  
To run before and ride behind      And serve the sons o' my body."

"And what care I for your row-foot earls,      Or all the sons o' your body?  
Before they win to the Pride o' Name,      I trow they all ask leave o' me.

"For I make Honour wi' muckle mouth,      As I make Shame wi' mincin'  
feet,      To sing wi' the priests at the market-cross,      Or run wi' the dogs in  
the naked street.

"And some they give me the good red gold,      And some they give me the  
white money,      And some they give me a clout o' meal,      For they be  
people o' low degree.

"And the song I sing for the counted gold      The same I sing for the  
white money,      But best I sing for the clout o' meal      That simple people  
given me."

The King cast down a silver groat,      A silver groat o' Scots money,      "If  
I come with a poor man's dole," he said,      "True Thomas, will ye harp to  
me?"

"Whenas I harp to the children small,      They press me close on either  
hand:      And who are you," True Thomas said,      "That you should ride  
while they must stand?"

"Light down, light down from your horse o' pride,      I trow ye talk too  
loud and hie,      And I will make you a triple word,      And syne, if ye dare,  
ye shall 'noble me."

He has lighted down from his horse o' pride,      And set his back against  
the stone.      "Now guard you well," True Thomas said,      "Ere I rax your  
heart from your breast-bone!"

True Thomas played upon his harp,      The fairy harp that couldna' lee,  
And the first least word the proud King heard,      It harpit the salt tear out  
o' his ee.

"Oh, I see the love that I lost long syne,      I touch the hope that I may  
not see,      And all that I did o' hidden shame,      Like little snakes they  
hiss at me.

"The sun is lost at noon--at noon!      The dread o' doom has grippit me.  
True Thomas, hide me under your cloak,      God wot, I'm little fit to dee!"

'Twas bent beneath and blue above--      'Twas open field and running  
flood--      Where, hot on heath and dyke and wall,      The high sun warmed  
the adder's brood.

"Lie down, lie down," True Thomas said.      "The God shall judge when  
all is done;      But I will bring you a better word      And lift the cloud that I  
laid on."

True Thomas played upon his harp,      That birlled and brattled to his  
hand,      And the next least word True Thomas made,      It garred the King  
take horse and brand.

"Oh, I hear the tread o' the fighting-men,      I see the sun on splent and  
spear!      I mark the arrow outen the fern!      That flies so low and sings so  
clear!

"Advance my standards to that war,      And bid my good knights prick  
and ride;      The gled shall watch as fierce a fight      As e'er was fought on  
the Border side!"

'Twas bent beneath and blue above,      'Twas nodding grass and naked  
sky,      Where ringing up the wastrel wind      The eyass stooped upon the  
pye.

True Thomas sighed above his harp,      And turned the song on the  
midmost string;      And the last least word True Thomas made      He harpit  
his dead youth back to the King.

"Now I am prince, and I do well      To love my love withouten fear;      To  
walk wi' man in fellowship,      And breathe my horse behind the deer.

"My hounds they bay unto the death,      The buck has couched beyond  
the burn,      My love she waits at her window      To wash my hands when I  
return.

"For that I live am I content      (Oh! I have seen my true love's eyes!)  
To stand wi' Adam in Eden-glade,      And run in the woods o' Paradise!"

'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,      'Twas blue above and bent  
below,      Where, checked against the wastrel wind,      The red deer belled  
to call the doe.

True Thomas laid his harp away,      And louted low at the saddle-side;  
He has taken stirrup and hauden rein,      And set the King on his horse o'  
pride.

"Sleep ye or wake," True Thomas said,      "That sit so still, that muse so  
long;      Sleep ye or wake?--till the latter sleep      I trow ye'll not forget my  
song.

"I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun      To stand before your face and  
cry;      I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel,      And over your head I ha'  
dusked the sky!

"I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,      I ha' harpit your secret soul  
in three;      I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,      And--ye--would--  
make--a Knight o' me!"

## THE STORY OF UNG.

Once, on a glittering ice-field, ages and ages ago, Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow. Fashioned the form of a tribesman--gaily he whistled and sung, Working the snow with his fingers. Read ye the Story of Ung!

Pleased was his tribe with that image--came in their hundreds to scan--Handled it, smelt it, and grunted: "Verily, this is a man! Thus do we carry our lances--thus is a war-belt slung. Ay, it is even as we are. Glory and honour to Ung!"

Later he pictured an aurochs--later he pictured a bear-- Pictured the sabre-tooth tiger dragging a man to his lair-- Pictured the mountainous mammoth, hairy, abhorrent, alone-- Out of the love that he bore them, scribing them clearly on bone.

Swift came the tribe to behold them, peering and pushing and still--Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-hatched hill, Hunters and fishers and trappers--presently whispering low; "Yea, they are like--and it may be.... But how does the Picture-man know?"

"Ung--hath he slept with the Aurochs--watched where the Mastodon roam? Spoke on the ice with the Bow-head--followed the Sabre-tooth home? Nay! These are toys of his fancy! If he have cheated us so, How is there truth in his image--the man that he fashioned of snow?"

Wroth was that maker of pictures--hotly he answered the call: "Hunters and fishers and trappers, children and fools are ye all! Look at the beasts when ye hunt them!" Swift from the tumult he broke, Ran to the cave of his father and told him the shame that they spoke.

And the father of Ung gave answer, that was old and wise in the craft, Maker of pictures aforetime, he leaned on his lance and laughed: "If they could see as thou seest they would do what thou hast done, And each man would make him a picture, and--what would become of my son?"

"There would be no pelts of the reindeer, flung down at thy cave for a gift, Nor dole of the oily timber that strands with the Baltic drift; No store of well-drilled needles, nor ouches of amber pale; No new-cut

tongues of the bison, nor meat of the stranded whale.

"Thou hast not toiled at the fishing when the sodden trammels freeze,  
Nor worked the war-boats outward, through the rush of the rock-staked  
seas, Yet they bring thee fish and plunder--full meal and an easy bed--  
And all for the sake of thy pictures." And Ung held down his head.

"Thou hast not stood to the aurochs when the red snow reeks of the  
fight; Men have no time at the houghing to count his curls aright: And  
the heart of the hairy mammoth thou sayest they do not see, Yet they  
save it whole from the beaches and broil the best for thee.

"And now do they press to thy pictures, with open mouth and eye, And  
a little gift in the doorway, and the praise no gift can buy: But--sure they  
have doubted thy pictures, and that is a grievous stain-- Son  
that can see so clearly, return them their gifts again."

And Ung looked down at his deerskins--their broad shell-tasselled  
bands-- And Ung drew downward his mitten and looked at his naked  
hands; And he gloved himself and departed, and he heard his father,  
behind: "Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is blind!"

Straight on that glittering ice-field, by the caves of the lost  
Dordogne, Ung, a maker of pictures, fell to his scribing on bone-- Even  
to mammoth editions. Gaily he whistled and sung, Blessing his tribe for  
their blindness. Heed ye the Story of Ung!

## **THE THREE-DECKER.**

"The three-volume novel is extinct."

Full thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail. It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten sail; But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and best-- The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held our breeze behind us--'twas warm with lovers' prayers: We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs; They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse confessed, And they worked the old three-decker to the Islands of the Blest.

Carambas and serapés we waved to every wind, We smoked good Corpo Bacco when our sweethearts proved unkind; With maids of matchless beauty and parentage unguessed We also took our manners to the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions--we pumped no hidden shame-- We never talked obstetrics when the little stranger came: We left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell. We weren't exactly Yussufs, but-- Zuleika didn't tell!

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared, The villain got his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered. 'Twas fiddles in the foc'sle--'twas garlands on the mast, For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples akissing on the decks. I left the lovers loving and the parents signing checks. In endless English comfort by county-folk caressed, I left the old three-decker at the Islands of the Blest!

That route is barred to steamers: you'll never lift again Our purple-painted headlands or the lordly keeps of Spain. They're just beyond the skyline, howe'er so far you cruise In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws.

Swing round your aching search-light--'twill show no haven's peace! Ay, blow your shrieking sirens to the deaf, gray-bearded seas! Boom out the dripping oil-bags to skin the deep's unrest-- But you aren't a knot the

nearer to the Islands of the Blest.

And when you're threshing, crippled, with broken bridge and rail,    On a  
drogue of dead convictions to hold you head to gale,    Calm as the Flying  
Dutchman, from truck to taffrail dressed,    You'll see the old three-decker  
for the Islands of the Blest.

You'll see her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread;    You'll hear the  
long-drawn thunder 'neath her leaping figure-head;    While far, so far  
above you, her tall poop-lanterns shine    Unvexed by wind or weather like  
the candles round a shrine.

Hull down--hull down and under--she dwindles to a speck,    With noise  
of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.    All's well--all's well aboard  
her--she's dropped you far behind,    With a scent of old-world roses  
through the fog that ties you blind.

Her crew are babes or madmen? Her port is all to make?    You're  
manned by Truth and Science, and you steam for steaming's sake?    Well,  
tinker up your engines--you know your business best--    She's taking tired  
people to the Islands of the Blest!

**AN AMERICAN.**

The American Spirit speaks:

If the Led Striker call it a strike,      Or the papers call it a war,      They  
know not much what I am like,      Nor what he is, my Avatar.

Through many roads, by me possessed,      He shambles forth in cosmic  
guise;      He is the Jester and the Jest,      And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,      The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;  
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,      He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends      From Labrador to Guadeloupe;  
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,      He camps, at sufferance, on the  
stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,      Or panic-blinded stabs and  
slays:      Blatant he bids the world bow down,      Or cringing begs a crumb  
of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,      He dubs his dreary brethren  
Kings.      His hands are black with blood: his heart      Leaps, as a babe's,  
at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,      Mine ancient humour saves  
him whole--      The cynic devil in his blood      That bids him mock his  
hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes,      That bids him make the Law  
he flouts,      Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes      The drumming guns  
that--have no doubts;

That checks him foolish hot and fond,      That chuckles through his  
deepest ire,      That gilds the slough of his despond      But dims the goal of  
his desire;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,      The acrid Asiatic mirth      That leaves  
him careless 'mid his dead,      The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach      Our bar or weighed defence

prefer-- A brother hedged with alien speech      And lacking all  
interpreter?

Which knowledge vexes him a space;      But while reproof around him  
rings,      He turns a keen untroubled face      Home, to the instant need of  
things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,      He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of Fate      Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo! imperturbable he rules,      Unkempt, disreputable, vast--      And, in  
the teeth of all the schools      I--I shall save him at the last!

## THE MARY GLOSTER.

I've paid for your sickest fancies; I've humoured your crackedest whim-- Dick, it's your daddy--dying: you've got to listen to him! Good for a fortnight, am I? The doctor told you? He lied. I shall go under by morning, and---- Put that nurse outside. Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well, now is your time to learn, And you'll wish you held my record before it comes to your turn. Not counting the Line and the Foundry, the yards and the village, too, I've made myself and a million; but I'm damned if I made you. Master at two-and-twenty, and married at twenty three-- Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at sea! Fifty years between 'em, and every year of it fight, And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster, dying, a baronite: For I lunched with His Royal 'Ighness--what was it the papers a-had? "Not least of our merchant-princes." Dickie, that's me, your dad! I didn't begin with askings. I took my job and I stuck; And I took the chances they wouldn't, an' now they're calling it luck. Lord, what boats I've handled--rotten and leaky and old! Ran 'em, or--opened the bilge-cock, precisely as I was told. Grub that 'ud bind you crazy, and crews that 'ud turn you gray, And a big fat lump of insurance to cover the risk on the way. The others they duresn't do it; they said they valued their life (They've served me since as skippers). I went, and I took my wife. Over the world I drove 'em, married at twenty-three, And your mother saving the money and making a man of me. I was content to be master, but she said there was better behind; She took the chances I wouldn't, and I followed your mother blind. She egged me to borrow the money, an' she helped me clear the loan, When we bought half shares in a cheap 'un and hoisted a flag of our own. Patching and coaling on credit, and living the Lord knew how, We started the Red Ox freighters--we've eight-and-thirty now. And those were the days of clippers, and the freights were clipper-freights, And we knew we were making our fortune, but she died in Macassar Straits-- By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank-- And we dropped her in fourteen fathom; I pricked it off where she sank. Owners we were, full owners, and the boat was christened for her, And she died out there in childbed. My heart, how young we were! So I went on a spree round Java and well-nigh ran her ashore, But your mother came and warned me and I wouldn't liquor no more. Strict I stuck to my business, afraid to stop or I'd think, Saving the money (she warned me), and letting the other men drink. And I met McCullough in London (I'd saved five 'undred then), And 'tween us we started the Foundry--three forges and twenty men: Cheap repairs for the cheap 'uns. It paid, and the business grew, For I

bought me a steam-lathe patent, and that was a gold mine too. "Cheaper to build 'em than buy 'em," I said, but McCullough he shied, And we wasted a year in talking before we moved to the Clyde. And the Lines were all beginning, and we all of us started fair, Building our engines like houses and staying the boilers square. But McCullough 'e wanted cabins with marble and maple and all, And Brussels and Utrecht velvet, and baths and a Social Hall, And pipes for closets all over, and cutting the frames too light. But McCullough he died in the Sixties, and---- Well, I'm dying to-night.... I knew--I knew what was coming, when we bid on the Byfleet's keel. They piddled and piffled with iron: I'd given my orders for steel. Steel and the first expansions. It paid, I tell you, it paid, When we came with our nine-knot freighters and collared the long-run trade. And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the Scripture text, "You keep your light so shining a little in front o' the next!" They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my mind, And I left 'em sweating and stealing a year and a half behind. Then came the armour-contracts, but that was McCullough's side; He was always best in the Foundry, but better, perhaps, he died. I went through his private papers; the notes was plainer than print; And I'm no fool to finish if a man'll give me a hint. (I remember his widow was angry.) So I saw what the drawings meant, And I started the six-inch rollers, and it paid me sixty per cent. Sixty per cent with failures, and more than twice we could do, And a quarter-million to credit, and I saved it all for you. I thought--it doesn't matter--you seemed to favour your ma, But you're nearer forty than thirty, and I know the kind you are. Harrer an' Trinity College! I ought to ha' sent you to sea-- But I stood you an education, an' what have you done for me? The things I knew was proper you wouldn't thank me to give, And the things I knew was rotten you said was the way to live; For you muddled with books and pictures, an' china an' etchin's an' fans, And your rooms at college was beastly--more like a whore's than a man's-- Till you married that thin-flanked woman, as white and as stale as a bone, And she gave you your social nonsense; but where's that kid o' your own? I've seen your carriages blocking the half of the Cromwell Road, But never the doctor's brougham to help the missus unload. (So there isn't even a grandchild, an' the Gloster family's done.) Not like your mother, she isn't. She carried her freight each run. But they died, the pore little beggars! At sea she had 'em--they died. Only you, an' you stood it; you haven't stood much beside-- Weak, a liar, and idle, and mean as a collier's whelp Nosing for scraps in the galley. No help--my son was no help! So he gets three 'undred thousand, in trust and the interest paid. I wouldn't give it you, Dickie--you see, I made it in trade. You're saved from soiling your fingers, and if you have no child, It all comes back to the business. Gad, won't your wife be wild! Calls and calls in her

carriage, her 'andkerchief up to 'er eye: "Daddy! dear daddy's dyin'!" and doing her best to cry. Grateful? Oh, yes, I'm grateful, but keep 'er away from here. Your mother 'ud never ha' stood 'er, and, anyhow, women are queer.... There's women will say I've married a second time. Not quite! But give pore Aggie a hundred, and tell her your lawyers'll fight. She was the best o' the boiling--you'll meet her before it ends; I'm in for a row with the mother--I'll leave you settle my friends: For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand-- Or the sort that say they can see it they aren't the marrying brand. But I wanted to speak o' your mother that's Lady Gloster still. I'm going to up and see her, without it's hurting the will. Here! Take your hand off the bell-pull. Five thousand's waiting for you, If you'll only listen a minute, and do as I bid you do. They'll try to prove me a loony, and, if you bungle, they can; And I've only you to trust to! (O God, why ain't he a man?) There's some waste money on marbles, the same as McCullough tried-- Marbles and mausoleums--but I call that sinful pride. There's some ship bodies for burial--we've carried 'em, soldered and packed; Down in their wills they wrote it, and nobody called them cracked. But me--I've too much money, and people might.... All my fault: It come o' hoping for grandsons and buying that Wokin' vault. I'm sick o' the 'ole dam' business; I'm going back where I came. Dick, you're the son o' my body, and you'll take charge o' the same! I'm going to lie by your mother, ten thousand mile away, And they'll want to send me to Woking; and that's where you'll earn your pay. I've thought it out on the quiet, the same as it ought to be done-- Quiet, and decent, and proper--an' here's your orders, my son. You know the Line? You don't, though. You write to the Board, and tell Your father's death has upset you an' you're goin' to cruise for a spell, An' you'd like the Mary Gloster--I've held her ready for this-- They'll put her in working order an' you'll take her out as she is. Yes, it was money idle when I patched her and put her aside (Thank God, I can pay for my fancies!)--the boat where your mother died, By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank, We dropped her--I think I told you--and I pricked it off where she sank. [Tiny she looked on the grating--that oily, treacly sea--] Hundred and eighteen East, remember, and South just three. Easy bearings to carry--three South--three to the dot; But I gave McAndrews a copy in case of dying--or not. And so you'll write to McAndrews, he's Chief of the Maori Line; They'll give him leave, if you ask 'em and say it's business o' mine. I built three boats for the Maoris, an' very well pleased they were, An' I've known Mac since the Fifties, and Mac knew me--and her. After the first stroke warned me I sent him the money to keep Against the time you'd claim it, committin' your dad to the deep; For you are the son o' my body, and Mac was my oldest friend, I've never asked 'im to dinner, but he'll see

it out to the end. Stiff-necked Glasgow beggar, I've heard he's prayed for my soul, But he couldn't lie if you paid him, and he'd starve before he stole. He'll take the Mary in ballast--you'll find her a lively ship; And you'll take Sir Anthony Gloster, that goes on his wedding-trip, Lashed in our old deck-cabin with all three port-holes wide, The kick o' the screw beneath him and the round blue seas outside! Sir Anthony Gloster's carriage--our 'ouse-flag flyin' free-- Ten thousand men on the pay-roll and forty freighters at sea! He made himself and a million, but this world is a fleetin' show, And he'll go to the wife of 'is bosom the same as he ought to go. By the heel of the Paternosters--there isn't a chance to mistake-- And Mac'll pay you the money as soon as the bubbles break! Five thousand for six weeks' cruising, the stanchest freighter afloat, And Mac he'll give you your bonus the minute I'm out o' the boat! He'll take you round to Macassar, and you'll come back alone; He knows what I want o' the Mary.... I'll do what I please with my own. Your mother 'ud call it wasteful, but I've seven-and-thirty more; I'll come in my private carriage and bid it wait at the door.... For my son 'e was never a credit: 'e muddled with books and art, And 'e lived on Sir Anthony's money and 'e broke Sir Anthony's heart. There isn't even a grandchild, and the Gloster family's done-- The only one you left me, O mother, the only one! Harrer an' Trinity College! Me slavin' early an' late, An' he thinks I'm dyin' crazy, and you're in Macassar Strait! Flesh o' my flesh, my dearie, for ever an' ever amen, That first stroke come for a warning; I ought to ha' gone to you then, But--cheap repairs for a cheap 'un--the doctors said I'd do: Mary, why didn't you warn me? I've allus heeded to you, Excep'--I know--about women; but you are a spirit now; An', wife, they was only women, and I was a man. That's how. An' a man 'e must go with a woman, as you could not understand; But I never talked 'em secrets. I paid 'em out o' hand. Thank Gawd, I can pay for my fancies! Now what's five thousand to me, For a berth off the Paternosters in the haven where I would be? I believe in the Resurrection, if I read my Bible plain, But I wouldn't trust 'em at Wokin'; we're safer at sea again. For the heart it shall go with the treasure--go down to the sea in ships. I'm sick of the hired women--I'll kiss my girl on her lips! I'll be content with my fountain, I'll drink from my own well, And the wife of my youth shall charm me--an' the rest can go to Hell! (Dickie, he will, that's certain.) I'll lie in our standin'-bed, An' Mac'll take her in ballast--and she trims best by the head.... Down by the head an' sinkin'. Her fires are drawn and cold, And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty hold-- Churning an' choking and chuckling, quiet and scummy and dark-- Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark! That was the after-bulkhead ... she's flooded from stem to stern.... Never seen death yet, Dickie?... Well, now is your time to learn!

**SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL.**

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,    The 'appy roads that take you  
o'er the world.    Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good    For such as  
cannot use one bed too long,    But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,  
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,    So long as we've our 'ealth to  
watch it all--    The different ways that different things are done,    An' men  
an' women lovin' in this world--    Takin' our chances as they come along,  
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good?

In cash or credit--no, it ain't no good;    You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd  
die,    Unless you lived your life but one day long,    Nor didn't prophesy  
nor fret at all,    But drew your tucker some'ow from the world,    An' never  
bothered what you might ha' done.

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't done?    I've turned my 'and to  
most, an' turned it good,    In various situations round the world--    For  
'im that doth not work must surely die;    But that's no reason man should  
labour all    'Is life on one same shift; life's none so long.

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.    Pay couldn't 'old me when  
my time was done,    For something in my 'ead upset me all,    Till I 'ad  
dropped whatever 'twas for good,    An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights  
die,    An' met my mate--the wind that tramps the world.

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,    Which you can read and  
care for just so long,    But presently you feel that you will die    Unless you  
get the page you're readin' done,    An' turn another--likely not so good;  
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done--    Excep' when awful  
long--I've found it good.    So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

**BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS.**

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,      He'd 'eard men sing by land an'  
sea;    An' what he thought 'e might require,      'E went an' took--the same  
as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,      The shepherds an' the sailors, too,  
They 'eard old songs turn up again,      But kep' it quiet--same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.      They didn't tell, nor make a  
fuss,    But winked at 'Omer down the road,      An' 'e winked back--the  
same as us!

**"BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN."**

I'm 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at, A-layin' on to the  
sergeant I don't know a gun from a bat; My shirt's doin' duty for jacket,  
my sock's stickin' out o' my boots, An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-  
step along o' the new recruits!

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again.  
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card, I'm back to the Army again!

I done my six years' service. 'Er Majesty sez: "Good day-- You'll please  
to come when you're rung for, an' 'ere's your 'ole back pay; An'  
fourpence a day for baccy--an' bloomin' gen'rous, too; An' now you can  
make your fortune--the same as your orf'cers do."

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again; 'Ow  
did I learn to do right-about turn? I'm back to the Army again!

A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade-- Beside  
"Reserve" agin' him--'e'd better be never made. I tried my luck for a  
quarter, an' that was enough for me, An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's  
barricks, an' I thought I'd go an' see.

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again;  
'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt-- I'm back to the Army again!

The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the other eye, E' sez to  
me, "'Shun!" an' I shunted, the same as in days gone by; For 'e saw the  
set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't 'elp 'oldin' straight When me  
an' the other rookies come under the barrick gate.

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again; 'Oo  
would ha' thought I could carry an' port? I'm back to the Army again!

I took my bath, an' I wallered--for, Gawd, I needed it so! I smelt the  
smell o' the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go. I 'eard the feet on the gravel--  
the feet o' the men what drill-- An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eartstrings, I sez  
to 'em, "Peace, be still!"

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again; 'Oo  
said I knew when the Jumner was due? I'm back to the Army again!

I carried my slops to the tailor; I sez to 'im, "None o' your lip! You tight  
'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em over the 'ip, For the set o' the tunic's  
'orrid." An' 'e sez to me, "Strike me dead, But I thought you was used to  
the business!" an' so 'e done what I said.

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again.  
Rather too free with my fancies? Wot--me? I'm back to the Army again!

Next week I'll 'ave 'em fitted; I'll buy me a walkin' cane; They'll let me  
free o' the barracks to walk on the Hoe again In the name o' William  
Parsons, that used to be Edward Clay, An'--any pore beggar that wants it  
can draw my fourpence a day!

Back to the Army again, sergeant, Back to the Army again: Out  
o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant, Out o' the cold an' the rain.

'Oo's there? A man that's too good to be lost you,  
A man that is 'andled an' made-- A man that will pay what 'e cost you  
In learnin' the others their trade--parade! You're droppin' the pick o' the  
Army Because you don't 'elp 'em remain, But drives 'em to cheat to  
get out o' the street An' back to the Army again!

**"BIRDS OF PREY" MARCH.**

March! The mud is cakin' good about our trousers. Front!--eyes front,  
an' watch the Colour-casin's drip. Front! The faces of the women in the  
'ouses Ain't the kind o' things to take aboard the ship.

Cheer! An' we'll never march to victory. Cheer! An' we'll never live to  
'ear the cannon roar! The Large Birds o' Prey They will carry  
us away, An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner. Time!--mark  
time, an' let the men be'ind us close. Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our  
lot not on 'er-- Cheer, O cheer! We're going off where no one knows.

March! The Devil's none so black as 'e is painted! Cheer! We'll 'ave  
some fun before we're put away. 'Alt, an' 'and 'er out--a woman's gone and  
fainted! Cheer! Get on--Gawd 'elp the married men to-day!

Hoi! Come up, you 'ungry beggars, to yer sorrow. ('Ear them say they  
want their tea, an' want it quick!) You won't have no mind for slingers,  
not to-morrow-- No; you'll put the 'tween-decks stove out, bein' sick!

'Alt! The married kit 'as all to go before us! 'Course it's blocked the  
bloomin' gangway up again! Cheer, O cheer the 'Orse Guards watchin'  
tender o'er us, Keepin' us since eight this mornin' in the rain!

Stuck in 'eavy marchin'-order, sopped and wringin'-- Sick, before our  
time to watch 'er 'eave an' fall, 'Ere's your 'appy 'ome at last, an' stop your  
singin'. 'Alt! Fall in along the troop-deck! Silence all!

Cheer! For we'll never live to see no bloomin' victory! Cheer! An' we'll  
never live to 'ear the cannon roar! (One cheer more!) The  
jackal an' the kite 'Ave an 'ealthy appetite, An' you'll never see  
your soldiers any more! ('Ip! Urroar!) The eagle an' the crow  
They are waitin' ever so, An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip!  
Urroar!) Yes, the Large Birds o' Prey They will carry us away,  
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

**"SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO."**

As I was spittin' into the Ditch aboard o' the Crocodile, I seed a man on a man-o'-war got up in the Reg'lars' style. 'E was scrapin' the paint from off of 'er plates, an' I sez to 'im, "Oo are you?" Sez 'e, "I'm a Jolly--'Er Majesty's Jolly--soldier an' sailor too!" Now 'is work begins at Gawd knows when, and 'is work is never through; 'E isn't one o' the reg'lar Line, nor 'e isn't one of the crew. 'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite--soldier an' sailor too!

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' all kinds of things, Like landin' 'isself with a Gatlin' gun to talk to them 'eathen kings; 'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot, an' 'e drills with the deck on a slew, An' 'e sweats like a Jolly--'Er Majesty's Jolly--soldier an' sailor too! For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know, nor do. You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead, to paddle 'is own canoe; 'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse--soldier an' sailor too.

We've fought 'em on trooper, we've fought 'em in dock, an' drunk with 'em in between, When they called us the seasick scull'ry maids, an' we called 'em the Ass Marines; But, when we was down for a double fatigue, from Woolwich to Bernardmyo, We sent for the Jollies--'Er Majesty's Jollies--soldier an' sailor too! They think for 'emselves, an' they steal for 'emselves, and they never ask what's to do, But they're camped an' fed an' they're up an' fed before our bugle's blew. Ho! they ain't no limpin' procrastitutes--soldier an' sailor too.

You may say we are fond of an 'arness-cut, or 'ootin' in barrick-yards, Or startin' a Board School mutiny along o' the Onion Guards; But once in a while we can finish in style for the ends of the earth to view, The same as the Jollies--'er Majesty's Jollies--soldier an' sailor too! They come of our lot, they was brothers to us; they was beggars we'd met an' knew; Yes, barrin' an inch in the chest an' the arms, they was doubles o' me an' you; For they weren't no special chrysanthemums--soldier an' sailor too!

To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about, Is nothing so bad when you've cover to 'and, an' leave an' likin' to shout; But to stand an' be still to the Birken'ead drill is a damn tough bullet to chew, An' they done it, the Jollies--'Er Majesty's Jollies--soldier an' sailor too! Their work was done when it 'adn't begun; they

was younger nor me an'                    you;    Their choice it was plain between  
drownin' in 'eaps an' bein' mashed                    by the screw,    So they stood  
an' was still to the Birken'ead drill, soldier an'                    sailor too!

We're most of us liars, we're 'arf of us thieves, an' the rest are as  
rank as can be,    But once in a while we can finish in style (which I 'ope it  
won't                    'appen to me).    But it makes you think better o' you an'  
your friends, an' the work                    you may 'ave to do,    When you think o'  
the sinkin' Victorier's Jollies--soldier an'                    sailor too!    Now there  
isn't no room for to say ye don't know--they 'ave proved it                    plain and  
true--    That whether it's Widow, or whether it's ship, Victorier's work is to  
do,    An' they done it, the Jollies--'Er Majesty's Jollies--soldier an'  
sailor too!

## **SAPPERS.**

When the Waters were dried an' the Earth did appear ("It's all one,"  
says the Sapper), The Lord He created the Engineer, Her Majesty's  
Royal Engineer, With the rank and pay of a Sapper!

When the Flood come along for an extra monsoon, 'Twas Noah  
constructed the first pontoon To the plans of Her Majesty's, etc.

But after "fatigue" in the wet an' the sun, Old Noah got drunk, which  
he wouldn't ha' done If he'd trained with, etc.

When the Tower o' Babel had mixed up men's bat, Some clever civilian  
was managing that, An' none of, etc.

When the Jews had a fight at the foot of an 'ill, Young Joshua ordered  
the sun to stand still, For he was a Captain of Engineers, etc.

When the Children of Israel made bricks without straw, They were  
learnin' the regular work of our Corps, The work of, etc.

For ever since then, if a war they would wage, Behold us a-shinin' on  
history's page-- First page for, etc.

We lay down their sidings an' help 'em entrain, An' we sweep up their  
mess through the bloomin' campaign, In the style of, etc.

They send us in front with a fuse an' a mine To blow up the gates that  
are rushed by the Line, But bent by, etc.

They send us behind with a pick an' a spade, To dig for the guns of a  
bullock-brigade Which has asked for, etc.

We work under escort in trousers an' shirt, An' the heathen they plug  
us tail-up in the dirt, Annoying, etc.

We blast out the rock an' we shovel the mud, We make 'em good roads  
an'--they roll down the khud, Reporting, etc.

We make 'em their bridges, their wells, an' their huts, An' the  
telegraph-wire the enemy cuts, An' it's blamed on, etc.

An' when we return an' from war we would cease,    They grudge us  
adornin' the billets of peace,    Which are kept for, etc.

We build 'em nice barricks--they swear they are bad,    That our Colonels  
are Methodist, married or mad,    Insultin', etc.

They haven't no manners nor gratitude too,    For the more that we help  
'em the less will they do,    But mock at, etc.

Now the Line's but a man with a gun in his hand,    An' Cavalry's only  
what horses can stand,    When helped by, etc.

Artillery moves by the leave o' the ground,    But we are the men that do  
something all round,    For we are, etc.

I have stated it plain, an' my argument's thus,    ("It's all one," says the  
Sapper),    There's only one Corps which is perfect--that's us;    An' they  
call us Her Majesty's Engineers,    Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,  
With the rank and pay of a Sapper!

## **THAT DAY.**

It got beyond all orders an' it got beyond all 'ope;      It got to shammin'  
wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.      'Ole companies was lookin' for the  
nearest road to slope;      It were just a bloomin' knock-out--an' our fault!

Now there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,      Nor there ain't no band to  
play;      An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did      Or seen what I  
seed that day!

We was sick o' bein' punished, an' we let 'em know it, too;      An' a  
company-commander up an' 'it us with a sword,      An' some one shouted  
"'Ook it!" an' it come to sove-ki-poo,      An' we chucked our rifles from us--  
oh, my Gawd!

There was thirty dead an' wounded on the ground we wouldn't keep--  
No, there wasn't more than twenty when the front begun to go;      But,  
Christ! along the line o' flight they cut us up like sheep,      An' that was all  
we gained by doin' so.

I 'eard the knives be'ind me, but I dursn't face my man,      An' I don't  
know where I went to, 'cause I didn't 'alt to see,      Till I 'eard a beggar  
squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran,      An' I thought I knew the voice an'--it  
was me!

We was 'idin' under bedsteads more than 'arf a march away;      We was  
lyin' up like rabbits all about the country side;      An' the major cursed 'is  
Maker 'cause 'e lived to see that day,      An' the colonel broke 'is sword  
acrost, an' cried.

We was rotten 'fore we started--we was never disciplined;      We made it  
out a favour if an order was obeyed;      Yes, every little drummer 'ad 'is  
rights an' wrongs to mind,      So we had to pay for teachin'--an' we paid!

The papers 'id it 'andsome, but you know the Army knows;      We was  
put to groomin' camels till the regiments withdrew,      An' they give us each  
a medal for subduin' England's foes,      An' I 'ope you like my song--  
because it's true!

An' there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,      Nor there ain't no band to  
play;      But I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did      Or seen what I

seed that day!

**"THE MEN THAT FOUGHT AT MINDEN."**

**A SONG OF INSTRUCTION.**

The men that fought at Minden, they was rookies in their time-- So  
was them that fought at Waterloo! All the 'ole command, yuss, from  
Minden to Maiwand, They was once dam' sweeps like you!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper, We'll learn you  
not to forget; An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch it  
worse, For we'll make you soldiers yet.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad stocks beneath their chins,  
Six inch 'igh an' more; But fatigue it was their pride, and they would not  
be denied To clean the cook-'ouse floor.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad anarchistic bombs Served to  
'em by name of 'and-grenades; But they got it in the eye (same as you will  
by an' by) When they clubbed their field-parades.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad buttons up an' down, Two-  
an'-twenty dozen of 'em told; But they didn't grouse an' shirk at an hour's  
extry work, They kept 'em bright as gold.

The men that fought at Minden, they was armed with musketoons,  
Also, they was drilled by 'alberdiers; I don't know what they were, but the  
sergeants took good care They washed be'ind their ears.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad ever cash in 'and Which they  
did not bank nor save, But spent it gay an' free on their betters--such as  
me-- For the good advice I gave.

The men that fought at Minden, they was civil--yuss, they was-- Never  
didn't talk o' rights an' wrongs, But they got it with the toe (same as you  
will get it--so!-- For interrupting songs.

The men that fought at Minden, they was several other things Which I  
don't remember clear; But that's the reason why, now the six-year men  
are dry, The rooks will stand the beer!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,        We'll learn you  
not to forget;     An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch it  
worse,        And we'll make you soldiers yet.

Soldiers yet, if you've got it in you--        All for the sake o' the Core;  
Soldiers yet, if we 'ave to skin you--        Run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw--  
Johnny Raw!        Ho! run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw!

## CHOLERA CAMP.

We've got the cholerer in camp--it's worse than forty fights; We're dyin' in the wilderness the same as Isrulites! It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away, An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day!

Oh, strike your camp an' go, the bugle's callin', The Rains are fallin'-- The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below; The Band's a-doin' all she knows to cheer us; The chaplain's gone and prayed to Gawd to 'ear us-- To 'ear us-- O Lord, for it's a-killing of us so!

Since August, when it started, it's been sticking to our tail, Tho' they've 'ad us out by marches an' they've 'ad us back by rail; But it runs as fast as troop-trains, an' we can not get away; An' the sick-list to the Colonel makes ten more to-day.

There ain't no fun in women nor there ain't no bite to drink; It's much too wet for shootin', we can only march and think; An' at evenin', down the nullahs, we can 'ear the jackals say, "Get up, you rotten beggars, you've ten more to-day!"

'Twould make a monkey cough to see our way o' doin' things-- Lieutenants takin' companies an' captains takin' wings, An' Lances actin' Sergeants--eight file to obey-- For we've lots o' quick promotion on ten deaths a day!

Our Colonel's white an' twitterly--'e gets no sleep nor food, But mucks about in 'orspital where nothing does no good. 'E sends us 'eaps o' comforts, all bought from 'is pay-- But there aren't much comfort 'andy on ten deaths a day.

Our Chaplain's got a banjo, an' a skinny mule 'e rides, An' the stuff 'e says an' sings us, Lord, it makes us split our sides! With 'is black coat-tails a-bobbin' to Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-ay! 'E's the proper kind o' padre for ten deaths a day.

An' Father Victor 'elps 'im with our Roman Catholicks-- He knows an 'eap of Irish songs an' rummy conjurin' tricks; An' the two they works together when it comes to play or pray; So we keep the ball a-rollin' on ten deaths a day.

We've got the cholera in camp--we've got it 'ot an' sweet; It ain't no  
Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped an' we must eat. We've gone beyond the  
funkin', 'cause we've found it doesn't pay, An' we're rockin' round the  
Districk on ten deaths a day!

Then strike your camp an' go, the Rains are fallin', The bugle's  
callin'! The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below! An'  
them that do not like it they can lump it, An' them that can not stand it  
they can jump it; We've got to die somewhere--some way--some'ow--  
We might as well begin to do it now! Then, Number One, let down the  
tent-pole slow, Knock out the pegs an' 'old the corners--so! Fold in  
the flies, furl up the ropes, an' stow! Oh, strike--oh, strike your camp an'  
go! (Gawd 'elp us!)

## THE LADIES.

I've taken my fun where I've found it; I've rogued an' I've ranged in  
my time; I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earths, An' four o' the lot was  
prime. One was an 'arf-caste widow, One was a woman at Prome,  
One was the wife of a jemadar-sais,[1] An' one is a girl at 'ome.

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies, For, takin' 'em all along, You  
never can say till you've tried 'em, An' then you are like to be wrong.  
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't, There's times when  
you'll know that you might; But the things you will learn from the Yellow  
an' Brown, They'll 'elp you an' 'eap with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli, Shy as a girl to begin; Aggie de Castrer  
she made me, An' Aggie was clever as sin; Older than me, but my first  
un-- More like a mother she were-- Showed me the way to promotion  
an' pay, An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then I was ordered to Burma, Actin' in charge o' Bazar, An' I got  
me a tiddy live 'eathen Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa. Funny an'  
yellow an' faithful-- Doll in a teacup she were, But we lived on the  
square, like a true-married pair, An' I learned about women from 'er.

Then we was shifted to Neemuch (Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),  
An' I took with a shiny she-devil, The wife of a nigger at Mhow; Taught  
me the gipsy-folks' bolee;[2] Kind o' volcano she were, For she knifed  
me one night 'cause I wished she was white, And I learned about women  
from 'er.

Then I come 'ome in the trooper, 'Long of a kid o' sixteen-- Girl  
from a convent at Meerut, The straightest I ever 'ave seen. Love at  
first sight was 'er trouble, She didn't know what it were; An' I  
wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much, But--I learned about  
women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it, An' now I must pay for my fun,  
For the more you 'ave known o' the others The less will you settle to one;  
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin', An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;  
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not), An' learn about  
women from me!

What did the colonel's lady think?      Nobody never knew.      Somebody  
asked the sergeant's wife,      An' she told 'em true.      When you get to a  
man in the case,      They're like as a row of pins--      For the colonel's lady  
an' Judy O'Grady      Are sisters under their skins!

**FOOTNOTES:**

[1] Head-groom.

[2] Slang.

BILL 'AWKINS.

"As anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?" "Now 'ow in the devil would I know?" "E's taken my girl out walkin', An' I've got to tell 'im so-- Gawd--bless--'im! I've got to tell 'im so."

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?" "Now what in the devil would I care?" "E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-grinder's monkey, With a pound of grease in 'is 'air-- Gawd--bless--'im! An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

"An' s'pose you met Bill 'Awkins, Now what in the devil 'ud ye do?" "I'd open 'is cheek to 'is chin-strap buckle, An' bung up 'is both eyes, too-- Gawd--bless--'im! An' bung up 'is both eyes, too!"

"Look 'ere, where 'e comes, Bill 'Awkins! Now what in the devil will you say?" "It isn't fit an' proper to be fightin' on a Sunday, So I'll pass 'im the time o' day-- Gawd--bless--'im! I'll pass 'im the time o' day!"

## **THE MOTHER-LODGE.**

There was Rundle, Station Master, An' Beazeley of the Rail, An'  
'Ackman, Commissariat, An' Donkin o' the Jail; An' Blake, Conductor-  
Sargent, Our Master twice was 'e, With 'im that kept the Europe shop,  
Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside--"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!" Inside--"Brother," an' it  
doesn't do no 'arm. We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there!

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant, An' Saul the Aden Jew, An' Din  
Mohammed, draughtsman Of the Survey Office too; There was Babu  
Chuckerbutty, An' Amir Singh the Sikh, An' Castro from the fittin'-  
sheds, The Roman Catholick!

We 'adn't good regalia, An' our Lodge was old an' bare, But we  
knew the Ancient Landmarks, An' we kep' 'em to a hair; An' lookin' on  
it backwards It often strikes me thus, There ain't such things as  
infidels, Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour, We'd all sit down and smoke (We  
dursn't give no banquets, Lest a Brother's caste were broke), An' man  
on man got talkin' Religion an' the rest, An' every man comparin'  
Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin', An' not a Brother stirred Till mornin'  
waked the parrots An' that dam' brain-fever-bird; We'd say 'twas 'ighly  
curious, An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed, With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva  
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service This rovin' foot 'ath pressed, An' bore  
fraternal greetin's To the Lodges east an' west, Accordin' as  
commanded From Kohat to Singapore, But I wish that I might see  
them In my Mother Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them, My Brethren black an' brown, With  
the trichies smellin' pleasant An' the hog-darn[3] passin' down; An'  
the old khansamah[4] snorin' On the bottle-khana[5] floor, Like a  
Master in good standing With my Mother Lodge once more!

Outside--"Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!" Inside--"Brother," an' it  
doesn't do no 'arm. We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother Lodge out there!

FOOTNOTES:

[3] Cigar-lighter.

[4] Butler.

[5] Pantry.

**"FOLLOW ME 'OME."**

There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot, Nor any o' the Guns I  
knew; An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died, Which  
is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me! An' it's finish up your  
swipes an' follow me! Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin', Follow me--  
-follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long, She paws the 'ole night  
through, An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waitin' for 'is step,  
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier Before 'er month is through;  
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got the beggar hooked,  
Which is just what a girl would do.

We fought 'bout a dog--last week it were-- No more than a round  
or two; But I strook 'im cruel 'ard, an' I wish I 'adn't now, Which is  
just what a man can't do.

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend, An' I've 'ad to find one  
new; But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar back,  
Which it's just too late to do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me! An' it's finish off your  
swipes an' follow me! Oh, 'ark to the fifes a-crawlin'! Follow me--  
follow me 'ome!

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men go. Take 'im away!  
An' the gun-wheels turnin' slow. Take 'im away! There's more from the  
place 'e come. Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum.

For it's "Three rounds blank" an' follow me, An' it's "Thirteen rank"  
an' follow me; Oh, passin' the love o' women, Follow me--follow  
me 'ome!

**THE SERGEANT'S WEDDIN'.**

'E was warned agin' 'er-- That's what made 'im look; She was  
warned agin' 'im-- That is why she took. Wouldn't 'ear no reason,  
Went an' done it blind; We know all about 'em, They've got all to find!

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'-- Give 'em one cheer more!  
Gray gun-'orses in the lando, An' a rogue is married to, etc.

What's the use o' tellin' 'Arf the lot she's been? 'E's a bloomin'  
robber, An' 'e keeps canteen. 'Ow did 'e get 'is buggy? Gawd, you  
needn't ask! Made 'is forty gallon Out of every cask!

Watch 'im, with 'is 'air cut, Count us filin' by-- Won't the Colonel  
praise 'is Pop--u--lar--i--ty! We 'ave scores to settle-- Scores for  
more than beer; She's the girl to pay 'em-- That is why we're 'ere!

See the chaplain thinkin'? See the women smile? Twig the married  
winkin' As they take the aisle? Keep your side-arms quiet,  
Dressin' by the Band. Ho! You 'oly beggars, Cough be'ind your 'and!

Now it's done an' over, 'Ear the organ squeak, "Voice that breathed  
o'er Eden"-- Ain't she got the cheek! White an' laylock ribbons,  
Think yourself so fine! I'd pray Gawd to take yer 'Fore I made yer  
mine!

Escort to the kerridge, Wish 'im luck, the brute! Chuck the slippers  
after-- [Pity 'taint a boot!] Bowin' like a lady, Blushin' like a lad--  
'Oo would say to see 'em-- Both are rotten bad!

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin'-- Give 'em one cheer more!  
Gray gun-'orses in the lando, An' a rogue is married to, etc.

## THE JACKET.

Through the Plagues of Egyp' we was chasin' Arabi, Gettin' down an' shovin' in the sun; An' you might 'ave called us dirty, an' you might ha' called us dry, An' you might 'ave 'eard us talkin' at the gun. But the Captain 'ad 'is jacket, an' the jacket it was new-- ('Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!) An' the wettin' of the jacket is the proper thing to do, Nor we didn't keep 'im waiting very long!

One day they give us orders for to shell a sand redoubt, Loadin' down the axle-arms with case; But the Captain knew 'is dooty, an' he took the crackers out, An' he put some proper liquor in its place. An' the Captain saw the shrapnel (which is six-an'-thirty clear). ('Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!) "Will you draw the weight," sez 'e, "or will you draw the beer?" An' we didn't keep 'im waitin' very long.

For the Captain, etc.

Then we trotted gentle, not to break the bloomin' glass, Though the Arabites 'ad all their ranges marked; But we dursn't 'ardly gallop, for the most was bottled Bass, An' we'd dreamed of it since we was disembarked. So we fired economic with the shells we 'ad in 'and, ('Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!) But the beggars under cover 'ad the impidence to stand, An' we couldn't keep 'em waitin' very long.

And the Captain, etc.

So we finished 'arf the liquor (an' the Captain took champagne), An' the Arabites was shootin' all the while; An' we left our wounded 'appy with the empties on the plain, An' we used the bloomin' guns for pro-jec-tile! We limbered up an' galloped--there were nothin' else to do-- ('Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!) An' the Battery come a-boundin' like a boundin' kangaroo, But they didn't watch us comin' very long.

As the Captain, etc.

We was goin' most extended--we was drivin' very fine, An' the Arabites were loosin' 'igh an' wide, Till the Captain took the glassy with a rattlin' right incline, An' we dropped upon their 'eads the other side. Then we give 'em quarter--such as 'adn't up and cut, ('Orse-Gunners, listen to my song!) An' the Captain stood a limberful of fizzy--somethin' Brutt, But

we didn't leave it fizzing very long.

For the Captain, etc.

We might ha' been court-martialled, but it all come out all right      When  
they signalled us to join the main command.      There was every round  
expended, there was every gunner tight,      An' the Captain waved a  
corkscrew in 'is 'and!

But the Captain had 'is jacket, etc.

## THE 'EATHEN.

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone; 'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own; 'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about, An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess, All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less, All along of abby-nay,[6] kul,[7] and hazar-ho,[8] Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'aughty--'e draf's from Gawd knows where; They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress square; 'E calls it bloomin' nonsense--'e doesn't know, no more-- An' then up comes 'is company an' kicks 'em round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered--'e takes it very 'ard; 'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters--'e sulks about the yard; 'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by-an'-bye, An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly--'e thinks o' suicide; 'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride; But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit, Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess, Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less; Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho, Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'isself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'appy--'e throws a chest to suit; You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot; 'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word he slings, An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

The cruel tyrant sergeants they watch 'im 'arf a year; They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer; They watch 'im with the women, at the regimental dance, And the cruel tyrant sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance."

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet, 'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get; They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can, But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper an' 'e learns to know

'is man.

An', last, a Colour-Sergeant, as such to be obeyed, 'E leads 'is men at cricket, 'e leads 'em on parade; They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart, An' so 'e talks to ofricers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain; 'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again; 'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk; An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin' he'll see their socks are right, An' when it comes to action 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight; 'E knows their ways of thinkin' and just what's in their mind; 'E feels when they are comin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corpril that leads a squad astray; 'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way; 'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin, An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peekin' through the dust, An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must; So, like a man in irons which isn't glad to go, They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin' touch. It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op, But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about the shop!

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "'Oo comes on?" An' now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the captain's gone; An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while they 'ear 'Is voice, the same as barrick drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split, But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till 'e feels 'em take the bit; The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play, An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone; 'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own; The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began, But the backbone of the Army is the

noncommissioned man!

Keep away from dirtiness--keep away from mess. Don't get into doin'  
things rather-more-or-less! Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-  
ho; Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

**FOOTNOTES:**

[6] Not now.

[7] To-morrow.

[8] Wait a bit.

## THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY.

Sez the Junior Orderly Sergeant To the Senior Orderly Man: "Our  
Orderly Orf'cer's hokee-mut, You 'elp 'im all you can. For the wine  
was old and the night is cold, An' the best we may go wrong, So, 'fore  
'e gits to the sentry-box, You pass the word along."

Then it was "Rounds! What rounds?" at two of a frosty night, 'E's  
'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye. An' it's "Pass!  
All's well!" Oh, ain't 'e rockin' tight! 'E'll need an affidavit pretty badly by-  
an'-bye.

The moon was white on the barracks, The road was white an' wide,  
An' the Orderly Orf'cer took it all, An' the ten-foot ditch beside. An'  
the corporal pulled an' the sergeant pushed, An' the three they wagged  
along, But I'd shut my eyes in the sentry-box, So I didn't see nothin'  
wrong.

Though it was "Rounds! What rounds?" O corporal, 'old 'im up! 'E's  
usin' 'is cap as it shouldn't be used, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it's "Pass! All's well!" Ho, shun the foam in' cup! 'E'll need, etc.

'Twas after four in the mornin'; We 'ad to stop the fun, An' we sent  
'im 'ome on a bullock-cart, With 'is belt an' stock undone; But we  
sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out, An' a first-class job we made,  
When we saved 'im smart as a bombardier For six o'clock parade.

It 'ad been "Rounds! What rounds?" Oh, shove 'im straight again! 'E's  
usin' 'is sword for a bicycle, but, sentry, shut your eye. An' it was "Pass!  
All's well!" 'E's called me "darlin' Jane"! 'E'll need, etc.

The drill was 'ard an' 'eavy, The sky was 'ot an' blue, An' 'is eye was  
wild an' 'is 'air was wet, But 'is sergeant pulled 'im through. Our men  
was good old trusties-- They'd done it on their 'ead; But you ought to  
'ave 'eard 'em markin' time To 'ide the things 'e said!

For it was "Right flank--wheel!" for "Alt, an' stand at ease!" An' "Left  
extend!" for "Centre close!" O marker, shut your eye! An' it was, "'Ere, sir,  
'ere! before the colonel sees!" So he needed affidavits pretty badly by-an'-  
bye.

There was two-an'-thirty sergeants,      There was corp'ral's forty-one,  
There was just nine 'undred rank an' file      To swear to a touch o' sun.  
There was me 'e'd kissed in the sentry-box      (As I 'ave not told in my  
song),      But I took my oath, which were Bible truth,      I 'adn't seen  
nothin' wrong.

There's them that's 'ot an' 'aughty,      There's them that's cold an' 'ard,  
But there comes a night when the best gets tight,      An' then turns out the  
Guard.      I've seen them 'ide their liquor      In every kind o' way,      But  
most depends on makin' friends      With Privit Thomas A.

When it is "Rounds! What rounds?" 'E's breathin' through 'is nose.  
'E's reelin', rollin', roarin' ripe, but, sentry, shut your eye.      An' it's "Pass!  
All's well!" An' that's the way it goes.      We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll  
'elp us by-an'-bye.

**"MARY, PITY WOMEN!"**

You call yourself a man, For all you used to swear, An' leave me,  
as you can, My certain shame to bear? I 'ear! You do not care--  
You done the worst you know. I 'ate you, grinnin' there.... Ah, Gawd, I  
love you so!

Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over-- Tear out your 'eart an' good-bye  
to your lover! What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore you  
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?

It aren't no false alarm, The finish to your fun; You--you 'ave brung  
the 'arm, An' I'm the ruined one; An' now you'll off an' run With  
some new fool in tow. Your 'eart? You 'aven't none.... Ah, Gawd, I love  
you so!

When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im; All 'e solemn  
promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im. What's the good o' prayin' for The Wrath  
to strike 'im, (Mary, pity women!) when the rest are like 'im?

What 'ope for me or--it? What's left for us to do? I've walked with  
men a bit, But this--but this is you! So 'elp me Christ, it's true!  
Where can I 'ide or go? You coward through an' through!... Ah, Gawd,  
I love you so!

All the more you give 'em the less are they for givin'! Love lies dead, an'  
you can not kiss 'im livin'. Down the road 'e led you there is no returnin',  
(Mary, pity women!) but you're late in learnin'.

You'd like to treat me fair? You can't, because we're pore? We'd  
starve? What do I care! We might, but this is shore: I want the  
name--no more-- The name, an' lines to show, An' not to be an 'ore....  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

What's the good o' pleadin', when the mother that bore you (Mary, pity  
women!) knew it all before you? Sleep on 'is promises an' wake to your  
sorrow, (Mary, pity women!) for we sail to-morrow!

FOR TO ADMIRE.

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles      So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;  
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles      Excep' the jiggle from the screw.  
The ship is swep', the day is done,      The bugle's gone for smoke an' play;  
An' black agin' the settin' sun      The Lascar sings, "Hum deckty hai!"[9]

For to admire an' for to see,      For to be'old this world so wide--  
It never done no good to me,      But I can't drop it if I tried!

I see the sergeants pitchin' quoits,      I 'ear the women laugh an' talk,  
I spy upon the quarter-deck      The ofricers an' lydies walk.      I thinks  
about the things that was,      An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,      Till,  
spite of all the crowded ship,      There's no one lef' alive but me.

The things that was which I 'ave seen,      In barrick, camp, an' action  
too,      I tells them over by myself,      An' sometimes wonders if they're true;  
For they was odd--most awful odd--      But all the same now they are o'er,  
There must be 'eaps o' plenty such,      An' if I wait I'll see some more.

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,      An' often broke a barrick rule,      An'  
stood beside an' watched myself      Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.      I paid  
my price for findin' out,      Nor never grutched the price I paid,      But sat  
in Clink without my boots,      Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

Be'old a cloud upon the beam,      An' 'umped above the sea appears  
Old Aden, like a barrick-stove      That no one's lit for years an' years!      I  
passed by that when I began,      An' I go 'ome the road I came,      A time-  
expired soldier-man      With six years' service to 'is name.

My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!"      My mother 'eld me to 'er breast.  
They've never written none, an' so      They must 'ave gone with all the rest--  
With all the rest which I 'ave seen      An' found an' known an' met along.  
I cannot say the things I feel,      But still I sing my evenin' song:

For to admire an' for to see,      For to be'old this world so wide--  
It never done no good to me,      But I can't drop it if I tried!

**FOOTNOTES:**

[9] "I'm looking out."

L'ENVOI

When Earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and  
dried, When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic has  
died, We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it--lie down for an æon or  
two, Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set us to work anew!

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a golden  
chair; They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of comets'  
hair; They shall find real saints to draw from--Magdalene, Peter, and  
Paul; They shall work for an age at a sitting and never be tired at all!

And only the Master shall praise us, and only the Master shall blame;  
And no one shall work for money, and no one shall work for fame; But  
each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate star, Shall draw  
the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as They Are!