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THE SAILING OF  
THE LONG-SHIPS

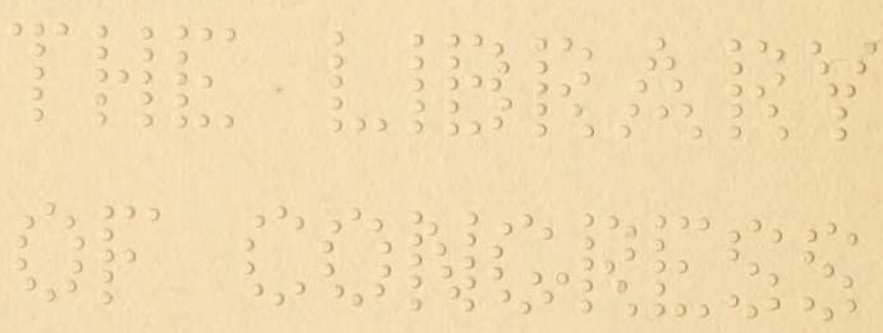


# The Sailing of the Long-Ships and Other Poems

BY  
HENRY NEWBOLT



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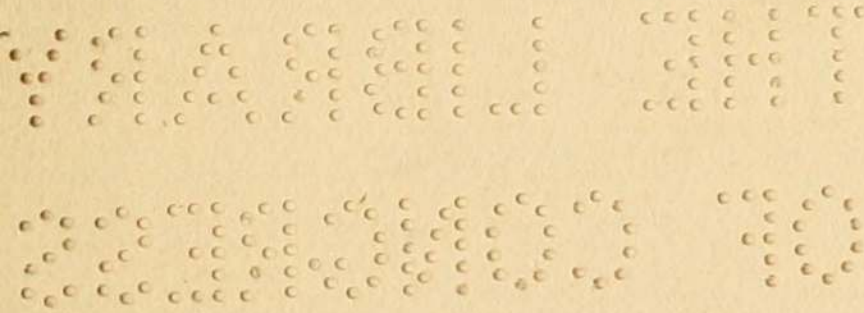
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TO  
SIR EDWARD GREY





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# THE SAILING OF THE LONG-SHIPS

OCTOBER, 1899

THEY saw the cables loosened, they saw the  
gangways cleared,  
They heard the women weeping, they heard  
the men that cheered;  
Far off, far off, the tumult faded and died  
away,  
And all alone the sea-wind came singing up  
the Bay.

“ I came by Cape St. Vincent, I came by  
Trafalgar,  
I swept from Torres Vedras to golden Vigo  
Bar,  
I saw the beacons blazing that fired the world  
with light  
When down their ancient highway your fa-  
thers passed to fight.

“ O race of tireless fighters, flushed with a  
youth renewed,  
Right well the wars of Freedom befit the  
Sea-kings' brood;  
Yet as ye go forget not the fame of yonder  
shore,  
The fame ye owe your fathers and the old  
time before.

“ Long-suffering were the Sea-kings, they  
were not swift to kill,  
But when the sands had fallen they waited  
no man's will;  
Though all the world forbade them, they  
counted not nor cared,  
They weighed not help or hindrance, they  
did the thing they dared.

“ The Sea-kings loved not boasting, they  
cursed not him that cursed,  
They honored all men duly, and him that  
faced them, first;

They strove and knew not hatred, they  
smote and toiled to save,  
They tended whom they vanquished, they  
praised the fallen brave.

“ Their fame’s on Torres Vedras, their  
fame’s on Vigo Bar,  
Far-flashed to Cape St. Vincent it burns  
from Trafalgar;  
Mark as ye go the beacons that woke the  
world with light  
When down their ancient highway your fa-  
thers passed to fight.”

## WAGON HILL

DRAKE in the North Sea grimly prowling,  
Treading his dear *Revenge's* deck,  
Watched, with the sea-dogs round him growl-  
ing,  
Galleons drifting wreck by wreck.  
“Fetter and Faith for England's neck,  
Fagot and Father, Saint and chain,—  
Yonder the Devil and all go howling,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!”

Drake at the last off *Nombre* lying,  
Knowing the night that toward him  
crept,  
Gave to the sea-dogs round him crying  
This for a sign before he slept:—  
“Pride of the West! What Devon hath  
kept

Devon shall keep on tide or main;  
Call to the storm and drive them flying,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!"

Valor of England, gaunt and whitening,  
Far in a South land brought to bay,  
Locked in a death-grip all day tightening,  
Waited the end in twilight gray.  
Battle and storm and the sea-dog's way!  
Drake from his long rest turned again,  
Victory lit thy steel with lightning,  
Devon, O Devon, in wind and rain!

## THE VOLUNTEER

“ HE leapt to arms unbidden,  
Unneeded, overbold;  
His face by earth is hidden,  
His heart in earth is cold.

“ Curse on the reckless daring  
That could not wait the call,  
The proud fantastic bearing  
That would be first to fall!”

O tears of human passion,  
Blur not the image true;  
This was not folly's fashion,  
This was the man we knew.



## THE ONLY SON

O BITTER wind toward the sunset blowing,  
What of the dales to-night?  
In yonder gray old hall what fires are glow-  
ing,  
What ring of festal light?

*“ In the great window as the day was dwin-  
dling  
I saw an old man stand;  
His head was proudly held and his eyes  
kindling,  
But the list shook in his hand.”*

O wind of twilight, was there no word ut-  
tered,  
No sound of joy or wail?  
*“ ‘ A great fight and a good death,’ he mut-  
tered;  
‘ Trust him, he would not fail.’ ”*

What of the chamber dark where she was  
lying

For whom all life is done?

*“ Within her heart she rocks a dead child,  
crying*

*‘ My son, my little son.’ ”*

## THE GRENADIER'S GOOD-BY

“When Lieutenant Murray fell, the only words he spoke were, ‘Forward, Grenadiers!’”—*Press Telegram.*

HERE they halted, here once more  
Hand from hand was rent;  
Here his voice above the roar  
Rang, and on they went.

Yonder out of sight they crossed,  
Yonder died the cheers;  
One word lives where all is lost—  
“Forward, Grenadiers!”

This alone he asked of fame,  
This alone of pride;  
Still with this he faced the flame,  
Answered Death, and died.  
Crest of battle sunward tossed,  
Song of the marching years,  
This shall live though all be lost—  
“Forward, Grenadiers!”

## THE SCHOOLFELLOW

OUR game was his but yesteryear;

We wished him back, we could not know  
The selfsame hour we missed him here  
He led the line that broke the foe.

Blood-red behind our guarded posts  
Sank as of old the dying day;  
The battle ceased; the mingled hosts  
Weary and cheery went their way:

“To-morrow well may bring,” we said,  
“As fair a fight, as clear a sun.”  
Dear lad, before the word was sped,  
For evermore thy goal was won.

## ON SPION KOP

FOREMOST of all on battle's fiery steep  
Here VERTUE<sup>1</sup> fell, and here he sleeps his  
sleep.

A fairer name no Roman ever gave  
To stand sole monument on Valor's grave.

<sup>1</sup> Major N. H. Vertue, of the Buffs, Brigade-Major to General Woodgate, was buried where he fell, on the edge of Spion Kop, in front of the British position.

## THE SCHOOL AT WAR

ALL night before the brink of death  
In fitful sleep the army lay,  
For through the dream that stilled their  
breath

Too gauntly glared the coming day.

But we, within whose blood there leaps  
The fulness of a life as wide  
As Avon's water where he sweeps  
Seaward at last with Severn's tide,

We heard beyond the desert night  
The murmur of the fields we knew,  
And our swift souls with one delight  
Like homing swallows Northward flew.

We played again the immortal games,  
And grappled with the fierce old friends,

And cheered the dead undying names,  
And sang the song that never ends;

Till, when the hard, familiar bell  
Told that the summer night was late,  
Where long ago we said farewell  
We said farewell by the old gate.

“O Captains unforgot,” they cried,  
“Come you again or come no more,  
Across the world you keep the pride,  
Across the world we mark the score.”

## BY THE HEARTHSTONE

By the hearthstone  
She sits alone,  
    The long night bearing:  
With eyes that gleam  
Into the dream  
    Of the firelight staring.

Low and more low  
The dying glow  
    Burns in the embers;  
She nothing heeds  
And nothing needs—  
    Only remembers.



## PEACE

No more to watch by Night's eternal shore,  
With England's chivalry at dawn to ride;  
No more defeat, faith, victory—O! no more  
A cause on earth for which we might have  
died.

## COMMEMORATION

I SAT by the granite pillar, and sunlight fell  
Where the sunlight fell of old,  
And the hour was the hour my heart remem-  
bered well,  
And the sermon rolled and rolled  
As it used to roll when the place was still  
unhaunted,  
And the strangest tale in the world was still  
untold.

And I knew that of all this rushing of urgent  
sound  
That I so clearly heard,  
The green young forest of saplings clustered  
round  
Was heeding not one word:  
Their heads were bowed in a still serried  
patience  
Such as an angel's breath could never have  
stirred.

For some were already away to the hazard-  
ous pitch,

Or lining the parapet wall,

And some were in glorious battle, or great  
and rich,

Or throned in a college hall:

And among the rest was one like my own  
young phantom,

Dreaming for ever beyond my utmost call.

“ O Youth,” the preacher was crying, “ deem  
not thou

Thy life is thine alone;

Thou bearest the will of the ages, seeing how

They built thee bone by bone,

And within thy blood the Great Age sleeps  
sepulchered

Till thou and thine shall roll away the stone.

“ Therefore the days are coming when thou  
shalt burn

With passion whitely hot;

Rest shall be rest no more; thy feet shall  
spurn

All that thy hand hath got;

And One that is stronger shall gird thee, and  
    lead thee swiftly  
Whither, O heart of Youth, thou wouldest  
    not."

And the School passed; and I saw the living  
    and dead  
    Set in their seats again,  
And I longed to hear them speak of the word  
    that was said,  
    But I knew that I longed in vain.  
And they stretched forth their hands, and the  
    wind of the spirit took them  
    Lightly as drifted leaves on an endless  
    plain.

# VICTORIA REGINA

JUNE 21ST, 1897 <sup>1</sup>

A THOUSAND years by sea and land  
Our race hath served the island kings,  
But not by custom's dull command  
To-day with song her Empire rings:

Not all the glories of her birth,  
Her armed renown and ancient throne,  
Could make her less the child of earth  
Or give her hopes beyond our own:

But stayed on faith more sternly proved  
And pride than ours more pure and deep,  
She loves the land our fathers loved  
And keeps the fame our sons shall keep.

<sup>1</sup> These lines, with music by Doctor Lloyd, formed part of the *Cycle of Song* offered to Queen Victoria, of blessed and glorious memory, in celebration of her second Jubilee.

# THE KING OF ENGLAND

JUNE 24TH, 1902

IN that eclipse of noon when joy was hushed  
Like the birds' song beneath unnatural  
night,  
And Terror's footfall in the darkness crushed  
The rose imperial of our delight,  
Then, even then, though no man cried "He  
comes,"  
And no man turned to greet him passing  
there,  
With phantom heralds challenging re-  
nown  
And silent-throbbing drums  
I saw the King of England, hale and fair,  
Ride out with a great train through Lon-  
don town.

Unarmed he rode, but in his ruddy shield  
 The lions bore the dint of many a lance,  
 And up and down his mantle's azure field  
 Were strewn the lilies plucked in famous  
 France.

Before him went with banner floating wide  
 The yeoman breed that served his honor  
 best,  
 And mixed with these his knights of  
 noble blood;  
 But in the place of pride  
 His admirals in billowy lines abreast  
 Convoyed him close like galleons on the  
 flood.

Full of a strength unbroken showed his face  
 And his brow calm with youth's unclouded  
 dawn,  
 But round his lips were lines of tenderer  
 grace  
 Such as no hand but Time's hath ever  
 drawn.

Surely he knew his glory had no part  
 In dull decay, nor unto Death must bend,

Yet surely too of lengthening shadows  
 dreamed

With sunset in his heart,  
 So brief his beauty now, so near the end,  
 And now so old and so immortal seemed.

O King among the living, these shall hail  
 Sons of thy dust that shall inherit thee:  
 O King of men that die, though we must fail  
 Thy life is breathed from thy triumphant  
 sea.

O man that servest men by right of birth,  
 Our hearts' content thy heart shall also  
 keep,

Thou too with us shalt one day lay thee  
 down

In our dear native earth,  
 Full sure the King of England, while we  
 sleep,

For ever rides abroad through London  
 town.



## THE NILE

OUT of the unknown South,  
Through the dark lands of drouth,  
Far wanders ancient Nile in slumber glid-  
ing:

Clear-mirrored in his dream  
The deeds that haunt his stream  
Flash out and fade like stars in midnight  
sliding.

Long since, before the life of man  
Rose from among the lives that creep,  
With Time's own tide began  
That still mysterious sleep,  
Only to cease when Time shall reach the  
eternal deep.

From out his vision vast  
The early gods have passed,

They waned and perished with the faith  
that made them;  
The long phantasmal line  
Of Pharaohs crowned divine  
Are dust among the dust that once obeyed  
them.

Their land is one mute burial mound,  
Save when across the drifted years  
Some chant of hollow sound,  
Some triumph blent with tears,  
From Memnon's lips at dawn wakens the  
desert meres.

O Nile, and can it be  
No memory dwells with thee  
Of Grecian lore and the sweet Grecian  
singer?

The legions' iron tramp,  
The Goths' wide-wandering camp,  
Had these no fame that by thy shore  
might linger?

Nay, then must all be lost indeed,  
Lost too the swift pursuing might  
That cleft with passionate speed

Aboukir's tranquil night,  
And shattered in mid-swoop the great  
world-eagle's flight.

Yet have there been on earth  
Spirits of starry birth,  
Whose splendor rushed to no eternal set-  
ting:

They over all endure,  
Their course through all is sure,  
The dark world's light is still of their be-  
getting.

Though the long past forgotten lies,  
Nile! in thy dream remember him,  
Whose like no more shall rise  
Above our twilight's rim,  
Until the immortal dawn shall make all  
glories dim.

For this man was not great  
By gold or kingly state,  
Or the bright sword, or knowledge of  
earth's wonder;

But more than all his race  
He saw life face to face,  
    And heard the still small voice above the  
    thunder.

O river, while thy waters roll  
    By yonder vast deserted tomb,  
There, where so clear a soul  
    So shone through gathering doom,  
Thou and thy land shall keep the tale of  
    lost Khartoum.

## SRÁHMANDÁZI<sup>1</sup>

DEEP embowered beside the forest river,  
Where the flame of sunset only falls,  
Lapped in silence lies the House of Dying,  
House of them to whom the twilight calls.

There within when day was near to ending,  
By her lord a woman young and strong,  
By his chief a songman old and stricken  
Watched together till the hour of song.

“O my songman, now the bow is broken,  
Now the arrows one by one are sped,  
Sing to me the song of Sráhmandázi,  
Sráhmandázi, home of all the dead.”

<sup>1</sup> This ballad is founded on materials given to the author by the late Miss Mary Kingsley on her return from her last visit to the Bantu peoples of West Africa.

Then the songman, flinging wide his songnet,  
On the last token laid his master's hand,  
While he sang the song of Sráhmandázi  
None but dying men can understand.

“Yonder sun that fierce and fiery-hearted  
Marches down the sky to vanish soon,  
At the selfsame hour in Sráhmandázi  
Rises pallid like the rainy moon.

“There he sees the heroes by their river,  
Where the great fish daily upward swim;  
Yet they are but shadows hunting shadows,  
Phantom fish in waters drear and dim.

“There he sees the kings among their head-  
men,  
Women weaving, children playing games;  
Yet they are but shadows ruling shadows,  
Phantom folk with dim forgotten names.

“Bid farewell to all that most thou lovest,  
Tell thy heart thy living life is done;  
All the days and deeds of Sráhmandázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun.”

Dreamily the chief from out the songnet  
Drew his hand and touched the woman's  
head:

“ Know they not, then, love in Sráhmandázi?  
Has a king no bride among the dead? ”

Then the songman answered, “ O my master,  
Love they know, but none may learn it  
there;

Only souls that reach that land together  
Keep their troth and find the twilight  
fair.

“ Thou art still a king, and at thy passing  
By thy latest word must all abide:  
If thou willest, here am I, thy songman;  
If thou lovest, here is she, thy bride.”

Hushed and dreamy lay the House of Dy-  
ing,  
Dreamily the sunlight upward failed,  
Dreamily the chief on eyes that loved him  
Looked with eyes the coming twilight  
veiled.

Then he cried, " My songman, I am passing;  
Let her live, her life is but begun;  
All the days and nights of Sráhmandázi  
Are not worth an hour of yonder sun."

Yet, when there within the House of Dying  
The last silence held the sunset air,  
Not alone he came to Sráhmandázi,  
Not alone she found the twilight fair:

While the songman, far beneath the forest  
Sang of Sráhmandázi all night through,  
" Lovely be thy name, O Land of shadows,  
Land of meeting, Land of all the true!"



## OUTWARD BOUND

DEAR Earth, near Earth, the clay that made  
us men,

The land we sowed,  
The hearth that glowed—

O Mother, must we bid farewell to  
thee?

Fast dawns the last dawn, and what shall  
comfort then

The lonely hearts that roam the outer  
sea?

Gray wakes the daybreak, the shivering sails  
are set,

To misty deeps  
The channel sweeps—

O Mother, think on us who think on  
thee!

Earth-home, birth-home, with love remember  
yet

The sons in exile on the eternal sea.

## HOPE THE HORN-BLOWER

“HARK ye, hark to the winding horn;  
Sluggards, awake, and front the morn!  
Hark ye, hark to the winding horn;  
The sun's on meadow and mill.  
Follow me, hearts that love the chase;  
Follow me, feet that keep the pace:  
Stirrup to stirrup we ride, we ride,  
We ride by moor and hill.”

Huntsman, huntsman, whither away?  
What is the quarry afoot to-day?  
Huntsman, huntsman, whither away,  
And what the game ye kill?  
Is it the deer, that men may dine?  
Is it the wolf that tears the kine?  
What is the race ye ride, ye ride,  
Ye ride by moor and hill?

“ Ask not yet till the day be dead  
What is the game that’s forward fled,  
Ask not yet till the day be dead  
    The game we follow still.  
An echo it may be, floating past;  
A shadow it may be, fading fast:  
Shadow or echo, we ride, we ride,  
    We ride by moor and hill.”

## O PULCHRITUDO

O SAINT whose thousand shrines our feet have  
trod

And our eyes loved thy lamp's eternal  
beam,

Dim earthly radiance of the Unknown God,  
Hope of the darkness, light of them that  
dream,

Far off, far off and faint, O glimmer on  
Till we thy pilgrims from the road are gone.

O Word whose meaning every sense hath  
sought,

Voice of the teeming field and grassy  
mound,

Deep-whispering fountain of the wells of  
thought,

Will of the wind and soul of all sweet  
sound,

Far off, far off and faint, O murmur on  
Till we thy pilgrims from the road are gone.

## IN JULY

His beauty bore no token,  
No sign our gladness shook;  
With tender strength unbroken  
The hand of Life he took:  
But the summer flowers were falling,  
Falling and fading away,  
And mother birds were calling,  
Crying and calling  
For their loves that would not stay.

He knew not Autumn's chillness,  
Nor Winter's wind nor Spring's;  
He lived with Summer's stillness  
And sun and sunlit things:  
But when the dusk was falling  
He went the shadowy way,  
And one more heart is calling,  
Crying and calling  
For the love that would not stay.

## FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION

O SON of mine, when dusk shall find thee  
bending

Between a gravestone and a cradle's head—  
Between the love whose name is loss unend-  
ing

And the young love whose thoughts are  
liker dread,—

Thou too shalt groan at heart that all thy  
spending

Can not repay the dead, the hungry dead.

## WHEN I REMEMBER

WHEN I remember that the day will come  
For this our love to quit his land of  
birth,  
And bid farewell to all the ways of  
earth  
With lips that must for evermore be dumb,  
Then creep I silent from the stirring hum,  
And shut away the music and the mirth,  
And reckon up what may be left of  
worth  
When hearts are cold and love's own body  
numb.  
Something there must be that I know not  
here,  
Or know too dimly through the symbol  
dear;

Some touch, some beauty, only guessed by  
this—

If He that made us loves, it shall replace,  
Beloved, even the vision of thy face

And deep communion of thine inmost  
kiss.



## RONDEL <sup>1</sup>

THOUGH I wander far-off ways,  
Dearest, never doubt thou me:

Mine is not the love that strays,  
Though I wander far-off ways:

Faithfully for all my days  
I have vowed myself to thee:  
Though I wander far-off ways,  
Dearest, never doubt thou me.

<sup>1</sup> This and the two following pieces are from the French of Wenceslas, Duke of Brabant and Luxembourg, who died in 1384.

## RONDEL

LONG ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have—  
Nothing in the world I keep:

All that in return I crave  
Is that thou accept the slave  
Long ago to thee I gave—  
Body, soul, and all I have.

Had I more to share or save,  
I would give as give the brave,  
Stooping not to part the heap;  
Long ago to thee I gave  
Body, soul, and all I have—  
Nothing in the world I keep.

## BALADE

I CAN not tell, of twain beneath this bond,  
Which one in grief the other goes be-  
yond,—

Narcissus, who to end the pain he bore  
Died of the love that could not help him  
more;

Or I, that pine because I can not see  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

Nay—for Narcissus, in the forest pond  
Seeing his image, made entreaty fond,  
“Beloved, comfort on my longing pour”:  
So for a while he soothed his passion sore;  
So can not I, for all too far is she—  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

But since that I have Love's true colors  
donned,  
I in his service will not now despond,

For in extremes Love yet can all restore:  
So till her beauty walks the world no more  
All day remembered in my hope shall be  
The lady who is queen and love to me.

## THE VIKING'S SONG

WHEN I thy lover first  
Shook out my canvas free  
And like a pirate burst  
Into that dreaming sea,  
The land knew no such thirst  
As then tormented me.

Now when at eve returned  
I near that shore divine,  
Where once but watch-fires burned  
I see thy beacon shine,  
And know the land hath learned  
Desire that welcomes mine.

## THE SUFI IN THE CITY

### I.

WHEN late I watched the arrows of the  
sleet  
Against the windows of the Tavern beat,  
I heard a Rose that murmured from her  
Pot:  
“ Why trudge thy fellows yonder in the  
Street?

### II.

“ Before the phantom of False morning dies,  
Choked in the bitter Net that binds the  
skies,  
Their feet, bemired with Yesterday, set  
out  
For the dark alleys where To-morrow lies.

III.

“ Think you, when all their petals they have  
bruised,  
And all the fragrances of Life confused  
That Night with sweeter rest will comfort  
these  
Than us, who still within the Garden mused? ”

IV.

“ Think you the Gold they fight for all day  
long  
Is worth the frugal Peace their clamors  
wrong?  
Their Titles, and the Name they toil to  
build—  
Will they outlast the echoes of our Song? ”

V.

O Sons of Omar, what shall be the close  
Seek not to know, for no man living  
knows:

But while within your hands the Wine is  
set

Drink ye—to Omar and the Dreaming  
Rose!



## YATTENDON

AMONG the woods and tillage  
That fringe the topmost downs,  
All lonely lies the village,  
Far off from seas and towns.  
Yet when her own folk slumbered  
I heard within her street  
Murmur of men unnumbered  
And march of myriad feet.

For all she lies so lonely,  
Far off from towns and seas,  
The village holds not only  
The roofs beneath her trees:  
While Life is sweet and tragic  
And Death is veiled and dumb,  
Hither, by singer's magic,  
The pilgrim world must come.

## AMONG THE TOMBS

SHE is a lady fair and wise,  
Her heart her counsel keeps,  
And well she knows of time that flies  
And tide that onward sweeps;  
But still she sits with restless eyes  
Where Memory sleeps—  
Where Memory sleeps.

Ye that have heard the whispering dead  
In every wind that creeps,  
Or felt the stir that strains the lead  
Beneath the mounded heaps,  
Tread softly, ah! more softly tread  
Where Memory sleeps—  
Where Memory sleeps.

## A SOWER

WITH sanguine looks  
And rolling walk  
Among the rooks  
He loved to stalk,

While on the land  
With gusty laugh  
From a full hand  
He scattered chaff.

Now that within  
His spirit sleeps  
A harvest thin  
The sickle reaps;

But the dumb fields  
Desire his tread,  
And no earth yields  
A wheat more red.

## THE BEST SCHOOL OF ALL

It's good to see the School we knew,  
The land of youth and dream,  
To greet again the rule we knew  
Before we took the stream:  
Though long we've missed the sight of her,  
Our hearts may not forget;  
We've lost the old delight of her,  
We keep her honor yet.

*We'll honor yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all:  
We'll honor yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.  
For, working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.*

The stars and sounding vanities  
That half the crowd bewitch,  
What are they but inanities  
To him that treads the pitch?  
And where's the wealth, I'm wondering,  
Could buy the cheers that roll  
When the last charge goes thundering  
Beneath the twilight goal?

The men that tanned the hide of us,  
Our daily foes and friends,  
They shall not lose their pride of us  
Howe'er the journey ends.  
Their voice, to us who sing of it,  
No more its message bears,  
But the round world shall ring of it  
And all we are be theirs.

To speak of Fame a venture is,  
There's little here can bide,  
But we may face the centuries,  
And dare the deepening tide:

For though the dust that's part of us  
To dust again be gone,  
Yet here shall beat the heart of us—  
The School we handed on!

*We'll honor yet the School we knew,  
The best School of all:  
We'll honor yet the rule we knew,  
Till the last bell call.  
For, working days or holidays,  
And glad or melancholy days,  
They were great days and jolly days  
At the best School of all.*

## THE BRIGHT "MEDUSA"

1807

SHE'S the daughter of the breeze,  
She's the darling of the seas,  
And we call her, if you please, the  
bright *Medu—sa*;  
From beneath her bosom bare  
To the snakes among her hair  
She's a flash o' golden light, the bright  
*Medu—sa*.

When the ensign dips above  
And the guns are all for love,  
She's as gentle as a dove, the bright  
*Medu—sa*;  
But when the shot's in rack  
And her forestay flies the Jack,  
He's a merry man would slight the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

When she got the word to go  
Up to Monte Video,

There she found the river low, the bright  
*Medu—sa*;

So she tumbled out her guns  
And a hundred of her sons,

And she taught the Dons to fight the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

When the foeman can be found  
With the pluck to cross her ground,

First she walks him round and round,  
the bright *Medu—sa*;

Then she rakes him fore and aft  
Till he's just a jolly raft,

And she grabs him like a kite, the bright  
*Medu—sa*.

She's the daughter of the breeze,  
She's the darling of the seas,

And you'll call her, if you please, the  
bright *Medu—sa*;



For till England's sun be set—

And it's not for setting yet—

She shall bear her name by right, the  
bright *Medu—sa*.

## NORTHUMBERLAND

“The Old and Bold.”

WHEN England sets her banner forth  
And bids her armor shine,  
She'll not forget the famous North,  
The lads of moor and Tyne;  
And when the loving-cup's in hand  
And Honor leads the cry,  
They know not old Northumberland  
Who'll pass her memory by.

When Nelson sailed for Trafalgar  
With all his country's best,  
He held them dear as brothers are,  
But one beyond the rest.  
For when the fleet with heroes manned  
To clear the decks began,  
The boast of old Northumberland  
He sent to lead the van.

Himself by *Victory's* bulwark stood  
And cheered to see the sight;  
“That noble fellow Collingwood,  
How bold he goes to fight!”  
Love, that the league of Ocean spanned,  
Heard him as face to face;  
“What would he give, Northumberland,  
To share our pride of place?”

The flag that goes the world around  
And flaps on every breeze  
Has never gladdened fairer ground  
Or kinder hearts than these.  
So when the loving-cup's in hand  
And Honor leads the cry,  
They know not old Northumberland  
Who'll pass her memory by.

## MASTER AND MAN

Do ye ken hoo to fush for the salmon?

If ye'll listen I'll tell ye.

Dinna trust to the books and their gammon,

They're but tryin' to sell ye.

Leave professors to read their ain cackle

And fush their ain style;

Come awa', sir, we'll oot wi' oor tackle

And be busy the while.

'Tis a wee bit ower bright, ye were thinkin'?

Aw, ye'll no be the loser;

'Tis better ten baskin' and blinkin'

Than ane that's a cruiser.

If ye're bent, as I tak it, on slatter,

Ye should pray for the droot,

For the salmon's her ain when there's watter,

But she's oors when it's oot.

Ye may just put your flee-book behind ye,  
Ane hook wull be plenty;  
If they'll no come for this, my man, mind ye,  
They'll no come for twenty.  
Ay, a rod; but the shorter the stranger  
And the nearer to strike;  
For myself I prefare it nae langer  
Than a yard or the like.

Noo, ye'll stand awa' back while I'm creepin'  
Wi' my snoot i' the gowans;  
There's a bonny twalve-poonder a-sleepin'  
I' the shade o' yon rowans.  
Man, man! I was fearin' I'd stirred her,  
But I've got her the noo!  
Hoot! fushin's as easy as murrder  
When ye ken what to do.

Na, na, sir, I doot na ye're willin',  
But I canna permit ye;  
For I'm thinkin' that yon kind o' killin'  
Wad hardly befit ye.

And some work is deefficult hushin',

There'd be havers and chaff:

'Twill be best, sir, for you to be fushin'

And me wi' the gaff.





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