

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!

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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!