"The way is long, my Dearie." I said,
"that I must fare,
"tis a dusty road and weary, with no comfort anywhere"
But you answered, speaking softly, and your smile was sweet to see:
"if it's good enough for you, it is good enough for me"
You heard the cannon roaring, at beleaguered Salonique,
You watched the hell birds soaring, and heard the missiles shriek.
You came along when submarines were lurking 'neath the sea--
"If it's safe enough for you, it is safe enough for me!"

You're the proud heroic daughter of an old heroic race,
And you stayed through fire and slaughter in a pestilential place

And at Smyrna, martyred Smyrna, when the hideous Turk came down,
to give courage to your sisters, you refused to quit town.
Oh, the way was hard, my Dearie, that I was forced to go,
But if ever you were weary, why, you didn't let me know.
You're a gentle little lady, very sweet and very true,
But you're clean grit to the narrow, and by
God, you stuck it through!

Poems on an Exile by George Horton 1931
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