

To My Wife

"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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