

THE KHAN'S CANTICLES

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The Khan's canticles by R. K. Kernighan

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R. K. KERNIGHAN

**THE KHAN'S
CANTICLES**



yours truly
The Khan

THE ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀
KHAN'S ❀ ❀
CANTICLES
By R. K. ❀ ❀
KERNIGHAN

HAMILTON
SPECTATOR PRINTING COMPANY
1896

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety-six, by Robert Kirkland Kernighan (Rushdale Farm, Beverly, Wentworth County, Ontario), in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

Laura Harper
34 Leroy
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I have been a Bohemian for twenty years, and during that time I have found but one friend whom I could trust as far as I could throw a bull by the tail. To that one—to thee, my Mother, I dedicate this book.

*I heard the sudden Binder roar:
I heard the Reaper shout;
God flung me on His threshing floor—
His oxen trod me out!*

*And here I lie, all bruised and brown—
Beneath the trampling feet—
The Ragweed and the Thistle-down:
The Cockle and the Wheat!*

Rushdale Farm, Nov. 10, 1896.



THE PUBLISHERS' EXCUSE

FOR many years the Khan has been scattering poetic gems over Canada through the ephemeral medium of the daily newspaper. Some of these poems have made the Khan famous—known from Vancouver to Halifax as Canada's best-gifted poetic genius; many of them were gems which deserve a much more permanent setting than the columns of a daily journal, and all of them were good: all betrayed the fact that their author was a poet, having the faculty of reaching the hearts of his readers, now with some homely tale of rural life; now with a more pretentious descriptive poem, bold in conception, original in its make-up, and powerful in effect; again with a martial blast of patriotism that sets the young Canadian's blood dancing through the veins, and fills his head with love for his country and admiration for his country's minstrel; and again with some little touch of human nature which softens the eye, develops a long-drawn sigh, and tames the human animal until he is, for the time, fit associate for beings of a higher order.

The publication of this volume of the Khan's poems having been decided upon, Mr. Kernighan conferred the honor of being his publishers upon the *Hamilton Spectator*, saying that, inasmuch as it was as a reporter on the staff of the *Spectator*, twenty years ago, that he wrote the first lines which had the honor of being printed, it is meet that the *Spectator* establishment should bring out his first book. And, dear reader, here it is.

