

**PRO PATRIA:
VERSES
CHIEFLY PATRIOTIC**

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Pro Patria: Verses Chiefly Patriotic by Clinton Scollard

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CLINTON SCOLLARD

**PRO PATRIA:
VERSES
CHIEFLY PATRIOTIC**

PRO PATRIA

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Verses Chiefly Patriotic

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*We have known War, and its ensanguined sights,
Pain's pallid harvest, Death's divine release;
Hushed are the guns; sheathed is the sword that smites;
Let us give thanks for Peace!*

*We have known Want—the lean wolf—at the door;
Aye, we have known him at the hearth intrude;
Let us give thanks from shore to utmost shore
That there is plenitude!*

*We have known Sorrow—haply know it still;
Let us give reverent thanks that there is One
Whose strength unailing and whose loving will
We all may lean upon!*

SONG OF THE SHIPS

*The great ships go a-shouldering
Along my line of shore;
The little ships like sea-gulls fly
Under the blue tent of the sky,
And some will lie a-mouldering,
Where phosphor lights are smouldering,
And sail no more, no more !*

Spruce and trig
Is yon bounding brig ;—
 “Whither away, my master !”
“O just for a bit of a jaunty trip,
From the lazy ooze of Salem slip
To where the long tides roar and rip
Round the coral keys
Of the outer seas,
 And the combers cry ‘disaster !’
Out and up with the topsail there !
There’s plenty of God’s free briny air
 To crowd her a little faster !”

Ah, like a lark
Dips yonder bark,—
 Poises and dips and rises!
“Whither away?”
“To the clear blue day,
And the Lost Lagoon
Where the flame of noon
 Is full of rapt surprises,
And the tropic moon
As it swings a-swoon,
 Entangles and entices.”

It's “Champ! champ! champ!”
Goes the wheezy tramp,
 With her funnels low and raky;
“Whither away?” “Well, the good Lord knows
Where we'll land if it up and blows,
For the keel is foul (that's one of our woes,)
 And the screw is mighty shaky;
But we'll weather to port although it be
Under the gray-green roof of the sea,
And we'll warp to the pier
With a rouse of cheer
 Though queer be the pier and quaky.”