

**THE SHIP-MAKERS
AND OTHER VERSES**

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The ship-makers and other verses by Janetta I.W. Murray

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JANETTA I.W. MURRAY

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BY

JANETTA I. W. MURRAY

...

LONDON AND GLASGOW
GOWANS AND GRAY, LIMITED

1922

TO
THE MEMORY
OF
MY FATHER
WILLIAM ARBUCKLE MACKIE
SHIPBUILDER
GOVAN

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TO AN APRIL INDIAN

My Indian warrior, it is spring;
I look, and look, and long for you.
The roofs are wet with sweet, spring rain,
The crocus-beds are purple-blue.

The bowling-green looks very fresh,
All newly washed by strong, March showers.
Its border sends forth slender shoots
Of promise for the coming hours.

But, O Great Chief, I cannot feel
That radiant spring is here for me,
Till round the green I watch you come
In all your warlike panoply.

Till up our terrace trim you steal
Amid your shadowy host of braves,
Spring is not here, though every bird
Be trilling o'er its mating staves.

I live but to renew those thrills
With which last spring I used to see
You track the unhappy Pale-face down,
Splendid in native savagery.

Could I but see your feathered crest,
Your pasteboard shield, and leaf-tipped spear
In ambush lurk behind a lamp,
I would believe that spring is here.

When to attack the tall stockade
I watch you crawl along the lane,

While our policeman saunters past,
I'll know that spring has come again.

Buffalo-tongues, and pemmican,
A wigwam, and birch-bark canoe,
Wampum, and scalps, and tomahawks,
To tempt you forth I offer you.

The calumet we too will smoke,
And hold a pow-wow at our ease,
Or mount upon our swift mustangs,
Or hunt the moose among the trees.

To be your medicine-man I'd love,
And tell the tribe as years go by
Of how Olelbis first did build
The sacred Wigwam in the sky.

I'll dance with you the wild war-dance ;
There shall not be a fiercer brave ;
And stores of fragrant basketry
And splendid bead-work you shall have.

While I am your devoted squaw,
Fine shall your acorn-flour be ground ;
And I shall sing old plaintive songs,
And work your buckskins round and round.

With strange designs in quills and beads,
With graceful fringe I'll make them gay,
While my papoose in cradle quaint
Swings from his oak-bough all the day.

Where blue clouds from the camp-fires rise,
We'll wake and sleep pure poetry,