FOR THE KING: AND OTHER POEMS

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For the King: And Other Poems by Robert Cameron Rogers

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ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

FOR THE KING: AND OTHER POEMS



FOR THE KING

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS

Author of "The Wind in the Clearing,"
"Will o' the Wasp," etc.



UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

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FOR THE KING.

" Chief among the captains was Adino the Exnite—he lifted up his Spear against eight hundred, whom He slew at one time, . . . And after him was Eleazar . . and After him was Shammah. And David was in an Hold, and the garrison of the Philistines Was in Bethlehem. And David longed And said: 'Oh that one would give me drink Of the water of the well of Bethlehem, which is By the gate!' And the three mighty men brake through The host of the Philistines and drew water out of the Well of Bethlehem and took it and brought it to David. Nevertheless he would not drink thereof, but poured it Out to the Lord. And he said: 'Be it far from me, O Lord.

That I should do this: is not this the blood of the men
That went in jeopardy of their lives 1"
2 Samuel xxvv.

75 . * E20

FOR THE KING.

1

Down the steps in the stone that rang
To the smite of our feet—
Through the corridors cleft in the rock,
Past the guard on his beat,
Under archways rude fashioned and low
That echoed and sang
To the jar of our shields—so we tan;
And the sharp brassy clang
Of swords clinking loud on our mail
In dim passageways, told
There was something afoot for strong men,
To the men in the hold.

II.

Up they sprang from their sleep, catching down each
His bow from the wall,
As we ran with the glint of a rising moon's glance

On our shields:

Like a man in a trance stood the guard at the gate And let fall

His half-leveled spear in a sudden dismay From our path.

We were past him, away in the moonlight,

And threading the fields

Ere he gathered himself, ere we heard him shout a

Ere he gathered himself, ere we heard him shout after In wrath.

So we ran, all abreast, breathing quick,
With one purpose in mind—
A draught of cold water to fetch
From the fountain that springs
In the steep street of Bethlehem,
Hard by the gate of the town,
For David our master, the Lion of Judah,

Was assured by the word of the seer From the King of all Kings.

Whose crown

ш.

It was dark in the valley; the opposite mountains Up-flung