LONESOME BAR: A ROMANCE OF THE LOST AND OTHER POEMS

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Lonesome bar: a romance of the lost and other poems by Tom MacInnes

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TOM MACINNES

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A ROMANCE OF THE LOST

AND OTHER POEMS

By TOM McINNES

SECOND EDITION



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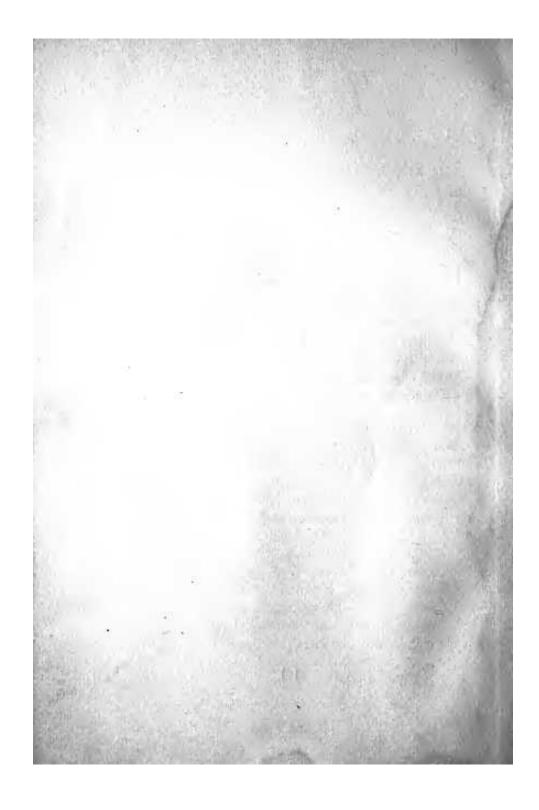
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AN INKLING

THRO' my uncertain heart a moody tide
Of mere emotion evermore doth steal,
Fleckt with shining passions that appeal
For solace that is evermore denied.
But as the waters that elusive glide
Thro' lonely forests doubtful yet reveal
Some Ocean faith—so unafraid I feel
To test with Death this heart unsatisfied.

And from that tide thro' late haphazard years
I've gather'd crystall'd words sometimes—like these:
Things marvell'd out from many memories;—
Uncanny songs, wherein withal one hears
Some overtone of happier melodies,
Or rhythm falling from enchanted spheres.



I.

UP from a sea that was Celtic,
On a midsummer night of old,
A fairy rose in the moonlight
Where the swooning waters roll'd
To a crag that was crown'd with a castle,
Irregular, round and high—
The castle bold, embattled,
Of days gone by.

II.

And a piper paced the ramparts
In his own clan-tartan clad,
With the ancient arms accourred
That his father's father had;
And the pipes that he play'd were chanting
Of valor and Highland pride—
To the tune of them kings had conquer'd,
And heroes died.

III.

Tho' only a lad come twenty,

He could hold with any man,

And well was he taught in the music,

And well could he lead his clan;

And the gallant air he was playing

He play'd as never before—

Then he ceased and drew from its scabbard

His bright claymore.