

PRIVATE NORTH

HUNCHED in his greatcoat, there he stands,
Sullen of face and hard of hands;
Ready to fight, unready to drill,
Willing to suffer and ready to kill.

What does he offer to you, O King!
Himself: a humble and uncouth thing.
What does he offer you, fit to take?
A life to spend; a body to break.

His mouth is sullen; his ways are rough;
But his untamed heart is true enough.

I've seen his home, low-set and grey
In black woods thousands of miles away,
Where he lived from the loud, mad world removed,
Masterless, gentle and gladly loved.

Hunched in his greatcoat, here he stands,
Offering all with heart and hands.

He offers his life to your needs, O King!
A fearless, humble and steadfast thing;
And with it, for chance to spare or take,
A woman's spirit to wring and break.