

WAP

I can hear the horn of Uri
Roaring in the hills enorm ;
Kindled at its brazen fury,
I can see the clansmen form ;
In the dawn in misty masses,
Pouring from the silent passes
Over Granson or Morgarten
Like the storm.

On the lurid anvil ringing
To some slow fantastic plan,
I can hear the sword-smith singing
In the heart of old Japan—
Till the cunning blade grows tragic
With his malice and his magic—
Tenka tairan ! Tenka tairan !
War to man !

Where a northern river charges
By a wild and moonlit glade,
From the murky forest margins,
Round a broken palisade,
I can see the red men leaping,
See the sword of Daulac sweeping,
And the ghostly forms of heroes
Fall and fade.