

The PORT
of
MISSING
MEN



MEREDITH NICHOLSON

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CLARENCE J. UNDERWOOD

Shirley Claiborne

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

MEREDITH NICHOLSON

The House of the Candles
The House of the
The House of the

With Illustrations by

CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

When the bell tolls for all his armour,
When the bells toll for all they heard
When the bells toll for all he said,
When the bells toll for all we shall lose of some
When the bells toll for all we shall lose of some
When the bells toll for all we shall lose of some

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Clarence F. Underwood
1912

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

By
MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Author of
The House of a Thousand Candles
The Main Chance
Zelda Dameron
etc.

With Illustrations by
CLARENCE F. UNDERWOOD

Then Sir Pellinore put off his armour;
then a little afore midnight they heard
the trotting of an horse. Be ye still, said
King Pellinore, for we shall hear of some
adventure.—*Malory.*

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To the Memory of
Herman Kountze

THE SHINING ROAD

*Come, sweetheart, let us ride away beyond the city's
bound,*

*'And seek what pleasant lands across the distant hills
are found.*

*There is a golden light that shines beyond the verge of
dawn,*

*And there are happy highways leading on and al-
ways on;*

*So, sweetheart, let us mount and ride, with never a back-
ward glance,*

To find the pleasant shelter of the Valley of Romance.

*Before us, down the golden road, floats dust from charg-
ing steeds,*

*Where two adventurous companies clash loud in mighty
deeds;*

*'And from the tower that stands alert like some tall,
beckoning pine,*

*E'en now, my heart, I see afar the lights of welcome
shine!*

*So loose the rein and cheer the steed and let us race
away*

To seek the lands that lie beyond the Borders of To-day.

*Draw rein and rest a moment here in this cool vale of
peace;*

*The race half-run, the goal half-won, half won the sure
release!*

*To right and left are flowery fields, and brooks go sing-
ing down*

*To mock the sober folk who still are prisoned in the
town.*

*Now to the trail again, dear heart; my arm and blade
are true,*

*'And on some plain ere night descend I'll break a lance
for you!*

*O sweetheart, it is good to find the pathway shining
clear!*

*The road is broad, the hope is sure, and you are near
and dear!*

*So loose the rein and cheer the steed and let us race
away*

*To seek the lands that lie beyond the Borders of To-day.
Oh, we shall hear at last, my heart, a cheering welcome
cried*

*'As o'er a clattering drawbridge through the Gate of
Dreams we ride!*

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