

## The Vagabonds

We are the vagabonds of time,  
And rove the yellow autumn days,  
When all the roads are gray with rime  
And all the valleys blue with haze.  
We came unlooked for as the wind  
Trooping across the April hills,  
When the brown waking earth had dreams  
Of summer in the Wander Kills.  
How far afield we joyed to fare,  
With June in every blade and tree!  
Now with the sea-wind in our hair  
We turn our faces to the sea.

We go unheeded as the stream  
That wanders by the hill-wood side,  
Till the great marshes take his hand  
And lead him to the roving tide.

The roving tide, the sleeping hills,  
These are the borders of that zone  
Where they may fare as fancy wills  
Whom wisdom smiles and calls her own.

It is a country of the sun,  
Full of forgotten yesterdays,  
When Time takes Summer in his care,  
And fills the distance of her gaze.

It stretches from the open sea  
To the blue mountains and beyond;  
The world is Vagabondia  
To him who is a vagabond.

In the beginning God made man  
Out of the wandering dust, men say;  
And in the end his life shall be  
A wandering wind and blown away.

We are the vagabonds of time,  
Willing to let the world go by,  
With joy supreme, with heart sublime,  
And valor in the kindling eye.

We have forgotten where we slept,  
And guess not where we sleep to-night,  
Whether among the lonely hills  
In the pale streamers' ghostly light

We shall lie down and hear the frost  
Walk in the dead leaves restlessly,  
Or somewhere on the iron coast  
Learn the oblivion of the sea.

It matters not. And yet I dream  
Of dreams fulfilled and rest somewhere  
Before this restless heart is stilled  
And all its fancies blown to air.

Had I my will! . . . The sun burns down  
And something plucks my garment's hem:  
The robins in their faded brown  
Would lure me to the south with them.

'Tis time for vagabonds to make  
The nearest inn. Far on I hear  
The voices of the Northern hills  
Gather the vagrants of the year.

Brave heart, my soul! Let longings be!  
We have another day to wend.  
For dark or waylay what care we  
Who have the lords of time to friend?

And if we tarry or make haste,  
The wayside sleep can hold no fear.  
Shall fate unpoise, or whim perturb,  
The calm-begirt in dawn austere?

There is a tavern, I have heard,  
Not far, and frugal, kept by One  
Who knows the children of the Word,  
And welcomes each when day is done.

Some say the house is lonely set  
In Northern night, and snowdrifts keep  
The silent door; the hearth is cold,  
And all my fellows gone to sleep....

Had I my will! I hear the sea  
Thunder a welcome on the shore;  
I know where lies the hostelry  
And who should open me the door.

### About the Author

Bliss Carman (1861 - 1929) Born April 15, 1861 in Fredericton, New Brunswick. Son of William Carman and Sophia Mary Bliss (Sophia Mary Bliss was a descendent of Daniel Bliss of Concord, Massachusetts, the great-grandfather of Ralph Waldo Emerson; and was the aunt of...

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