

To the Road

Cool is the wind, for the summer is waning,

Who's for the road?

Sun-flecked and soft, where the dead leaves are raining,

Who's for the road?

Knapsack and alpenstock press hand and shoulder,

Prick of the brier and roll of the boulder;

This be your lot till the season grow older;

Who's for the road?

Up and away in the hush of the morning,

Who's for the road?

Vagabond he, all conventions a-scorning,

Who's for the road?

Music of warblers so merrily singing,

Draughts from the rill from the roadside up-springing,

Nectar of grapes from the vines lowly swinging,

These on the road.

Now every house is a hut or a hovel,

Come to the road:

Mankind and moles in the dark love to grovel,

But to the road.

Throw off the loads that are bending you double;

Love is for life, only labor is trouble;

Truce to the town, whose best gift is a bubble:

Come to the road!