TWO FISHERS

We are the music-makers And we are the dreamers of dreams, Wandering by lone sea-breakers And sitting by desolate streams.

ARTHUR W. E. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

TWO FISHERS and Other Poems

BY

HERBERT E. PALMER

LONDON ELKIN MATHEWS, CORK STREET 1918

Dedicated TO THREE FRIENDS

CAPTAIN L. W. CHARLEY H. T. P. AND PROFESSOR L. O'B.

TWO FISHERS

When the War is over, Charley, We'll go fishing once again. You'll be a new man, Charley, When you walk with fishermen. For we'll seek a leaping river I know far among the fells; You'll forget the War there, Charley, Where the springing water wells.

It's God's own land for the nimble trout, And ferns and waving flowers, The bracken and the bilberry, And the ash the coral dowers. There are rolling leagues of heather, Lone hills where the plovers call. Oh, we'll climb those hills together Ere the last dews fall!

And we'll talk to the wild creatures In the crannies of the moors; Oh, our hearts will mount to Heaven When the merry lark soars! All our days will shine with gladness, All our nights with calm repose. And we'll throw a fly together Where the rushing stream flows.

Nature has been to me lately As a fair and radiant bride, She has drawn me with strange gentleness To the hollow of her side. She has gone forth like a warrior With pricking glaive and spear, And Grief has quailed in his ambush When her flashing arms drew near.

I never loved sweet England Till she kissed me in the West, The sun upon her shining brows And the purple on her breast, Breathing songs of low compassion To my spirit as it cried, When I mourned that
sinning country Which had thrust me from her side.

All the wooded hills of the Eifel, All the vine-bergs of the Rhine, All the glimmering strands of the Baltic, All the Brocken black with pine, Hold no tenderness of Beauty, (Beauty in the spirit dwells,) Such as smiles from one sweet valley Darkling ’mid the Western fells.

* * * * *

Do you remember, old fellow, When we fished near Altenahr, Where the red wine was flowing And the bowl flashed a star? Do you remember the big schutzmann, With his sword by his side, Who guessed that you were poaching, And scared you off to hide?

Oh, if he'd only known, Charley, When you sought the bridge's cover That you'd join the British Army And go killing of his brother, He'd have searched bank and vineyard For a poacher of such worth, And put you in a prison cell To cool your summer's mirth.

And do you remember the old inn With the blue saint above the door,[1]-- Simon Peter, who looked longingly Upon our speckled store?-- He who loves all careless fishers Of the river and the sea, And prays that God shall save them With his mates of Galilee.

And what a wild night we had When we rode home again! For the students were all dancing And singing in the train; And a tall man twanged a banjo Till he fairly gave us fits; And a porter ran up swearing, And the banjo flew to bits.

We were all drunk as blazes, Full of wine to burst. But, by the sober lads of England, Those Germans were the worst. They were singing and dancing, And shouting with delight; And the carriage rocked with laughter As we rushed into the night.

They are all dead now, Charley; They were merry fellows then. They are dust and scattered ashes Washed by the rain. They are crying in the darkness Where a grayer planet spins. But the Lord is kind to fishers And has spared us in our sins.

Oh, the Lord is kind to fishers Of the river and the sea For the sake of Simon Peter And the lads of Galilee! For the sake of Simon Peter, Who so gladly would us shrive, We are walking in the sunlight, We are breathing and alive.

And when the War is over We'll fish awhile together, We'll climb the Western mountains, And walk the Western heather, And the curlew and the wild grouse Will wake the vales with crying, And their soft rushing pinions Will tremble by us, sighing.

All the dead shepherds Will hear them in their rest. But you mustn't heed dead shepherds When you're fishing in the West; You mustn't heed the lonely men Who neither sing nor dance, There'll be always ghosts there, Charley, When the wind beats up from France.
It's the holy peace and quiet
Breathing from the Western skies
Which bring the stricken soul its rest
And still the heart's wild cries.
If I hadn't turned for healing
Where the moor to Heaven swells,
I'd have been a dead man, listening
To the mourning of the bells.

If God hadn't sent me healing
Where the mountain bares her breast,
I'd have gone wild and crazy
With the things that I'm oppressed.
All my mad, merry comrades
Of drink, and fight, and lust,
Are trodden into bloody clay
And blowing with the dust.

Some marched away with Hindenburg,
And some with General Kluck,
One under Austria's banners
With the devil's cards for luck.
All my dreams went with them,
All the dreams my land denied;
But they're smoke and drifting wreckage now
On the War's wild tide.

It was years since I left England,--
Almost singing to depart,--
She had cast a net about me,
And thrust a dagger in my heart.
But another country smiled to me
And made me quiet nooks,
Where men crushed for me the grapes of joy,
And talked to me of books.

She was a kind land to me once, Charley,
I had real joy in her once;
Her folk loved Shakespeare and Byron,
Shunned no dreamer for a dunce.
They sang old folk songs, noble opera;
Read Anglo-Saxon, old quaint sweets;
And there were no starved souls in her temples,
And no begging men in her streets.

But a hand ever cut my Heaven
With the sharpness of a sword,
There was the very riot of gladness,
Reckless squander of Joy's hoard;
Lechery and sad Corruption
Danced in clinging robes of Light;
Beauty smiled in the arms of Terror
And diced with the minions of Night.

And you sprang to England's banner, comrade,
With glad praises on your lips,
To the song of her sabres ringing
And the thunder of her ships.
But a sword broods in the darkness
Whose sweep is the wind's sway,
And the dumb white ships of Heaven
Bear dimly Earth's glory away.

The still white ships of Heaven
Steal out beneath the stars;
And the grieving, sorrowing sailors
Are the dead men of the wars.
They reck not of the chilly seas
That wildly round them churn.
And the dusk scatters before the prows,
And the leaping waters burn.

The pirate fleets of Heaven
Sweep forth into the night,
Laden with spoils of the living,
Their jewels of delight,
Their topazes and rubies,
The bawds that gave them pleasure;
And the sad thieves reef the swelling sails,
And steal from Earth her treasure.

And the night hangs heavy on you, comrade,
And the bitter War goes on.
You are parched for Heaven's starlight
And her soft, refreshing sun.
Joy runs with a passion of swiftness
On the gray feet of the wind.
The doors of darkness tremble; Then swing back blind.

But you'll be a new man, one day,
Where the west wind thrills.
You'll walk with your olden vigour
Where Heaven clasps the great lone hills.
And the evening sun will squander
Soft lustre of red wine,
And we'll drink the ripest vintage
Where the sun and stars shine.
For the Lord is kind to fishers Of the river and the sea, For the sake of Simon Peter And the lads of Galilee; For the sake of Simon Peter, Who so lightly would us shrive, We will drink the wine of Heaven And give praise we are alive.

All our days will shine with gladness, All our nights with rich repose; Laughter will breathe from our spirits Like the sweet scent from the rose. And Joy in glittering armour Will go forth as with a sword, When we climb the fells together To the glory of the Lord.

Sweet sounds will rise from the moorland, And bird and bee awake. Beauty will break and blossom For each stricken soldier's sake. Oh, your heart will leap with joy, Charley, And your spirit know rest, When we fish a little river I've heard singing in the West!


ALTENAHR, 1915

Above the crooked roofs the clouds go sailing; And near the stream, where once I fished for grayling, The crusty oberkelner stands and scolds.

My rod still hangs upon three nails a-row, Just where I placed it, if they've left it so, I'd like to take one little peep and know.

And every time the landlord looks that way He thinks of me; and will for many a day. I helped to break up Germany, he'll say.

The little fishes flick their tails, and rise; They fear no English feathers in their flies. And I am back in Yorkshire, growing wise.

THE SOLDIERS

As the soldiers march along All the air is filled with song. As the soldiers charge with cheers All the air is drenched with tears. And when they take their ease at night The cypress-trees are clothed in white.

GREIFSWALD, 1909

I was sick with pain, once, Sick with pain. And an old witch drew to my side And healed me again.

She was withered, and wretched, and gray, Deep stabbed with years. And the skin of her face was scarred With hate and tears.

She had lived fierce days in that town The sea-winds flog. Hourly the neighbours jibed, Cast stones at a dog.
They had slandered her, tricked her; robbed her Of honour and purse. But her wrongs slept deep in her heart For the fiends to nurse.

One went blind; another stark mad,—He's dead. Fruit of the curse she flung. "Old witch," they said.

Life ran high there; men nourished their hates And slashed with swords. Harsh skies swerved to the rim of the bay,—Sweden seawards.

And I lay in her bare, clean room At the stairway's end. And the fierce pain clutched me and held me; And nought would fend.

"O mother," I cried—and she leaned to me--"Give me your hand's touch. They have broken me too, and flung me This same blind crutch."

And she placed her hand in my hand; And her touch thrilled me. And the blood ran warm in my veins; And her dead life healed me.

She was wasted, arid as one Whom no sun cheers. But her dead life flowered that day Down sixty years.

THE PUPIL: RHINELAND

"Mister, I do not like the task. 'Tis dull to-day, you're tired, too. But, Mister, I've a thing to ask;--Am I not beautiful? Speak true."

Now, God save all poor tutor-men From Innocence so rapt and sly, And send the plainest student-girls To one so passion-starved as I.

She sat within my student's room In the twilight hour when the shadows stir; Red lights of sunset swirled the gloom And rested, glimmering, on her hair.

Coil upon coil it wreathed her crown In a crushing aureole of flame. And her brows of alabaster shone As pure as Mary's of Bethlehem.

Her eyes,—I never knew their hue--Drowsed, smouldering, in the burning dusk. And somewhere out of the earth's view A planet sang, and the air breathed musk.

THE BUSHRANGERS

As I was walking down Oxford Street Ten fierce soldiers I chanced to meet, They wore big slouch hats with khaki sashes, And talked like the angry guns, in flashes.
And my friend said to me, "They come from Australia; Villainous fellows for War's regalia. John Briton keeps a tobacconist's shed And twice they have held a gun at his head."

Well, I would have given all I had To have gone with the bunch of them, good or bad, To have heard the wickedest say, "Old fellow!" And staunched his wounds where the black guns bellow. I'd have thought it a merry thing to die With such stalwart comrades standing by.

One of them had round eyes like coals-- True parson's quarry when he hunts souls. The brawniest made my heart turn queer; The devil in hell would have shunned his leer. And the tallest and thinnest bore visible traces Of his banished grandsire's vanished graces.

But all the lot of that swaggering ten Were terrible, fine, strong soldier-men; And I fairly sobbed at the four cross ways As my triumphing soul sang England's praise.

O! all the Germans in Berlin town Couldn't put those ten Australians down.

THE NEW BEGINNING

They had fought the last desperate battle. They had deluged the earth with their rage And the crimson flood mounted to Heaven, And drew up each soul from its grave.

And sent them foeman with foeman To shatter the quiet of the skies. And lo! they commingled together With the hope of God in their eyes.

And in faith they went peacefully singing, And waking dead stars to new birth, Till Earth knew Heaven as her lover, And Heaven leaned down gracious to Earth,

And tendered her blossoms of healing, And rained on her kindness of tears, And gave back in trust to her lover The bloom of the sacrificed years.

A GAME OF CHESS

We ranged the chessmen on the chequered deal. And then I said, "To make the game more real We'll play the Great War. I'll be Germany; For you, I guess, the Goth would never be."

And thus it came that I chose black--he, white. He on Truth's side; I clothed myself with night. And, crying for a sign unto the Lord, We cramped all Europe in a foot-square board.

We were two Causes--I, who did detest That Wrong should triumph, though it were in jest, Played with soul-sinews cracking, played with zest; And, every heart-cell beating battle's drum, I struck with Queen and pawns for Belgium.
I've never played as on that fateful night, I fairly lost my temper in the fight, Queens left their thrones; pawns, castles strewed the table, There never were two causes so unstable.

And then when he'd six pieces, and I eight, Half of them pawns, he pulled the noose of fate; And with a knight, a castle—unawares,— A bishop in a corner breathing prayers, He caught me tripping. "Checkmate! Smashed!" he said, And like a beaten Hun I stole to bed.

SNOW

My heart delights in poet's minstrelsie, In pictures ranged down some long gallerie, In mandolins and all sweet melodie.

And yet, when I go walking through the woods On frosty days, and watch the falling snow, I would renounce all Culture's radiant moods To live in ice-lands with the Eskimo.

How purely gleams the mantle of the snow! How softly sing the myriad silver tongues Of whirling flakes that wrought Earth's overthrow!

With the keen air I fill my tired lungs, And shout for joy and dance for very mirth Because all Heaven has fallen down to Earth. And in this mood I'd save my soul, and so Through pure clean ways right into Heaven go.

AIR RAID

I wonder if they'll come to-night! The round moon rolls in silvery light, No sound throbs on the windless air.

For, though I tremble to confess, I never feel more cheerfulness Than when the German raiders fly Like bees across the cloudless sky. And neither pity, pain, nor terror Will ever wean me from my error.

For oh, to hear the mad guns go, And watch the starry night aglow With radiance of crackling fires And the white searchlight's quivering spires! For sure, such splendour doth assuage The very cannon of its rage!

My neighbour plays a violin, Shredding sweet silver down the din And songs for fears to dwindle in.

But the houses shake; and the dogs wake. They growl, they bark for warrior joy, And seek the airmen to annoy.

Up go their tails into the air, They gnash their teeth, and their eyes glare. But on those cruel raiders sail, Regardless of each quivering tail.
And one gun has a booming note, Another has a cold in throat; And some are mellow, and some hoarse, And some sound sobbing with remorse; Quite four or five ring musical, And others very keen to kill.

You'd say that twenty champagne corks Were popping in the London walks. You'd say that drunken men in scores Were smashing glass and slamming doors. You'd say a twanging banjo string Had snapped in twain with hammering. You'd say that wild orchestral fellows Were banging God's Throne with their cellos. A wail, a crash, like steel trays falling, And a wind upon the Common--calling.

And over us a sound of humming --Of hornets or bad bees a-bumming! A devilish, strident, hoarse, discordant Whirring of dark fliers mordant. My soul stands still and sweats with fear.

But the Heavenly stars, all shimmering, Dance in a giddy whirl and sing. And other stars, of the Earth, shake sheer From the mouths of the black guns thundering.

'Tis like some ruining harmony I heard in Berlin on the Spree The day they played the Valkyrie.

Kind Heaven will comfort my wracked wits Before I'm blown to little bits.

SICKNESS IN WINTER

Once as I on sick-bed lay I woke crying for my mother. But she was eight hundred miles away, Leagues and leagues of sea between, And the land all frozen hard and gray.

She was so very old, I ween She could not have moved a mile that day; For the land was frozen stiff and gray, And the menacing seas rolled all between.

NATURE IN WAR-TIME

If flowers could speak And leaves and plants knew words, In what strange phrase of chiding would they seek To tell their anger at this clash of swords!

The blossom that was made for joy and praise, High bending grasses, and the trees so tall Tremble for terror in the forest ways. I see them shake and shake, as live men fall.

Shrapnel crushes them in its fierce caress; The black guns chant a paean of their skill. But little recks the world in its distress The sorrow that is silent on the hill.

COURAGE

I

I'd once a friend--what joy to say!-- Who when he took a holiday Would climb the towering Dolomites And strive with Fear upon the heights; Tied to a rope, down dangling sheer, He'd talk to God through
clouds of Fear.

O give me friends like that, I say, And such a gallant holiday.

II

I'd another friend, in another pale, Who spent a holiday in jail. He fought for what his heart deemed right, And they shut him up in walls of night. Yet merrily his heart did sing Like a mating bird that hails the Spring.

AUNT ZILLAH SPEAKS

I never look upon the sea And hear its waves sighing, But I must hie me home again To still my heart's wild crying. All my years like drowned sailors, All my days that used to be, Seem drifting in the silver spray And mourning by the sea.

But when I take a holiday I go where flowers are growing, Where thrushes sing and skylarks wing And happy streams are flowing; And the great hills clothed with bracken, As far as I would flee, Fling their towering crests to the stars on high To hide me from the sea.

TALKING TO GOD

A fighting man lay down for ease In the shade of two tall forest trees Deep dinted with bullet and shell.

And one tree said to the other, "Is not this worn soldier our brother! And has he not vowed to defend This strip of green glade till the End! Let us thank the kind Father in Heaven For this kinship of man He has given."

The trees talked to God all the night, And they thrilled with a soaring delight.

SACRIFICE

When Jesus was crucified The German roamed in his forests, And the blood of the Frenchman surged in the veins Of the Roman who pierced His side. And we, the British, we were not,-- Though a dream that He cherished. And for each and all Christ died.

PROPHECY

When the cruel War is over The Earth will sing like a lover; And grasses, flowers, and trees Will shake with joy in the breeze. Very old weary men Will know their youth again. And be blithe as England's soldiers when They first sailed o'er the seas.
And Wisdom lately spent Will steal forth from banishment, All betimes in the morning, Like a bride to her adorning, Gay and very wistful, Singing with her heart full, She will hide her forehead's scars With the fairest of Heaven's stars.

And the tongue will leap with the brain, And not clank in a forger's chain, As it has been heretofore With Truth's jailer at the door; As it was on this globe prison Ere the soul of man had risen.

And the dead in the morning dim Will reign as the seraphim. They will fan to flame man's spirit To a whiter purer merit. There will be a new beginning, And some shall cease from sinning.-- When the bitter strife is over, And the Earth is Heaven's lover.

TALKING WATER

Last night I walked in the fern lands And heard the words of the brooks. What need has a weary man's spirit With phrases from books!

The timid fish splashed in the shallows, The sad wind sobbed in the reeds; And I soothed with the whispering water A wound that bleeds.

THE END

A poet lay dead where two red frontiers meet; And many birds fluttered about his feet. He had unfurled his last wild madrigal, And winds had borne it where the dead leaves fall.

The thrush, May's mottled elf, the minstrel, sang More harsh than was his wont. The blackbird rang Strange sobbing woodland bells. The finch so sweet Lay with glazed eye, and raised each shattered wing, And cried in sudden pain, but could not sing. The sparrow twittered, "'Tis dark under the eaves, And sad-eyed Margot sits at home and grieves." The lark said, "God is angry in bright Heaven. I saw Him once,--a great white fluttering bird With beautiful broad wings that oft are heard When the wind beats the blue nave of the skies. I saw Him perching high upon the moon With the most dreadful anguish in His eyes. He flaps His wings, and tries, and wildly tries; But He can sing no longer. It is still in Heaven. It is still in forest and on hill. The green leaves wither, and the world grows chill."

A SINN FEINER

I once had the trustiest comrade-- God grant he thinks kindly of me-- And we always stood shoulder to shoulder When a tossing wind troubled Life's sea. He was like the marsh fire in fair weather; Though in foul, we made merry together.

But his soul was knit to the whirlwind-- The fen mists but shrouded the flame-- And I knew not our friendship's attachment Till the day that the whirlwind came, For I saw our lives broken asunder And watched him away with the thunder.
Men said he consorted with traitors And marshalled the beasts of the sty. But I know that mere mischief makers Don't joyfully go forth to die. And I've lost a friend like a brother, And never I'll know such another.

THE FOREIGN LEGIONARY, 1911

He had just come out of prison, and he stood and scowled apart, The old lust 'neath his ragged coat, and the cold hate in his heart; And he peered to right and left through the cruel sleet and rain, Then dived into the nearest street to rob and steal again.

He lay wounded in the desert where the thirsty sand gleamed red, Arab spearmen thrusting at the dying and the dead; He had left the shrunken ranks to save a comrade in the rear; And he raised himself and cursed them; and went down beneath a spear.

He lies and stares at Heaven through a cloud of crows and kites; While round him prowl the jackals in the lurid tropic nights. And he'll slowly bleach to powder 'neath the sunlight's livid scroll, --The man they chased from Europe whom the world denied a soul.

THE MISSIONARY

_(Freely adapted from a Foreign Tongue)_

You speak of worlds with rainbow prospects vaulted. But not for these the service that I hoard. You know the sweet; but I--the pure, exalted: My soul spreads wings to her exalted Lord.

My sphere of lowly service is more spacious Than earthly masters and their tasks afford; For gentle is my Lord, and very gracious: I serve with willing hands my gracious Lord.

I know dark realms where no glad light is burning, Where Life meets Death, and bows beneath his sword; But yet I fear not; for He is discerning: I lean upon my wise, discerning Lord.

And when I'm stripped of all, requited latest, His kind "Well Done" my guerdon, my reward: Though yours be richer, yet my Lord's the greatest. I follow Him--the mightiest, greatest Lord.

[Some of these poems have already appeared in The English Review, Country Life, T. P.'s Magazine and the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine. I thank the Editors for permission to reproduce them.]

THE RIVERSIDE PRESS LIMITED, EDINBURGH

TRANSCRIBER'S NOTES:

Passages in italics are indicated by _italics_. 
Inconsistencies in spelling and hyphenation have been retained from the original.

It is not always possible to determine if a new stanza begins at the top of a printed page, but every effort has been made by the transcriber to retain stanza breaks where appropriate.

End of the Project Gutenberg EBook of Two Fishers, and Other Poems, by Herbert Edward Palmer

*** END OF THIS PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK TWO FISHERS, AND OTHER POEMS ***

***** This file should be named 35780.txt or 35780.zip ***** This and all associated files of various formats will be found in: http://www.gutenberg.org/3/5/7/8/35780/

Produced by David E. Brown, Bryan Ness and the Online Distributed Proofreading Team at http://www.pgdp.net (This file was produced from images generously made available by The Internet Archive/American Libraries.)

Updated editions will replace the previous one--the old editions will be renamed.

Creating the works from public domain print editions means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG-tm concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for the eBooks, unless you receive specific permission. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the rules is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. They may be modified and printed and given away--you may do practically ANYTHING with public domain eBooks. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.

*** START: FULL LICENSE ***

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG LICENSE PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase "Project Gutenberg"), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg-tm License (available with this file or online at http://gutenberg.org/license).

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property
(trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. "Project Gutenberg" is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation ("the Foundation" or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is in the public domain in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg-tm mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg-tm works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg-tm name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg-tm License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg-tm work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country outside the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg-tm License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg-tm work (any work on which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" appears, or with which the phrase "Project Gutenberg" is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org
1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is derived from the public domain (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase "Project Gutenberg" associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg-tm License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg-tm License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg-tm.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg-tm License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg-tm work in a format other than "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg-tm web site (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original "Plain Vanilla ASCII" or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg-tm License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.

1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg-tm works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works provided that

- You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg-tm works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, "Information about
donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation."

- You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg-tm License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

- You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.

- You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from both the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and Michael Hart, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.

1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread public domain works in creating the Project Gutenberg-tm collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain "Defects," such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the "Right of Replacement or Refund" described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg-tm trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg-tm electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid
for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you 'AS-IS' WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. **INDEMNITY**

- You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg-tm work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg-tm work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg-tm

Project Gutenberg-tm is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need, are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg-tm's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg-tm collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg-tm and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation web page at http://www.pglaf.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation
The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Its 501(c)(3) letter is posted at http://pglaf.org/fundraising. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's principal office is located at 4557 Melan Dr. S. Fairbanks, AK, 99712., but its volunteers and employees are scattered throughout numerous locations. Its business office is located at 809 North 1500 West, Salt Lake City, UT 84116, (801) 596-1887, email business@pglaf.org. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's web site and official page at http://pglaf.org

For additional contact information: Dr. Gregory B. Newby Chief Executive and Director gbnewby@pglaf.org

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg-tm depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit http://pglaf.org

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg Web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: http://pglaf.org/donate

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg-tm electronic works.
Professor Michael S. Hart is the originator of the Project Gutenberg-tm concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For thirty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg-tm eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as Public Domain in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our Web site which has the main PG search facility:

http://www.gutenberg.org

This Web site includes information about Project Gutenberg-tm, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.

Fishers, and Other Poems, by Herbert Edward Palmer

A free ebook from http://manybooks.net/