

## POEMS OF AN EXILE

### *To My Wife*

" **T** HE way is long, my Dearie," I said,  
"that I must fare,  
'Tis a dusty road and weary, with  
no comfort anywhere."

But you answered, speaking softly, and your  
smile was sweet to see:

"If it's good enough for you, it is good enough  
for me."

You heard the cannon roaring, at beleaguered  
Salonique,

You watched the hell birds soaring, and heard  
the missiles shriek.

You came along when submarines were lurking  
'neath the sea

"If it's safe enough for you, it is safe enough  
for me!"

*To My Wife*

You're the proud heroic daughter of an old  
heroic race,  
And you stayed through fire and slaughter in a  
pestilential place,  
And at Smyrna, martyred Smyrna, when the  
hideous Turk came down,  
To give courage to your sisters, you refused to  
quit the town.

—By George Horton

George Horton, "POEMS OF AN EXILE"  
Copyright 1931  
The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis

George Horton Served For Thirty Years as Consul and  
Consul General of the United States in the Near East.

George Horton was a foreign correspondent, published  
author and poet as well.