

**Chapter 1 : Ballads of a Cheechako / by Robert W. Service [electronic text]**

*Ballads of a Cheechako has 59 ratings and 1 review. Peter said: Even though I have read this collection before, I bought the edition and decided to.*

But Hard-Luck Smith was hoodoo-proof -- he knew the way to lose. The riffles of his sluicing-box were choked with speckled earth, And night and day he worked that lay for all that he was worth. One day while meditating on the waywardness of fate, He felt the ache of lonely man to find a fitting mate; A petticoated pard to cheer his solitary life, A woman with soft, soothing ways, a confidant, a wife. You know these Yukon eggs of ours -- some pink, some green, some blue -- A dollar per, assorted tints, assorted flavors too. The supercilious cheechako might designate them high, But one acquires a taste for them and likes them by-and-by. Well, Hard-Luck Henry took this egg and held it to the light, And there was more faint pencilling that sorely taxed his sight. At last he made it out, and then the legend ran like this -- "Will Klondike miner write to Peg, Plumhollow, Squashville, Wis.? She flitted sweetly through his dreams, she haunted him by day, She smiled through clouds of nicotine, she cheered his weary way. At last he yielded to the spell; his course of love he set -- Wisconsin his objective point; his object, Margaret. With every mile of sea and land his longing grew and grew. He practised all his pretty words, and these, I fear, were few. At last, one frosty evening, with a cold chill down his spine, He found himself before her house, the threshold of the shrine. His courage flickered to a spark, then glowed with sudden flame -- He knocked; he heard a welcome word; she came -- his goddess came. Oh, she was fair as any flower, and huskily he spoke: My heart went out to someone in that land of night and cold; But oh, I fear that Yukon egg must have been mighty old. He has panted at the windlass, he has loaded in the drift, He has pounded at the face of oozy clay; He has taxed himself to sickness, dark and damp and double shift, He has labored like a demon night and day. He shed a radiant smile around and smoked a rank cigar; They wished him honor, happiness and wealth. They drank unto his wife to be -- that unsuspecting maid; They drank unto his children half a score; And when they got through drinking very tenderly they laid The man from Eldorado on the floor. Oh, the fever of the dance-hall and the glitter and the shine, The beauty, and the jewels, and the whirl, The madness of the music, the rapture of the wine, The languorous allurements of a girl! She is like a lost madonna; he is gaunt, unkempt and grim; But she fondles him and gazes in his eyes; Her kisses seek his heavy lips, and soon it seems to him He has staked a little claim in Paradise. And soon the word is passed around -- it travels like a flame; They fight to clutch his hand and call him friend, The chevaliers of lost repute, the dames of sorry fame; Then comes the grim awakening -- the end. The smooth Beau Brummels of the bar, the faro men, are there; The tin horns and purveyors of red paint; The sleek and painted women, their predacious eyes aglow -- Sure Klondike City never saw the like; Then Muckluck Mag proposed the toast, "The giver of the show, The livest sport that ever hit the pike. He knows that it can never be, that he is down and out; Life leers at him with foul and fetid breath; And then amid the revelry, the song and cheer and shout, He suddenly grows grim and cold as death. He grips the table tensely, and he says: I thank you each for coming here; the happiness is mine -- And now, you thieves and harlots, take it all. They rattle over roof and wall; they scatter, roll and spread; The dust is like a shower of golden rain. The guests a moment stand aghast, then grovel on the floor; They fight, and snarl, and claw, like beasts of prey; And then, as everybody grabbed and everybody swore, The man from Eldorado slipped away. A clotted Colt was in his hand, a hole was in his head, And he wore an old and oily buckskin shirt. His eyes were fixed and horrible, as one who hails the end; The frost had set him rigid as a log; And there, half lying on his breast, his last and only friend, There crouched and whined a mangy yellow dog. The man above was a murderer, the man below was a thief; And I lay there in the bunk between, ailing beyond belief; A weary armful of skin and bone, wasted with pain and grief. My feet were froze, and the lifeless toes were purple and green and gray; The little flesh that clung to my bones, you could punch it in holes like clay; The skin on my gums was a sullen black, and slowly peeling away. I was sure enough in a direful fix, and often I wondered why They did not take the chance that was left and leave me alone to die, Or finish me off with a dose of dope -- so utterly lost was I. But no; they brewed me the green-spruce tea, and nursed me there like a child; And the homicide he

was good to me, and bathed my sores and smiled; And the thief he starved that I might be fed, and his eyes were kind and mild. Yet they were woefully wicked men, and often at night in pain I heard the murderer speak of his deed and dream it over again; I heard the poor thief sorrowing for the dead self he had slain. And oftentimes I would die the death, yet wake up to life anew; The sun would be all ablaze on the waste, and the sky a blighting blue, And the tears would rise in my snow-blind eyes and furrow my cheeks like dew. And the camps we made when their strength outplayed and the day was pinched and wan; And oh, the joy of that blessed halt, and how I did dread the dawn; And how I hated the weary men who rose and dragged me on. And oh, how I begged to rest, to rest -- the snow was so sweet a shroud; And oh, how I cried when they urged me on, cried and cursed them aloud; Yet on they strained, all racked and pained, and sorely their backs were bowed. And then it was all like a lurid dream, and I prayed for a swift release From the ruthless ones who would not leave me to die alone in peace; Till I wakened up and I found myself at the post of the Mounted Police. And there was my friend the murderer, and there was my friend the thief, With bracelets of steel around their wrists, and wicked beyond belief: I strolled up old Bonanza, where I staked in ninety-eight, A-purpose to revisit the old claim. I kept thinking mighty sadly of the funny ways of Fate, And the lads who once were with me in the game. I strolled up old Bonanza. The same old moon looked down; The same old landmarks seemed to yearn to me; But the cabins all were silent, and the flat, once like a town, Was mighty still and lonesome-like to see. There were piles and piles of tailings where we toiled with pick and pan, And turning round a bend I heard a roar, And there a giant gold-ship of the very newest plan Was tearing chunks of pay-dirt from the shore. It wallowed in its water-bed; it burrowed, heaved and swung; It gnawed its way ahead with grunts and sighs; Its bill of fare was rock and sand; the tailings were its dung; It glared around with fierce electric eyes. Full fifty buckets crammed its maw; it bellowed out for more; It looked like some great monster in the gloom. With two to feed its sateless greed, it worked for seven score, And I sighed: Hark to the ewe that bore him: Never his brothers before him Showed the hint of a stain. At least they say that I did it. All that I can recall is a night of revel and sport, When I woke with a "head" in the guard-room, and they dragged me sick into court. But the one that cooked my bacon was Grubbe, of the City Patrol. And now he is getting even, landing me down in the hole. Plugging away on the wood-pile; doing chores round the square. To think of the poor old mater awaiting her prodigal son. We pay for our pleasure with pain; But the dog will return to his vomit, the hog to his wallow again. The bugle is sounding for stables; the men troop off through the gloom; An orderly laying the tables sings in the bright mess-room. Corral me in a ring. I feel as if I was The only living thing On all this blighted earth; And so I frowst and shrink, And crouching by my hearth I hear the thoughts I think. Day after day the same, Only a little worse; No one to grouch or blame -- Oh, for a loving curse! Oh, in the night I fear, Haunted by nameless things, Just for a voice to cheer, Just for a hand that clings! This awful hush that hugs And chokes one is enough To make a man go "bugs". Here, you have moped enough! Brace up and play the game! I wish I had a pet, Or something I could play. God shield you from the Fear; Teach you to laugh, not moan.

**Chapter 2 : Ballads of a Cheechako - Wikisource, the free online library**

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Stare at me well, ay, stare! We leapt from our benches. We sprang from our stools. I was the thrall of Beauty that rejoices From peak snow-diademed to regal star; Yet to mine aerie ever pierced the voices, The pregnant voices of the Things That Are. The Here, the Now, the vast Forlorn around us; The gold-delirium, the ferine strife; The lusts that lure us on, the hates that hound us; Our red rags in the patch-work quilt of Life. The nameless men who nameless rivers travel, And in strange valleys greet strange deaths alone; The grim, intrepid ones who would unravel The mysteries that shroud the Polar Zone. These will I sing, and if one of you linger Over my pages in the Long, Long Night, And on some lone line lay a calloused finger, Saying: Ringed all around us the proud peaks are glowing; Fierce chiefs in council, their wigwam the sky; Far, far below us the big Yukon flowing, Like threaded quicksilver, gleams to the eye. Men of the High North, you who have known it; You in whose hearts its splendors have abode; Can you renounce it, can you disown it? Can you forget it, its glory and its goad? Where is the hardship, where is the pain of it? Nights when no peril could keep you awake on Spruce boughs you spread for your couch in the snow; Taste all your feasts like the beans and the bacon Fried at the camp-fire at forty below? Can you remember your huskies all going, Barking with joy and their brushes in air; You in your parka, glad-eyed and glowing, Monarch, your subjects the wolf and the bear? Monarch, your kingdom unravished and gleaming; Mountains your throne, and a river your car; Crash of a bull moose to rouse you from dreaming; Forest your couch, and your candle a star. You who this faint day the High North is luring Unto her vastness, taintlessly sweet; You who are steel-braced, straight-lipped, enduring, Dreadless in danger and dire in defeat: Honor the High North ever and ever, Whether she crown you, or whether she slay; Suffer her fury, cherish and love herâ€” He who would rule he must learn to obey. See, the austere sky, pensive above you, Dons all her jewels to smile on your rest. Children of Freedom, scornful of frontiers, We who are weaklings honor your worth. Slouching along in smelly rags, a bleary-eyed, no-good bum; A knight of the hollow needle, pard, spewed from the sodden slum. Look me all over from head to foot; how much would you think I was worth? Remember the year of the Big Stampede and the trail of Ninety-eight, When the eyes of the world were turned to the North, and the hearts of men elate; Hearts of the old dare-devil breed thrilled at the wondrous strike, And to every man who could hold a pan came the message, "Up and hike". Well, I was there with the best of them, and I knew I would not fail. We were the discards of the pack, the foreloopers of Unrest, Reckless spirits of fierce revolt in the ferment of the West. We were bound to win and we revelled in the hardships of the way. We staked our ground and our hopes were crowned, and we hoisted out the pay. We were crude and careless frontiersmen, with much in us of the beast; We could bear the famine worthily, but we lost our heads at the feast. Wining meant more than mining then, and life was a dizzy whirl, Gambling and dropping chunks of gold down the neck of a dance-hall girl; Till we went clean mad, it seems to me, and we squandered our last poke, And we sold our claim, and we found ourselves one bitter morningâ€”broke. From the herded dead he sneaked and said: Follow and follow a lone moose trail, till you come to a valley grim, On the slope of the lonely watershed that borders the Polar brim. We watched the groaning ice wrench free, crash on with a hollow din; Men of the wilderness were we, freed from the taint of sin. The mighty river snatched us up and it bore us swift along; The days were bright, and the morning light was sweet with jewelled song. Spring and summer and autumn went; the sky had a tallow gleam, Yet North and ever North we pressed to the land of our Golden Dream. So we came at last to a tundra vast and dark and grim and lone; And there was the little lone moose trail, and we knew it for our own. The short-lived sun had a leaden glare and the darkness came too soon, And stationed there with a solemn stare was the pinched, anaemic moon. Silence and silvern solitude till it made you dumbly shrink, And you thought to hear with an outward ear the things you thought to think. And soft they danced from the Polar sky and swept in primrose haze; And swift they pranced with their silver feet, and pierced with a blinding blaze. It made us mad and strange and sad, and the gold whereof we dreamed Was all forgot, and our only thought was of the lights that gleamed. And in and out and around about the little trail ran clear, And we hated it with a

deadly hate and we feared with a deadly fear. And the skies of night were alive with light, with a throbbing, thrilling flame; Amber and rose and violet, opal and gold it came. It swept the sky like a giant scythe, it quivered back to a wedge; Argently bright, it cleft the night with a wavy golden edge. Pennants of silver waved and streamed, lazy banners unfurled; Sudden splendors of sabres gleamed, lightning javelins were hurled. There in our awe we crouched and saw with our wild, uplifted eyes Charge and retire the hosts of fire in the battlefield of the skies. But all things come to an end at last, and the muskeg melted away, And frowning down to bar our path a muddle of mountains lay. Then the winter fell with a sudden swoop, and the heavy clouds sagged low, And earth and sky were blotted out in a whirl of driving snow. We were climbing up a glacier in the neck of a mountain pass, When the Dago Kid slipped down and fell into a deep crevasse. When we got him out one leg hung limp, and his brow was wreathed with pain, And he says: The camp-fire gleamed and he gazed and dreamed with a fixed and curious stare. Then all at once he grabbed my gun and he put it to his head, And he says: And on we went on our woeful way, wrapped in a daze of dream, And the Northern Lights in the crystal nights came forth with a mystic gleam. They danced and they danced the devil-dance over the naked snow; And soft they rolled like a tide upshoaled with a ceaseless ebb and flow. They rippled green with a wondrous sheen, they fluttered out like a fan; They spread with a blaze of rose-pink rays never yet seen of man. They writhed like a brood of angry snakes, hissing and sulphur pale; Then swift they changed to a dragon vast, lashing a cloven tail. It seemed to us, as we gazed aloft with an everlasting stare, The sky was a pit of bale and dread, and a monster revelled there. We climbed the rise of a hog-back range that was desolate and drear, When the Sailor Swede had a crazy fit, and he got to talking queer. He talked of the sins of his misspent life, and then he seemed to brood, And I watched him there like a fox a hare, for I knew it was not good. And sure enough in the dim dawn-light I missed him from the tent, And a fresh trail broke through the crusted snow, and I knew not where it went. Day after day was sinister, and I fought fierce-eyed despair, And I clung to life, and I struggled on, I knew not why nor where. I packed my grub in short relays, and I cowered down in my tent, And the world around was purged of sound like a frozen continent. Day after day was dark as death, but ever and ever at nights, With a brilliancy that grew and grew, blazed up the Northern Lights. In eager, pulsing violet their wheeling chariots came, Or they poised above the Polar rim like a coronal of flame. From depths of darkness fathomless their lancing rays were hurled, Like the all-combining search-lights of the navies of the world. There on the roof-pole of the world as one bewitched I gazed, And howled and grovelled like a beast as the awful splendors blazed. My eyes were seared, yet thrall'd I peered through the parka hood nigh blind; But I staggered on to the lights that shone, and never I looked behind. Then I staked that place from crown to base, and I hit the homeward trail. In that vast white world where the silent sky communes with the silent snow, In hunger and cold and misery I wandered to and fro. But the Lord took pity on my pain, and He led me to the sea, And some ice-bound whalers heard my moan, and they fed and sheltered me. They fed the feeble scarecrow thing that stumbled out of the wild With the ravaged face of a mask of death and the wandering wits of a childâ€” A craven, cowering bag of bones that once had been a man. They tended me and they brought me back to the world, and here I am. You can see it gleam in a golden stream in the solitudes of night. You turn it down? God bless you, sir; good-night. His cheeks were blanched as the flume-head foam when the brown spring freshets flow; Deep in their dark, sin-calcined pits were his sombre eyes aglow; They knew him far for the fitful man who spat forth blood on the snow. By gun or by trap, whatever the hap, I swore I would capture it; By star and by star afield and afar, I hunted and would not quit. I was weary and sick and cold. Yet there was never a sign of wound, and never a drop he bled. Now Claw-fingered Kitty and Windy Ike, bad as the worst were they; In their road-house down by the river-trail they waited and watched for prey; With wine and song they joyed night long, and they slept like swine by day. For things were done in the Midnight Sun that no tongue will ever tell; And men there be who walk earth-free, but whose names are writ in hell â€” Are writ in flames with the guilty names of Fournier and Labelle. Wherefore it was beyond all laws that lusts of man restrain, A man drank deep and sank to sleep never to wake again; And the Yukon swallowed through a hole the cold corpse of the slain. And so they fought, by fear untaught, till haply it befell One dawn of day she slipped away to Dawson town to sell The fruit of sin, this black fox skin that had made their lives a hell. She slipped away as still he lay, she clutched the wondrous fur; Her pulses beat, her foot was fleet, her

fear was as a spur; She laughed with glee, she did not see him rise and follow her. And up the swift and oozy drift a woman climbed in fear, Clutching to her a black fox fur as if she held it dear; And hard she pressed it to her breast â€” then Windy Ike drew near. She rolled for nigh an hundred feet; she bounded like a ball; From crag to crag she carromed down through snow and timber fall; A hole gaped in the river ice; the spray flashed â€” that was all. He travelled like a hunted thing, hard harried, sore distress; The old grandmother moon crept out from her cloud-quilted nest; The aged mountains mocked at him in their primeval rest. From out the road-house by the trail they saw a man afar Make for the narrow river-reach where the swift cross-currents are; Where, frail and worn, the ice is torn and the angry waters jar. But they did not see him crash and sink into the icy flow; They did not see him clinging there, gripped by the undertow, Clawing with bleeding finger-nails at the jagged ice and snow. They found a note beside the hole where he had stumbled in: I tried to refine that neighbor of mine, honest to God, I did. I grieved for his fate, and early and late I watched over him like a kid. I gave him excuse, I bore his abuse in every way that I could; I swore to prevail; I camped on his trail; I plotted and planned for his good. I followed him into Gehennas of sin, I sat where the sirens sit; In the shade of the Pole, for the sake of his soul, I strove with the powers of the Pit. I shadowed him down to the scrofulous town; I dragged him from dissolute brawls; But I killed the galoot when he started to shoot electricity into my walls. God knows what I bore that night when he swore and bade me make tracks from his claim. So what could I do I leave it to you? With curses he harried me forth; Then he was alone, and I was alone, and over us menaced the North. Our cabins were near; I could see, I could hear; but between us there rippled the creek; And all summer through, with a rancor that grew, he would pass me and never would speak. Then a shuddery breath like the coming of Death crept down from the peaks far away; The water was still; the twilight was chill; the sky was a tatter of gray. The trees were like lace where the star-beams could chase, each leaf was a jewel a gleam. As I read in the Book I would oftentimes look to that cabin just over the creek.

**Chapter 3 : The Song of the Mouth-Organ - Ballads of a Cheechako, by Robert W. Service**

*Ballads of a Cheechako and millions of other books are available for Amazon Kindle. Learn more Enter your mobile number or email address below and we'll send you a link to download the free Kindle App.*

Early life[ edit ] Service was born in Preston, Lancashire , England, [4] the third of ten children. His father, also Robert Service, was a banker from Kilwinning , Scotland, who had been transferred to England. Browning , Keats , Tennyson , and Thackeray. He drifted around western North America, "wandering from California to British Columbia," [4] taking and quitting a series of jobs: He mentioned to a customer Charles H. Gibbons, editor of the Victoria Daily Colonist that he wrote verses, with the result that six poems by "R. He had been captured on November 15, , alongside Winston Churchill. He was working as a "farm labourer and store clerk when he first met Constance MacLean at a dance in Duncan B. Though he was smitten, "MacLean was looking for a man of education and means to support her" so was not that interested. In Victoria he lived over the bank with a hired piano, and dressed for dinner. In Kamloops, horse country, he played polo. In the fall of , the bank sent him to their Whitehorse branch in Yukon. With the expense money he bought himself a raccoon coat. Give us something about our own bit of earth. We sure would appreciate it. Inspired, he ran to the bank to write it down almost being shot as a burglar , and by the next morning "The Shooting of Dan McGrew" was complete. After having collected enough poems for a book, Service "sent the poems to his father, who had emigrated to Toronto , and asked him to find a printing house so they could make it into a booklet. He enclosed a cheque to cover the costs and intended to give these booklets away to his friends in Whitehorse" for Christmas. His father took the manuscript to William Briggs in Toronto, whose employees loved the book. A salesman read the proofs out loud as they came off the typesetting machines. That same year there was an edition in New York, Philadelphia, and London. The London publisher, T. Fisher Unwin , struck a twenty-third printing in , and thirteen more by Service hung his head in shame But, that summer, tourists from the south arrived in Whitehorse looking for the famous poet; and he autographed many of his books. Now that he was a successful author, she agreed to become engaged to him. Edna Clarke and began his career as a full-time author. He returned to Dawson City in to write his third book of poetry, Rhymes of a Rolling Stone In she "married Leroy Grant, a surveyor and railroad engineer based in Prince Rupert. He settled in the Latin Quarter , posing as a painter. During the day he would promenade in the best suits, with a monocle. At night he went out in old clothes with the company of his doorman, a retired policeman, to visit the lowest dives of the city". Those experiences would be used in his next book of poetry, Ballads of a Bohemian The verses are separated by diary entries over a period of four years. A Tale of Tahiti New York, were both later made into silent movies. In , Service returned to Kilwinning, to erect a memorial to his family in the town cemetery. He wintered in Nice with his family, then fled France for Canada. They rebuilt, and he lived there until his death in , though he wintered in Monte Carlo on the French Riviera. Service could not bring himself to go back. He preferred to remember the town as it had been. A book he had written in was published posthumously. He died in Lancieux and is buried in the local cemetery. Yet I never wrote to please anyone but myself; it just happened. I belonged to the simple folks whom I liked to please. Then I would pace back and forth before them, repeating them, trying to make them perfect. I wanted to make them appeal to the eye as well as to the ear. I tried to avoid any literal quality. It was as if someone was whispering in my ear. It was a marvelous experience. Before I crawled into my bed at five in the morning, my ballad was in the bag. As I started in: There are strange things done in the midnight sun, verse after verse developed with scarce a check Next day, with scarcely any effort of memory I put it on paper. The sordid, the gross, the bestial, may sometimes be redeemed by the touch of genius; but that Promethean touch is not in Mr. It is a convenient term for this wilfully violent kind of verse without the power to redeem the squalid themes it treats. He has come into touch with the grimmest of realities; and while his radical faults have not been cured, his rude lines drive home the truth that he has seen. I have noticed so much verse in exactly the same idiom , and I wonder how far Mr. There was a time, fifty years ago," he added," when Robert W. Service represented, with some accuracy, the general level of poetic experience in Canada, as far as the popular reader was concerned The Robert

Service Way , a main road in Whitehorse, is named after him. The album was released by RCA Victor. Snow and other musicians including Chet Atkins and Chubby Wise provided background music. One of the streets of Lencieux has been called Robert Service Street. On July 13, , a commemorative tablet was unveiled at the Lencieux Office du Tourisme by the daughter of the poet: An evening of celebration was organized afterwards with a dinner attended by many guests from Scotland and the Yukon. Dawson City cabin[ edit ] Robert Service lived from to in a small two-room cabin on 8th Avenue which he rented from Edna Clarke in Dawson City. He wrote in his autobiography: It would have saddened me to see dust and rust where once hummed a rousing town; hundreds where were thousands; tumbledown cabins, mouldering warehouses. In it was taken over by Parks Canada , which maintains it, including its sod roof, as a tourist attraction. This was very popular for summer visitors and set the standard for Robert Service recitations. Since the show has been held at the Westmark Hotel in Dawson City during the summer months.

### Chapter 4 : Read Ballads Of A Cheechako Light Novel Online

*BALLADS OF A CHEECHAKO*, by Robert Service, *Ballads of a Cheechako*, by Robert Service. Published in by Barse & Hopkins. Poems include Hardcover, with frontispiece portrait of Service. pa.

I tried to refine that neighbor of mine, honest to God, I did. I grieved for his fate, and early and late I watched over him like a kid. I gave him excuse, I bore his abuse in every way that I could; I swore to prevail; I camped on his trail; I plotted and planned for his good. I followed him into Gehennas of sin, I sat where the sirens sit; In the shade of the Pole, for the sake of his soul, I strove with the powers of the Pit. I shadowed him down to the scrofulous town; I dragged him from dissolute brawls; But I killed the galoot when he started to shoot electricity into my walls. God knows what I did he should seek to be rid of one who would save him from shame. God knows what I bore that night when he swore and bade me make tracks from his claim. So what could I do I leave it to you? With curses he harried me forth; Then he was alone, and I was alone, and over us menaced the North. Our cabins were near; I could see, I could hear; but between us there rippled the creek; And all summer through, with a rancor that grew, he would pass me and never would speak. Then a shuddery breath like the coming of Death crept down from the peaks far away; The water was still; the twilight was chill; the sky was a tatter of gray. Swift came the Big Cold, and opal and gold the lights of the witches arose; The frost-tyrant clinched, and the valley was cinched by the stark and cadaverous snows. The trees were like lace where the star-beams could chase, each leaf was a jewel a gleam. As I read in the Book I would oftentimes look to that cabin just over the creek. Ah me, it was sad and evil and bad, two neighbors who never would speak! I knew that full well like a devil in hell he was hatching out, early and late, A system to bear through the frost-spangled air the warm, crimson waves of his hate. I knew that he nursed a malice accurst, like the blast of a winnowing flame; I pleaded aloud for a shield, for a shroud--Oh, God! Oh, some they were blue, and they slithered right through; they were silent and squashy and round; And some they were green; they were wriggly and lean; they writhed with so hateful a sound. My blood seemed to freeze; I fell on my knees; my face was a white splash of dread. Oh, the Green and the Blue, they were gruesome to view; but the worst of them all were the Red. They came through the door, they came through the floor, they came through the moss-creviced logs. They were savage and dire; they were whiskered with fire; they bickered like malamute dogs. They ravined in rings like iniquitous things; they gulped down the Green and the Blue. Each eye was a pin that shot out and in, as, squidlike, it oozed to my bed; So softly it crept with feelers that swept and quivered like fine copper wire; Its belly was white with a sulphurous light, its jaws were a-drooling with fire. It came and it came; I could breathe of its flame, but never a wink could I look. I thrust in its maw the Fount of the Law; I fended it off with the Book. I was weak--oh, so weak--but I thrilled at its shriek, as wildly it fled in the night; And deathlike I lay till the dawn of the day. Was ever so welcome the light? I loaded my gun at the rise of the sun; to his cabin so softly I slunk. My neighbor was there in the frost-freighted air, all wrapped in a robe in his bunk. It muffled his moans; it outlined his bones, as feebly he twisted about; His gums were so black, and his lips seemed to crack, and his teeth all were loosening out.

### Chapter 5 : Ballads of a Cheechako von Robert W. Service , Canadian Poet (Paperback) â€™ Lulu DE

*The Ballad of Hard-Luck Henry. Now wouldn't you expect to find a man an awful crank That's staked out nigh three hundred claims, and every one a blank;*

### Chapter 6 : The Ballad of Pious Pete - from Ballads of a Cheechako, by Robert W. Service

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### Chapter 7 : Ballads Of a Cheechako by Service, Robert W

*The Demonic King Chases His Wife: The Rebellious Good-for-Nothing Miss Chapter*

**Chapter 8 : Ballads of a Cheechako - Robert William Service - Google Books**

*William Briggs, 1st ed. Near fine in navy blue boards, gilt lettering on front boards and spine, still bright, bumped at heel, with edgewear and chipping at folds and extremities.*

**Chapter 9 : Ballads of a Cheechako by Robert W. Service**

*Of camps where men got gold in chunks and he got none at all; That's prospected a bit of ground and sold it for a song  
To see it yield a fortune to some fool that came along; That's sunk a dozen bed-rock holes, and not a speck in sight, Yet  
sees them take a million from the claims to left and right.*