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But we, who life ^{be with them} ~~to~~ ^{lie in} ~~be~~ ^{breathed} ~~unmovable~~,
~~unsupplied~~ ^{by a cloud} ~~to the sun~~
 whistling a low bird note
 Have no such quiet ^{when the} ~~in our~~
~~blood runs high~~ ~~heart-beats~~
 No when the blood-streams run
 and the heart cries aloud

Can have no rest from clash of
 arms behind us
 and thunders at the throat.

Even in dreams we hear the zoom of
 Zeppelins
 And veery lights explode.
 We have no rest, beloved, in the mountain
~~No pillow but the road.~~
~~Our pillow is the road.~~
 Rise up, and take the road.