

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-94)

4 *The Song of Rahéro*

A Legend of Tahiti

To Ori a Ori

Ori, my brother in the island mode,  
In every tongue and meaning much my friend,  
This story of your country and your clan,  
In your loved house, your too much honoured guest,  
I made in English. Take it, being done;  
And let me sign it with the name you gave.

Teriitera.

I. The Slaying of Támatéa

It fell in the days of old, as the men of Taiárapu tell,  
A youth went forth to the fishing, and fortune favoured him well.  
Támatéa his name: gullible, simple, and kind,  
Comely of countenance, nimble of body, empty of mind,  
His mother ruled him and loved him beyond the wont of a wife, 5  
Serving the lad for eyes and living herself in his life.  
Alone from the sea and the fishing came Támatéa the fair,  
Urging his boat to the beach, and the mother awaited him there,  
— “Long may you live!” said she. “Your fishing has sped to a wish.  
And now let us choose for the king the fairest of all your fish. 10  
For fear inhabits the palace and grudging grows in the land,  
Marked is the sluggardly foot and marked the niggardly hand,  
The hours and the miles are counted, the tributes numbered and weighed,  
And woe to him that comes short, and woe to him that delayed!”  
  
So spoke on the beach the mother, and counselled the wiser thing. 15  
For Rahéro stirred in the country and secretly mined the king.  
Nor were the signals wanting of how the leaven wrought,  
In the cords of obedience loosed and the tributes grudgingly brought.  
  
And when last to the temple of Oro the boat with the victim sped,  
And the priest uncovered the basket and looked on the face of the dead, 20  
Trembling fell upon all at sight of an ominous thing,

For there was the aito dead, and he of the house of the king.

So spake on the beach the mother, matter worthy of note,  
And watted a basket well, and chose a fish from the boat;  
And Támatéa the pliable shouldered the basket and went, 25  
And travelled, and sang as he travelled, a lad that was well content.  
Still the way of his going was round by the roaring coast,  
Where the ring of the reef is broke and the trades run riot the most.  
On his left, with smoke as of battle, the billows battered the land;  
Unscalable, turreted mountains rose on the inner hand. 30  
And cape, and village, and river, and vale, and mountain above,  
Each had a name in the land for men to remember and love;  
And never the name of a place, but lo! a song in its praise:  
Ancient and unforgotten, songs of the earlier days,  
That the elders taught to the young, and at night, in the full of the moon, 35  
Garlanded boys and maidens sang together in tune.  
Támatéa the placable went with a lingering foot;  
He sang as loud as a bird, he whistled hoarse as a flute;  
He broiled in the sun, he breathed in the grateful shadow of trees,  
In the icy stream of the rivers he waded over the knees; 40  
And still in his empty mind crowded, a thousand-fold,  
The deeds of the strong and the songs of the cunning heroes of old.

And now was he come to a place Taiárapu honoured the most,  
Where a silent valley of woods debouched on the noisy coast,  
Spewing a level river. There was a haunt of Pai. 45  
There, in his potent youth, when his parents drove him to die,  
Honoura lived like a beast, lacking the lamp and the fire,  
Washed by the rains of the trade and clotting his hair in the mire;  
And there, so mighty his hands, he bent the tree to his foot —  
So keen the spur of his hunger, he plucked it naked of fruit. 50  
There, as she pondered the clouds for the shadow of coming ills,  
Ahupu, the woman of song, walked on high on the hills.

Of these was Rahéro sprung, a man of a godly race;  
And inherited cunning of spirit and beauty of body and face.  
Of yore in his youth, as an aito, Rahéro wandered the land, 55  
Delighting maids with his tongue, smiting men with his hand.  
Famous he was in his youth; but before the midst of his life  
Paused, and fashioned a song of farewell to glory and strife.

*House of mine (it went), house upon the sea,  
Belov'd of all my fathers, more belov'd by me! 60  
Vale of the strong Honoura, deep ravine of Pai,  
Again in your woody summits I hear the trade-wind cry.*

*House of mine, in your walls, strong sounds the sea,  
Of all sounds on earth, dearest sound to me.  
I have heard the applause of men, I have heard it arise and die: 65  
Sweeter now in my house I hear the trade-wind cry.*

These were the words of his singing, other the thought of his heart;  
For secret desire of glory vexed him, dwelling apart.  
Lazy and crafty he was, and loved to lie in the sun,  
And loved the cackle of talk and the true word uttered in fun; 70  
Lazy he was, his roof was ragged, his table was lean,  
And the fish swam safe in his sea, and he gathered the near and the green.  
He sat in his house and laughed, but he loathed the king of the land,  
And he uttered the grudging word under the covering hand.  
Treason spread from his door; and he looked for a day to come, 75  
A day of the crowding people, a day of the summoning drum,  
When the vote should be taken, the king be driven forth in disgrace,  
And Rahéro, the laughing and lazy, sit and rule in his place.

Here Támatéa came, and beheld the house on the brook;  
And Rahéro was there by the way and covered an oven to cook. 80  
Naked he was to the loins, but the tattoo covered the lack,  
And the sun and the shadow of palms dappled his muscular back.  
Swiftly he lifted his head at the fall of the coming feet,  
And the water sprang in his mouth with a sudden desire of meat;  
For he marked the basket carried, covered from flies and the sun; 85  
And Rahéro buried his fire, but the meat in his house was done.

Forth he stepped; and took, and delayed the boy, by the hand;  
And vaunted the joys of meat and the ancient ways of the land:  
— “Our sires of old in Taiárapu, they that created the race,  
Ate ever with eager hand, nor regarded season or place, 90  
Ate in the boat at the oar, on the way afoot; and at night  
Arose in the midst of dreams to rummage the house for a bite.  
It is good for the youth in his turn to follow the way of the sire;  
And behold how fitting the time! for here do I cover my fire.”  
— “I see the fire for the cooking but never the meat to cook,” 95

Said Támara. — “Tut!” said Rahéro. “Here in the brook  
And there in the tumbling sea, the fishes are thick as flies,  
Hungry like healthy men, and like pigs for savour and size:  
Crayfish crowding the river, sea-fish thronging the sea.”  
— “Well it may be,” says the other, “and yet be nothing to me. 100  
Fain would I eat, but alas! I have needful matter in hand,  
Since I carry my tribute of fish to the jealous king of the land.”

Now at the word a light sprang in Rahéro’s eyes.  
“I will gain me a dinner,” thought he, “and lend the king a surprise.”  
And he took the lad by the arm, as they stood by the side of the track, 105  
And smiled, and rallied, and flattered, and pushed him forward and back.  
It was “You that sing like a bird, I never have heard you sing,”  
And “The lads when I was a lad were none so feared of a king.  
And of what account is an hour, when the heart is empty of guile?  
But come, and sit in the house and laugh with the women awhile; 110  
And I will but drop my hook, and behold! the dinner made.”

So Támara the pliable hung up his fish in the shade  
On a tree by the side of the way; and Rahéro carried him in,  
Smiling as smiles the fowler when flutters the bird to the gin,  
And chose him a shining hook, and viewed it with sedulous eye, 115  
And breathed and burnished it well on the brawn of his naked thigh,  
And set a mat for the gull, and bade him be merry and bide,  
Like a man concerned for his guest, and the fishing, and nothing beside.

Now when Rahéro was forth, he paused and hearkened, and heard  
The gull jest in the house and the women laugh at his word; 120  
And stealthily crossed to the side of the way, to the shady place  
Where the basket hung on a mango; and craft transfigured his face.  
Deftly he opened the basket, and took of the fat of the fish,  
The cut of kings and chieftains, enough for a goodly dish.  
This he wrapped in a leaf, set on the fire to cook 125  
And buried; and next the marred remains of the tribute he took,  
And doubled and packed them well, and covered the basket close  
— “There is a buffet, my king,” quoth he, “and a nauseous dose!” —  
And hung the basket again in the shade, in a cloud of flies  
— “And there is a sauce to your dinner, king of the crafty eyes!” 130

Soon as the oven was open, the fish smelt excellent good.  
In the shade, by the house of Rahéro, down they sat to their food,

And cleared the leaves in silence, or uttered a jest and laughed,  
And raising the cocoanut bowls, buried their faces and quaffed.  
But chiefly in silence they ate; and soon as the meal was done, 135  
Rahéro feigned to remember and measured the hour by the sun,  
And "Támatéa," quoth he, "it is time to be jogging, my lad."

So Támatéa arose, doing ever the thing he was bade,  
And carelessly shouldered the basket, and kindly saluted his host;  
And again the way of his going was round by the roaring coast. 140  
Long he went; and at length was aware of a pleasant green,  
And the stems and shadows of palms, and roofs of lodges between  
There sate, in the door of his palace, the king on a kingly seat,  
And aitos stood armed around, and the yottowas sat at his feet.  
But fear was a worm in his heart: fear darted his eyes; 145  
And he probed men's faces for treasons and pondered their speech for lies.  
To him came Támatéa, the basket slung in his hand,  
And paid him the due obeisance standing as vassals stand.  
In silence hearkened the king, and closed the eyes in his face,  
Harbouring odious thoughts and the baseless fears of the base; 150  
In silence accepted the gift and sent the giver away.  
So Támatéa departed, turning his back on the day.

And lo! as the king sat brooding, a rumour rose in the crowd;  
The yottowas nudged and whispered, the commons murmured aloud;  
Tittering fell upon all at sight of the impudent thing, 155  
At the sight of a gift unroyal flung in the face of a king.  
And the face of the king turned white and red with anger and shame  
In their midst; and the heart in his body was water and then was flame;  
Till of a sudden, turning, he gripped an aito hard,  
A youth that stood with his ómare, one of the daily guard, 160  
And spat in his ear a command, and pointed and uttered a name,  
And hid in the shade of the house his impotent anger and shame.

Now Támatéa the fool was far on the homeward way,  
The rising night in his face, behind him the dying day.  
Rahéro saw him go by, and the heart of Rahéro was glad, 165  
Devising shame to the king and nowise harm to the lad;  
And all that dwelt by the way saw and saluted him well,  
For he had the face of a friend and the news of the town to tell;  
And pleased with the notice of folk, and pleased that his journey was done,  
Támatéa drew homeward, turning his back to the sun. 170

And now was the hour of the bath in Taiárapu: far and near  
The lovely laughter of bathers rose and delighted his ear.  
Night massed in the valleys; the sun on the mountain coast  
Struck, end-long; and above the clouds embattled their host,  
And glowed and gloomed on the heights; and the heads of the palms were  
    gems, 175  
And far to the rising eve extended the shade of their stems;  
And the shadow of Támatéa hovered already at home.

And sudden the sound of one coming and running light as the foam  
Struck on his ear; and he turned, and lo! a man on his track,  
Girded and armed with an ómare, following hard at his back. 180  
At a bound the man was upon him; — and, or ever a word was said,  
The loaded end of the ómare fell and laid him dead.

## II. The Venging of Támatéa

Thus was Rahéro's treason; thus and no further it sped  
The king sat safe in his place and a kindly fool was dead.

But the mother of Támatéa arose with death in her eyes. 185  
All night long, and the next, Taiárapu rang with her cries.  
As when a babe in the wood turns with a chill of doubt  
And perceives nor home, nor friends, for the trees have closed her about,  
The mountain rings and her breast is torn with the voice of despair:  
So the lion-like woman idly wearied the air 190  
For awhile, and pierced men's hearing in vain, and wounded their hearts.

But as when the weather changes at sea, in dangerous parts,  
And sudden the hurricane wrack unrolls up the front of the sky,  
At once the ship lies idle, the sails hang silent on high,  
The breath of the wind that blew is blown out like the flame of a lamp, 195  
And the silent armies of death draw near with inaudible tramp:  
So sudden, the voice of her weeping ceased; in silence she rose  
And passed from the house of her sorrow, a woman clothed with repose,  
Carrying death in her breast and sharpening death with her hand.

Hither she went and thither in all the coasts of the land. 200  
They tell that she feared not to slumber alone, in the dead of night,

In accursed places; beheld, unblenched, the ribbon of light  
 Spin from temple to temple; guided the perilous skiff,  
 Abhorred not the paths of the mountain and trod the verge of the cliff;  
 From end to end of the island, thought not the distance long, 205  
 But forth from king to king carried the tale of her wrong.  
 To king after king, as they sat in the palace door, she came,  
 Claiming kinship, declaiming verses, naming her name  
 And the names of all of her fathers; and still, with a heart on the rack,  
 Jested to capture a hearing and laughed when they jested back: 210  
 So would deceive them awhile, and change and return in a breath,  
 And on all the men of Vaiau imprecate instant death;  
 And tempt her kings — for Vaiau was a rich and prosperous land,  
 And flatter — for who would attempt it but warriors mighty of hand?  
 And change in a breath again and rise in a strain of song, 215  
 Invoking the beaten drums, beholding the fall of the strong,  
 Calling the fowls of the air to come and feast on the dead.  
 And they held the chin in silence, and heard her, and shook the head;  
 For they knew the men of Taiárapu famous in battle and feast,  
 Marvellous eaters and smiters: the men of Vaiau not least. 220

To the land of the Námunu-úra, to Paea, at length she came,  
 To men who were foes to the Tevas and hated their race and name.  
 There was she well received, and spoke with Hiopa the king.  
 And Hiopa listened, and weighed, and wisely considered the thing.  
 “Here in the back of the isle we dwell in a sheltered place,” 225  
 Quoth he to the woman, “in quiet, a weak and peaceable race.  
 But far in the teeth of the wind lofty Taiárapu lies;  
 Strong blows the wind of the trade on its seaward face, and cries  
 Aloud in the top of arduous mountains, and utters its song  
 In green continuous forests. Strong is the wind, and strong 230  
 And fruitful and hardy the race, famous in battle and feast,  
 Marvellous eaters and smiters: the men of Vaiau not least.  
 Now hearken to me, my daughter, and hear a word of the wise:  
 How a strength goes linked with a weakness, two by two, like the eyes.  
 They can wield the ómare well and cast the javelin far; 235  
 Yet are they greedy and weak as the swine and the children are.  
 Plant we, then, here at Paea, a garden of excellent fruits;  
 Plant we bananas and kava and taro, the king of roots;  
 Let the pigs in Paea be tapu and no man fish for a year;  
 And of all the meat in Tahiti gather we threefold here. 240  
 So shall the fame of our plenty fill the island, and so,

At last, on the tongue of rumour, go where we wish it to go.  
Then shall the pigs of Taiárapu raise their snouts in the air;  
But we sit quiet and wait, as the fowler sits by the snare,  
And tranquilly fold our hands, till the pigs come nosing the food: 245  
But meanwhile build us a house of Trotéa, the stubborn wood,  
Bind it with incombustible thongs, set a roof to the room,  
Too strong for the hands of a man to dissever or fire to consume;  
And there, when the pigs come trotting, there shall the feast be spread,  
There shall the eye of the morn enlighten the feasters dead. 250  
So be it done; for I have a heart that pities your state,  
And Nateva and Námunu-úra are fire and water for hate.”

All was done as he said, and the gardens prospered; and now  
The fame of their plenty went out, and word of it came to Vaiau.  
For the men of Námunu-úra sailed, to the windward far, 255  
Lay in the offing by south where the towns of the Tevas are,  
And cast overboard of their plenty; and lo! at the Tevas' feet  
The surf on all of the beaches tumbled treasures of meat.  
In the salt of the sea, a harvest tossed with the refluent foam;  
And the children gleaned it in playing, and ate and carried it home; 260  
And the elders stared and debated, and wondered and passed the jest,  
But whenever a guest came by eagerly questioned the guest;  
And little by little, from one to another, the word went round:  
“In all the borders of Paea the victual rots on the ground,  
And swine are plenty as rats. And now, when they fare to the sea, 265  
The men of the Námunu-úra glean from under the tree  
And load the canoe to the gunwale with all that is toothsome to eat;  
And all day long on the sea the jaws are crushing the meat,  
The steersman eats at the helm, the rowers munch at the oar,  
And at length, when their bellies are full, overboard with the store!” 270  
Now was the word made true, and soon as the bait was bare,  
All the pigs of Taiárapu raised their snouts in the air.  
Songs were recited, and kinship was counted, and tales were told  
How war had severed of late but peace had cemented of old  
The clans of the island. “To war,” said they, “now set we an end, 275  
And hie to the Námunu-úra even as a friend to a friend.”

So judged, and a day was named; and soon as the morning broke,  
Canoes were thrust in the sea and the houses emptied of folk.  
Strong blew the wind of the south, the wind that gathers the clan;  
Along all the line of the reef the clamorous surges ran; 280



And the clouds were piled on the top of the island mountain-high,  
A mountain throned on a mountain. The fleet of canoes swept by  
In the midst, on the green lagoon, with a crew released from care,  
Sailing an even water, breathing a summer air,  
Cheered by a cloudless sun; and ever to left and right, 285  
Bursting surge on the reef, drenching storms on the height.  
So the folk of Vaiau sailed and were glad all day,  
Coasting the palm-tree cape and crossing the populous bay  
By all the towns of the Tevas; and still as they bowled along,  
Boat would answer to boat with jest and laughter and song, 290  
And the people of all the towns trooped to the sides of the sea  
And gazed from under the hand or sprang aloft on the tree,  
Hailing and cheering. Time failed them for more to do;  
The holiday village careened to the wind, and was gone from view  
Swift as a passing bird; and ever as onward it bore, 295  
Like the cry of the passing bird, bequeathed its song to the shore —  
Desirable laughter of maids and the cry of delight of the child.  
And the gazer, left behind, stared at the wake and smiled.  
By all the towns of the Tevas they went, and Pápara last,  
The home of the chief, the place of muster in war; and passed 300  
The march of the lands of the clan, to the lands of an alien folk.  
And there, from the dusk of the shoreside palms, a column of smoke  
Mounted and wavered and died in the gold of the setting sun,  
“Paea!” they cried. “It is Paea.” And so was the voyage done.

In the early fall of the night, Hiopa came to the shore, 305  
And beheld and counted the comers, and lo, they were forty score:  
The pelting feet of the babes that ran already and played,  
The clean-lipped smile of the boy, the slender breasts of the maid,  
And mighty limbs of women, stalwart mothers of men.  
The sires stood forth unabashed; but a little back from his ken 310  
Clustered the scarcely nubile, the lads and maids, in a ring,  
Fain of each other, afraid of themselves, aware of the king  
And aping behaviour, but clinging together with hands and eyes,  
With looks that were kind like kisses, and laughter tender as sighs.  
There, too, the grandsire stood, raising his silver crest, 315  
And the impotent hands of a suckling groped in his barren breast.  
The childhood of love, the pair well married, the innocent brood,  
The tale of the generations repeated and ever renewed —  
Hiopa beheld them together, all the ages of man,  
And a moment shook in his purpose. 320

But these were the foes of his clan,  
 And he trod upon pity, and came, and civilly greeted the king,  
 And gravely entreated Rahéro; and for all that could fight or sing,  
 And claimed a name in the land, had fitting phrases of praise;  
 But with all who were well-descended he spoke of the ancient days. 325  
 And "Tis true," said he, "that in Paea the victual rots on the ground;  
 But, friends, your number is many; and pigs must be hunted and found,  
 And the lads troop to the mountains to bring the féis down,  
 And around the bowls of the kava cluster the maids of the town.  
 So, for to-night, sleep here; but king, common, and priest 330  
 To-morrow, in order due, shall sit with me in the feast."  
 Sleepless the live-long night, Hiopa's followers toiled.  
 The pigs screamed and were slaughtered; the spars of the guest-house oiled,  
 The leaves spread on the floor. In many a mountain glen  
 The moon drew shadows of trees on men the naked bodies of 335  
 Plucking and bearing fruits; and in all the bounds of the town  
 Red glowed the cocoanut fires, and were buried and trodden down.  
 Thus did seven of the yottowas toil with their tale of the clan,  
 But the eighth wrought with his lads, hid from the sight of man.  
 In the deeps of the woods they laboured, piling the fuel high 340  
 In fagots, the load of a man, fuel seasoned and dry,  
 Thirsty to seize upon fire and apt to blurt into flame.

And now was the day of the feast. The forests, as morning came,  
 Tossed in the wind, and the peaks quaked in the blaze of the day  
 And the cocoanuts showered on the ground, rebounding and rolling  
 away: 345  
 A glorious morn for a feast, a famous wind for a fire.  
 To the hall of feasting Hiopa led them, mother and sire  
 And maid and babe in a tale, the whole of the holiday throng.  
 Smiling they came, garlanded green, not dreaming of wrong;  
 And for every three, a pig, tenderly cooked in the ground, 350  
 Waited; and féi, the staff of life, heaped in a mound  
 For each where he sat; — for each, bananas roasted and raw  
 Piled with a bountiful hand, as for horses hay and straw  
 Are stacked in a stable; and fish, the food of desire,  
 And plentiful vessels of sauce, and breadfruit gilt in the fire; — 355  
 And kava was common as water. Feasts have there been ere now,  
 And many, but never a feast like that of the folk of Vaiau.  
 All day long they ate with the resolute greed of brutes,

And turned from the pigs to the fish, and again from the fish to the fruits,  
 And emptied the vessels of sauce, and drank of the kava deep; 360  
 Till the young lay stupid as stones, and the strongest nodded to sleep.  
 Sleep that was mighty as death and blind as a moonless night  
 Tethered them hand and foot; and their souls were drowned, and the light  
 Was cloaked from their eyes. Senseless together, the old and the young,  
 The fighter deadly to smite and the prater cunning of tongue, 365  
 The woman wedded and fruitful, inured to the pangs of birth,  
 And the maid that knew not of kisses, blindly sprawled on the earth.  
 From the hall Hiopa the king and his chiefs came stealthily forth.  
 Already the sun hung low and enlightened the peaks of the north;  
 But the wind was stubborn to die and blew as it blows at morn, 370  
 Showering the nuts in the dusk, and e'en as a banner is torn,  
 High on the peaks of the island, shattered the mountain cloud.  
 And now at once, at a signal, a silent, emulous crowd  
 Set hands to the work of death, hurrying to and fro,  
 Like ants, to furnish the fagots, building them broad and low, 375  
 And piling them high and higher around the walls of the hall.  
 Silence persisted within, for sleep lay heavy on all;  
 But the mother of T́amat́ea stood at Hiopa's side,  
 And shook for terror and joy like a girl that is a bride.  
 Night fell on the toilers, and first Hiopa the wise 380  
 Made the round of the house, visiting all with his eyes;  
 And all was piled to the eaves, and fuel blockaded the door;  
 And within, in the house beleaguered, slumbered the forty score.  
 Then was an aito dispatched and came with fire in his hand,  
 And Hiopa took it. — "Within," said he, "is the life of a land; 385  
 And behold! I breathe on the coal, I breathe on the dales of the east,  
 And silence falls on forest and shore; the voice of the feast  
 Is quenched, and the smoke of cooking; the rooftree decays and falls  
 On the empty lodge, and the winds subvert deserted walls."

Therewithal, to the fuel, he laid the glowing coal; 390  
 And the redness ran in the mass and burrowed within like a mole,  
 And copious smoke was conceived. But, as when a dam is to burst,  
 The water lips it and crosses in silver trickles at first,  
 And then, of a sudden, whelms and bears it away forthright:  
 So now, in a moment, the flame sprang and towered in the night, 395  
 And wrestled and roared in the wind, and high over house and tree,  
 Stood, like a streaming torch, enlightening land and sea.

But the mother of Támateá threw her arms abroad,  
 “Pyre of my son,” she shouted, “debited vengeance of God,  
 Late, late, I behold you, yet I behold you at last, 400  
 And glory, beholding! For now are the days of my agony past,  
 The lust that famished my soul now eats and drinks its desire,  
 And they that encompassed my son shrivel alive in the fire.  
 Tenfold precious the vengeance that comes after lingering years!  
 Ye quenched the voice of my singer? — hark, in your dying ears, 405  
 The song of the conflagration! Ye left me a widow alone?  
 — Behold, the whole of your race consumes, sinew and bone  
 And torturing flesh together: man, mother, and maid  
 Heaped in a common shambles; and already, borne by the trade,  
 The smoke of your dissolution darkens the stars of night.” 410

Thus she spoke, and her stature grew in the people’s sight.

### III. Rahéro

Rahéro was there in the hall asleep: beside him his wife,  
 Comely, a mirthful woman, one that delighted in life;  
 And a girl that was ripe for marriage, shy and sly as a mouse;  
 And a boy, a climber of trees: all the hopes of his house. 415  
 Unwary, with open hands, he slept in the midst of his folk,  
 And dreamed that he heard a voice crying without, and awoke,  
 Leaping blindly afoot like one from a dream that he fears.  
 A hellish glow and clouds were about him; — it roared in his ears  
 Like the sound of the cataract fall that plunges sudden and steep; 420  
 And Rahéro swayed as he stood, and his reason was still asleep.  
 Now the flame struck hard on the house, wind-wielded, a fracturing blow,  
 And the end of the roof was burst and fell on the sleepers below;  
 And the lofty hall, and the feast, and the prostrate bodies of folk,  
 Shone red in his eyes a moment, and then were swallowed of smoke. 425  
 In the mind of Rahéro clearness came; and he opened his throat;  
 And as when a squall comes sudden, the straining sail of a boat  
 Thunders aloud and bursts, so thundered the voice of the man.  
 — “The wind and the rain!” he shouted, the mustering word of the clan,  
 And “up!” and “to arms, men of Vaiau!” But silence replied, 430  
 Or only the voice of the gusts of the fire, and nothing beside.

Rahéro stooped and groped. He handled his womankind,

But the fumes of the fire and the kava had quenched the life of their mind,  
And they lay like pillars prone; and his hand encountered the boy,  
And there sprang in the gloom of his soul a sudden lightning of joy. 435  
“Him can I save!” he thought, “if I were speedy enough.”  
And he loosened the cloth from his loins, and swaddled the child in the stuff;  
And about the strength of his neck he knotted the burden well.

There where the roof had fallen, it roared like the mouth of hell.  
Thither Rahéro went, stumbling on senseless folk, 440  
And grappled a post of the house, and began to climb in the smoke:  
The last alive of Vaiau; and the son borne by the sire.  
The post glowed in the grain with ulcers of eating fire,  
And the fire bit to the blood and mangled his hands and thighs;  
And the fumes sang in his head like wine and stung in his eyes; 445  
And still he climbed, and came to the top, the place of proof,  
And thrust a hand through the flame, and clambered alive on the roof.  
But even as he did so, the wind, in a garment of flames and pain,  
Wrapped him from head to heel; and the waistcloth parted in twain;  
And the living fruit of his loins dropped in the fire below. 450

About the blazing feast-house clustered the eyes of the foe,  
Watching, hand upon weapon, lest ever a soul should flee,  
Shading the brow from the glare, straining the neck to see.  
Only, to leeward, the flames in the wind swept far and wide,  
And the forest sputtered on fire; and there might no man abide. 455  
Thither Rahéro crept, and dropped from the burning eaves,  
And crouching low to the ground, in a treble covert of leaves  
And fire and volleying smoke, ran for the life of his soul  
Unseen; and behind him under a furnace of ardent coal,  
Cairned with a wonder of flame, and blotting the night with smoke, 460  
Blazed and were smelted together the bones of all his folk.

He fled unguided at first; but hearing the breakers roar,  
Thitherward shaped his way, and came at length to the shore.  
Sound-limbed he was: dry-eyed; but smarted in every part;  
And the mighty cage of his ribs heaved on his straining heart 465  
With sorrow and rage. And “Fools!” he cried, “fools of Vaiau,  
Heads of swine — gluttons — Alas! and where are they now?  
Those that I played with, those that nursed me, those that I nursed?  
God, and I outliving them! I, the least and the worst —  
I, that thought myself crafty, snared by this herd of swine, 470

In the tortures of hell and desolate, stripped of all that was mine:  
All! — my friends and my fathers — the silver heads of yore  
That trooped to the council, the children that ran to the open door  
Crying with innocent voices and clasping a father's knees!  
And mine, my wife — my daughter — my sturdy climber of trees, 475  
Ah, never to climb again!"

Thus in the dusk of the night,  
(For clouds rolled in the sky and the moon was swallowed from sight,)  
Pacing and gnawing his fists, Rahéro raged by the shore.  
Vengeance: that must be his. But much was to do before; 480  
And first a single life to be snatched from a deadly place,  
A life, the root of revenge, surviving plant of the race:  
And next the race to be raised anew, and the lands of the clan  
Repeopled. So Rahéro designed, a prudent man  
Even in wrath, and turned for the means of revenge and escape: 485  
A boat to be seized by stealth, a wife to be taken by rape.

Still was the dark lagoon; beyond on the coral wall,  
He saw the breakers shine, he heard them bellow and fall.  
Alone, on the top of the reef, a man with a flaming brand  
Walked, gazing and pausing, a fish-spear poised in his hand. 490  
The foam boiled to his calf when the mightier breakers came,  
And the torch shed in the wind scattering tufts of flame.  
Afar on the dark lagoon a canoe lay idly at wait:  
A figure dimly guiding it: surely the fisherman's mate.  
Rahéro saw and he smiled. He straightened his mighty thews: 495  
Naked, with never a weapon, and covered with scorch and bruise,  
He straightened his arms, he filled the void of his body with breath,  
And, strong as the wind in his manhood, doomed the fisher to death.

Silent he entered the water, and silently swam, and came  
There where the fisher walked holding on high the flame. 500  
Loud on the pier of the reef volleyed the breach of the sea;  
And hard at the back of the man, Rahéro crept to his knee  
On the coral, and suddenly sprang and seized him, the elder hand  
Clutching the joint of his throat, the other snatching the brand  
Ere it had time to fall, and holding it steady and high. 505  
Strong was the fisher, brave, and swift of mind and of eye —  
Strongly he threw in the clutch; but Rahéro resisted the strain,  
And jerked, and the spine of life snapped with a crack in twain,

And the man came slack in his hands and tumbled a lump at his feet.

One moment: and there, on the reef, where the breakers whitened and  
beat, 510

Rahéro was standing alone, glowing and scorched and bare,  
A victor unknown of any, raising the torch in the air.  
But once he drank of his breath, and instantly set him to fish  
Like a man intent upon supper at home and a savoury dish.  
For what should the woman have seen? A man with a torch — and  
then 515

A moment's blur of the eyes — and a man with a torch again.  
And the torch had scarcely been shaken. “Ah, surely,” Rahéro said,  
“She will deem it a trick of the eyes, a fancy born in the head;  
But time must be given the fool to nourish a fool's belief.”  
So for a while, a sedulous fisher, he walked the reef, 520  
Pausing at times and gazing, striking at times with the spear:  
— Lastly, uttered the call; and even as the boat drew near,  
Like a man that was done with its use, tossed the torch in the sea.

Lightly he leaped on the boat beside the woman; and she  
Lightly addressed him, and yielded the paddle and place to sit; 525  
For now the torch was extinguished the night was black as the pit.

Rahéro set him to row, never a word he spoke,  
And the boat sang in the water urged by his vigorous stroke.  
— “What ails you?” the woman asked, “and why did you drop the brand?  
We have only to kindle another as soon as we come to land.” 530

Never a word Rahéro replied, but urged the canoe.  
And a chill fell on the woman. — “Atta! speak! is it you?  
Speak! Why are you silent? Why do you bend aside?  
Wherefore steer to the seaward?” thus she panted and cried.  
Never a word from the oarsman, toiling there in the dark; 535

But right for a gate of the reef he silently headed the bark,  
And wielding the single paddle with passionate sweep on sweep,  
Drove her, the little fitted, forth on the open deep.

And fear, there where she sat, froze the woman to stone:  
Not fear of the crazy boat and the weltering deep alone; 540  
But a keener fear of the night, the dark, and the ghostly hour,  
And the thing that drove the canoe with more than a mortal's power  
And more than a mortal's boldness. For much she knew of the dead  
That haunt and fish upon reefs, toiling, like men, for bread,  
And traffic with human fishers, or slay them and take their ware, 545

Till the hour when the star of the dead goes down, and the morning air  
Blows, and the cocks are singing on shore. And surely she knew  
The speechless thing at her side belonged to the grave.

It blew

All night from the south; all night, Rahéro contended and kept 550  
The prow to the cresting sea; and, silent as though she slept,  
The woman huddled and quaked. And now was the peep of day.  
High and long on their left the mountainous island lay;  
And over the peaks of Taiárapu arrows of sunlight struck.  
On shore the birds were beginning to sing: the ghostly ruck 555  
Of the buried had long ago returned to the covered grave;  
And here on the sea, the woman, waxing suddenly brave,  
Turned her swiftly about and looked in the face of the man.  
And sure he was none that she knew, none of her country or clan:  
A stranger, mother-naked, and marred with the marks of fire, 560  
But comely and great of stature, a man to obey and admire.

And Rahéro regarded her also, fixed, with a frowning face,  
Judging the woman's fitness to mother a warlike race.  
Broad of shoulder, ample of girdle, long in the thigh,  
Deep of bosom she was, and bravely supported his eye. 565

"Woman," said he, "last night the men of your folk —  
Man, woman, and maid, smothered my race in smoke.  
It was done like cowards; and I, a mighty man of my hands,  
Escaped, a single life; and now to the empty lands  
And smokeless hearths of my people, sail, with yourself, alone. 570  
Before your mother was born, the die of to-day was thrown  
And you selected: — your husband, vainly striving, to fall  
Broken between these hands: — yourself to be severed from all,  
The places, the people, you love — home, kindred, and clan —  
And to dwell in a desert and bear the babes of a kinless man." 575

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