

**Boys Poem: 12 and under 14 years**

**“Oates”, by F.W Bain**

Down in the South, where the Blizzards blow,  
Four men struggled along the snow.  
One was dead, and that living four,  
Stood at the threshold of Death’s Door.  
Only a mile or two ahead,  
Refuge lay for those Living Dead,  
Only a few more miles to go!  
The Blizzard he roared, and he laughed, “Ho! Ho!”

Bowers, and Wilson, and Captain Scott,  
They could walk, but Oates could not.  
Slower and slower, day by day.  
They dragged the sledge on which he lay.  
Each man thought what none would say.  
“But for Oates, we might get away”.  
Oates said nothing, but he thought, too,  
“But for me, they might all win through”.

Came a Friday, and morning broke,  
In the howl of the Blizzard, Oates awoke.  
And he said to himself, as he lay quite still:  
“There’s always a Way, where there’s a Will.  
There’s just one chance for the other Three:  
To-morrow might save them, but for me.”

Oates stood up, and he said to Scott;  
“I’ll be back in a little while – or not.”  
And he looked, but he did not say, “Good-bye:”  
And he went out into the storm, to die.  
And the icy chill of the Blizzard’s breath  
Blew him swiftly the kiss of Death.

But the Blizzard’s fury missed him, still;

There was something which it couldn't kill.  
Down in the South where the Blizzards blow,  
There are letters branded upon the snow.  
Carved for ever, as if in stone:  
Oates went forth to his death, alone!