

A Call to Home

Return, again, at last, to faces known,
To voices, long unheard, in song and cheer.
Though once apart, to distant corners thrown,
No longer! Now you lay your head down here.
In comfort, peace, and safety of your home,
In company of those you cherish true,
Return at last, no longer must you roam,
To wander-lust and restlessness, adieu!
The hearth is lit, the table set for feast,
The minstrels now with music fill the hall.
As high-born drink and dance alike the least,
We offer cheer, and welcome one and all.
So cross the threshold, through the open gate,
Return you home and cast off journey's weight.

Documentation

This piece is a sonnet, specifically in the English style of the 16th century. The form was initially used in English by Sir Thomas Wyatt (<http://www.sonnets.org/wyatt.htm>) and Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (<http://www.luminarium.org/renlit/norfolk.htm>). Wyatt introduced the form to English (from the original Italian), but Howard was the first to use the rhyme scheme which would become typical (and which I have used in mine). Sonnets were generally 14 lines and in English were most often written in iambic pentameter.

The poem itself is a call home to a weary traveler. The journey has reached its end, and home beckons. All the weights of the road, danger, loneliness, and exhaustion fall away, and are replaced by the comforts of home – kinship, security, and a festive welcome.