

100 POEMS



I

HOW IT SEEMED TO US



A grey flat lying out against the sea,
Where the strait guts are choked with weeded wood
And tangled cordage, moving aimlessly
Upon the lazy leaden ebb or flood –
A waste of stunted gorze and withered tree,
Warped by a wind that chills the running blood
And crisps the slime masked puddles in the mud
A place of desolation verily!
But yet this place is dearer to us two
Than any other spot we know on earth –
The North wind ushered in our passion's birth,
When by the waste my heart went out to you.
And the blind tide at ebb crawled back again
To scatter golden spume flakes at our feet,
And hail us – who had served a time of pain
And being free, had found deliverance sweet.

A VOYAGE



Our galley chafes against the Quay,
 The full tide calls us from the beach
 While far away across the sea
 Is set the isle that we would reach
 The haven where we fain would be.

Let us go forward – doubting not –
 Into the grey waste flecked with foam
 Adventurers that have no spot
 So dear that they should call it home –
 Lone men, of all men most forgot

Grim men, with some deep hidden sin,
 About their bosom, haggard eyes
 That shew the bitter soul within
 Warped by a thousand miseries
 Pale men, with drawn white lips and thin.

Old men, that lose their faith in good,
 And so take service recklessly
 In any strife by land or flood,
 Wherever evil chance to be,
 Prodigal of their life's last blood

Young faces, very old with woe,
 Strong men, in evil stronger still
 These make our crew and so we go
 Climbing each shifting waterhill
 That heaves us upward from below.

Our galley lamps are bright with hope,
Our voices ring across the sea
In other lands is wider scope
For all our virile energy
Let be the past, leave we the quay
With firm hands on the tiller rope

A MORNING RIDE



In the hush of the cool, dim dawn when the shades begin to retreat
 And the jackal bolts his lair at the sound of your horse's feet;
 When the great kite preens his wings and calls to his mate on the tree
 And the lilac opens her buds 'ere the sun shall be up to see;
 When the trailing rosebush thrills with the sparrows pent up strife,
 Oh! a ride in an Indian dawn, there's no such pleasure in life.

"There's a bend on the (Ravee) river" by the ruined temple gate
 There's a halt in the flowering millet; some twenty minutes to wait
 There's a glimpse of a dark blue habit – a ripple of laughter sweet
 And . . . only the *mynas* are witness how the *Sabib* and the *Miss Sabib*
 meet –

There's a whispered sentence of greeting as we canter over the grass –
 Where the river runs to the sea like a river of molten glass
 Ah! well it is to be living when hands and heart are good
 To fetter a pulling horse or to love as a youngster should
 When pay and the ponies prosper, and the *bunniab* cheaps his gram,
 And the munshi swears by the prophet, that the Sahib will pass his
 exam.

What matter if life has its sorrows while the Present sufficeth for me,
 And I live a life in an hour by the bend of the blue Ravee!

THE DEDICATION



With a spade I went to play
 Hunting starfish on the shore,
 Mother, that was yesterday
 Or at most the day before.
 You remember how I brought
 To your lap the beasts I caught?

Judge of Ultimate Appeal,
 Dear undoubted referee;
 How could you endure the feel
 Of the slab anemone
 As I clamoured at your ear: –
 “Does you like it, Mother dear?”

Bladder-wrack and red sea-grass,
 Dogfish-purse and worm-worn wood,
 Solemnly I bade you class
 Asking: – “Mother, is they good?”
 Then to make their merits clear,
 “Cause I found ’em, Mother dear.”

Time has whirled the spade away,
 Turned to slang the baby-speech,
 And the child of yesterday
 Hunts, alone, a flinty beach –
 Catches starfish as of old,
 Gives ’em not for Love but gold.

Drenched is he in green sea-pools
 Seeming shallows, sounding deep,

And the wisdom of the schools
Shows him not where lobsters creep;
Never word of pity flows
When the creatures tweak his toes.

Sponges gathered from the cove
Where the gay Medusa stings,
Shells and cuttle make the trove
That in heaviness he brings
To a Judge who doesn't care
Twopence for the whole affair.

Wherefore let the grown-ups slide
We'll go back to half past three,
Hunting starfish by a tide
Always still for you and me.
Take my trove and – stoop more near: –
“Does you like it Mother dear?”

WITH A LOCKET



What can I send to a sweet little sister
 Kisses, on paper, are lukewarm stuff –
 She knows, too well, how much I have missed her
 To tell it again would be stupid enough.
 Love, I have long ago sent to my sister
 There's little left over. Isn't it rough.

Let me then think of a gift to my sister
 I've a notion she wouldn't like cheroots,
 Black and knotty, her face to blister
 And a gentleman's saddle scarcely suits
 The figure and style of a female sister
 Any more than Manilla cheroots

Would she care for an army revolver my sister –
 Bore 450, weight not small,
 Many a time have its bullets missed a
 Six inch mark on the stable wall
 'Tis an unsafe gift to give to a sister
 Who shuts her eyes when she fires at all.

Would she care for a grass-green parrot my sister?
 Hundreds harry our gardens now,
 Plucking our loquats just as they list, a
 Band of Brigands whose fort is the bough –
 I am rather afraid one would reach my sister
 As the French of the school says – *Tray no gow*

Io triumphe! Eureka, my Sister
 Bueno! Bahut accha! ver guten! Tres bon(g)
I will send Trinchinopoly gold to my sister
 And finish my terribly tedious song
A goddess in gold shall be sent to my sister
 May she think of her “Brer” and be pleased with it long.

“THE WOP OF ASIA — THAT LORDLY BEAST”



The Wop of Asia — that lordly Beast —
 Writes from His Lair in the burning East
 To the Wop of Europe: — “Peace and Rest,
 “From Allah who giveth them be in your Breast.

“Behold it was writ on our Brows at Birth
 “We should sing in the East of the Sons of Earth:
 (And how shall a Man, be He ne’er so wise
 Escape that Sentence between his Eyes?)
 Wherefore we sang and the Songs we send
 May serve to amuse you in far North-End

“Now the Gnat sings gaily at Eventide,
 “And the Bullfrog sings by the waterside,
 “And the wind of the Desert across the Sands
 “Singeth what no Man understands —
 “But whether we sing as These or worse,
 “Behold it is written here in our Verse.

THE STORY OF TOMMY



A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL

This is the story of Tommy, aged twenty and drunk in his cot;
 Marvellous drunk was Tommy, and the night was marvellous hot;
 And the fever had held him all day, till Tommy was told by his "chum"
 That the worst of fevers would yield to a couple of "goes" of rum. —
 So he drank till the bare plain rocked 'neath his regulation boots,
 And kept the liquor in place with a dozen *bazaar* cheroots.

Marvellous hot was the night (hot as they make 'em in June),
 Merrily came the mosquito and cheered his soul with a tune,
 Over the nose of Tommy softly the punkah swept.
 But coolies are only human, and somehow that coolie slept. —
 Sweating and swearing profusely, dizzy and dazed with his smoke —
 Mad with the drink and the fever, Tommy, aged twenty, awoke.

"*Zor se kencho you soor!*" Never an answering wretch,
 Peacefully slumbered the coolie, "*Kencho you budzart, kench!*"
 Three times Tommy had called him; gaily he slumbered on.
 In at the barrack-room windows softly the moonbeams shone.
 Gleamed on a polished belt-jag — gleamed on a barrel brown,
 Stuck in a rack, and inviting Tommy to take 'em down.

Only an arm's length away, swaddled in paper and twine
 Ten regulation "pickets" — if you subtract one, nine.
 Tommy has settled that question as "Little Jack Horner" of yore,
 Clutches the smooth, brown barrel, staggers across the floor.
 Only a tug at the lever, only a jerk of the thumb,
 Now for the last temptation. Query. Will Tommy succumb?

Mistily muses Tommy – finger laid on the trigger: –
“Ain’t it a bloomin’ lark to frighten a blasted nigger?
“Now fur to wake up the *soor!*” Never a sign from the coolie.
Tommy has shouldered the rifle – strives to present it duly.
Little night-owls are chuckling. Loudly the coolie respire,
Laughing aloud as he does so, Tommy, aged twenty, fires.

Merrily hiccupped Tommy when they locked him up in the dark.
Tried to explain to the Guard how it was only a “lark.”
Didn’t remember at trial aught that he did or said,
Wherefore was justly ordained to be “hanged by the neck till dead.”
Waited a couple of weeks, while the *padris* came and harangued,
Then, in the Central Jail, Tommy, aged twenty, was hanged.

THE DESCENT OF THE PUNKAH



Yes, lay the *jharun* coats aside
 Likewise my snow-white trews,
 And bring me forth my sober tweeds
 More fit for Autumn use.
 And ope for me the bottled beer
 That once I used to shun
 Who dares to hint at “liver” now
 The summer days are done?
 Within the deep verandah’s shade
 There lurks a form I know.
 It is the punkah-pulling fiend
 Hi! *Juldee chuti do!*
 Noor Ahmed! chase him from my sight,
 That evil form and brown,
 And recollect, ere I return,
 Have all the *punkabs* down.

A necessary evil he,
 And somnolent withal,
 Who snored through fifty steamy nights,
 Nor wakened at my call.
 But stay – my soul is filled with peace,
 E’en towards my Aryan neighbours –
 Eight annas shall be his beyond
 The pittance of his labours.
 Fresh faces at the band appear –
 Apace the Station fills –
 And half a hundred friends return
 From half a hundred hills.

Yea, straightway to the Club will I,
 (Though worldly prudence frown)
And drink in driest Monopole
 My toast: — “The punkah’s down.”

“AS ONE WHO THROWS EARTH’S GOLD
AWAY IN SCORN”



As one who throws Earth’s gold away in scorn,
Holding Tomorrow shall refill his purse,
So he who spurns his brain’s light offspring, born
In prose or verse.

Behold the night is certain when our hand
Shall fail from labour and our eye from sight. —
Thrice mad who has no treasure at command
Against that night.

Wherefore, while each new day brings some new thought
And life’s chain sparkles, golden link by link
Write quickly; good or evil, all is fraught
More deeply than you think.

THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON



He came in the winter midnight –
 Our Ruler – Time's youngest boy,
 And we murdered his predecessor,
 With revel and riot and joy.

“Te morituri salutant!”

“Oh! what are your measures?” we cried.
 “And what is your policy usward?”
 And our baby King replied: –

“My People! Some chairs will empty
 “And sundry cradles will fill;
 “And divers passions will vanish;
 “And hopes and hearts will chill

“Ere I quit you in next December.”
 (Our Ruler paused and smiled.
 And the eyes of the terrible Father
 Looked out from the face of the Child.)

“Some vows will be plighted and broken
 “And women and men will lie;
 “And envy and hatred and malice
 “Will thrive apace till I die.

“And Loves Eternal will perish,
 “Ere half of my reign be done,
 “And a thousand good resolutions
 “Will melt like snow in the sun.”

Then we spread the tables for feasting
And made the great bells swing;
And clamoured aloud for largesse
At the hands of our generous King.
Rich nuts to the toothless gave he;
Strong meats to the aged and weak –
The gift of a fading eyesight –
The gift of a withered cheek.

High hopes, brave aspirations,
That sank us deep in the mire;
Fair visions of long-lost chances;
The gifts of a vain desire.

He dowered us richly with knowledge,
The sins of our youth to mourn;
And gave us the gift of loving,
When the time for loving was gone.

So we hugged his gifts to our bosoms,
And feasted and made good cheer;
And we grasped the hands of our neighbours,
And wished them: – “A Happy New Year.”

DISTRESS IN THE HIMALAYAS



A singular scarcity of men prevails this year at most of the Hill Stations of Upper India; owing to the number of men who have taken leave to England or Kashmir. *Newsletter.*

There's wailing on the Camel's Back;
 There's grief on Simla Mall;
 Blank horror thrills the Murree Hills
 And broods o'er Naini Tal.
 The dances stop; the dinners drop;
 The blatant bands are dumb:
 The maidens wait disconsolate
 For men who never come.

The 'rickshaws run – none run beside,
 Uncavaliered they go;
 The only mails (Her Majesty's)
 Accentuate their woe.
 Ah ha! They scorned our simple worth
 In other, livelier years;
 Come, let us mock their misery,
 And gloat upon their tears!

Go, ask the bounding *barasingh*
 Where are your partners gone!
 Speak to the flying P and O,
 Or Thomas Cook and Son!
 They hunt another quarry now,
 The men whose loss you grieve;

For half of them are in Kashmir
And half at Home on leave.

For six short weeks each rover seeks
A broader, bustling Mall –
A cool, electric-lighted Ind
Behind the Albert Hall.

What is the scent of deodars –
The bray of G-ldst-n's band –
To odours dear of London smoke,
And tumult of the Strand?

They will return, I know them well,
But *you* must eke till then
A semi-torpid season out
With "boys" and aged men.
The rawest thing in uniform,
The rowdiest in check,
Shall save your dance from breaking down,
Your picnic from a wreck.

Go up, bald-headed patriarchs!
Time brings again your chance;
A dado of sweet wallflowers
Is withering for a dance.
Fly, flaxen-headed innocence!
Flirt while your Fate allows;
The Law is kind and does not bind
A minor to his vows.

CUPID'S DEPARTMENT



Perched upon the Simla Ridge, as the clocks were warning ten,
 Cupid watched the cavalcade of the office-going men;
 Very wet his bow and quiver, dripping each ambrosial plume,
 And a little touch of "liver" filled his Godship's soul with gloom.

So he sneered to see them pass to the tin-topped roofs below –
 "These," quoth he, "are, one and all, my subordinates you know.
 They may play at what they please – home and foreign policy –
 C.S.I.'s and C.I.E.'s – but their work is under me.

"Some have served me many years, faithful clerks and zealous they –
 Some I pay in solid coin – some I owe a lifetime's pay;
 On the honour of a god, it would make the saddest laugh,
 Could he only read the roll of my Departmental Staff.

"Silver-headed gentlemen, raw and reckless-riding youths
 Learn of me from four to ten, divers valuable truths;
 Each into my service pressed is, florid Youth and Dotage fading,
 And the beauty of the jest is no one knows his rank or grading.

"You may take it as a rule, for the comfort of your heart meant,
 Kings are generally Pawns, Pawns are Kings in my Department;
 All exceptions you must settle for yourself by Rule of Two –
 If you chance to make an error, very much the worse for you.

All the office rules I keep out of my *employees'* sight,
 They must puzzle out the Code for themselves by Nature's Light.
 Yet, despite my rank injustice and the jobs I perpetrate,
 My department is the largest and the leading one of State!"

Thus it was with mocking laughter when the clocks had stricken ten,
Cupid sent his blessing after all those office-going men: –
“Play at what you please my servants – home or foreign policy,
Ruling nations, building bridges – but your work is under me!”

“ FURTHER INFORMATION ”



“*Lord Dufferin’s staff don’t kiss.*” *Pioneer*, Sept. 23.

“And don’t they really kiss you?” No.
 They’d blush if you asked them – ever so.
 At the slightest mention of social slips
 They turn clear pink to the finger-tips.
 Why, anything verging on innocent chaff
 Would shock the whole of Lord Dufferin’s Staff;
 That Solemn and Serious Staff.

“And pray, and what do the Gentlemen drink?”
 From Whiskey they fly and from “Simkin” shrink;
 But toast and water they merrily quaff,
 For this is the way of Lord Dufferin’s Staff;
 His rigidly temperate Staff.

“And don’t they dance?” They think it wrong;
 And wholly unfitting an *aide-de-cong*,
 ’Tis all you can do to raise a laugh,
 Much less a waltz from Lord Dufferin’s Staff,
 That Solemn and Serious Staff.

From six in the morning till ten at night,
 The study of tongues is their sole delight;
 And the Munshi drones over *gain* and *káf*
 To that ocean of learning, Lord Dufferin’s Staff;
 His crushingly erudite Staff,

They seldom dine and they never sup.
 They wear their jack-spurs wrong side up.

They always walk with their eyes on the ground,
They call P-I-t-i's the "Devil's Pound"
And frequently speak of Balls and dinners
As traps for the Souls of benighted sinners.
"The lusts of the flesh are dross and draff"
Say the whole of this verily Christian Staff.
This painfully Virtuous Staff.

They are never seen on the Annandale course,
They take no stock in the legs of a horse.
And the smoky din of a lottery night
Is rank perdition in their sight.
In fact, they are all too good by half
For this frivolous world, are Lord Dufferin's Staff;
This rigidly temperate, Solemn and Serious, prudish
and passionless Staff.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS



1.

I am resolved – throughout the year
 To lay my vices on the shelf;
 A godly, sober course to steer
 And love my neighbours as myself –
 Excepting always two or three
 Whom I detest as they hate me.

2.

I am resolved – that whist is low –
 Especially with cards like mine –
 It guts a healthy Bank-book – so
 These earthly pleasures I resign,
 Except – and here I see no sin –
 When asked by others to “cut in.”

3.

I am resolved – no more to dance
 With *ingenues* – so help me Venus!
 It gives the Chaperone her chance
 For hinting Heaven knows what between us.
 The Ballroom and the Altar stand
 Too close in this suspicious land.
 (N.B.) But will I (here ten names) abandon?
 No, while I have a leg to stand on!

4.

I am resolved – to sell my horses.
 They cannot stay, they *will* not go;

They lead me into evil courses
Wherefore I mean to part with – No!
Cut out that resolution – I'll
Try *Jilt* to-morrow on the mile.

5.

I am resolved – to flirt no more,
It leads to strife and tribulation;
Not that I used to flirt before,
But as a bar against temptation.
Here I except (cut out the names)
x perfectly Platonic flames.

6.

I am resolved – to drop my smokes,
The Trichi has an evil taste.
I cannot buy the brands of Oakes;
But, lest I take a step in haste,
And so upset my health, I choose a
“More perfect way” in pipes and Poosa.

7.

I am resolved – that vows like these,
Though lightly made, are hard to keep;
Wherefore I'll take them by degrees,
Lest my backslidings make me weep.
One vow a year will see me through;
And I'll begin with Number Two.

CONCERNING A JAWÁB



“There was no other man in the case at all. She said she had simply changed her mind – had done so for a long while, but didn’t like to tell me for fear of hurting my feelings. So I gave back the letters and it’s all over.” *Extract from a Private Letter.*

Before

By all the mighty Oaths that Love can frame,
 And all the Penalties by Love imposed,
 I swore to Him that Love should be the same
 Till Time’s weak Wings and Time’s worn Eye-lids closed.
 These things, in scorn of Time, I swore to prove,
 But Time, in scorn of Me, my Love hath killed,
 And, for this Treason, leaves my Heart unfilled,
 Lest Treason find a Comfort in new Love.

Alas! Long Usage schools the fettered Speech
 To that sweet Creed, outlived an Age ago,
 Since Time hath checked his Flight to edge my Doom.
 Dull cowardice sets Freedom out of Reach,
 While Pity wails: – “For Love’s Sake be it so.”
 And Passion’s Corpse-Light flickers o’er Love’s Tomb.

After.

Peace, by Time’s Mercy, in the Heart of Me,
 The Peace that springs of very Weariness;
 As One Wave-rescued looks upon the Sea
 So I look on the Day of my Distress –
 A Power defied that stretches forth weak Hands

To hold Me who am passed from out Its Reach –
An angry Wave that thunders on the Beach,
But takes no Trophy of the scornful Sands.

Yea, Peace hath come again and I am free,
And all the Old is dead and cannot rise,
And all the New awaits Me, pure untrod.
As One Wave-rescued turneth from the Sea
Landward to rest Him, so I turn my Eyes
From past Things to the Future, thanking God.

“AU REVOIR”



What Song shall we sing to the Swallow,
 In Spring? –
 To the restless roving Swallow
 That heralds an English Spring?
 Surely, sad Autumn must follow
 The Pageant of Spring
 And, what Time the Winds blow hollow,
 Where is the Swallow?

What Song to the Flowers of May,
 In Summer? –
 To the Buds and the Blossoms of May
 That jewel an English Summer?
 Surely, These pass away
 With the waning Summer,
 And, what Time the Woods decay,
 Where are the Flowers of May?

What Song to an English Maid
 'Neath our Sun? –
 To a blue-eyed English Maid
 Who braves for a Season our Sun?
 Surely, the Lilacs fade
 Ere the Season is done;
 And, what Time June Burneth the Blade,
 Where is the Maid?

There is one Message to All,
One Invitation, —
When Birds flit or Flowers fall,
Or the Maid quits the Station: —
“Come back with the cooler Spring Wind
“For the Land lieth lonely!
“Come back, for Ye leave Us behind
“Sweet Memories only!”

THE WITCHING OF TEDDY O'NEAL



Teddy O'Neal went up the Hill:
 Heart of my Heart was Teddy O'Neal,
 For the light of the Good Folk was over his path,
 And the music called him from dune and rath,
 And I could not stay him, delay him, nor pray him
 To fly from the witch-wives, my Teddy O'Neal.

Teddy O'Neal went up the Hill:
 Best of the Best was Teddy O'Neal,
 Drawn by the cords that the Good Folk make,
 With a heart on flame for the music's sake;
 But I knew there was danger for Teddy, a stranger,
 In the Court of Finvarra, my Teddy O'Neal.

Teddy O'Neal went up the Hill:
 Fair as the morning was Teddy O'Neal
 He danced with the witch-wives, one, two, three,
 He tasted their wine and he turned from me –
 From me while I pleaded, he speeded nor heeded;
 Of the wine of Finvarra drank Teddy O'Neal.

Teddy O'Neal sank down on the Hill.
 The Black Rath swallowed my Teddy O'Neal,
 And I prayed to the Saints as I stood without
 And heard through the hill side the rattle and shout
 Of the feast that they gave him, and I could not save him;
 For a witch-wife was charming my Teddy O'Neal.

Teddy O'Neal came down the Hill, –
 Not my brother, my Teddy O'Neal,

The kiss of the witch-wife was red on his mouth;
He turned from my table in hunger and drouth,
For the Good Folk had crowned him, and bound him and wound him
In the spell of Finvarra, my Teddy O'Neal.

Teddy O'Neal is back in the Plains –
The flesh of the body of Teddy O'Neal;
But his lips are closed and his voice is still,
And I know that his heart is straining up Hill
To the witch-wife he stayed with and stayed with and paid with
The price of his soul, my poor Teddy O'Neal.

ITU AND HIS GOD



Itu, who led the Oash Gul to war,
 Carved a great image from the mountain-pine,
 Strung beads upon its neck and smeared its cheeks
 With blood of slaughtered beasts, and called it God,
 And set it in a cavern of the Hills,
 Alone and, save for him who knew the path
 Between the glacier and the sliding shale,
 Remote, unseen and unapproachable.

Between the Council and the Day of Fight,
 Between the Choosing and the Sacrifice,

Between the full-thought Plan and that he did,
 Itu made pilgrimage across the snows
 That guard the glacier and the sliding shale,
 And called upon his God with mighty cries,
 And looked into the white-shell eyes for sign,
 And slew the beasts, and made the altar smoke,
 Alone and in the cavern of the Hills.

And, as the night-wind sang about the rocks,
 Or as the hill-stream thundered in the cleft,
 Or as the river groaned beneath the snows,
 So Itu read the answer of his God,
 And warred against the foe or held his hand.
 But once the mountain where the Cavern is
 Was troubled as a man is vexed in sleep,
 And stirred a little, blindly, heaved a flank,
 Then fell afresh to slumber. When the day

Broke desolate across the desolate snows,
And the affrighted eagle sought her nest,
An hour quitted, lost beneath the drift,
The great, unwinking-eyed, pine-carven God
Lay in the valley, riven, splintered marred
And soiled with muddy water from the streams, –
A log across the torrent.

Itu came,
With him a score of ewes for sacrifice,
And heads of enemies in wicker arks,
Wherefrom the blood dripped softly on the snow,
And incense stolen from the Devil-Shrine,
Which is beyond the hills of Ao-Safai –
But lo! his God was fallen from the cave,
A log across the torrents of the hills.

Then Itu called him by his Name of Praise,
His Name of Pleading, and the Third Great Name
The Name of Power; but the water lapped
About his ears, and rippled on his back,
And frothed among his feet, and he lay still,
Esteeming more the mud and broken trees
Than twenty ewes or bleeding human heads,
Or Itu leaning from the crag above,
And whispering to him, in the Third Great Name.
So he flung the wicker arks away,
And freed the ewes to die among the snows,
And, stepping from the boulder to the pine
Dethroned, and from the tree-trunk to the mire
Smote once, and twice and thrice the white-shell eyes
And cut the neck and set the head adrift

And hewed the body, weeping while he smote
Because his God was fallen from the cave.

Then he returned to lead the Oash Gul,
Out of the Temple to the war, but first
Struck Kysh and Yabosh, very terrible,
Red eyed, smoke-blackened, by the altar steps
Before the priests could stay him. Hom he struck
Between the eyes, and loosed the Silver Crown
Which is the diadem of Hom the Wise;
Nor stopped before the murky shrine of Thar
Who rules the births of men. So he was bound,
By all the priests of Kysh and Hom and Thar,
And set upon a boulder in the snows
And pierced with arrows till that night, he died,
Blaspheming his own God with white-shell eyes,
Yabosh and Kysh and Hom and Thar the Maid,
And all the priest-hood of the Oash Gul,
Because his handiwork was carven pine.

And, later, the snow-leopard took his bones,
And spread them where the wild horse herds in spring,
And gave his skull to please her cubs awhile;
And men forebore to speak on Itu's name
Who cursed the great Gods of the Oash Gul.
Because he made a God without the priests,
That was no God, but fell as pine-trees fall,
Between the glacier and the sliding shale.

But they called *my* worship “Sport.”
(Tommy Dodd).

Since your little race began
(Tommy Dodd),
I have swayed the soul of man;
(Tommy Dodd)
Crozier, rochet, mitre, pall,
I am stronger than them all,
And shall flourish when they fall
(Tommy Dodd).

Dam the Indus in its bed
(Tommy Dodd)
Blanket Kinchinjunga’s head
(Tommy Dodd)
Skid a glacier, cork a crater
Make the Morning Sun rise later,
And – I’ll own that you’re the greater
(Tommy Dodd).

Spokeshave every failing human,
(Tommy Dodd),
Turn the heart of man from woman,
(Tommy Dodd)
Cleanse the Earth of evil in it
Pinion Passion’s wings with sinnit
And – I’ll abdicate this minute
(Tommy Dodd).

While the breath of man endures
(Tommy Dodd)
There’s an older Law than yours:
(Tommy Dodd)

He will quit your highest altars
For the Chance that clicks and falters
Where the croupier reads the psalters
(Tommy Dodd).

Here's my answer to your cry
(Tommy Dodd)

“See the little horses fly!
(Tommy Dodd)

“Open bank and we'll begin,
“Let the whirring needle spin,
“Try your luck – *you're sure to win!*”
(Tommy Dodd).

“A COMING MAY”



A coming May
To hills of green and shadows cool
We haste away.

A torrid June
With dance and mirth the circling days
Pass all too soon.

A gay July
A broken heart, a fond adieu, a little bill
And then we fly.

THE LETTER OF HALIM THE POTTER TO YUSUF
HIS FATHER AND MASTER CRAFTSMAN IN THE
WALLED CITY OF LAHORE; WRITTEN ON THE
FIFTH DAY OF THE MONTH OF THE SCALES



Halim the Potter from the rainy Hills, –
Under the diamond coronetted pines,
The dun, rain sodden clouds that jewel them,
The snake plants hooded tongued and venomous
The briars and the orchids – sends his word.
His Greeting to the Father whence he gained
First, life and then such Knowledge of The Craft
As is his portion.

For a double gift
A double greeting – though alas! the Reed
But bears the message coldly, and no gift
From Halim's hand to yours accompanies –
Yet he, being set about with many thoughts
Because the Day is lucky (so they hold
Who say Man's Day of trouble is a thing
Not to be disregarded lightly, kept
Year after year whenas the Day returns,
With such observance as the Life demands –
To the great Life great joy, the Little less.
The work alone is worthy – not the Day
Or Birth or Death or – softly. Who am I,
Halim, to hold a fancy thus?) He searched
For gifts but after saw the thought was vain
Knowing fit weapons of The Craft were thine,
And the Sage Councillor that burns and dies

Within the *chillum* Phoenix fashion, born
Anew in greater labours fresher power
Than the unholpen brain could hope for – this
Was also thine; and so he held his hand
Knowing there were no other gifts. He writes
Instead his letter to the man who made
Him and his knowledge – so the gift returns
In some poor fashion to the giver.

First

Behind the *Purdab* (since I write to thee
Thee only, and the Munshi at my side,
My thumb and two first fingers, cannot blab)
The Mother and the Child – which last e'en now
Toils at her fancies in the lower room,
Weaving a mighty empire out of ghosts
As I red armies from the coarser clay –
Are fain of Thee because they know and feel
How daily upward runs the silver thread
Up from the silver pellet – which the men
Beyond the seas have impiously set
As record of Gehenna's torments. Ay,
The Prophet (blessed in Allah) writes: – “Take heed
“Because ye are the Chosen, yet all skill
“Concentres not in Islam. Swine and dogs
“Have knowledge of the weather more than ye –
“Learn from them, praising Allah.” So they learn
Your torment, written in the accursed tongue
That babbles daily and is past my power
To riddle – for my work is otherwise
Than Munshis babes and Babus. So they learn
Your daily torment and would have you here.
Save that the old distemper of the Hills
When clouds are lowest, holds The Mother fast

A little space. I doubt not that the drugs
Of those who know not Islam. (– Read again
The Prophet's sentence, though thou knewest it
Before I knew the platter from the cup –)
Will heal her shortly – all three sides are well
Of our small square but that they lack the fourth.
I mostly O my Father! for what e'er
The women wish, my loss is most of all
Seeing that it is double and I lose
My Master Craftsman with my Father. Look!
Thou knowest (no man better) how the clay
Bends inward on the wheel, bends breaks and falls
If my hand run the pitcher lip too high.
Yea, one nail's width beyond the guide. Thou knowest
How the raw clay – removed the potter's hand –
Falls inward also – whether formed or not
(I can but choose the similes I know)
(And know thou seest the meaning ere I write.)
As with the clay so with the potter. Close –
Too close the likeness – thus my young mind thinks –
Two months ago I held my skill was mine
Admitting hastily a certain hint
A council here and there. Perhaps one touch
On spout or belly ere we fired the kiln
Thy hint, *thy* council and *thy* Touch No more
Than just so much as made (why blink the truth?)
The bad thing good; the drunken pitcher straight
A thing desirable in the front of the stall.
My workmanship thou saidst – and I believed
It was so small a touch, so slight a word.
I threw the wet clay – marred it. Now I see!
The hand went and the clay thereafter fell

Uncouthly. These two months have shown the Truth.
It may be that thou knewest it before.
I learnt it lately, toiling at a vase
To do me credit. For myself alone.
(Was this the cause of failure . . . It may be)
Because I loved the labour and no gold
Should draw it from me. 'Twas a noble vase.
(I recollect *you* gave the first design
A clean and noble fashioning thereto)
The thing has failed – not wholly failed. I learnt
Much that I should have learnt before alas!
The fair lip sprouted into useless length
(Who said I needed mud-banks for *chirags*?)
And all the belly blistered 'neath my hands
With shapes of *Afrits*, *Shaitans Djinns* and *Ghouls*.
“I could not help it” so I told myself
And knew I lied – Thou knowest more than I.
But the distorted vessel still remains
Against your coming. Does not Yusuf say
“Even the marred and unclean clay keep thou
“As record of past error. Hand and brain
“May both take warning?” I have kept my work
For judgement. I can only see the faults.
The Remedy is hidden. It may be
My pitcher lip exceeds the nail's breadth. This
At least is certain that the raw clay bends
Into ignoble shapes without thy hand.
The vase has taught me. O! make haste and come.
I can but mar the good, grey, clay till then
And know I mar it, and would mar it more
But for past councils.

Halim, Yusuf's Son.

TO THESE PEOPLE



“Peace upon Earth to people of good will,”
 So runs the song of eighteen hundred years
 Caught by the drowsy shepherds on the hill
 From Regents of the Spheres.

Now we have lost the Babe among the straw
 That men, too wise, thresh out of Death and Birth;
 But year by year the old, sweet changeless Law
 Rings downward to the Earth.

Wherefore so long as mortal life endures,
 To that Beyond we doubt and dream of still,
 Peace upon earth and all goodwill be yours
 O household of goodwill!

And none the less because so near to youth
 The hand that fails your merits in confessing
 And none the less because so far from truth
 The heart that shapes the blessing

Against the petty round of wearing strife
 You gave me refuge very dear and new –
 The tender courtesies of daily life
 Unwavering, sweet and true.

Forgoing much you opened wide your doors
 And made me welcome past all worth or right –
 An inky gamin doing inky chores
 And doing 'em at night!

You heard the egotistic tongue that jumped
From babbling joy to beer-begotten gloom,
Nor shuddered when cheroot in hand I stumped
Your dainty drawing room.

Do I write jestingly? Believe me no –
Between the lines a deeper meaning lies
And heartier thanks than best Blue Black can show
Or pen anatomize

Help, Comfort, Sympathy and Kindness lie
Beyond all scribbling though I set apart
A thirty page edition of the *Pi*
And filled it – from my heart

I thank you for I hold you very dear –
Science and Housewifry who made me guest,
And more than guest, for half a happy year –
And veil my thanks in jest.

Behold! The stranger in your gates calls down
A mighty Blessing – yea, a note of credit
Available at every sea and town
As you and yours shall tread it

All good encompass you from East to West
Till utmost East becomes the West extreme,
What time you take your giant pleasure-quest
To lands whereof I dream.

For you shall China's wave take softer mood,
And Yeddo yield her choicest broideries,
And Halcyons hastening from their haunts shall brood
O'er North Pacific seas.

Most rare medicaments on every breeze
Shall steal beneath the awnings for your sake
Till tortured temples find unbroken ease,
And burning brows forget the way to ache.

Rangoon shall strew her rubies at your feet,
New skies shall show uncharted constellations,
And gentle earthquakes in Japan shall meet
Your rage for observations.

No plate of all the gross shall frill or blur,
Your trunks shall 'scape unclean *douane-darogabs*,
Though gems and *netschies*, curios and fur
Shall cram your Saratogas.

So shall you fare, while happy omens bless,
By land and sea, thrice proof against all harms,
Till . . .
Alex finds himself an F.R.S.
And Ted her Father's arms.

THE LOVE SONG OF HAR DYAL



Alone upon the housetops to the North
 I turn and watch the lightnings in the sky –
 The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

Below my feet the still bazar is laid –
 Far, far below the weary camels lie –
 The camels and the captives of thy raid.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,
 And drudge of all my father's house am I –
 My bread is sorrow, and my drink is tears.
Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!

THE IRISH CONSPIRACY



The Maharaja Dhulip Singh has issued a manifesto addressed to the Princes and people of India. In it he declares that there are supporters in Europe and America who are ready to form an army for the overthrow of British rule in India; but a fund of four million pounds is necessary for the purchase of munitions in order to carry out that object. Besides the Punjabis, the Irish soldiers serving in British regiments in India would assist in the movement.

Vide Reuter's telegram in "Pioneer" of 15th instant.

I went to ould Mulvaney wid the Friday's *Pioneer*,
 I grup him by the shoulther-strap – sez I to him: – “Look here,
 There's rumours av conspiracy an' fire an' rape an' ruin,
 Expaytiate upon ut, man – fwat *are* the Oirish doin'?”

“You break your Colonels' hearts out here, you turn your Captains
 grey,
 You're breakin' heads in Doblin for O'Brien and Tay Pay,
 You're only safe in action or Kilmainham or the Clink,
 But fwat's this latest devilmint av Mister Julup Sink?”

Mulvaney tuk the paper, an' he hild ut to his eyes,
 An' read about battalions all languishin' to rise,
 He shuk the black dudeen out on the armpit av his fist,
 “The naygur-man is right,” sez he. “By God, we wud assist!

“If only Mister Julup, wid his di'monds in his hat,
 Wud pass the time av day forninst the 'rebils' at Cherat,
 There's rookies from Blackwaterton, an' toughs from Cullyhanna,
 Wud trate His Royal Highness in a most amazin' manner.

“An’ av there come an accident by reason av their fun,
An’ av his head and joolry was both pulled off in one,
The bhoys wud steal a baggage-thrain, an’ bribe a gyard to take
The corpse on to Jullundur for the Connaughts there to wake.

“But av they didn’t waste him, an’ the Connaughts let him be,
The Leinsters at Calcutta are conshumin’ for a shpree,
They’d wet him in the Hugli an’ they’d dhry him in the Strand.
For they’d run him wid their terriers through his patrimonial land.

“But fwhat’s the good av *bukhin’*? Av he wants to see us rise
Let him write to Bobbs Bahadur for a fortnight’s field-supplies,
An’ ship a handy army av tin thousand to Bombay –
Thin call the Oirish regiments – there’s six av us – his way.

“Wud we come? Ay, Jumpin’ Moses, we wud so an’ nivir fear ut –
The Doblins an’ the Munsters, an’ the Kickin’ Harse from Meerut –
The Aigle an’ the Elephint, the Harrp an’ Maple leaves
Wud start a Noah’s Arrk among his Continental thieves.

“We’d work the job with illigance, an’ sentiment an’ taste,
For the di’monds on his hat-band an’ the im’ralds round his waist.
I’ve seen his father’s porthrait – av the son is dhressed to suit,
Begad, he’s simply dhrippin’ wid unmitigated loot!

“Rise! Faith, we’d rise to Hiven an’ we’d smash the guard-gate in
For the half av fwhat he carries on his Russia-leather skin!
Four million pounds in sov’reigns – it wud strike a woman dumb –
Betune six Oirish Regiments! Pershuate the man to come!

.....

Mulvaney dhropped the paper an’ he dhropped the laughin’ too,
An’ black as rain on Malin Head the features av him grew;
The bugles in the barrick-square were blowin’ for parade,
He slipt into his ’coutrements an’, swearin’ cold, he said:

“I take no thought for Julup, I cud mash him in my fist,
But I’d like to catch the renegade who said that we’d assist;
Av I met the two to-morrow, I wud put the naygur by,
But I’d rip the livin’ hide off from the swine that tould that lie!”

“A BURNING SUN IN CLOUDLESS SKIES”



“A burning sun in cloudless skies

“And April dies,

“A dusty mall – three sunsets splendid –

“And May is ended,

“Grey mud beneath – grey cloud o’erhead

“And June is dead.

“A little bill in late July

“And then we fly.”

APPLES



By Cause of Us was Eden lost
 (Ye ancient Legend saith)
 And Adam by ye Heavenly Post
 Was driven forth to Death.

Thys is our Sin (or Hers that pluckt)
 Yet doe our Orchards make
 Almost an Eden reconstruct,
 And guiltlesse of ye Snake.

For underneathe ye laden Boughes
 That fretts ye Summer Skie
 In more than Eden Idlennesse
 Ye Citie Folk may lie.

And catche (in murmur of ye Bees)
 An Echoe of ye Town,
 And marke from out ye Sleepie Trees
 Fat Apples tumbling downe.

BERRIES



We be gamins of the Wood
Who claim the Bramble's brotherhood,
A feeble folk in russet dressed
Of all Earth's children littelest [*sic*].
The brown Bear knows us where we hide
By river-bank or mountain-side —
The settler's baby, brown as he,
Espies where our battalions be
And shameless peddles at the mart
Red jewels warm from Nature's heart.

GRAPES



We have sett, sith Time began
Madnesse in ye Minde of Mann,
Soe that Hee shoulde sinke – alas! –
Lower than ye Kine att Grasse –
Yet for all oure past Misdeede
Wee be of a noble Breede –
Emerald and Purple dyed,
Rome's delight and Gallia's Pride
 An ye doubtte our High Pretence
 Eate of Us in Innocence.

THE PEACH



Ye Garden's royal Pride am I.
A Queen of Beauty manifold,
Y-clad in Crimson dasht with Golde
And crowned by every Summer Skie.
Take ye my Largesse merrily
Nor dread this Giving shall grow small.
Ye Trellis on ye Sun-warmed Wall
Hath hundreds not less Faire than I.

PLUMS



Children of ye Garden We
Simple and of low Degree.
Such as chuse Us ere our Time
Suffer Paines unmeet for Rhyme
Such as eat Us overmuch
Suffer like ye other Such.
Purblind Race of toiling men
Lap Us round with Pye-Crust – then
Served with Sugar and with Cream
Ye shall find Us what we Seem.

THE WATERMELON



I sprawl in the sunshine and grow

(Ho! Ho!)

I am seen of the small boy afar

(Ha! Ha!)

At night he appropriates me

(Hee! Hee!)

He eats – and is sure he will die

(Hi! Hi!)

And the Earth with its sorrow and sin

Continues to spin.

“ AT THE BACK OF
KNIGHTSBRIDGE BARRICKS ”



At the back of Knightsbridge Barricks,
When the fog was gatherin' dim,
The Life Guard talked to the Under-cook,
An' the girl she talked to 'im.

.....

You may make a mistake when you're mashing a tart
But you'll learn to be wise when you're older,
And don't try for things that are out o' your reach,
And that's what the Girl told the Soldier,
Soldier! Soldier!
An' that's what the Girl told the Soldier.

.....

At the back o' the Knightsbridge Barricks,
When the fog's a-gatherin' dim,
The Life Guard waits for the Under-cook,
But she don't wait for 'im.

.....

She's married a man in the poultry line
That lives at 'Ighgate 'Ill.
An' the Life Guard walks with the 'ousemaid now,
An' (*awful pause*) she can't foot the bill!
Oh, think o' my song when you're gowin' it strong,
And your boots are too little to 'old yer,
And don't try for things that are out of your reach,
And that's what the Girl told the Soldier!
Soldier! Soldier!
That's what the Girl told the Soldier!

.....
Oh, do not despise the advice of the wise,
Learn wisdom from those that are older,
And don't try for things that are out of your reach –
An' that's what the Girl told the Soldier!
Soldier! soldier!
Oh, that's what the Girl told the Soldier!

DANNY DEEVER



“What are the bugles blowin’ for?” said Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“What makes you look so white, so white?” said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead
March play,

The Regiment’s in ’ollow square – they’re hangin’ ’im to-day;
They’ve taken of ’is buttons off an’ cut ’is stripes away,
An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

“What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard?” said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“What makes that front-rank man fall down?” said Files-on-Parade.

“A touch o’ sun, a touch o’ sun,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, they are marchin’ of ’im
round,

They ’ave ’altd Danny Deever by ’is coffin on the ground;
An’ ’e’ll swing in ’arf a minute for a sneakin’ shootin’ hound –
Oh, they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’!

“’Is cot was right-’and cot to mine,” said Files-on-Parade.

“’E’s sleepin’ out an’ far to-night,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

“I’ve drunk ’is beer a score o’ times,” said Files-on-Parade.

“’E’s drinkin’ bitter beer alone,” the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin’ Danny Deever, you must mark ’im to ’is
place,

For ’e shot a comrade sleepin’ – you must look ’im in the face;
Nine ’undred of ’is county an’ the Regiment’s disgrace,
While they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’.

“What’s that so black agin the sun?” said Files-on-Parade.
“It’s Danny fightin’ ’ard for life,” the Colour-Sergeant said.
“What’s that that whimpers over’ead?” said Files-on-Parade.
“It’s Danny’s soul that’s passin’ now,” the Colour-Sergeant said.
For they’re done with Danny Deever, you can ’ear the
 quick-step play,
The Regiment’s in column, an’ they’re marchin’ us away;
Ho! The young recruits are shakin’, an’ they’ll want their beer
 to-day,
After hangin’ Danny Deever in the mornin’!

TOMMY



I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,
 The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats 'ere."
 The girls be'ind the bar they laughed and giggled fit to die,
 I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:

Oh, it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";
 But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to
 play –

The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,
 Oh, it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins," when the band begins to
 play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
 They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;
 They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,
 But when it comes to fightin', Lord! They'll shove me in the stalls!

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait
 outside";

But it's "Special Train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the
 tide –

The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,
 Oh, it's "Special Train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
 Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;
 An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit
 Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer
 soul?"

But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll –

The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,
Oh, it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall
be'ind,"

But it's "Please to walk in front, sir" when there's trouble in the
wind –

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the
wind,

Oh, it's "Please to walk in front, sir," when there's trouble in the
wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:
We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face
The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the
brute!"

But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool – you bet that Tommy sees!

LAUDATORES ACTORIS EMPTI



(Vide Draft Theatre Bill of the London County Council)

O ye that walk in willow wood
 And tremble at each law that passes,
 Come, let us lightly scalp the brood
 Of “educated middle classes,”
 Who, much perplexed with “views” and “goals,”
 Now govern London and – our souls.

O bliss beyond our deeds’ deserving!
 O Life! O Time! O Death! O Jinks!
 A licence, please, for Henry Irving
 And for the Spotted Tiddlywinks.
 Therewith a bobby at the wings
 To note the songs Albani sings.

The poacher-man who made the plays
 Has died – unlicensed by your pens –
 Do you remember what he says
 Of “something, something citizens”?
 “Sweep on’s” the word; that doesn’t mean
 Sweep up – aught else than streets unclean.

The Strand, a-bellow ’neath her lights –
 One league-long bagnio, fog-defiled,
 Wherethrough the pious Briton fights
 His homeward way with spouse and child –
 Earth holds no horror to compare
 With this. Reform it – if you dare.

The savour of the Bethel pew –
 Damp baize, hot crape, and Russia leather –
Is rank upon the scheme you drew
 To stifle Light and Larks together.
Hence while ye may – Valhall nods –
Fly from the laughter of the Gods!

Fly to the villas whence ye came
 And that best room the Sabbath knows,
Where on the woollen mat aflame,
 The weird wax flower, bell glassèd, glows;
And 'neath the ceiling's aching eye
The few lean books in patterns lie.

Soft words of more avail than chaff are –
 Turn, gentle shepherds, turn again!
Haste to Abana and to Pharphar,
 The greater and the lesser drain;
Dredge honest mud at Barking – go
To glory and the silt at Bow.

Before that public, greatly tried,
 Put forth the hand of common sense,
Upon the waistband of your Pride,
 And swifly, firmly bear you hence;
Before ye learn, with shame and dole,
More things than men may have a sole.

GUNGA DIN



You may talk o' gin and beer
 When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
 An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
 But when it comes to slaughter
 You will do your work on water,
 An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.
 Now in Injia's sunny clime,
 Where I used to spend my time
 A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
 Of all them blackfaced crew
 The finest man I knew
 Was our Regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.
 'E was "Din! Din! Din!
 You limp in' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
 Hi! Slippy *hitherao!*
 Water, get it! *Panee lao!*
 You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,
 An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
 For a piece o' twisty rag
 An' a goatskin water-bag
 Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
 When the sweatin' troop-train lay
 In a sidin' through the day,
 Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,

We shouted "*Harry By!*"
Till our throats were bricky-dry.
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
 You put some *juldee* in it
 Or I'll *marrow* you this minute
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
Till the longest day was done;
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
If we charged or broke or cut,
You could bet your bloomin' nut,
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
 It was "Din! Din! Din!"
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
 When the cartridges ran out,
 You could hear the front-ranks shout,
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.

'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' 'e plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water green.
It was crawlin' an' it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!

'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
'E's chawin' up the ground,
An' 'e's kickin' all around:
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away
To where a *dooli* lay,
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
"I 'ope you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.
So I'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone –
Where it's always double drills an' no canteen.
'E'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I've belted you an' flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

“MY NEW-CUT ASHLAR”



(Envoi to Life's Handicap)

My new-cut ashlar takes the light
 Where crimson-blank the windows flare.
 By my own work before the night,
 Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,
 Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine –
 Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought
 I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied
 Stands all Eternity's offence.
 Of that I did with Thee to guide,
 To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

The depth and dream of my desire,
 The bitter paths wherein I stray –
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,
 Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,
 Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain –
 Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade
 And manlike stand with God again!

One stone the more swings into place
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,
I saw naught common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken –
Oh, whatso'er may spoil or speed.
Help me to need no aid from men
That I may help such men as need!

THE TURKEY AND THE ALGEBRA



The Turkey and the Algebra
 Were hopping down the road
 They wept like anything to see
 The way the figures goed –
 “If this is right” the Turkey said
 “May I – ahem – be blowed!”
 The Chalk was scuffling on the board
 Squirfling with all his might
 And though he made the figures wrong
 The Sum would not come right
 Which wasn’t odd because you know
 His clothes were much too tight.

“O Turkey” said the Algebra
 “If x be more than y
 “What happens to the little z ’s
 That mop their eyes and cry?”
 “I never asked” the Turkey said
 “You’d better go and try.”

“O Turkey” said the Algebra
 “If all the a ’s were b ’d
 “And *plus* was always *minus*, then
 “What should we get to read” –
 The Turkey kicked the Algebra
 And softly said: – “Proceed!”

The Turkey and the Algebra
Walked on a mile or so
Until they met the Bounding Buss
From Islington to Bow –
Which wasn't odd because you see,
They run to Kew also.

The Turkey took the Algebra
By both its little feet
And hid it in the dirty straw
Beneath the hardest seat
And smiled a happy little smile
And trotted home to eat.

“FORGIVE US THE SLAP AND THE PINCH,
DEAR LORD”



Forgive us the slap and the pinch, dear Lord
The whimper, the scuffle and squeal –
We are fighting over our dollies, dear Lord
For we think that our dollies are “reel.”
We shall laugh at the things we have done, dear Lord
We shall cry at the things we have said
When the dear nurse Death, comes out of the sea
And bundles us off to bed!

“IT WAS A SHIP OF THE P&O”



It was a ship of the P&O
 Put forth to sail the sea
 Her passengers were all aboard,
 Her hold was full and her larder stored
 And her speed was ten point three (10.3)

The grey gull whistled in her wake
 The black shark rolled beside
 And stately as a loaded wain
 She moved upon the tide

Now fill your glass the captain said
 Make merry messmates all
 For well I know in a week or so
 Our ship will win to Galle.

Then broach the bubbling whiskey keg
 And eke the pilsener [*sic*] fine
 For though I never eat of lunch
 Gadzooks, 'tis well I dine.

They broached the bubbling whiskey keg
 They made the bottles fly
 But slowly as a wounded snail
 The good ships wake slid by

The pistons rose, the pistons fell
 The rattling screw spun round
 And yet she toiled like a cattle scow
 With half her keel aground

Now do we run an ocean tramp
Or the lordly P & O.
Beshrew thee said the passengers
Stoke up and make her go.

The captain winked his western eye
But never a word he said
And the log line lay beside her stern
As plumb as a deep sea lead.

The wastrel billows came and went
And back returned to mark
For never since God bade them be
Had they seen so slow a barque.

The red cloud wandered in the west
The winds stood still above
And the patient deep lay hushed below
In hope to see her move

Oh human life is short alas,
And Galle is far away
And one by one the passengers
They died upon the way.

The rivets rusted in the hull,
The bow plates scaled and peeled,
And ye could see the long sea green
Beneath her as she heeled

The children played on the rotten deck
A monthly growing band
Of sea-bred sin born innocents
That never knew the land

And some they came from the first salon
 And some from the second class –
But all were gotten in idleness
 To make the long days pass.

But ere they came to man's estate
 But found a sea washed grave
They learned to sing of a better land
 And a home across the wave.

T'was sweet to hear their voices blend
 With the long waves rise and fall
For they sang of a long lost Paradise
 And the name thereof was Galle.

The trade winds blew and then were still
 And turned and blew again
But one [*sic*] to her was storm or wind
 Or calm or hurricane

They betted on the daily run
 Till their gold was turned to dust,
And then they called their little ones
 And bade them play on trust

For sure it is the old men said
 In a score of years at most
Ye, or your sons shall live to hail
 The spiced Colombo coast

The Captains hair was white and thin
 But his speech was bold and free –
And he spoke of a voyage as long as this
 In 1863.

The Cozets loomed through icy mists
And northward aye they bore
Till they came to racing ocean tides
That thunder round Timor,

And south they wandered wearily
And north they drove again
But never saw they Point de Galle
Upheaved [from?] the main.

The seasons came the seasons past
In wealth of fruit and bud
But they could not tell of the seasons flight
Alone on the sterile flood

The Captain died on the rusted bridge,
With his dying breath said he
Shall I go to my [] with a lie in my mouth
Her speed *is* 10.3

I die but there is land at last
Too soon the shadows fall
But Heaven be praised I have brought ye safe
On a record trip to Galle.

They made the land at even tide
But sore were they dismayed
When the rising sun lit up the hills –
The hills of Adelaide.

Now this is the tale of the P & O –
Her []ed [] bound –

“IN THE HUSH OF AN APRIL
DAWNING, WHEN THE STREETS WERE
VELVETY STILL”



In the hush of an April dawning, when the streets were velvety still,
The High Gods quitted Olympus, and relighted on Ludgate Hill;
The asphodel sprang from the asphalt, the amaranth opened her eyes,
And the smoke of the City of London went up to the stainless skies.

“Now whom shall I kiss?” said Venus, and “What can I kill?” said Jove,
And “Look at the Bridge,” said Vulcan, and “Smut’s on my wings!”
said Love. Then
The High Gods veiled their glories to walk with the children of men.

.....

In the hush of an April twilight, to the roar of the Holborn train,
The High Gods sprang from the pavement and went to their place
again;
And I heard, tho’ none had tolled it, as a great portcullis falls,
In the rear of their wheeling legions, the boom of the bell of St. Paul’s.

“THE LORD SHALL CHANGE THE
HEARTS OF MEN”



The Lord shall change the hearts of men,
The earth and sky and shore;
But I'll go back to my own folk
And be with my kin once more.

God rest you merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay;
They know the men of the outer wards
From here to Far Cathay.

For some must fight and some must smite
And some must watch and speir,
And I have spread your name with men
A year and a year and a year.

God give you peace at Christmastide,
And heart and grace thereon;
They know the men of the outer wards
From here to Prester John.

I could not fight, and I could not smite,
But I held by the Lion's Breed,
And every stroke ye struck my men
I bade the wide world heed.

God give you strength at the Christmastide
And honour and high ease –
They know the men of the outer wards
Beyond the Seven Seas.

The dead they lie beneath your feet,
And God is overhead,
And ye shall judge if I say truth
Of living and of dead.

For that I did and left undone,
And that I strove to do,
Will you take me back to your camp, my men,
To dip in the dish with you?

Will you make me welcome a week, my men,
And bear with me a day?
It's little I ask at your hand, my men,
To-morrow I must away.

Will you carry my name in your hearts, my men,
As one who spoke of your worth?
Till the end of our fight is won, my men
And God shall judge the earth.

“TO THE LAND OF LITTLE CHILDREN
WHERE THE BABIES RULE THE DAY”



To the land of little children where the babies rule the day –
Where they'd stop the Great Mikado if a baby barred the way;
Westward ho across the water see the black bow dips and swings
To the land of little children where the babies are the Kings.

On the way to Japan /
Ap. 92 / Empress of India

“TO THE DANCERS”



Whether we waltz in Kensington,
 Whether we dance in Ispahan,
 London, Paris or Timbuctoo,
 Cairo, Suez or Kalamazoo, —
 Love is as old as Fuji-san!

Whether we leave on the stroke of one,
 Or kitchen-polka the white stars wan,
 Go to supper or go before,
 Stay in the card-room or take the floor,
 Love is as old as Fuji-san!

If with the old, old tale we've done,
 Others are starting where we began —
 Never was ballroom that did not hold
 More than ever was written or told;
 Love is as old as Fuji-san!

Who shall speak of the thoughts that run,
 Deep in the hearts of maid and man?
 Let them take for their edification
 Maxim of commonest application!
Love is as old as Fuji-san!

“YOU MAY TALK O’ YOUR MUSIC
THE SWEETEST O’ TUNES”



You may talk o’ your music the sweetest o’ tunes
Is sung by the Lancers Ussars an’ dragoons
When in column o’ squadrons we ride knee to knee
With the kettle drums thundering Bonny Dundee

With a four year ol buckin’ your ’cart through your chest
'Is tail up your back an’ your teeth in ’is crest
An’ the froth o’ the bits like the foam o’ the sea
We’ll ride Hell for leather to Bonny Dundee.

The drum-horse is shakin’ is ’ead like a King
An’ over his withers the kettle drums swing
An’ the Colonel’s in front where the colonel should be
An’ the regiments waitin for bonnie Dundee

At school in the rides you may fool an’ go large
But you’ve got to sit down for the cavalry charge.
By your right! Run her back! Damn your eyes! Let her be!
And strut on’ the signal of Bonnie Dundee!

On [*sic*] the dust is in front an’ be’ind like a wall
An’ Gawd mend the bones o’ the beggars that fall
For it’s too good to stop an’ its no good to see
When the regiment’s moving to Bonnie Dundee

A fig for the tunes that the infantry play
From The Lincolnshire Poacher to Auld Robin Gray
The tunes [*sic*] of all tunes an’ the dearest to me
Is the cavalry canter to Bonnie Dundee

Oh when I am dead and tucked under the dirt
I'll answer the call from my grave in my shirt
On the ghost of my 'orse (what a sight I shall be)
I'll lead 'em to blazes for Bonnie Dundee

“THE STUMBLING-BLOCK
OF WESTERN LORE”



The Stumbling-block of Western lore
 Is faith in old arithmetics –
 That two and two are always four
 And three and three make ever six
 Whereas, 'neath less exacting skies,
 Those numbers total otherwise.
 Equality of A to B
 Is interesting – Greenwich way:
 But does not for a moment predicate the like 'twixt B and A.
 For, East of Suez, be it said,
 B is the sum of X Y Z.
 It may be heat or damp or dew
 That warps the numbers one to ten, so
 And twists the alphabet askew
 Disproving Euclid and Colenso;
 Or else there must be people who
 Don't think as other people do.

IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE



1895

In the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage
 For food and fame and woolly horses' pelt.
 I was singer to my clan in that dim, red Dawn of Man,
 And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.

Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Prehistoric spring
 Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove;
 And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and the Gods of Cliff and
 Berg
 Were about me and beneath me and above.

But a rival, of Solutré, told the tribe my style was *outré* —
 'Neath a tomahawk, of diorite, he fell.
 And I left my views on Art, barbed and tanged, below the heart
 Of a mammothistic etcher at Grenelle.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my hunting-dogs fed
 full,
 And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong;
 And I wiped my mouth and said, "It is well that they are dead,
 For I know my work is right and theirs was wrong."

But my Totem saw the shame; from his ridgepole shrine he came,
 And he told me in a vision of the night: —
 "There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
 And every single one of them is right!"

.....

Then the silence closed upon me till They put new clothing on
me

Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more frail;
And I stepped beneath Time's finger, once again a tribal singer,
And a minor poet certified by Traill!

Still they skirmish to and fro, men my messmates on the snow,
When we headed off the aurochs turn for turn;
When the rich Allobrogenses never kept amanuenses,
And our only plots were piled in lakes at Berne.

Still a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeak, and rage,
Still we pinch and slap and jabber, scratch and dirk;
Still we let our business slide – as we dropped the half-dressed
hide –
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

Still the world is wondrous large – seven seas from marge to
marge –
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu,
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the moose
And the reindeer roamed where Paris roars to-night:—
“*There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And – every – single – one – of – them – is – right!*”

“IN THE MICROSCOPICAL HINTERLAND
OF A CRAMPED SUB-CONTINENT”



In the microscopical Hinterland of a cramped sub-continent –
On a farm no larger than Rutlandshire his limited youth was spent,
Till he rode three days to the nearest rail and sailed from his natal coast
Of purpose to sample the Outdoor Life which only the English boast.

Yes! Three days saddle and three days rail and thirteen thousand miles
By ship, was his trip to the Outdoor Life, as lived in the English Isles.

Alone he breasted the Outdoor downs – alone and afar he ran,
Thousands of yards from the nearest house and hundreds of yards from
a man.

And he brake not his fast till the noon was past, and a kind policeman
showed,

That the Primal Law of the Outdoor Life is the Pub at the Bend of the
Road!

So a mile and a half to his shandy-gaff o’er the Outdoor waste he strode
And he sang: – “Thank God for the Outdoor Life and the pub at the
end of the Road!”

For the Buns and the Band where the char-a-bancs stand, and the cyclist
tinkers his steed

Oh, there’s nothing to equal the Outdoor Life as lived by the Bull dog
Breed!

By the Outdoor rides, where the keeper hides ’neath the Outdoor
trespass board

He entered the heart of the Outdoor woods which were often a furlong
broad,

Lakes with swans and a punt he found, and picnic trampled plains –
And Outdoor heaths where the only sound was the clang of the
Outdoor trains

(When their plans were upset by the weather and wet, the rovers
returned in those trains.)

And he sang: – “What a cinch is the Outdoor Life where you always
knock off when it rains!”

He was quick to discern that a Second Return was miles above
packhorse or dray;

And he took like a bird to a Smoking Third at the end of the Outdoor
day.

Furious after the Fox he pushed, for several hours rode he,
Till the Outdoor twilight found him bushed a parish’s width from his
tea.

But the natives (one per statute chain) arose and explained him his path,
Which led him by many an Outdoor lane to his dressing gown, slippers
and bath

So he tubbed and he dined and he grubbed and he wined and he sang as
he sat by the fire

“There is nothing to equal the Outdoor Life as lived in the Outdoor
Shire.”

LINES TO A SUPERIOR YOUNG LADY
ON THE OCCASION OF HER FIRST
MANIFESTING A WILL OF HER OWN



Imperious, long-coated Sage
 Though your months as men reckon are two
You are wiser than ten times your age
 And these rhymes are for you.

Oh Pagan Philosopher small,
 You can't read them now, it is true,
For dinner and sleep are your all,
 And your knowledge is – you.

But you scream when there's anything wrong,
 And you scream till it's righted, you do;
And Creation attends to your song
 And the Earth waits on You.

What more could the best of us do,
 Though his years might be three-score and odd?
 And therefore with Deference due,
 These Verses are written for You
Oh wee little, wise little God!

“BOBS”



1893

(Field-Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar)

There's a little red-faced man,

Which is Bobs,

Rides the tallest 'orse 'e can –

Our Bobs.

If it bucks or kicks or rears,

'E can sit for twenty years

With a smile round both 'is ears –

Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur – little Bobs,

Bobs, Bobs!

'E's our *pukka* Kandaharder –

Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!

'E's the Dook of *Aggy Chel*;

'E's the man that done us well

An' we'll follow 'im to 'ell –

Won't we, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,

'Ook on Bobs.

If a marker's lost 'is place,

Dress by Bobs.

For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,

An' a bugle in 'is throat,

An' you will not play the goat

Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink,
Chaplain Bobs;
But it keeps us outer Clink –
Don't it Bobs?
So we will not complain
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,
If 'e leads us straight again –
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is 'ead,
Father Bobs,
You could spill a quart of lead
Outer Bobs.
'E's been at it thirty years,
An-amassin' souveneers
In the way o' slugs an' spears –
Ain't yer, Bobs?

What 'e does not know o' war,
Gen'ral Bobs,
You can arst the shop next door –
Can't they, Bobs?
Oh, 'e's little but 'e's wise,
'E's a terror for 'is size,
An' – 'e – *does* – *not* – *advertise* –
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they've made a bloomin' Lord
Outer Bobs,
Which was but 'is fair reward –
Weren't it, Bobs?
So 'e'll wear a coronet

Where 'is 'elmet used to set;
But we know you won't forget –
 Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur – little Bobs,
 Bobs, Bobs!
Pocket-Wellin'ton an' *arder* –
 Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!
This ain't no bloomin' ode,
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,
An' for benefits bestowed,
 Bless yer, Bobs!

THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE



*Now this is the Law of the Jungle – as old and as true as the sky;
And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die.*

*As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth forward and back –
For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.*

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply, but never too
deep;
And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for
sleep.

The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy whiskers are
grown,
Remember the Wolf is a hunter – go forth and get food of thine
own.

Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle – the Tiger, the Panther,
the Bear;
And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the Boar in his lair.

When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from
the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken – it may be fair words shall
prevail.

When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, ye must fight him alone and
afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack be diminished by
war.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his
home,
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the Council may come.

The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, but where he has dug it too
plain,
The Council shall send him a message, and so he shall change it again.

If ye kill before midnight, be silent, and wake not the woods with
your bay,
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crops, and thy brothers go empty
away.

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and your cubs as they
need and ye can;
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and *seven times never kill Man!*

If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, devour not all in thy pride;
Pack-right is the right of the meanest; so leave him the head and the
hide.

The Kill of the Pack is the meat of the Pack. Ye must eat where it lies;
And no one may carry away of that meat to his lair, or he dies.

The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He may do what he
will,
But, till he has given permission, the Pack may not eat of that Kill.

Cub-Right is the right of the Yearling. From all of his Pack he may
claim
Full-gorge when the killer has eaten; and none may refuse him the
same.

Lair-Right is the right of the Mother. From all of her year she may
claim

One haunch of each Kill for her litter; and none may deny her the
same.

Cave-Right is the right of the Father – to hunt by himself for his
own:

He is freed of all calls to the Pack; he is judged by the Council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his gripe and his paw,
In all that the Law leaveth open, the word of the Head Wolf is Law.

Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;

But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is – Obey!

MORNING SONG IN THE JUNGLE



One moment past our bodies cast
 No shadow on the plain;
 Now clear and black they stride our track,
 And we run home again.
 In morning-hush, each rock and bush
 Stands hard, and high, and raw:
 Then give the Call: "*Good rest to all
 That keep the Jungle Law!*"

Now, horn and pelt, our peoples melt
 In covert to abide;
 Now, crouched and still, to cave and hill
 Our Jungle Barons glide.
 Now, stark and plain, Man's oxen strain,
 That draw the new-yoked plough;
 Now, stripped and dread, the dawn is red
 Above the lit *talao*.

Ho! Get to lair! The sun's aflare
 Behind the breathing grass:
 And creaking through the young bamboo
 The warning whispers pass.
 By day made strange, the woods we range
 With blinking eyes we scan;
 While down the skies the wild duck cries:
 "*The Day – the Day to Man!*"

The dew is dried that drenched our hide,
Or washed about our way;
And where we drank, the puddled bank
Is crisping into clay.
The traitor Dark gives up each mark
Of stretched or hooded claw;
Then hear the Call: "*Good rest to all
That keep the Jungle Law!*"

“YOU CAN WORK IT OUT BY FRACTIONS
OR BY SIMPLE RULE OF THREE”



You can work it out by Fractions or by simple Rule of Three,
But the way of Tweedle-dum is not the way of Tweedle-dee.
You can twist it, you can turn it, you can plait it till you drop,
But the way of Pilly-Winky's not the way of Winkie-Pop!

“HELLO, BRANDER! LEMME LOOK”



Hello, Brander! Lemme look.
 Pshaw! You call *thet* thing a book?
 Painted up an' proudified
 An' thet orful trash inside.
That ain't Litterature. Give *me*
 Books like what we used to see.
 'Fore we'd come to Town or Art –
 Books they peddled from a cart.
 Oncet a year when trade was good –
 Books the orn'rest understood.
 Ten pound heft for ninety cents –
 Lives of all the Presidents.
 Gilt an' red an' gilt an' blue,
 Genuine engravin's too [.]
 Parlor-books ez Dad allowed.
Not for boys, but Ma wuz proud
 Of our readin' an' she jest
 Let us read 'em with the rest.

Sunday's mostly when t'wuz Hell
Shore, to think o' pickerel
 Swimmin' too wuz deadly sin
 So we'd read. An' we'd wade in
 Inter "Lincoln" wonderin' how
We would run the White House now
 Dreamin' anything you please
 With the gaudy Sunday bees
 (Lyn' off an' thanking God
 Kaze He made the Golden-rod.)

Gilt an' blue an' gilt an' red
Visions bummin' through a head
Slicked that mornin' with *the* comb. . . .
That wuz how we read at home.
'Guess I'm growing grey an' old,
Give *me* simple red an' gold
This here kind o' thing's too steep
Fur *my* fancy . . . Cost a heap?

James Whitcomb Riley

“IN AUGUST WAS THE JACKAL BORN”



“In August was the Jackal born;
The rains fell in September;
‘Now such a fearful flood as this,’
Says he, ‘I can’t remember!’”

THE SITUATION



We are waiting on the Gaul for leave to live
 We are waiting on the Tartar. Will he smile?
 We are taking all America can give;
 And it isn't only wheat and beef and "ile."
 They have issued us our rations in the eating-house of nations:
 We are finishing our peck of dirt in style.

[You can multiply a cruiser by her tonnage
 And divide her by potential i.h.p.
 You can throw her leaky boilers in for dunnage,
 And extract our working status on the sea.
 But the quotient indicated is, approximately stated: –
 "Take your dose and thank your God we let you be!"]

We dare not make the heathen mend his ways –
 We have begged the semi-heathen do his best –
 But we hang the Nelson Column round with bays
 And the pride of empire surges in our breast,
 While we serve the noble Teuton as a mat to wipe his boot on,
 And as cuspidor for gentlemen out West.

[You can multiply the *Pygmy* by the *Pique* –
 Add the *Redpole* and the *Rattler* to the *Esk* –
 You can flavour at discretion with a leek
 And reduce the whole to fractions at your desk
 But the ultimate equation is our present situation
 In the Franco-Turko-Russian Arabesque.]

We're the heirs of Francis Drake by right divine,
We're the sons of Anson, Rodney, Howe and Hood,
And so we dog the Kalmuck for a sign
And speculate on Grover Cleveland's mood.
For our dinner's on the ocean and our fleet, says Mr Goschen,
We could n't man with sailors if we would.
Then hurrah for Mr. Cobden (who is dead)
And his work was patriotic and complete!
And hurrah for other people's daily bread
Which, as long as we keep quiet, we can eat!
If we do not like our rations in the eating house of nations
They will stamp upon our stomachs with their feet.

So hurrah for England's flag in every sea!
And hurrah (we'll sing "Britannia rules the wave"!)
And hurrah the British breakfast table's free
But the man that eats the breakfast is the slave!
They have issued us our rations in the eating house of nations –
We can come to meals as long as we behave!

“ZOGBAUM DRAWS WITH A PENCIL”



Zogbaum draws with a pencil,
 And I do things with a pen;
 And you sit up in a conning-tower
 Bossing eight hundred men.

Zogbaum takes care of his business,
 And I take care of mine,
 And you take care of ten thousand tons
 Sky-hooting through the brine.

Zogbaum can handle his shadows
 And I can handle my style,
 And you can handle a ten-inch gun
 To carry seven mile.

“To him that hath shall be given,”
 And that’s why these books are sent
 To the man who has lived more stories
 Than Zogbaum or I could invent!

“WHEN ’OMER SMOTE ’IS BLOOMIN’ LYRE”



When ’Omer smote ’is bloomin’ lyre,
 ’E’d ’eard men sing by land an’ sea;
 An’ what ’e thought ’e might require,
 ’E went an’ took – the same as me!

The market-girls an’ fishermen,
 The shepherds an’ the sailors, too,
 They ’eard old songs turn up again,
 But kep’ it quiet – same as you!

They knew ’e stole; ’e knew they knowed.
 They didn’t tell, nor make a fuss,
 But winked at ’Omer down the road,
 An’ ’e winked back – the same as us!

THE KING



1894

“Farewell, Romance!” the Cave-men said;
 “With bone well carved He went away,
 Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,
 And jasper tips the spear to-day.
 Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,
 And He with these. Farewell, Romance!”

“Farewell, Romance!” the Lake-folk sighed;
 “We lift the weight of flatling years;
 The caverns of the mountain-side
 Hold Him who scorns our hutted piers.
 Lost hills where by we dare not dwell,
 Guard ye His rest. Romance, farewell!”

“Farewell, Romance!” the Soldier spoke;
 “By sleight of sword we may not win,
 But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke
 Of arquebus and culverin.
 Honour is lost, and none may tell
 Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!”

“Farewell, Romance!” the Traders cried;
 “Our keels have lain with every sea.
 The dull-returning wind and tide
 Heave up the wharf where we would be;
 The known and noted breezes swell
 Our trudging sails. Romance, farewell!”

“Good-bye, Romance!” the Skipper said;
 “He vanished with the coal we burn.
Our dial marks full-steam ahead,
 Our speed is timed to half a turn.
Sure as the ferried barge we ply
 ’Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye!”

“Romance!” the season-tickets mourn;
 “*He* never ran to catch his train,
But passed with coach and guard and horn –
 And left the agent – Late again!
Confound Romance!” . . . And all unseen
 Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,
 His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,
 His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;
By dock and deep and mine and mill
 The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Robed, crowned and throned, He wove His spell,
 Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,
With unconsidered miracle,
 Hedged in a backward-gazing world:
Then taught His chosen bard to say:
 “*Our King* was with us – yesterday!”

RECESSIONAL



1897

(After Queen Victoria's Jubilee)

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine –
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget – lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
 The Captains and the Kings depart:
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget – lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
 On dune and headland sinks the fire:
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
 Lest we forget – lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
 Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
 Or lesser breeds without the Law –
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget – lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
 In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
 And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word –
Thy mercy on Thy People, Lord!

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN



1899

(The United States and the Philippine Islands)

Take up the White Man's burden –
 Send forth the best ye breed –
 Go, bind your sons to exile
 To serve your captives' need;
 To wait in heavy harness
 On fluttered folk and wild –
 Your new-caught, sullen peoples,
 Half-devil and half-child.

Take up the White Man's burden –
 In patience to abide,
 To veil the threat of terror
 And check the show of pride;
 By open speech and simple,
 An hundred times made plain,
 To seek another's profit,
 And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden –
 The savage wars of peace –
 Fill full the mouth of Famine
 And bid the sickness cease;
 And when your goal is nearest
 The end for others sought,
 Watch Sloth and heathen Folly
 Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden –
 No tawdry rule of Kings,
But toil of serf and sweeper –
 The tale of common things.
The ports ye shall not enter,
 The roads ye shall not tread,
Go, make them with your living,
 And mark them with your dead!

Take up the White Man's burden –
 And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better,
 The hate of those ye guard –
The cry of hosts ye humour
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light: –
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
 Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden –
 Ye dare not stoop to less –
Nor call too loud on Freedom
 To cloak your weariness;
By all ye cry or whisper,
 By all ye leave or do,
The silent, sullen peoples
 Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden –
 Have done with childish days –
The lightly proffered laurel,
 The easy, ungrudged praise.

Comes now, to search your manhood
Through all the thankless years,
Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!

THE PRESS
 THE VILLAGE THAT VOTED THE
 EARTH WAS FLAT



The Soldier may forget his Sword,
 The Sailorman the Sea,
 The Mason may forget the Word,
 And the Priest his Litany:
 The Maid may forget both jewel and gem,
 And the Bride her wedding-dress –
 But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem
 Ere we forget the Press!

Who once hath stood through the loaded hour
 Ere, roaring like the gale,
 The Harrild and the Hoe devour
 Their league-long paper-bale,
 And has lit his pipe in the morning calm
 That follows the midnight stress –
 He hath sold his heart to the old Black Art
 We call the daily Press.

Who once hath dealt in the widest game
 That all of a man can play,
 No later love, no larger fame
 Will lure him long away.
 As the war-horse snuffeth the battle afar,
 The entered Soul, no less,
 He saith: “Ha! Ha!” where the trumpets are
 And the thunders of the Press!

Canst thou number the days that we fulfil,
Or the *Times* that we bring forth?
Canst thou send the lightnings to do thy will,
And cause them reign on earth?
Hast thou given a peacock goodly wings
To please his foolishness?
Sit down at the heart of men and things,
Companion of the Press!

The Pope may launch his Interdict,
The Union its decree,
But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked
By Us and such as We.
Remember the battle and stand aside
While Thrones and Powers confess
That King over all the Children of Pride
Is the Press – the Press – the Press!

“ASHES OF FIRE AT EVEN”



Ashes of fire at even

Smoke to the timeless sky,
And we mourn and we strive and we woo and we wive,
But the village endureth for aye.

Gods of the garth and the homestead —

Gods of the field and the byre
Grant us the fruit of our toiling
Peace by the light of our fire!

.
Ashes of fire at even,

Smoke to the timeless sky:
And we mourn and we strive,
And we woo and we wive
But the village endureth for aye.

Gods of the mark and the homestead,

Gods of the field and the byre;
Grant us the hope of our toiling,
Love by the light of our fire!

MERROW DOWN

S.S.

I

There runs a road by Merrow Down –
 A grassy track to-day it is –
 An hour out of Guildford town,
 Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the horse-bells ring,
 The ancient Britons dressed and rode
 To watch the dark Phoenicians bring
 Their goods along the Western Road.

Yes, here, or hereabouts, they met
 To hold their racial talks and such –
 To barter beads for Whitby jet,
 And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long and long before that time
 (When bison used to roam on it)
 Did Taffy and her Daddy climb
 That Down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstonebrook
 And made a swamp where Bramley stands;
 And bears from Shere would come and look
 For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,
 Was more than six times bigger then;
 And all the Tribe of Tegumai
 They cut a noble figure then!

II

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai
Who cut that figure, none remain, –
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry –
The silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return
And hearts unwounded sing again,
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,
And golden elf-locks fly above;
Her eyes are bright as diamonds
And bluer than the sky above.

In moccasins and deer-skin cloak,
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,
And lights her little damp-wood smoke
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far – oh, very far behind,
So far she cannot call to him,
Comes Tegumai alone to find
The daughter that was all to him!

“’OO IS IT MASHES THE COUNTRY NURSE?”

819
M.M.

’Oo is it mashes the country nurse?

The Guardsman!

’Oo is it takes the ldy’s purse?

The Guardsman!

Calls for a drink, and a mild cigar,
Batters a sovereign down on the bar,
Collars the change and says “Ta-ta!”

The Guardsman!

“ I HAVE KNOWN SHADOW ”



I have known Shadow:
I have known Sun.
And now I know
These two are one.

THE SILENT ARMY



From the corn and wine of the lowlands
 To the stubborn hills of the North,
 The word that heralds your coming
 Shall call your Armies forth –
 With the voices of many cannon
 Where the ordered legions pace
 They shall give you a welcome befitting
 The House of the Kings of your Race.

We may not answer that summons,
 We may not mount and ride
 We have done with our loved battalions
 With the Squadron's pomp and pride,
 Our ears are deaf to the bugles,
 Our eyes are blind to the day,
 But we do not forget our duty,
 And we watch beside your way

When you steam from the cheering platform,
 When the Guards of Honour are gone
 And the veldt returns to her dreaming,
 Silently – We take on.
 From end to end of your journey
 With never a break in the chain,
 The men of the lost Division
 Are guarding the Royal Train.

On either side of the railway,
Where the tins and bottles are,
You can trace by trench and blockhouse
The scars of the Three Years War.
And clear on the stony hillside
Or hid where the long grass waves –
On either side of the railway
Always and always, our graves –

In the fierce fantastic sunsets
When Earth takes colour and glows,
Till the moonlight turns it to silver
And the dawn to silver and rose –
In the breathless noonday silence
Where the mountains swim in the heat
Look – look out of the window
For behold we lie at your feet.

Oh you that have loved us a lifetime
That loved us the wide world o'er,
We may not mount with our comrades
To do you honour once more.
But after the dust and the thunder
When the silence settles again
From end to end of your journey
We are guarding the Royal Train.

SOUTH AFRICA



The shame of Amajuba Hill
 Lies heavy on our line,
 But here is shame completer still
 And England makes no sign.
 Unchallenged, in the market-place
 Of Freedom's chosen land,
 Our rulers pass our rule and race
 Into the stranger's hand.

At a great price you loosed the yoke
 'Neath which our brethren lay
 (Your dead that perished ere 'twas broke
 Are scarcely dust to-day).
 Think you ye freed them at that price?
 Wake, or your toil is vain!
 Our rulers juggingly devise
 To sell them back again.

Back to the ancient bitterness
 Ye ended once for all –
 Back to oppression none may guess
 Who have not borne its thrall –
 Back to the slough of their despond
 Helots anew, held fast
 By England's seal upon the bond
 As Helots to the last.

What is their sin that they are made
Rebellion's lawful prey?
This is their sin: that oft betrayed,
They did not oft betray;
That to their hurt they kept their vows,
That for their faith they died. . . .
God help them, Children of Our House,
Whom England hath denied!

But we – what God shall turn our doom –
What blessing dare we claim,
Who slay a nation in the womb
To crown a trickster's game?
Who come before amazed mankind,
Forsworn in party-feud,
And search the forms of law to bind
Our blood to servitude.

Now, even now, before men learn
How near we broke our trust,
Now, even now, ere we return
Dominion to the dust,
Now – ere the Gates of Mercy close
For ever 'gainst the line
That sells its sons to serve its foes –
Will England make no sign?

THE HALDANE IN GERMANY



(After the German of H. Heine.)

“In conclusion, I may refer to Mr. Haldane’s warm appreciation of the kindness and courtesy shown by everybody, from the Emperor, who has signalized the visit by an amount of attentive consideration which could scarcely have been exceeded had the visitor been a Prince of the Royal house, down to the crowds in the streets, who day after day have stood in the hot sun before the hotel in the hope of catching sight of the cheery and popular Englishman.” Liberal Newspaper.

I know now wherefore the Haldane
 So muddled our Army away.
 He has taken his work into Prussia,
 At the Kaiser’s feet to lay.

He brings him a loyal offering,
 Of regiments newly-killed –
 The Kaiser who has few of them
 With loving kindness is filled.

Soulful the Kaiser receives him
 (And gives him food beside!)
 The Holy German People
 Come out to see him ride.

The Holy German People
 Line, by command, the street,
 And having cheered at him several times,
 Hasten to build up their fleet.

The Haldane amid Princesses
And other surroundings splendid,
Feels quite like a noble person –
Which is what the Kaiser intended.

The Haldane thinks of the Haldane,
And how he has climbed thus highly –
The Kaiser thinks of the Fatherland,
And winks at his generals slyly.

The Haldane is heavenly peaceful,
And righteously honoured because
The Kaiser will give him an Eagle
For clipping the Lion's claws.

So the Haldane wags his tail,
While the Kaiser pats his head,
And the English sing in their chapels . . .
And there is no more to be said.

“CITIES AND THRONES AND POWERS”



Cities and Thrones and Powers

Stand in Time's eye,
 Almost as long as flowers,
 Which daily die:
 But, as new buds put forth
 To glad new men,
 Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth,
 The Cities rise again.

This season's Daffodil,
 She never hears
 What change, what chance, what chill,
 Cut down last year's;
 But with bold countenance,
 And knowledge small,
 Esteems her seven days' continuance
 To be perpetual.

So Time that is o'er-kind
 To all that be,
 Ordains us e'en as blind,
 As bold as she:
 That in our very death,
 And burial sure,
 Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,
 "See how our works endure!"

HARP SONG OF THE DANE WOMEN



What is a woman that you forsake her,
 And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
 To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

She has no house to lay a guest in –
 But one chill bed for all to rest in,
 That the pale suns and the stray bergs nest in.

She has no strong white arms to fold you,
 But the ten-times-fingering weed to hold you –
 Out on the rocks where the tide has rolled you.

Yet, when the signs of summer thicken,
 And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken,
 Yearly you turn from our side, and sicken –

Sicken again for the shouts and the slaughters, –
 And steal away to the lapping waters,
 And look at your ship in her winter-quarters.

You forget our mirth, and talk at the tables,
 The kine in the shed and the horse in the stables –
 To pitch her sides and go over her cables.

Then you drive out where the storm-clouds swallow,
 And the sound of your oar-blades, falling hollow,
 Is all we have left through the months to follow.

Ah, what is Woman that you forsake her,
 And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,
 To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

A SONG TO MITHRAS



(Hymn of the XXX Legion: *Circa* A.D. 350)

Mithras, God of the Morning, our trumpets waken the Wall!
 "Rome is above the Nations, but Thou art over all!"
 Now as the names are answered, and the guards are marched away,
 Mithras, also a soldier, give us strength for the day!

Mithras, God of the Noontide, the heather swims in the heat.
 Our helmets scorch our foreheads, our sandals burn our feet.
 Now in the ungirt hour – now ere we blink and drowse,
 Mithras, also a soldier, keep us true to our vows!

Mithras, God of the Sunset, low on the Western main –
 Thou descending immortal, immortal to rise again!
 Now when the watch is ended, now when the wine is drawn,
 Mithras, also a soldier, keep us pure till the dawn!

Mithras, God of the Midnight, here where the great Bull dies,
 Look on Thy children in darkness. Oh, take our sacrifice!
 Many roads Thou hast fashioned – all of them lead to the Light!
 Mithras, also a soldier, teach us to die aright!

THE COIN SPEAKS



Singers sing for coin: but I,
Struck in Rome's last agony,
Shut the lips of Melody.

Many years my thin white face
Peered in every market-place
At the Doomed Imperial Race

Warmed against and worn between
Hearts uncleaned and hands unclean –
What is there I have not seen?

Not an Empire dazed and old –
Smitten blind and stricken cold –
Bartering her sons for gold;

Not the Plebs her rulers please
From the public treasuries
With the bread and circuses

Not the hard-won fields restored,
On the egregious Senate's word,
To the savage and the Sword;

Not the People's God-like voice
As it welcomes or destroys
Month-old idols of its choice;

Not the Legions they disband,
Not the oar-less ships unmanned,
Not the ruin of the land,
These I know and understand.

THE BATHS OF BIDDLESTONE



It fell about the eventide: When a' the Selbys dine
That a Scots reiver came o'er the Moors: And stole the Selby's kine.

The Selbys mounted – the Selbys ran: They never slackened rein
Till they over-took that robber man: And got their beasts again.

They tied his arms behind his back: Wi' stones they weighed him down
And cast him into a wayside pool: And sat to watch him drown.

Oh once he sank in the peat-water: And twice he sank and rose
But ere the water stopped his mouth he grimly cursed his foes

“Father and son at Biddlestone

“A weary weird shall dree

“They shall lie down in a deeper bath

“Than ever they made for me”

The Selbys rode to Biddlestone: With all their beasts before
But the dying curse of the robber-man: It grieved them wondrous sore.

They washed their face: They washed their hands: They washed their
feet so free

But for all the wealth of all their lands: They washed not their bodye.

Father and son at Biddlestone: Mother and daughter too.
Year after year they went in fear: Of what a bath might do.

And when a score o' years were gone: (Or it may be fifteen)
A word went through Northumberland: That the Selbys were na' clean.

Then up and spoke Dame Ermentrude: Of Selby bluid she came
She ca'ed her sons to her bower-window: And she said it was a shame!

She bit her lips for shame and grief: She stamped her foot in wrath.

“Now why should the curse of a Border thief: Deprive us of our bath?

“Tak to yourself a ten-foot pole: Cut from a trusty tree

“And plumb the depth o’ the Reivers pool: And bring the news to me!”

They plumbed the pool where the Reiver drowned: And the depth was
three foot two

And they carried the news to Dame Ermentrude: In feet and inches true

They plumbed the pool whaur the Reiver drowned: Wi’ a trusty
ten-foot tree

And they carried the news to the waiting Dame: And a joyous dame was
she.

She said: – “Now build me an inner-room: Wi’ towels behind the door:

“And make therein an iron bath: To a depth of three foot four!

They builded her twa inner rooms: Wi’ water on each floor

And in either room they set a bath: O’ the depth o’ three foot four.

“She said: – Step down my merrie men a’: Turn on the water cool.

“For now there are baths at Biddlestone: More deep than the Reivers
pool!”

She sang: – “Sit down my merrie men a’: Turn on the water warm

“For now we can wash at Biddlestone Ha’: And never come to harm!”

They sat them down wi’ yellow soap: Wi’ the mottled and the soft

An’ – wow! – they washed themselves all o’er: Full monie a time an’ oft.

They did na’ fear the Reivers curse: On body or on limb

Altho’ they lay in a deeper bath: Than they had made for him.

The Selbys they were lang o' leg: The Selbys they were lean:
They loupit in and out o' the baths: Whenever they wished to be clean

The Selbys they ha' letten the Ha': For a gold and silver fee.
An' they ha' let their baths therewith: Which are too deep for me!

I canna climb wi'out my trews: An I daurna' plunge an' dive
An' three foot four is an awfu' stretch for a man o' five foot five.

'Tis three foot four to the bottom side: O' sheer, cauld, painted tin
An' a lang day's wark to clamber oot: When ance ye ha' clambered in

I wasna' cursed by a border thief: Oh why should it fall on *me*
That my mornin' bath is my daily grief: Because o' my modestie?

THE BALLAD OF THE TELEMARCK



Two strips of brown, well-varnished board
 With rapture from the shop we bring –
 A fathom long, four inches broad
 And graceful as an angel's wing.
 Gadzooks! It seems a simple thing
 Yet why do *they* take charge of *us*
 When we attempt the sideways swing
 That Mentor taught Telemachus.

In vain we call upon the Lord
 In vain we cringe and crawl and cling
 To any hand that may afford
 Us respite from our slithering
 Across the snow ourselves we sling –
 Half rocket, half rhinoceros
 Dear me! What was that sideways swing
 That Mentor taught Telemachus.

THE WAY THROUGH THE WOODS



They shut the road through the woods
 Seventy years ago.
 Weather and rain have undone it again,
 And now you would never know
 There was once a road through the woods
 Before they planted the trees.
 It is underneath the coppice and heath
 And the thin anemones.
 Only the keeper sees
 That, where the ring-dove broods,
 And the badgers roll at ease,
 There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods
 Of a summer evening late
 When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools
 Where the otter whistles his mate,
 (They fear not men in the woods,
 Because they see so few.)
 You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,
 And the swish of a skirt in the dew,
 Steadily cantering through
 The misty solitudes,
 As though they perfectly knew
 The old lost road through the woods . . .
 But there is no road through the woods!

If you can keep your head when all about you
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you,
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
 But make allowance for their doubting too;
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
 Or being hated, don't give way to hating,
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
 If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim;
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
 And treat those two imposters just the same;
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools:

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
 And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings
 And never breathe a word about your loss;
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you
 Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings – nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And – which is more – you'll be a Man, my son!

THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES

1911



When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,
 He shouts to scare the monster, who will often turn aside.
 But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail.
 For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag the basking cobra hears the careless foot of man,
 He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can.
 But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail.
 For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,
 They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws.
 'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts
 pale.
 For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,
 For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;
 But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the other's tale –
 The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations – worm and savage otherwise, –
 Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise.
 Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact
 To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.
Mirth obscene diverts his anger – Doubt and Pity oft perplex
Him in dealing with an issue – to the scandal of the Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the
 same;
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces death by torture for each life below her breast
May not deal in doubt or pity – must not swerve for fact or jest.
These be purely male diversions – not in these her honour dwells.
She the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else.

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate!
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to
 claim
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions – in default of grosser ties;
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him who denies! –
He will meet no suave discussion, but the instant, white-hot, wild,
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges – even so the she-bear fights;
Speech that drips, corrodes, and poisons – even so the cobra bites;
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw
And the victim writhes in anguish – like the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a place for her
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands
To some God of Abstract Justice – which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God
gave him
Must command but may not govern – shall enthrall but not enslave
him.

And *She* knows because She warns him, and Her instincts never fail,
That the Female of Her Species is more deadly than the Male!

“THIS IS THE PRAYER THE CAVE
MAN PRAYED”



This is the prayer the Cave Man prayed
 When first his household fire he lit
 And saw the solemn stars o'erhead
 Contemptuously look down on it –
 The sweep and silence of the night,
 The brooding dark on every side
 Oppressed his simple mind with fright
 And, “Heaven send me friends!” he cried.

“Wise friends who know what trick will lure
 “The wounded Mammoth to defeat,
 “And cunning friends who have the cure
 “For pains inside me when I eat –
 “Strong friends who show how spears are hurled
 “Bold friends who charge and drive 'em in.
 “It takes all sorts to make a world,
 “But give me friends and I'll begin!”

The Gods considered his distress
 And guided to his lonely blaze
 Companions in loneliness
 The Cave Men of the Elder days.
 With twitching nose and eyes astare
 They crouched and watched him for a spell
 Till to his cautious “Who goes there?”
 They grunted “Friend,” and all was well.

And when at last their leave they took
Refreshed by meat and drink and talk,
For lack of any proper book
They scratched their Totems on the Chalk,
And Host and Hostess at the door
Bade them good-bye and made their plan
Next Saturday to ask some more . . .
And that was how the World began!

The Wash-tub and the Kitchen-range,
Electric-lighting, papers, pens,
Affect the life but do not change
The heart of *Homo sapiens*
The loneliest of all things made
He lights his fire at even-tide
And prays, as his first-fathers prayed,
For friends to gather there beside.

And that is why I send this tome
Of virgin pages fitly wrought
To hold the names of all who come
Beneath your roof at Cherkley Court.
O long, long may the record run
And you enjoy until it ends
The Four Best Gifts beneath the Sun –
Love, Peace and Health and Honest Friends.

TO A LIBRARIAN



This that presenteth a Librarian
 Rightly regarded shall be seen to show
 A sure and subtile Master-Quarryman
 Out of whose Worke uncounted Workes did grow:
 Because he knew all Mines and Galleries
 And Veines and Beds of excellent Assaye;
 In that brute Rocke whereunder Learninge lies
 And where ye blinde Gem waits upon ye Daye:
 As wel the meer Manhandled Drift that fills
 And clokes the Trewer marble from our Sichte
 Before we touch ye Glorie of ye Hills:
 Porphyrie & Pickeshatteringe Syenite:
 So that all Seekers sought him first to finde
 That which (he shewinge where twas hid) they mined.
 T. Coryatt

JOBSON'S AMEN
IN THE PRESENCE



"Blessèd be the English and all their ways and works.
Cursèd be the Infidels, Hereticks, and Turks!"
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "But where I used to lie
Was neither Candle, Bell nor Book to curse my brethren by:

"But a palm-tree in full bearing, bowing down, bowing down,
To a surf that drove unsparing at the brown, walled town –
Conches in a temple, oil-lamps in a dome –
And a low moon out of Africa said: 'This way home!'"

"Blessèd be the English and all that they profess.
Cursèd be the Savages that prance in nakedness!"
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie
Was neither shirt nor pantaloons to catch my brethren by:

"But a well-wheel slowly creaking, going round, going round,
By a water-channel leaking over drowned, warm ground –
Parrots very busy in the trellised pepper-vine –
And a high sun over Asia shouting: 'Rise and shine!'"

"Blessèd be the English and everything they own.
Cursèd be the Infidels that bow to wood and stone!"
"Amen," quo' Jobson, "but where I used to lie
Was neither pew nor Gospelleer to save my brethren by:

"But a desert stretched and stricken, left and right, left and right,
Where the piled mirages thicken under white-hot light –
A skull beneath a sand-hill and a viper coiled inside –
And a red wind out of Libya roaring: 'Run and hide!'"

“Blessèd be the English and all they make or do.
Cursèd be the Hereticks who doubt that this is true!”
“Amen,” quo’ Jobson, “but where I mean to die
Is neither rule nor calliper to judge the matter by:

“But Himàlya heavenward-heading, sheer and vast, sheer and vast,
In a million summits bedding on the last world’s past –
A certain sacred mountain where the scented cedars climb,
And – the feet of my Belovèd hurrying back through Time!”

“HE THAT DIED O’ WEDNESDAY”



He that died o’ Wednesday
 Is old as Pharaoh was,
 Seeing life is vapor,
 Seeing flesh is grass.
 But grass comes back as cattle,
 And clouds come back as rain;
 So why should he and Pharaoh
 Not come back again?

He that died o’ Wednesday
 Is finished with for aye,
 Seeing life is ashes,
 Seeing flesh is clay.
 But ashes mend a footpath,
 And clay can tamp a drain;
 So why should he and Pharaoh
 Not be used again?

“MY BOY JACK”
(1914–18)



“Have you news of my boy Jack?”

Not this tide.

“When d’you think that he’ll come back?”

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

“Has any one else had word of him?”

Not this tide.

For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

“Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?”

None this tide,

Nor any tide,

Except he did not shame his kind —

Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,

This tide,

And every tide;

Because he was the son you bore,

And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

SONS OF THE SUBURBS



(I.)

The sons of the suburbs were carefully bred
 And quite unaccustomed to strife;
 For the lessons they learned in the books that they read
 Had taught them the value of life.
 From Erith to Ealing they cherished a feeling
 That slaughter and battle were sin;
 From Hendon to Tooting they didn't like shooting –
 And didn't intend to begin.

Chorus:

When the clergyman's daughter drinks nothing but water
 She's certain to finish on gin!

(II.)

The tribes of the Teutons were otherwise trained,
 And broken to bloodshed from birth,
 For their Ministers preached and their masters maintained
 They had only one duty on earth;
 That all they were for was sanguineous war –
 And the rest didn't matter a damn;
 Being also intent upon the Culture, they went
 For the voters of Wanstead and Ham.

Chorus:

But reading the name on a tin of the same,
 Won't give you the taste of the jam.

(III.)

The sons of the suburbs were firm but polite,
And rose in their place with a gun,
And a live bayo-net to express their regret
At the action of Herman the Hun.
It likewise appears they flung bombs round his ears –
Which caused a percentage of slain –
And, finding it sport, I regret to report
That they did it again and again.

Chorus:

If the aunt of the vicar has never touched liquor,
Look out when she finds the champagne.

(IV.)

The sons of the suburbs awoke to the fact
That killing had points of its own,
At giving a spice their existence had lacked,
And they rarely left Herman alone!
They were young, it is true, and the business was new,
But youth is the key to all arts –
Which is why a beginner's so often a winner
At capturing trenches or hearts.

Chorus:

If the churchwarden's wife never danced in her life,
She will kick off your hat when she starts.

(V.)

There are things in the breast of mankind which are best
In darkness and decency hid,
For you never can tell, when you've opened a Hell,
How soon you can put back the lid.

Now Herman's annoyed with East Finchley and Croyd-
On, Penge Tottenham, Bromley and Kew;
Though it isn't their fault they committed assault,
Because. . . but I'll leave it to you. . .

Chorus:

If you and your friend never go on a bend,
It's Bow Street and jail when you do.

“TO ALL OUR PEOPLE NOW ON LAND”



To all our people now on land
We men at sea must write,
Because the work we have in hand
Withholds us from your sight:
And if you ask us what we do –
We keep the seas, and Christmas too.

In every home we used to know
Hang up with liberal hands
The holly and the mistletoe
That Christmastide commands,
And, though we may not present be,
Keep Christmas while we keep the sea.

THE GODS OF THE COPYBOOK HEADINGS



1919

As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,
 I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market-Place.
 Peering through reverent fingers I watch them flourish and fall,
 And the Gods of the Copybook Headings, I notice, outlast them all.

We were living in trees when they met us. They showed us each in turn
 That Water would certainly wet us, as Fire would certainly burn:
 But we found them lacking in Uplift, Vision, and Breadth of Mind,
 So we left them to teach the Gorillas while we followed the March of
 Mankind.

We moved as the Spirit listed. *They* never altered their pace,
 Being neither cloud nor wind-borne like the Gods of the Market-Place.
 But they always caught up with our progress, and presently word would
 come
 That a tribe had been wiped off its ice-field, or the lights had gone out
 in Rome.

With the Hopes that our World is built on they were utterly out of
 touch,
 They denied that the Moon was Stilton; they denied she was even
 Dutch;
 They denied that Wishes were Horses; they denied that a Pig had
 Wings;
 So we worshipped the Gods of the Market Who promised these
 beautiful things.

When the Cambrian measures were forming, They promised perpetual
peace.

They swore, if we gave them our weapons, that the wars of the tribes
would cease.

But when we disarmed They sold us and delivered us bound to our foe,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: "*Stick to the Devil you
know.*"

On the first Feminian Sandstones we were promised the Fuller Life
(Which started by loving our neighbour and ended by loving his wife)
Till our women had no more children and the men lost reason and faith,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: "*The Wages of Sin is Death.*"

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,
By robbing selected Peter to pay for collective Paul;
But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money
could buy,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: "*If you don't work you die.*"

Then the Gods of the Market tumbled, and their smooth-tongued
wizards withdrew,
And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and began to believe it was
true
That All is not Gold that Glitters, and Two and Two make Four –
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up to explain it once
more.

.....

As it will be in the future, it was at the Birth of Man –
There are only four things certain since Social Progress began: –
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her Mire,
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the Fire;

And that after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins
When all men are paid for existing and no man must pay for his sins,
As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

“SOME TO WOMEN, SOME TO WINE”



Some to Women, some to Wine –
 Some to Wealth or Power incline,
 Proper people cherish Swine.

Cattle from the Argentine –
 Poultry tough as office twine –
 Give no pleasure when we dine:

But, from nose-tip unto Chine,
 Via every intestine
 Nothing is amiss in swine

Roast, or smoked or soaked in brine
 (We have proved it, Cousin mine)
 Every part of him is fine.

So, till Income Tax decline,
 Or Truth exists across the Rhine,
 Or GEORGE can speak it, praise we Swine
 Common, honest, decent SWINE.

LONDON STONE



(NOVEMBER 11, 1923)

When you come to London Town,
 (Grieving – grieving!)
 Bring your flowers and lay them down
 At the place of grieving.

When you come to London Town,
 (Grieving – grieving!)
 Bow your head and mourn your own,
 With the others grieving.

For those minutes, let it wake,
 (Grieving – grieving!)
 All the empty-heart and ache
 That is not cured by grieving.

For those minutes, tell no lie:
 (Grieving – grieving!)
 “Grave, this is thy victory;
 And the sting of Death is grieving.”

Where’s our help, from Earth or Heaven,
 (Grieving – grieving!)
 To comfort us for what we’ve given,
 And only gained this grieving?

Heaven’s too far and Earth too near,
 (Grieving – grieving!)
 But our neighbour’s standing here,
 Grieving as we’re grieving.

What's his burden every day?
(Grieving – grieving!)
Nothing man can count or weigh,
But loss and love's own grieving.

What is the tie betwixt us two
(Grieving – grieving!)
That must last our whole lives through?
“As I suffer, so do you.”
That may ease the grieving.

“I plough deep” said the car,
“I plough old wounds afresh –
“What you thought was a scar,
“I will show you is stricken flesh.”

“I plough deep” said the car.
“I tear open the well-smoothed ground
“Where the lost idols are.
“I plough near and far.”

THE SURVIVAL
 HORACE, BOOK V. ODE 22
 THE JANEITES



Securely, after days
 Unnumbered, I behold
 Kings mourn that promised praise
 Their cheating bards foretold.

Of earth-constricting wars,
 Of Princes passed in chains,
 Of deeds outshining stars,
 No word or voice remains.

Yet furthest times receive,
 And to fresh praise restore,
 Mere breath of flutes at eve;
 Mere seaweed on the shore;

A smoke of sacrifice;
 A chosen myrtle-wreath;
 An harlot's altered eyes;
 A rage 'gainst love or death;

Glazed snow beneath the moon;
 The surge of storm-bowed trees –
 The Caesars perished soon,
 And Rome Herself: But these

Endure while Empires fall
 And Gods for Gods make room . . .
 Which greater God than all
 Imposed the amazing doom?

“ AH, WOULD SWIFT SHIPS HAD NEVER BEEN
ABOUT THE SEAS TO ROVE!”



Ah, would swift ships had never been about the seas to rove!
For then these eyes had never seen nor ever wept their love.
Over the ocean-rim he came – beyond that verge he passed,
And I who never knew his name must mourn him to the last!

“OH BELTED SONS OF TREASON”



Oh belted Sons of Treason
 Press onward to the Lords,
 Where six safe months in prison,
 Can win such great rewards!

From Jutland to Judæa
 Bob up, ye Dead, and sing!
 He'll sit with wicked Beatty,
 And Allenby and Byng!

Through toil and tribulation
 And tumult of our war,
 He sought the consummation
 Of peace forever more.

A million fell beside him,
 By land and air and sea,
 In order to provide him
 With breakfast, lunch and tea!

THE BURDEN OF JERUSALEM



But Abram said unto Sarai, "Behold the maid is in thy hand. Do to her as it pleaseth thee." And when Sarai dealt hardly with her she fled from her face. *Genesis* XVI. 6.

In ancient days and deserts wild
 There rose a feud – still unsubdued –
 'Twixt Sarah's son and Hagar's child
 That centered round Jerusalem.

(While underneath the timeless bough
 Of Mamre's oak 'mid stranger folk
 The Patriarch slumbered and his spouse
 Nor dreamed about Jerusalem.)

For Ashmael [*sic*] lived where he was born,
 And pastured there in tents of hair
 Among the Camel and the Thorn –
 Beersheba, south Jerusalem.

But Israel sought employ and food
 At Pharaoh's knees, till Rameses
 Dismissed his plaguery multitude,
 With curses, toward Jerusalem.

Across the wilderness they came
 And launched their horde o'er Jordan's ford,
 And blazed the road by sack and flame
 To Jebusite Jerusalem.

Then Kings and Judges ruled the land,
And did not well by Israel,
Till Babylonia took a hand
And drove them from Jerusalem.

And Cyrus sent them back anew,
To carry on as they had done,
Till angry Titus overthrew
The fabric of Jerusalem.

Then they were scattered North and West,
While each Crusade more certain made
That Hagar's vengeful son possessed
Mohamedan Jerusalem.

Where Ishmael held his desert state,
And framed a creed to serve his need. –
“Allah-hu-Akbar! God is Great!”
He preached it in Jerusalem.

And every realm they wandered through
Rose, far or near, in hate or fear,
And robbed and tortured, chased and slew,
The outcasts of Jerusalem.

So ran their doom – half seer, half slave –
And ages passed, and at the last
They stood beside each tyrant's grave,
And whispered of Jerusalem.

We do not know what God attends
The Unloved Race in every place
Where they amass their dividends
From Riga to Jerusalem;

But all the course of Time makes clear
To everyone (except the Hun)
It does not pay to interfere
With Cohen from Jerusalem.

For 'neath the Rabbi's curls and fur
(Or scents and rings of movie-Kings)
The aloof, unleavened blood of Ur,
Broods steadfast on Jerusalem.

Where Ishmael bides in his own place –
A robber bold, as was foretold,
To stand before his brother's face –
The wolf without Jerusalem.

And burthened Gentiles o'er the main,
Must bear the weight of Israel's hate
Because he is not brought again
In triumph to Jerusalem.

Yet he who bred the unending strife,
And was not brave enough to save
The Bondsmaid from the furious wife,
He wrought thy woe, Jerusalem.

“ NAMELY ”

CHANT MERCHANT-MARITIME OF NAMES

Such as in Ships of Awesome Size
 Into the seas descend
 They roll in suites and toiletries
 And bath-tubs without end.
 But me no chromium plumbing thrills
 Or Tudor banquet-hall.
 It is her watch and station-bills
 I study more than all.

So. When that first down-Channel night
 Breaks in full gale to day
 And Ushant's slaving leagues of white
 Predict a horrid Bay,
 Above my early cup of tea,
 Contentedly I think
 Of such as have to sail with me
 Or, peradventure, sink.
 Namely: – Port Lifeboat, Twenty-two.
 Bow, Blair: Stroke, Mirrielees.
 Falls – Fore and after [Kinsella], Drew –
 (Both – Heaven be praised – A.B.'s!)
 Therewith the First Fifth Engineer,
 And Stewardess Miss White
 Detailed to “bring me ladies here,
 And see their belts are right.”

So, when that steel four-masted barque,
 Unlit and undermanned,

Looms, leaps, and lunges through the dark
Entirely out of hand,
And when my chattering tooth-glass tells
How hard astern we go,
I listen for the urgent bells
Untroubled for I know
Grant, Hunter, Lindsay, Gordon, Home,
MacAndrew and McPhee,
On duty in the engine-room,
Are taking care of me.
While – nine decks up – our helm and screw
Obedient as his brain –
“The Old Man” subtly brings us through
And on our course again.

So, when the fog-bank’s blinding breath
Bewilders ear and eye,
And, chillier than the couch of Death
The unseen berg slips by
On the sports-deck, invisible
Low-spoken men I hear
Taking the covers off the boats
And testing davit-gear.

Pratt, Tizard, Banstead, Whitley, Keene,
Freckleton, Shide, Bellairs –
Deck-hands who rig the weather-screen
To make a lee for chairs,
And store the toys with which we play –
Our bull-board, quoites and rings,
But childish things are put away
Just now – in case of things.

In the dead hours from one to three
 When even bar-men snore,
I watch the succulent squeejee
 Address the rubber floor,
While, up that damp, white avenue
 Of Stewards, suds and smells,
The Carpenter and Mate push through
 To sound our myriad wells.

So, when the whole Atlantic heaves
 Her mountains on our decks,
And the shocked fabric grinds and grieves
 Roars, Races, rears, and checks,
I do not writhe at every reel,
 Nor wince at every jar.
I know what ship-yard launched her keel
 And whose her engines are.

Which information writ, on brass
 In the companion-way
Is never read by those who pass
 All day and every day
But (without naming any Line)
 So far as I can see
Belfast, Southampton, Clyde and Tyne
 Are good enough for me.

“THERE’S A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE —
BETTER MET BY CHOICE THAN CHANCE”



There’s a gentleman of France — better met by choice than chance,
Where there’s time to turn aside and space to flee —
He is born and bred and made for the cattle-droving trade,
And they call him Monsieur Bouvier de Brie.
“What — Brie?” Yes, Brie. “Where those funny cheeses come
from?” *Oui! Oui! Oui!*
But his name is great through Gaul as the wisest dog of all,
And France pays high for Bouvier de Brie.
“De Brie?” *C’est lui.* And, if you read my story, you will see
What one loyal little heart thought of Life and Love and Art,
And notably of Bouvier de Brie —
“My friend the Vicomte Bouvier de Brie.”

“THIS IS THE DOOM OF THE MAKERS — THEIR
DAEMON LIVES IN THEIR PEN”



This is the doom of the Makers — their Daemon lives in their pen.
If he be absent or sleeping, they are even as other men.
But if he be utterly present, and they swerve not from his behest,
The word that he gives shall continue, whether in earnest or jest.

“THEY PASS — THEY PASS — AND ALL”



I.24.

They pass — they pass — and all
Our cries, our tears
Achieve not their recall
Nor reach their ears.

Our lamentations leave
But one thing sure.
They perish and we grieve
And we endure!

“YOU HAVE LIED TO THE DEAD BENEATH”



II.8

You have lied to the Dead beneath.
You have lied to the Heavens above you.
But it hasn't affected in any direction
Your figure, your face, your hair or complexion –
Your eyebrows, your nails or your teeth.
And, therefore, Barine, we love you!

“NAUGHTY LYDIA WITH A KISS”



Naughty Lydia with a kiss
Ruined poor old Sybaris
He can neither ride nor swim –
Lydia's been too much for him!

“’TIS COLD! HEAP ON THE LOGS — AND
LET’S GET TIGHT!”



’Tis cold! Heap on the logs — and lets get tight!
The Gods can run this world for just one night.
I will enjoy myself, and be no scorner
Of any nice girl giggling in a corner.