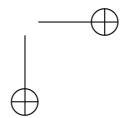
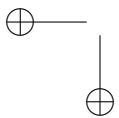
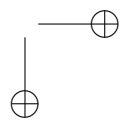
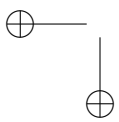
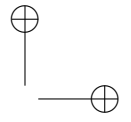
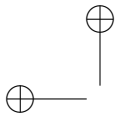


Horace Up to Date

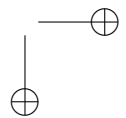
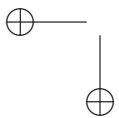


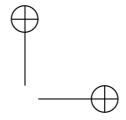
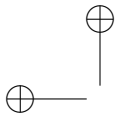




Horace Up to Date
Ascott Robert Hope Moncrieff

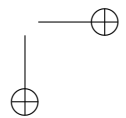
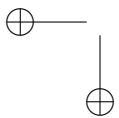
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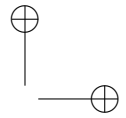




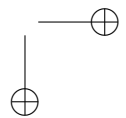
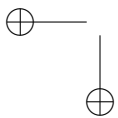
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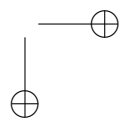
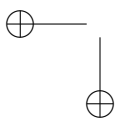
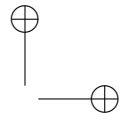
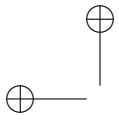
First Published: Christmas, 1926





Written at different times from schooldays onwards,
Some of these verses may not strike the reader
As after all quite up to date of printing,
Yet they will not be found so far behind it
As to require a note of commentation.
Sometimes the writer follows Horace nearly,
But sometimes cribs from him a mere suggestion:
That is all he has to say about it.

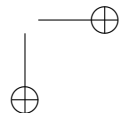
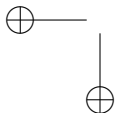






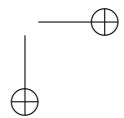
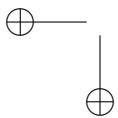
ODE I.1, TO MY EDITOR

Mæcenās of our modern age,
Chief patron now of wit and sage,
You should know well the various ways
In which men strive for pence or praise,
How many kinds of race are run,
What cups and plates are lost and won!
Dick on the Thames his muscle strains,
As Dives for the Derby trains,
That crowds may lay dull care aside
To hail their triumph, share their pride.
Plus-foursome votaries of golf
Shun “fannelled fool” and “muddied oaf;”
Who each, as a mug’s game, belittles
All other play, from bridge to skittles.
This portly cit a civic chair
Allures, and thrice to strut as Mayor;
That other minds his own affairs,
His worship all for stocks and shares.
The farmer, fitfully forlorn,
Frowns at the price of meat and corn,
But, grumbling both in dust and muck,
Still taps the glass for better luck.
The tar, when stormy breezes blow,
Envies their lot that plough and sow,
Yet, once his pay is sunk on shore,
He ships afresh to squander more.
The soldier, on his smart career,
To mothers dread, to daughters dear,





Falling in at the post assigned him,
Forgets the girl he leaves behind him.
The noble sportsman bravely dares
The wrath of pigeons or of hares,
Or, to kill time, on tires he hunts,
Grim Golliwog of grease and grunts.
There are who choose to snooze in clubs,
Reviling such as booze in pubs.
But me another lot doth please,
A life of not too idle ease:
From ruder toils and sports I shrink,
My feats are all with pen and ink,
My nicest tastes in style and types.
My dearest pastime pensive pipes,
I simply pray, sir, that you will
Accept my contributions still,
Whereby you set me in the skies,
Earth's common herd to criticize.





ODE I.3, TO THE L.M.S.

Directors of the Northern Line,
Guard well this first-class friend of mine,
Who books for Lancashire.

Upon his journey smoothly bear,
And safely unto Euston Square
Bring back John Smith, Esquire!

So may your traffic never fail,
May fortune ride upon your rail
To double all your fares!
May fate preserve your rolling stock,
And with no bootless balance mock
The holders of your shares!

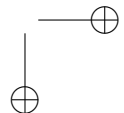
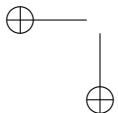
His heart was pure, his will was made,
His life insured who unafraid
First travelled in a train.

Not him the glare of danger light,
Nor gloomy tunnel shades could fright,
Nor shrieking whistles pain.

But now there is no city famed,
Nor petty townlet still unnamed
In Bradshaw's cryptic book.

O'er all the world express we rush,
Or struggle in the excursion's crush,
Thanks to the Messrs. Cook!

Before what perils need men pale,
Who trust them to the Irish Mail,





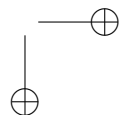
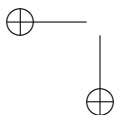
With dry and dauntless eyes;
 Who rush into the caves of Crewe,
To gulp the tea their witches brew,
 Or Mugby Junction's pies!

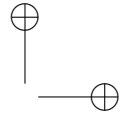
Too bold we grow, too loud we crow,
 Too many things we fain would know,
Too many sights would see.
 Nor lords of earth alone we try
To be, but strive to scale the sky
 On L. S. piled on D.

The lightning we from Heaven have won,
 Serves but to blind us to the sun,
Kindling new forms of woe.
 And yet we seek to cut a dash,
Like Dædalus, who came to smash
 With wings that were no go.

Our Herculean spouters make
 The very throne and altar shake:
Oh, dark and dangerous hour,
 When critics mock at bishops' books,
Caricaturists at their crooks,
 And parsons at their power!

The Age too fast and far has gone:
 Some judgment sure will light upon
This impious race of men.
 At wisdom's sober voice we laugh,
Nor let *The Times* and *Telegraph*
 Lay down their moral pen.





ODE I.4, TO SESTIA

Spring and the Season call you back to Town
The social months in giddy throng to pass,
For now the West End takes its shutters down,
While Squires and hunters are turned out to grass.

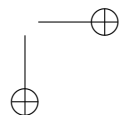
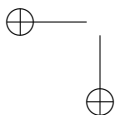
Ploughmen and cows may plod their homeward way
O'er fields with daisies, not with hoar-frost pied;
But here no curfew tolls the close of day
For slaves of toil as pleasure glorified.

The Easter moon now summons Nymphs and Graces
To enter for the stakes as husband-winners;
And girls are all agog on frocks and faces,
As frumps and fogeys rather for the dinners.

By Venus led, her votaries crowd the shops,
In search of what the fashion stamps as smart,
To deck themselves for crushes, shows and hops,
Where beauty often goes in debt to art.

Wrinkles will come as soon to Berkeley Square
As to Ball's Pond, so Sestia, my dear,
Your charms may miss their market in Mayfair,
By paint and powder cheapened, year by year.

Each Season brings its crop of rival belles
Eager for ringing; then at feast and ball,
Round them will buzz the eligible swells,
As wasps seek fruit, not flowers on the wall.





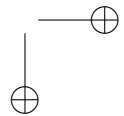
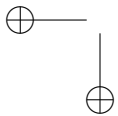
I.5, TO JILTINA

What beardless boy have you now in tow
His pay for bangles and bouquets to owe,
For whom your hair afresh you dye,
And stain your lips to give smile for sigh?

As simple as smart he takes you to be;
But sooner or later that smiling sea
Will change its face to cloudy and cold;
And the glances he fondly took for gold

Will turn out sham, as all of them find
Who on such a Circe have gone it blind,
Till, one by one, the deluded team
Come down to the cheat beneath what you seem.

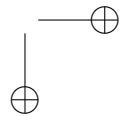
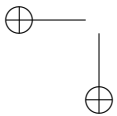
But on me, those arts it was vain to try:
No such spider entraps this fly,
For I span into copy the web of your tricks,
Brought out as a novel at 7s. 6d.





I.7, 'ARRY'S HOLIDAY

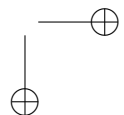
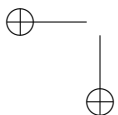
Some chaps may praise the chalky Isle of Wight,
Or play the toff on Brighton's breezy piers;
And some on sands of Thanet take delight
To join the jovial larks of Margateers.
Others the social shores of Yarmouth seek,
Or air their kids at Hythe or Herne Bay.
Some savings run to Clacton for a week,
Some but to Southend for an 'appy day.
A few can trip it to the western coast,
To plunge at Newquay or at Ilfracombe;
Fewer their picture-postcards put in post
At the Land's End, where fewer still find room.
It's worth the price in wilds of Wales to hear
The cuckoo's voice out-crowed from motor-brakes.
The Trossachs and the Clyde hotels are dear,
So are the English and the Irish Lakes.
But Hampstead Heath or Richmond Hill will do
As well for climbing as the rainy Highlands;
And flower-beds are just as fine at Kew
As any blooming in the Channel Islands.
Somewhere a fellow must kick up his heels,
If only once a year – the more's the pity!
Even in a Territorial Camp he feels
A stand-at-ease from slaving in the City.
But not for me the charms of hill or sea;
Your walking tours are not at all my line;
Paris, gay *Parée*, is the place for me,
And always I crack up to pals of mine,

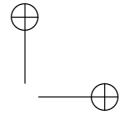




Its cafés, concerts, all its blooming shows,
Its Palay Royal and its Shomps Eleasy;
So for another week of it here goes,
Now that the jaunt is made so cheap and easy!

When 'Arry started on this holiday,
A tourist suit at £2 10s. he wore;
And thus his chum's misgivings did allay
(Who had not been so far from home before):
"Dear Jim, good fortune travels at our side,
Her favours paid for by these coupons here;
With Cook for counsellor and Cook for guide,
The Cockniest chap has naught to doubt or fear.
Your heart may be as light as this handbag
That holds my paper collars, shirt of flannel.
Buck up, old boy, and light another fag,
To-morrow sees us safe across the Channel!"





ODE I.8, TO LYDIA

Lydia, you minx, I ask what blighting spell
 You've cast upon poor Jones, your hoodwinked suitor,
To make him no more eager to excel,
 Either at rackets or at Rugby footer?

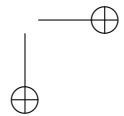
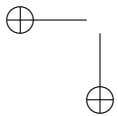
How can it be, this pink of youthful squires
 A painted ballet-girl so bewitches,
That he no longer, prancing in the Shires,
 Exults to air his natty boots and breeches?

He who at Lord's erstwhile aspired to be
 A demon bowler or a champion swiper,
Now shuns the tented field, and from the sea
 He shrinks as if each billow bred a viper.

No more in shorts and singlet does he bare
 His brawny limbs for running or for rowing,
Nor cares a moor with some keen chum to share,
 Sport, exercise and friendship all foregoing.

Have you then turned into a love-sick boy
 This manly athlete, once so fit and tough;
Fox-trot and tango now his only joy,
 Slave of your lip-stick and your powder-puff?

Or can it be that, as was great Achilles,
 Hiding among the petticoats, so strangely slack he
At heart from nothing but dislike to drill is,
 And that he conscientiously objects to khaki?





ODE I.9 (B.C.), DISSOLVE FRIGUS

(The Original Version)

Behold, how clear in unstained snow
 Stands forth Soracte's sacred crest,
How all the loaded branches bend,
 And frozen waters lie at rest.

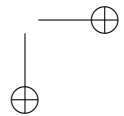
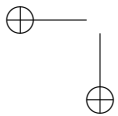
But banish from your heart the cold
 That chills the face of mother earth,
Oh friend, and with no miser hand
 Heap logs upon the glowing hearth.

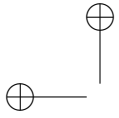
From out the cellar's dusty depths
 Where it has ripened many a year
Bring forth a jar of generous wine,
 Our blood to warm, our souls to cheer.

Leave other cares to kindly gods,
 Who now have bid the storm to cease
Its howling winds and raging waves,
 And given shuddering forests peace.

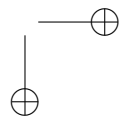
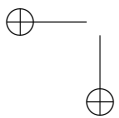
Scan not the future's wrinkled face,
 But catch the present's boon of joy,
To taste of love's and pleasure's sweets,
 Whilst thou art yet at heart a boy.

Thee, blushing beauty still can charm,
 Thee, gentle whispers still allure;
For thee the morning sky of life
 Is still in dewy brightness pure.





No bristling winter yet has laid
Its hand upon thy glossy hair,
So by the firelight snatch a kiss
And laugh away all frosty care.





THE SAME (A.D.), BY A DECADENT EPICUREAN

Look out to see how, smudged with snow
Drip all the roofs on Notting Hill,
That send out streams of buttoners-up
The early trams and tubes to fill.

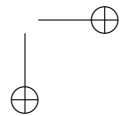
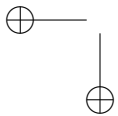
Switch on the light, turn up the stove
Whose gas supplies a steady glow;
Then ring for cheering tea and toast,
With which a cigarette will go.

The Borough Council's job it is
To cleanse those slushy thoroughfares,
Where City-folk fare sneezing forth
To face the raw rheumatic airs.

Scan not the weather prophecy:
"It may not thaw, and yet it may;"
With news and novels, lunch and *Punch*,
One can get through a dismal day,

A chance to study billiard scores,
Or ponder o'er the price of stocks,
Shuddering to read how out of doors
Men kick a ball or chase a fox.

But come! my knees are not yet stiff,
Nor aches my light fantastic toe,
So, after dinner, by and by,
A taxi whirls me through the snow.





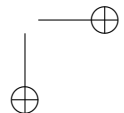
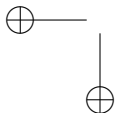
ODE I.14, TO THE COMMONWEALTH

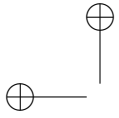
Oh, Ship of State that braved so oft
The battle and the breeze,
But now, alas! art like to drift
Upon uncharted seas,
Put back to port while yet a course
Wild winds will let you steer,
To stop your leaks and pump your bilge,
And overhaul your gear!

The rigging of our forbears' barks,
We once so sound did deem,
Has shrivelled into sportive show
In a new stage of steam,
When iron hulls through boiling waves
Their way in turn must boil,
And Britain's march upon the deep
Is fed by coal or oil.

When now no cherub sits aloft
To watch o'er unioned Jack,
Idly a heart of oak will beat,
Beneath his rough shell-back,
If for his freights he waits upon
Landlubbers' laziness,
That soon may make our commerce fain
To signal S.O.S.

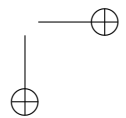
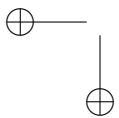
What though our fathers could grow fat
On years of prosperous trade
In goods we once sent far and wide,





By poorer peoples paid,
If that those customers have learned
To make such quite as well,
Not only for themselves, but now
John Bull to undersell!

Yet still he slowly wakes to note
His loss of revenue,
From counting words instead of work,
And listens to a crew
Of knaves and fools whose slogan is –
Let laws and freedom die,
But leave us still, with doles and votes,
Raw red democracy.





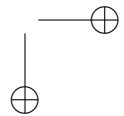
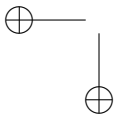
ODE I.22, DE LALAGE

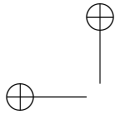
One wholly clad from top to toe
In pure wool, on the Jäger system,
Need not his tongue to doctors show,
Nor, as for drugs, will ever miss them,
Whether he dwell on sheltered shore
That all year round is wreathed in roses,
Or sail where blasts from Labrador
Make blue the Nova Scotian noses.

Once, as I lounged in Oxford Street,
I saw, through Lalage's shop window,
Th' untinted Venus, drab and neat,
Whose smile invited me to in go.
She praised her wares for cheap as dirt,
For purity and elegance, too,
Until I ordered Jäger shirt,
Pyjamas, vest, hat, socks and pants, too.

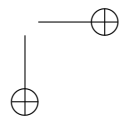
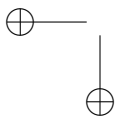
They are a boon in hot and cold
Weather alike, and my advice is
To him and hers, to young and old,
See catalogue of styles and prices.
But they are rather dear, I think,
And must be washed with care, by few done,
Else you may find them apt to shrink,
And then you have to get a new one.

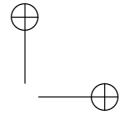
So now, when I a month would spend
At the seaside, to bathe or golf,
Or am invited by a friend,





The air of heath and downs to quaff,
I turn into the Jäger shop,
And linger o'er its wares awhile,
Nor care to count the coins I drop
To buy that damsel's dearest smile.



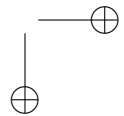
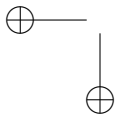


ODE I.29, TO A JUNIOR DEAN

Surely, my dear Sir, it cannot be true
That a clerical don, so distinguished as you,
Hardheaded sample of Snell Exhibitioners,
To Minerva and Muses is turning out fickle
By blunting the edge of his talents to tickle
The slumberous wits of bucolic parishioners!

What Phyllida, flouting her top-booted swain,
May with slippers and smiles your affections enchain,
All eyes and all ears for your sound dogmatizing?
What shock-pated Hodge may before you stand dumb,
And shuffle his hobnails and twiddle his thumb
By way of response to your glib catechizing?

One may henceforth suppose that the Pope is not proud,
Or that Methodist preachers are learned as loud,
If St. Thomas's Fellows are willing to fly
From Isis and Cherwell to acres of sludge,
Where a poor country parson must patiently trudge,
Who might have been strutting the Broad or the High!





ODE I.32, AD LYRAM NIGRORUM

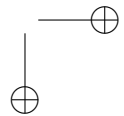
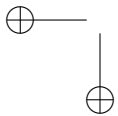
Here's a pitch among idlers, and not one so glum
But will welcome my grin as a holiday boon,
And flock on the sands at the very first thrum,
As I start off to tip them a popular tune!

This banjo the fettered but frolicsome slave
First sounded to music of mirth or of woe,
When he dutifully mourned over massa's cold grave.
Or cheered up the darkies to jump like Jim Crow.

It sighed for the teeth lost from Uncle's bald head,
It sweetly remembered the Old Folks at home:
It faithfully promised its Dinah to wed
Some day, when its lot was no longer to roam.

It strummed out the loves of plantation and river,
With names I can't manage to get into rhyme,
So its melodies tickled the heart of the nigger,
Who danced and who sang to its twang in rag-time.

And that's why my mug I must mask in black grease
That sight may be tuned into concert with sound,
To gather an audience sure to decrease
As soon as the hat I begin to hand round.

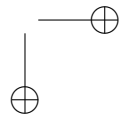
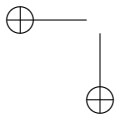




ODE I.38, PERSICOS ODI, ETC.

Kickshaws from France are apt to disagree,
And costly juices of sour grapes, with me;
I shun to sit where liveried menials stand,
Unhastening in their ministrations and
Avid of tips.

Tea-shops where tripping Hebes deftly wait
To find a copper left beside the plate,
Fill cheaper cups that bid dull care begone,
For who, with buttered roll or toasted scone,
Contentment sips.





ODE II.1, TO GIGADIBS

The War that pricked a lot of swollen heads,
 Its causes, chances, and its huge expense,
Its tricks of fortune, and the secret bids
 To potentates who sat upon the fence;

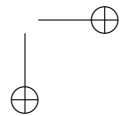
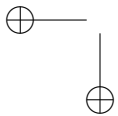
The millions worse than wasted upon wreck,
 The myriads fallen on battle-fields entrenched,
All that made copy for our tapes and papers,
 While yet these ashes are not coldly quenched,

You fain would treat – you whose more modest line
 Was novels about Juans and their Judies,
To rake in royalties if you could win
 A signal victory at Smith's or Mudie's.

Soon you may woo again a lighter Muse,
 If briefs do not come in at the Old Bailey,
Trying your hand at skits of lively verse,
 Or articles for organs weekly, daily.

But now your pen is winged by feats of arms,
 Tales of that grisly, grubby Flanders picnic;
With roar of guns and whiz of shells you seek
 To make our flesh creep, like the boy in Pickwick

How Tommies, uniformed in frost and mud,
 Took at that tug-of-war a long-drawn pull,
And how from west to east the whole world shook,
 But not the stolid spirit of John Bull,

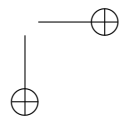
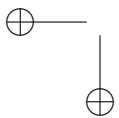


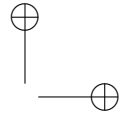
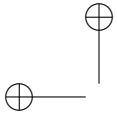


Who now stood side by side with sons of those
Once faced upon the field of Waterloo,
Thus offering victims to Napoleon's shade,
Where dust of battle blotted red and blue.

What sea has not been crimsoned by our blood,
What nation has not pocketed our gold,
What land has not been dotted by our graves! –
But this is an old story, often told.

And so such themes I shun, but listen-in
To news sent broadcast of the latest cases,
The scores at cricket, football, billiards, golf,
With all the winners and the odds on races.





ODE II.6, TO COLONEL SEPTIMUS SMITH

Comrade in many a hard campaign,
Hot fights with Boche and Boer and Dervise,
Unless once more dug out again,
We both are done with active service.

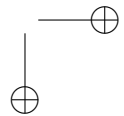
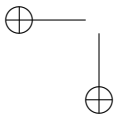
Then what d'ye say to join with me
In taking a suburban flat?
And I should say that North West 3
Would be the best address for that.

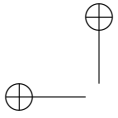
Of course, we'd rather pitch our tents
Much nearer to the U.S. Club,
But quite prohibitive are rents
All about London's central hub.

On Hampstead I have set my heart,
A name of happiness and joy
To those that move in circles smart,
Not less than to the *hoi polloi*.

Its lordly lanes and avenues,
Its garages and gardens sunny,
Make this a promised land for Jews,
Flowing with cream of mint and honey.

To prosperous Scots, too, is it dear,
Yet not so dear as Eaton Square,
And cheap considering its clear
Advantages of sun and air.





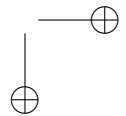
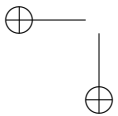
Blue skies will smile upon this heath,
When lamps are lit round Regent's Park,
And in the sea of fog beneath
The Zoo is damp as Noah's Ark.

You'll say it's too far out – but no! –
Quite easy, even for crocks like us,
To reach in half an hour or so
Trafalgar Square by tube or bus.

One's friends can often come from town
To taste – the mineral well? – on Sundays,
Or visit inns of old renown,
Or mix with crowds on Easter Mondays.

There's ground for every pastime here,
From kissing in the ring to golf;
And, if to fly you do not fear,
An aerodrome is not far off.

More than one cemetery gives scene,
On heights around, for meditation,
While down below, at Golder's Green,
You may attend at my cremation.





ODE II.7, TO "POMPEY"

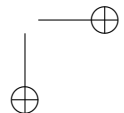
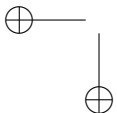
Old chum who with me in the Jocks
 Went through the scrap at Loos and worse 'uns,
Nor got a scratch nor turned a hair,
 In such alarms and excursions,
But now and then short leave from duty
To visit England, home, and beauty.

What with the bombs of brother Boche,
 And winds and floods of winter weather,
Also the bathlessness of billets,
 We had some dirty days together,
And dark nights in those filthy trenches,
Furnished with vermin, rats, and stenches.

'Twas not till the set-back near Lens,
 That side by side we both got hit;
That was no feather in our cap
 And best the least we say of it;
It cost old Stiggins his command,
And me three fingers of one hand.

We lay in hospital at Havre
 Our sun-tanned brown turned rather whitey,
But both bucked up, when once we heard
 Our wounds were worth a spell in Blighty.
There with my stump I had to sit,
While you went back as soon as fit.

Now peace is like a poultice put
 Both upon cripples and demobbed,





And lets young veterans laugh o'er days
 When they in Flemish barns hob-nobbed,
You, D.S.O. and Brigadier,
With your old sub. must make good cheer.

As welcome back to quiet nights,
 Clean tablecloths and decent kits
I'll strain my brevet-major's pay
 To give a dinner at the Ritz,
To you and half a dozen others,
In mud and blood baptized as brothers.

Where friends like these meet safe and sound,
 One has a right to do them well,
And wet the whistles of a band
 With such a lot to hear and tell,
Nor in our mirth forget the rest,
Those silent souls that have "gone west."





ODE II.10, TO – LICINIUS, ESQ.

Take my advice, sir (not that you ask for it!),
Launch not out rashly into the main stream,
Nor, on the other hand, creep like a coal barge,
 Hugging the towpath.

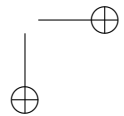
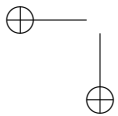
You know my maxim: *est modus in rebus*:
No one's expected to think too small beer of self,
All the same, not to be cock-shy for other fools,
 Never put side on.

Swelled head is mark for the lightning of laughter,
Humptiest Dumpty is surest to tumble,
Like a bubble gone smash, spreading panic and scandal
 All through the City.

Don't lie in bed when St. Swithin is sulky,
Nor yet crow too loud if you strut in the sun;
The Clerk of the Weather's glass seldom stands steady
 At "Set Fair" or "Rain."

Hope when the stocks go down, hedge when they boom
 again;
Just grin and bear an increase in the rates;
The Chancellor won't always be stretching our taxes
 In the next Budget.

In short, through all changes and chances, be sensible:
In June let your fur coat lie titbit for moths,
But do not in April, no, nor till May is out,
 Cast off your flannels.





ODE II.14, POSTUME, POSTUME!

Ah! how our years go by, one by one lost to us,
Going, Going, and soon to be Gone,
While rheumatics and wrinkles give you and me warning
Of what we must both of us come to anon!

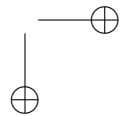
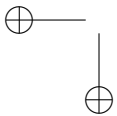
Not though you paid doctors' fees by the dozen,
And swallowed their potions and pills by the score,
Could your money-bags serve but to muffle the knocker
That some day will rat-tat upon every door.

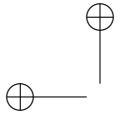
Appetite finally follows digestion
Whether you coax it by tripe or sweetbread.
Dives and Lazarus, more or less mournfully
Come to be laid in the same narrow bed.

Vainly your conscience objected to khaki,
Vainly from bombs to the cellar you flew;
You need not have shrunk from the chill fogs of London,
To risk influenza at Bournemouth too!

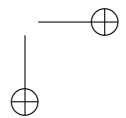
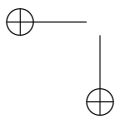
Fate's bullet will hit you the harder for funkling,
And you dodge it no surer in sun or in shade;
By land, air, or water, somewhere and somehow,
Meets you the summons which none can evade.

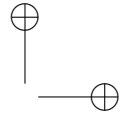
Yes – you must quit that commodious villa,
When, some day or other, an unbidden guest
Comes to call you away from your books and your pictures,
Your stable and garden – “No flowers, by request.”





The port you laid down at such cost and so carefully,
To some other cellar for storage will fall,
Or may torture your heir in his turn with *podagra*,
Harsh hint to remember the end of us all.





ODE II.15, LAUDATIO TEMPORIS ACTI

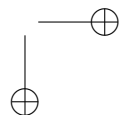
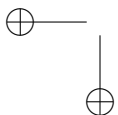
Our roads and our streets become simply impassable,
Where lorries and trams swell the Juggernaut roar
Of cars of all kinds shedding foul trails of petrol
To varnish the asphalt too slippery before.

Humble sweepers that practised their art at the crossings,
And small bootblacks that cured us of casual stains,
Are supplanted by policemen whose masterful fingers
Feel the pulse of the traffic and open its veins.

How much safer the ways for the bearded Victorian,
Deft to dodge buses and cabs without dread,
When the frequentest block was a horse fallen sideways,
Inviting bystanders to sit on 'is 'ead!

Fares and tips then were as low as the taxes,
Compared with the rates and the rents that prevail,
Now that babels of fats overshadow the pavements,
Cramping our homes to a cellular jail.

In short, life was slower, simpler and cheaper,
When the heads of old fogies had not yet gone grey,
And we needed no dentures to grumble distinctly
Over the rush and the crush of to-day.





ODE III.1, THE SIMPLE LIFE

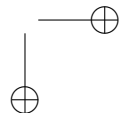
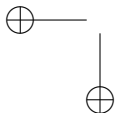
I hate your vulgar commonplace,
 And turn a supercilious face
On gush and gabble.
 So listen, all ye gaping youth,
I'll tell you something new, the truth,
 And shame the *diable*.

Your rulers swell in lordly state,
 Yet each is anxious candidate
Who holds his seat,
 And sometimes has to turn his coat
At nod of them that have the vote,
 Men in the street.

This man in Greek seems wondrous wise,
 And that is skilled to weave his sighs
Into a sonnet.
 A.'s novels are in much request,
And naught so sacred but a jest
 B. cracks upon it.

One pundit in philosophy,
 Lore of what might or ought to be,
Is nice and knowing;
 Another gives each race a name,
But cannot tell us whence it came
 Or whither going.

Professors little more profess
 Than here and there to try a guess





At great and small things,
While, prate we ne'er so long and loud,
We know not when nor how time's shroud
The end of all brings.

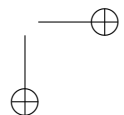
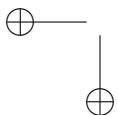
Our lenses show the feast of life,
A crowded field of greedy strife
For ill-baked bread,
Where, raise your eyes from off your plate,
You quake to see the bomb of Fate,
Hang o'er your head.

Then is not he more truly wise,
Who only seeks to turn his eyes
Upon the ground,
To drain, to plough, to sow, to reap,
Content to end in quiet sleep
His daily round.

Without a bootless grudge or sneer,
He marks the bloated profiteer
Pile mushroom walls,
Or with a gorgeous flunkey train,
Supplant some ancient family's reign
In moated halls.

But all his costly motor-gear
Is clogged and burdened by the fear
Of slip or smash.
And, set on horseback, he must care
How to stick fast, who cannot dare
To cut a dash.

Vainly he vaunts his sudden riches;
Poorly in brand-new boots and breeches
He plays the squire.
He runs to fat, then "Indi" racks



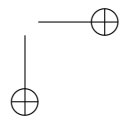
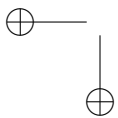


His tummy, all the worse for quacks
That feed the fire.

Cursed boon to him his flowing bowl;
And feast of reason no starved soul
Can ever buy.

While ease and appetite he lacks,
He has to pay the super-tax,
As have not I!

Why envy the poor millionaire
His flaunted crest of bull or bear,
And O.B.E.?
So let him wallow in his wealth,
The simple life and home-made health
Enough for me!





ODE III.9, ANTIPHONY AND SYMPHONY

HE

There was a time, I have to own,
 When I had almost bought the ring;
Then in your smiles for me alone,
 I richer was than any king.

SHE

While I was still of girls your best,
 Before another came between,
That purse-proud minx that I detest,
 I did not envy any queen.

HE

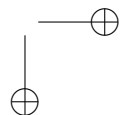
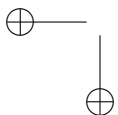
Ah yes! Her dowry was so dear,
 I had to ask you to release me,
(But she won't settle it, I fear,
 On me, in case she predecease me!)

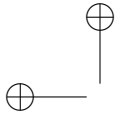
SHE

A new string now is on my bow,
 With whom 'tis bliss to bill and coo,
A captain and a D.S.O.
 To him for life I will be true.

HE

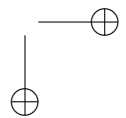
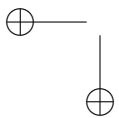
My heart you pierce with jealous pang
 And move to mend a broken chain;
I'll let my second string go hang,
 If we can make it up again.





SHE

Well, though that other fellow's far
The better-looking of the two,
And you a sad deceiver are,
Yet – after all – it must be you!





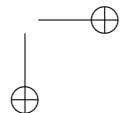
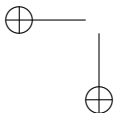
ODE III.11, TO MARCONI, ETC.

Marconi, who first taught man how to free
His sounds and signals from the chain of wires,
And all ye experts who with wondrous art
Have spread broadcast the notes of costly lyres,
Wafted afar on magic wings of air,
Our homes and hospitals to cheaply cheer,
Pour forth, I pray, such taking strains as those
That the young person will be fain to hear!

Remember, she is but a giggling kid,
Not versed in 'ologies like me and you,
One who kicks up her heels to make a show
Of sham-silk stockings anything but blue.
She would but yawn o'er verses such as bards
Used to spin out from yarns in Lemprière;
Not for the measures of the classic Muse,
Nor the Victorian, does she keenly care.

Tell her such tales as glue her sparkling eyes
Upon the shifting pictures of the screen,
Or such as move her heart from week to week
In chapters of her favourite magazine,
Where villains scowl and lovelorn damsels sigh
And rival swains for fitful smiles contend,
The course of true love never running smooth,
But all comes right and happy at the end.

Sing her the songs encored in music-halls,
Play her the shrilly syncopated tunes
That go so well with never-tiring jests



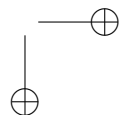
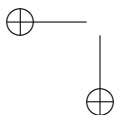


And antics of Variety buffoons.
Teach her the lessons of the comic stage,
How jealous husbands may be nagged and tricked,
How mas-in-law are burdens upon love,
And fond papas have pockets to be picked.

Yet now and then turn on a higher note;
Let opera Romeos bawl and Juliets squall
Duets and solos in Italian words,
Which, to be sure, few understand at all;
Or from some play in luck to draw the town,
Moving both stalls and pit to laugh or weep,
You might transmit a sample act or two,
If, as advertisement, you get them cheap.

And sometimes you may let a graver voice
To science, art or literature exhort,
In lectures not much minded for a change,
Provided only that you cut it short.
On Sunday evening, for an hour or so,
Should be produced some popular divine,
And solemn music rather than fox-trots
For such as somewhat seriously incline.

Though what the listener-in likes best to hear
Is rag-time tunes that tickle her to dance,
You always have to give the latest news,
The scores of sport, forecast the weather's chance.
And once all ears were fastened to your 'phones,
The grave and gay, the young and old alike,
When you alone could publish what went on
While all the Press was strangled by the Strike.





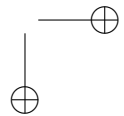
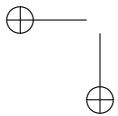
ODE III.15, TO MRS. —

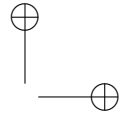
Spouse of a publican at Peckham Rye,
At last you ought to heed the neighbours' jeers,
Who see it is too late for you to dye,
Or in short skirts to kilt your lengthening years.

You are too old a cow your calves to show,
And have too little hair to bob or shingle:
Leave all that to your blooming daughter, Flo,
Whose ears go cocked-up at a jazz-band's jingle.

She with her boy can air their Sunday best
To caper, like the nobs, till all is blue,
Who both as yet with kiddish feet are blest,
When aprons are the evening dress for you.

So wash the daubing off that wrinkled phiz,
And put the kettle on for something hot
At supper, what your hubby likes for his,
Then sit beside him with his pipe and pot!





ODE III.21, AD AMPHORAM

(Adapted by a total abstainer)

Oh, bottle filled with poison when
I was a babe and Edward king,
Labelling yourself a boon to men,
You're no such thing!

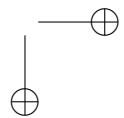
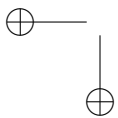
The eye to shine perhaps you make,
But oftener the tongue to trip,
The heart to burn, the head to ache,
The foot to slip.

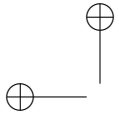
Whatever name you falsely boast,
Port, claret, sherry, whisky, beer,
To publicans and sinners most
You bring good cheer.

Dick Turpin and Jack Shepherd's mates
Are such as principally prize
A joy that leads to broken pates
And blackened eyes.

For one care that drink drowns in vain
A dozen darker ones bob up,
Hunger as well as thirst again
Are in the cup.

Your rarest flavours have been made
From germs of every dire disease;
Your costliest vintage must be paid
In doctors' fees.

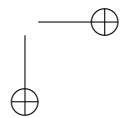
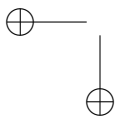


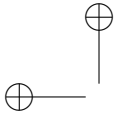


You drive the rich to baths and wells,
By gout and black dyspepsia drawn;
You send the poor to prison cells,
Their goods to pawn.

You play with wits the maddest tricks,
And even poets' fancies fuddle,
So that our metaphors we mix
Into a puddle.

And so, wherever he may dine,
The true teetotaller afraid is
To kiss that sluttish Circe, wine,
But joins the ladies.



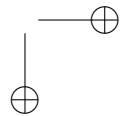
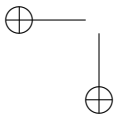


ODE III.26, TEMPORA MUTANTUR

For long have I figured as buck of the ballrooms,
And played the dragoon with the hearts of the fair,
But grey hairs and crow's-feet begin to give warning
That fox-trots and flirting 'tis time to forswear.

Now partners I seek not in couples but foursomes,
Since spooning and cleiking at midnight are "off;"
So the lyre of Apollo and arrows of Cupid
Are changed for the drivers and putters of golf.

But the goddess whose smiles are for youth and for beauty
Now and then on an elderly gentleman winks,
And she may yet grant me to hail the trim ankles
That Chloe displays as she tees on the links.





ODE III.29, TO MR. BROWN

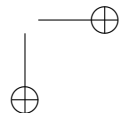
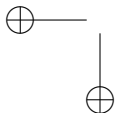
Son of the British stock of Brown,
 We wait for thee to make good cheer:
Yea, stands on tap a cask of beer,
 Sound, old and mild, from Burton town;
Likewise, we have laid in for thee a
 Box of cigars and jar of Latakia.

Make no excuses or delay;
 Cut thyself loose from bond and bill,
Escape the throng of Ludgate Hill,
 Fly from the din of bus and dray,
From dusty asphalt and from dingy walls,
 Echoing around the dome of high St. Paul's.

Forswear the shows of modern Rome,
 Its foggy streets and stuffy flats,
Its concerts of nocturnal cats;
 Forsake a lonely bachelor's home,
The baneful blessing of your tapes and 'phones,
 And all the babbling chaff of Smith and Jones.

We're homely folk; we dine at one,
 Our hearts are warm, our sheets are dry,
Our calf is fat, and full our sty;
 We have no gas, but lots of sun,
And breezes off the sea that in a week or two
 Will freshen up your smoke-dried cheek for you.

The gaiety of fashion palls:
 The M.P. dozes in the House,





Dreaming of salmon pools and grouse,
Sigh all your belles for tennis balls,
Yawn all your languid swells in Rotten Row too,
The Season goes off – where do seasons go to?

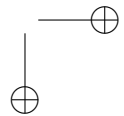
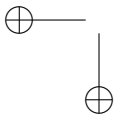
'Tis time to turn your back on Town,
Now other folk pack up for to-and-froing,
And Nature sets example for their going,
When streams go dry and leaves go brown,
The sunflowers go to seed, the plums to pot, and
The Royal Family will go to Scotland.

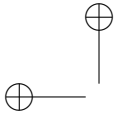
Heed not the heat of party strife,
What Rads and Reds may meditate
Against the shrines of Church and States
The latest scandal in high life,
The parlous plight of Moscovy or Greece,
And all the public quarrels bred from Peace,

Also our rates and taxes. Well
It is for us that we are blind
(Thus Heaven and Zadkiel have been kind)
To future wars, nor can foretell
What deadly instruments, of cost unprecedented,
Threatening our money and our lives, may be invented.

Take it all easy. Life's a rail,
On which are whirled we mortal pass-
Engers in one or other class,
By sluggish goods or rapid mail,
In special train, but oftener packed like cattle;
The wheels of time beneath us creak and rattle.

We yawn and fidget, snooze and slumber,
Upon our seats of plush or leather;
We chat about the crops, the weather,
Or turn the pages of some Christmas number,



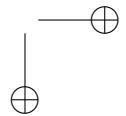
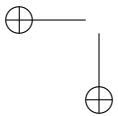


And can be thankful for refreshment stations,
Foot-warmers, corner seats – ahem! flirtations.

We have to make the journey willy-nilly,
And he is lucky who can say,
His lot is pleasant company,
No want of room, the weather not too chilly,
A conscience fairly free from shame and sorrow,
And to-day's dinner, come what may to-morrow!

A fickle flirt Miss Fortune is;
To dance with her is not bad fun,
But if, when my fox-trot be done,
She give her hand to Snooks for his,
I will not caterwaul a jealous pang,
But light my pipe and let the jade go hang.

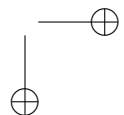
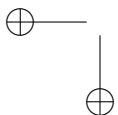
An ass at rubs of fate may kick and chafes
But what care I if panic shake
The Stock Exchange, and bankers break!
War Loan at 4 per cent. is safe.
A quiet mind and modest meals insure
Against the ills which richer men endure.





ODE III.30, THE PROFITEER

I have banked up a mighty heap of brass,
Just how much I will keep as close as wax,
Invested safe and sound, and though, alas!
Subject to Income Tax and Super-tax,
The balance figures as a monument
That higher year by year is bound to grow,
So long as 10 or even 12 per cent.
Can be put on by fellows in the know.
As Doctor in the lore of bulls and bears,
And Master of the arts of grab and puff,
I shall be asked to dinner by Lord Mayors;
But to hob-nob with nobs is not enough.
So now in hope my run of luck to crown,
On all subscription lists my name I write;
And thus by advertising dubs put down,
Set up my claim to being dubbed a knight.





ODE IV.5, TO THE KAISER

All Highest, throned still in our hearts,
True pontiff both of Church and State,
Master of arms as well as arts,
Oh! Our Augustus up to date,

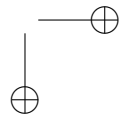
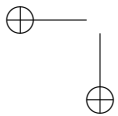
Come back to where your people pine
To bask in that majestic sun,
They worshipped as wellnigh divine,
Glorious with victories yet unwon!

As a fond mother mourns her boy
Who fled from our Utopia feudal,
Freedom and dollars to enjoy
Under the flag of Yankee Doodle,

We miss thee – as she hopes and prays
To hail him back across the main,
So thy ex-liegemen long to gaze
Upon thy gracious face again,

The Fatherland with thee to bless,
Swelled out in fatness and in pride,
Its head so bloated by success
That it was fain to put on side.

Our stocks, crops, shops and factories throve
Behind a stout protective bar;
A growing export trade we drove
In rival markets, near and far.





Yet pure our lives, our wives full-clad,
Our sons in martial harness trained,
While laws that many a thing forbad
Let traitors know how Cæsar reigned!

Art, morals, learning, commerce, creed,
Ought to be as our sovereign spoke it;
The loyal subject's only heed,
To put that in his pipe and smoke it.

Who feared the French, or the Chinese,
Scared by the rattle of thy sword?
The mailed fist kept his folk at ease,
And trappings of the world's War-lord.

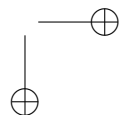
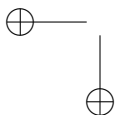
Sitting at peace and swilling beer
In garden shade or music-hall,
We Germans sang the day was near
For Deutschland to be over all.

The police would ask the reason why,
If we such strains did not applaud;
We sang them wet, we sang them dry;
We sent our German bands abroad.

Blared out as from a gramophone
In British ears our hopeful threat
To build an empire of our own,
On which the sun should never set.

POSTSCRIPT

But all that was a dream, alas!
From which, awaked by thunder-crashes,
We find the glory and the gas
Gone, like a Zeppelin, to ashes.





ODE IV.7, MORAR TERRA VICES

The frosts have fled; our gardens bud and bloom;
The Park is green.
The Thames is ploughed by skiffs where naked knees
And necks are seen.
The brothers Grace (or else their sons) now lead
The white-clad game.
The weather smiles, but oh! my friend, 'twill not
Long last the same.
The chilling winds of spring are followed on
By summer rain;
Soon autumn brings its gloomy fogs, and then
Comes snow again.
While changing moons refresh our mother-earth,
Her sons catch cold;
We mortals sneeze and shiver, rich or poor,
And young or old.
Who knows if in to-morrow's changing sky
The sun will shine?
I must not leave my top-coat off, although
To-day is fine.
Even if from you Sir Harley Street has got
His golden fee,
You find how vain the trust in drugs and in
The faculty.
Nice nor Davoz will not release their prey
For skill or wealth,
Nor cod- nor castor-oil give back the bloom
To faded health.

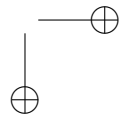
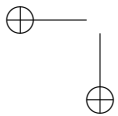




EPODE II, A COCKNEY FARM

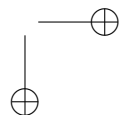
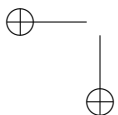
(Very freely translated)

How grand, retired from business life,
 Among the County nob to climb,
And play the English gentleman,
 One of the pre-war olden time!
No more to hurry out at dawn,
 When streets in rain or fog are drowned,
And then come weary home by dark,
 Strap-hanging on the Underground!
For now I can at last enjoy
 What all along I worked and prayed for,
Settled upon a country farm,
 My own freehold and fully paid for,
To watch my crops like gilt-edged stocks
 Go up a point from day to day,
And calculate the price of flocks
 That o'er a private Smithfield stray.
Who would not be a country squire
 Whose whole year is Bank Holiday!
Nothing to do but pop at pigeons,
 Or shy at coco-nuts in May,
Or loaf in for a chat with neighbours,
 Or to a pub for beer and skittles;
No rent to pay on quarter-day,
 And next to nothing for your victuals!
What need of grocer, butcher, baker,
 When stores at home can all supply
Bacon and sausages in plenty
 From pigs grown fat in one's own sty,



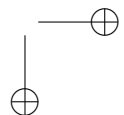
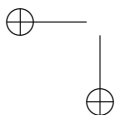


And rump-steaks still alive and kicking,
And lamb-chops sporting on the green,
Where your own cows will keep you gratis
In butter, cheese and margarine!
Some day I'll learn to shear our sheep,
And set the girls down to spin, too,
And make their own gowns now they have not
Shop windows to be staring into.
And then of course from our own fowls
We can have new-laid eggs for tea,
And watercress of our own growing,
And honey, if we keep a bee.
Jam we may pick from bushes gratis,
When it is eighteenpence a pound,
And gather currants, figs and raisins –
Aren't they ripe the whole year round?
How sweet from beds of blooming flowers,
The earliest sweet peas to pluck,
Or sage and onions from the hedges,
If you want stuffing for a duck!
All sorts of garden stuff and pickles
Come up beside your kitchen door,
Cabbage, carrots, lobster salad,
Mustard and mint, and dozens more.
One can stroll out at Midsummer,
With juicy plums and peaches dropping
Into his mouth, and on his nose
The apple-blossom softly flopping;
Or lie in shady primrose bowers,
To snooze and snore upon the grass,
Lulled by the cackling of his geese,
Fattening themselves for Michaelmas!
Then as some gentle exercise
Is the best way to whet one's hunger,
A fellow might do worse than try



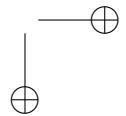
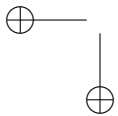


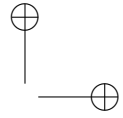
And learn to be his own fishmonger.
What price the turtle soup and turbot
Of which your City swells are fond,
When soles and eels will cost you nothing
Caught fresh and fat in your own pond!
Winter, they tell me, is the season
When country gents for sport go in;
Then pictures in the comic papers
Will give me hints how to begin.
I'll advertise for, ready made,
A pair of hunting boots and breeches,
And practise, when no one is by,
Spurring a moke at dykes and ditches.
Any fool can let off a gun,
And, once a dab at haystack hitting,
I'll try a pop at prowling pussies,
Or blaze away at chickens sitting.
I never was afraid of rats,
And I can guess what ripping fun is
Riding through thick and thin to bag
A brace or two of birds and bunnies.
Then, how the missis will be proud,
If, stalking him on bogs and rocks,
I bring the brush – or is it comb? –
To show that I have shot the fox!
But if it rains or snows or blows,
In chimney-corner one can settle,
And pile our logs upon the fire,
For Polly to put on the kettle.
And when one's tired of forty winks
Over a cosy pipe and pot,
One will turn in beneath the blankets,
After a glass of something hot.
So, through the pleasures of each season,
We come on to that merry time,





So cracked up by the Christmas numbers,
 In coloured pictures, prose and rhyme,
Showing how frosted hall and hut
 Are gay with Christmas trees and holly,
Where friends and foes for once agree
 To meet and eat and all be jolly,
In every cottage stirring puddings,
 In every cellar tapping barrels,
The old folks all like chimneys smoking,
 The skipping kids all singing carols.
Then, with the parson of the parish,
 I'll sit beside the Yule-log's glow,
To look out on the rustic revels,
 While bells are ringing through the snow,
The sunburnt lads and lasses dancing
 Upon the green, or tossing hay,
Just like the Pantomimes and Pictures,
 But not a penny here to pay!
Thus yawned a Cockney profiteer,
 But could not stick it after all,
Soon tiring of the country when
 The local gentry did not call.
Nor were his town-bred family's tastes
 More truly rural than their pa's;
They pined among the cows and pigs,
 Sighing for shops and cinemas.
And so, before the year was out,
 This would-be squire went back to town,
And advertised his "seat" to let,
 And took the old shop shutters down.





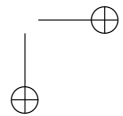
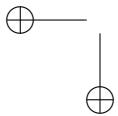
EPODE IV, TO A COMPANY PROMOTER

I hate you as a pigeon hates a kite,
 Since with us creditors you did arrange,
You bucket-shopman, one without a right
 Even to be hammered on the Stock Exchange!
Not for two years, I think, was your discharge,
 Who now hold up your head so fine and large.

Yes, now, forsooth, you strut along Cheapside,
 In spats that ill befit a hairy heel,
Nor can a show of furred and fatted pride
 The muddied leanness of your life conceal,
That all its puffed prosperity must owe
 To bursting bubbles you are skilled to blow.

Once sixpence in the pound you failed to pay,
 Then who knows how you made such hidden hauls,
That at the Savoy you can swill to-day,
 Drive a Rolls-Royce, and swagger in the stalls,
While victims of your craft are fain to sit,
 Or only standing room find in the pit!

Why keep up police to hunt down petty crooks,
 Or prisons ragged rascals to detain?
What mean the moral precepts of our books?
 Is there no brand of honest men's disdain?
When, as the prize of well-fed roguery,
 This cunning knave can write himself M.P.!





EPOVE VII, TO THE T.U.C.

What frenzy to let loose the curs of war,
And call out Havoc on your native land,
Draining afresh its half-healed wounds from scar
Torn open at conspirators' command!

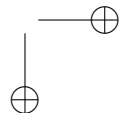
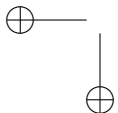
Have then too little blood and gold been spilt,
To guard from paynim Turks and boastful Huns
The State thus bid to fall in shameful guilt,
Mined under by the tools of reckless sons!

We broke through barriers envious aliens reared,
Freeing our industry from tax and load;
But now in self-forged chains, by rivals jeered,
The Briton limps upon his downhill road.

Chortles with glee the slavish Moscovite,
Grins from afar the traitorous Baboo;
Dogs, as we know, delight to bark and bite,
But dog don't eat dog as mad J. Bulls do.

Ourselves, the horny-handed sons of toil,
With hotheads, cranks, and hooligans combine
To blight our commerce and to give our soil
As routing-ground for Bolshevistic swine.

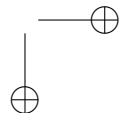
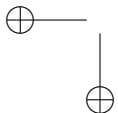
Shall thus a brothers' quarrel curse our weal,
Through licence gained by Jack Cade's modern likes,
Stirring up sheep-like flocks with wolfish zeal,
To pen and picket them for wasteful strikes?

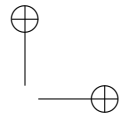
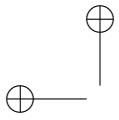




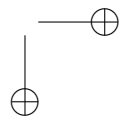
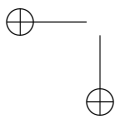
EPOPE X, TO A HOSTILE CRITIC

On Friday sailed the luckless boat
No P. & O'ner,
On which my foe has gone afloat
A Cockney Jonah!
Aha! The forecast news is good,
Rough weather brewing!
Then soon he won't be in the mood
For smart reviewing.
Cease not, rude Boreas, friendly breeze,
His bones to chill;
And ye, south-westers, pile the seas
Like Primrose Hill!
May he be tossed up, fore and aft,
Both head and tail,
And pitched about like Noah's Ark,
Beneath the gale!
Or, through a fog-bank dark and dank,
Rise, I beseech,
Above the donkey-engine's clank,
The siren's screech!
I see, I see his guttering eye,
His tallowy face.
I hear, I hear his half-choked cry,
"Steward, a bas —!"
Cursing through restless hours of night
The Bay of Biscay.
He shudders at the very sight
And smell of whisky.





Thus, while I, gorging at the club,
With my worst wishes
Chuckle to waft his cranky tub,
He feeds the fishes!





PALINODE TO BACCA (NOT BACCHUS)

Posterity will surely wonder
How Horace and Anacreon could be
So raptured by a rowdy bounder
They own no better than he should be.

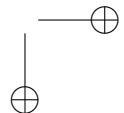
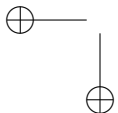
That Bacchus, who in days of yore
Had worshipped by the poets been,
Must now a back seat take before
Bacca, his sister and his queen.

Hail, goddess, by Victorians felt
A stranger to the genteel graces,
Who now art to be seen and smelt
In all societies and places!

How would our grandams stare to see
By Mrs. Grundy quite allowed
That Eve herself should be as free
As Adam's sons to blow a cloud!

So now thou canst inspire the Muse
To sing and soar on smoky pinion,
Since she is not ashamed to choose
Her brand of Turkish or Virginian,

Her sons can advertise thy praise
In pouches, boxes, tins and jars,
In meerschaums, briars, cutty clays;
But poets can't afford cigars.





Then loudest will she tune her lyre
And strike the safest match of passion
To tip a paper tube with fire
Which with her sex is most the fashion.

And while she is about it, she
Might find a subject not too mean
In recommending cups of tea
As consort fit for nicotine.

First, though, her job's to sing the weed
As incense burned o'er all the earth
By men of every hue and breed,
In sacrifice to woe or mirth.

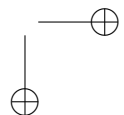
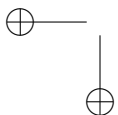
Up, Muse, then, take a bird's-eye view
Of plug, returns, of pigtail, shag,
And mixtures cool as honeydew,
Of pipe and quid, cigar and fag!

Their patrons range from peer to clown,
At prices for all purses proper;
A king's smoke may cost half a crown,
A carter's less than half a copper.

The red man puffs his pipe of peace,
The black man rubs his negrohead,
And I have heard that the Burmese,
As babies, on cheroots are fed.

Yea, even our well-washed kiddies try
From daddy's pipe to blow soap bubbles;
But when they smoke upon the sly,
It is at risk of double troubles.

History hints how old King Cole
Like Mr. Weller, Senior, took a
Pipe with his pot, as with the bowl
Of Shah and Sultan went a hookah,





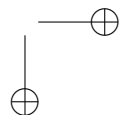
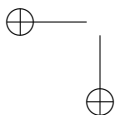
Tragedy tells the moving tale
Of how those furious Suffragettes,
Bacchanting on the way to jail,
Sighed only for their cigarettes.

And on the stage of Comedy,
No scene seems up to date enough
Unless some persons in the play
Can illustrate the art of puff.

Both peace and war acclaim thy power
From mouth of warriors as of wenchies,
Not less by Beauty in her bower,
Than by tired Tommy in his trenches.

Thou art at home in palace halls,
As well as huts and hovels barbarous,
And hast made way in hospitals
Up to the very gate of Tartarus,

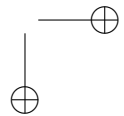
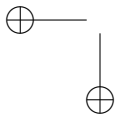
Where passengers on Charon's ark,
Can by a tip and friendly stroking
Bribe Cerberus to hush his bark
And let them break the law, "No smoking"!





SATIRE I.1

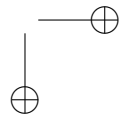
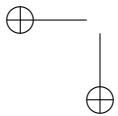
Of old, Mæcenas could not say,
No more can any man to-day,
Why it is no one seems content
With that which chance or choice has sent
To him who rather envies what
Has fallen to another's lot.
The City man, when stocks are low,
Would fain into the army go
More fun and brighter fame to get
Than he expects in his Gazette.
The crippled soldier on half pay
For his part grumbles every day
He had not been to business bred,
On fatter rations to be fed.
The lawyer, 'mid his dusty books,
Dreams of green groves and babbling brooks,
And, briefless, finds an idle charm
In fancying he could run a farm;
While squires who study stock and stud
Yawn through their life as stuck in mud,
Where burly hinds and sunburned hussies
Pine for the pavements, shops, and buses.
Such instances one could pursue
Through rows of rhyme till all was blue,
But lest already this a bore be,
One may as well cut short the story
By pointing out what would befall
If Jove should nod unto us all.





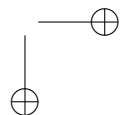
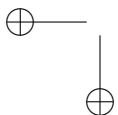
“Hey presto, each may change his rig,
Black coat with red, hobnails with wig;
A General Post I here command!”
But lo! like stocks and stones they stand,
And, oh ye gods and little fishes,
The fools don’t care to catch their wishes!

No wonder he should now refuse,
To let us mortals pick and choose,
Who know themselves so ill as never
To keep one mind two days together.
Let’s put the matter plain and straight,
– Although one need not hesitate
To start off with a lively flourish,
And thus your interest seize and nourish,
As sly schoolmaster, when he gets
A new boy floundering in his nets,
With cake the tyro entertains
And not a hint of birch or canes. –
Now, to have done with being funny,
What is it but the love of money
That cheers the tar through tempests’ roar,
That gets the farmer up at four,
And sets his yokels at the plough,
That cools the stoker’s fevered brow,
That warms the Tommy in his trench,
That glues the judge upon his bench,
In short, that moves all trades and callings
To face their labours and appallings,
In hope by diligent attention
To do without an old age pension?
For this men lay up day by day,
As scurrying ants will put away
All they can find and hold and carry,
And things to eat particularly,





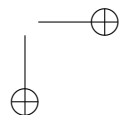
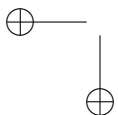
Stored underground in heaps of crumbs,
To feed on when the winter comes.
Thus bipeds all earth's climates bear,
Nor fear to mount into the air,
Safely and fairly if they can,
If not, by any other plan,
To pick up what they may invest
So as to have an egg in nest.
But here is shown their want of sense,
As much as in improvidence:
Men will not stick at just enough
But still go gathering stock and stuff,
A. ill contented with his sum,
While B. is worth a bigger plum;
C.'s business higher profit yields,
D. sows and reaps in bigger fields,
And that so riles the other chap, he
Will never let himself be happy.
Why envy on a toilsome road
The ass that bears the heavier load?
Why grudge your neighbour's tempting heap,
When you by yours can sounder sleep?
Remember, neither he nor you
Should bite off more than you can chew;
Or if rich sauces are in question,
So much the worst for his digestion;
And when you see him drive a pair,
While you must trudge on Shanks' mare,
He travels faster to his grave,
While you in drugs and doctors save,
For air and exercise give health
Not to be bought by tons of wealth,
A truth of sanitary lore
By poets often told before.





Thus moralists have always pleaded,
To find their lesson little heeded.
Poor Dives gives his life to saving,
Still at addition blindly slaving,
Subtraction for his chief vexation,
But joy in multi-more-plication,
Until he quite forgets to spend
The means he reckons as an end,
And Tantalus as well might dip
The cup come empty to his lip.
Little it moves the miser's dudgeon
That men despise him as curmudgeon;
For good conceit of self he looks
Only into his banker's books,
You sneer at him, but see that you
Are not your money's bondman too;
And the same story might be told
Of me, but that the lust of gold
Need not concern a poet, when he
Never can save a single penny.

Little the good of all his store
To one whose only thought is "more,"
Who, though men sneer he stinks of brass,
Grudges himself a cheerful glass,
For fear of thieves lies long awake,
Or dreams of banks about to break;
Whose bars of gold make vilest durance
(In spite of fire and life insurance),
For doubt, suspicion, and the debt
We owe to death, and can't forget.
Aye, while this world rolls on its axis
Nothing's insured but death and taxes!
When even the millionairess head
Comes to lie low on a sick-bed,





He pays a super-tax on life,
Who can't be sure of son or wife,
Or friend or partner, but as waiting
And each in secret calculating
Not how his fevered limbs to ease,
Not how his sickly whims to please,
Not how to count his cordial drops,
Not how to spice his tempting slops,
Still less to mingle honest tears
And share a loved one's hopes and fears,
But only with the silent prayer
Of dubiously expectant heir,
Whose mourning is put on until
It comes to reading of the will.
What wonder if no kinsman cares
For one that loved but stocks and shares,
And coins not worth on Charon's bark
Even a phantom German mark,
Nor in his passionate love of pelf,
Had any kindness for himself,
But, day by day, and hour by hour,
Took pains to make his life go sour!
It's just as much a fact as funny
That he who sets his heart on money,
Cheats himself of what money can do,
And plays the fool more madly than who
Should let his wine all vinegar be,
Or train a donkey for the Derby.

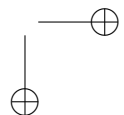
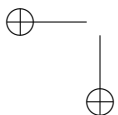
Such a man I could name – but no,
Into this rhyme it will not go! –
Who spent an anxious life in hoarding,
No other luxury affording;
His only pride to save a pin,
His only art a flint to skin,





His only play to count his pence,
Till, swindled by his own pretence
Of being poor, he grudged to spend
Hardly less than to give or lend.
Though stout and strong his money bags,
He shivered in his oldest rags,
And wore away to skin and bone,
Living in filthy slum alone,
Where not a crumb brought mouse or rat,
Even after he had starved his cat,
And whence he never ventured out
Till dark, then with the dogs to rout
In neighbours' dust-bins, if some scrap
Of food to find might be his hap,
And thus to cadge a supper gratis;
Worse than a very beggar's fate his,
Such fears of destitution filled him –
Then after all, a burglar killed him.

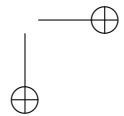
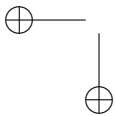
You need not take it as my theme
To praise the opposite extreme.
It is no worse to be a miser
Than prodigal or gormandizer;
So, when your love of pence and pounds
I bid you keep in proper bounds,
That's not to say you should so far go,
As red and black at Monte Carlo,
Or ducks and drakes on betting book,
Or quiet games with Captain Rook.
Bounteousness is not dissipation,
Nor thrift a vice, in moderation;
True prudence steers its way between,
Finding its virtue in a mean,
And when I crib this well-worn phrase
From what old Aristotle says,





It is not meanness that we mean
But a fair slice of fat and lean.
Well, mutton brings us back to sheep,
For such are they who cannot keep
Straight on, but in their own despite
Stray now to left and now to right,
Huddling in bleating flocks together
At heels of this or that bell-wether.

And so I end as I began
With laughing at the foolish man
Who frets and fidgets if he see
Another better off than he,
Then in the race for prize of dross
Spurs headlong on and takes a toss.
Why did he not regard the mobs,
That groan and sweat at poorer jobs,
And pit his purse against the many,
Without a pocket or a penny?
How few of mortals have the sense
To be content with competence,
And from life's banquet can get up
With thankful grace for bite or sup!
But of such wisdom quantum suff:
To that dish most soon cry "enough,"
And many cooks have made it triter,
Especially one ancient writer
Who was himself by no means middling
In praise of love and wine and fiddling,
And golden mean, yet did not show it
In gibe at mediocre poet.



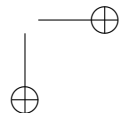
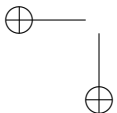


EPISTLE I.3, TO A COLLEGE FRIEND

(Had Horace enjoyed the conveniences of our modern post, it is probable that his letters to friends would have been much extended, as is attempted in the following transcript.)

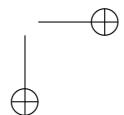
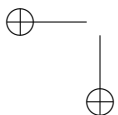
Stranded upon the banks of Cam,
For any news I grateful am,
How you and all our chums are doing,
Your roads to fortune free pursuing,
Either in country or in town,
While I myself may not go down
Through the wide world to push my way,
Till I have taken my B.A.
Not, like you, aiming at a class,
But cramming for a simple pass.

Do you see anything of Black,
That champion of the running track,
Who won his blue on cricket grounds,
And used to ride so keen to hounds?
For such a blood it seems a pity,
He should have gone into the City,
To run the race of business there,
In training for a millionaire,
Upon a stool stuck fast by fate,
His centuries to calculate,
Or sprint up stuffy office stairs,
Hunting the brush of bulls and bears.
He still in sport may do his bit
So long as he keeps fairly fit,
But will fight shy of ball and bat,



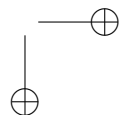
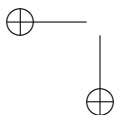


As year by year he puts on fat,
Rounding to portliness until
He cannot spurt up Ludgate Hill,
But toils with puffing and with blowing,
As to his own youth's funeral going,
And must sit shaded from the sun
To see how matches now are won.
Such is the transformation which
May come to men in growing rich,
Unless they strive to hold it off,
By airy exercise at golf,
Or tennis with suburban neighbours,
Or early hours of garden labours,
Or wholesome walks with sons and daughters,
Or yearly course of baths and waters;
And above all by taking heed
Wisely and not too well to feed
At feasts where citizens prepare
Fully to fill a civic chair,
But thus may all the sooner be
Bowled out or stumped by their a.p.
Well, let us wish B. a long innings,
And ask him, as he scores his winnings,
Can he not give his friends the tip,
To put them on some hopeful scrip?
Then White, who was so spry at footer,
So sly to rag our reverend tutor,
But now an East-End curate's function
Discharges, as we trust, with unction,
Does he remember how we two
Feasted the victory of our crew,
By just such hooliganish freaks
As bring his flock before the beaks?
And one recalls a night still wetter,



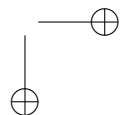
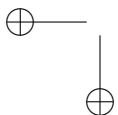


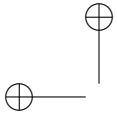
Of which the less that's said the better.
So let the fittest word be *hush!*
A very archbishop might blush
If memory his Grace employ should
On all he did in careless boyhood.
See for example St. Augustine,
Who rather takes it youngsters must sin;
Cf. that Quaker votary of truth,
Who owned to having been a wag in youth;
Then Shallow, J.P., Bunyan, Baxter, Cromwell,
They too of kiddish days as frolicsome tell.
But even as berries sour and green
To ripen red and sweet are seen,
So man for soberer garb may cast
The shorts and blazers of his past.
The colt may frisky be and idle,
Yet come to bear the bit and bridle,
And to be trained to sober paces.
This many a skittish stripling's case is,
Once he has tackled human life
Not as a game of play but strife
With foes more fell than low degrees,
Or proctor's bulldogs or bargees,
When conscience trains its bumps to win
Not over Caius and Catts but sin,
And takes its Mastery of Arts
By reading hard in human hearts,
Thus then a raw and shamefaced teacher
May grow into a hearty preacher
Of lessons learned from earnest thought,
Perhaps by cares and sorrows taught.
Let's hope that this will be the end,
Of our once unparsonic friend;
And if you ever should be near him,
Tell me that you have gone to hear him.



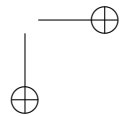
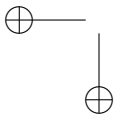


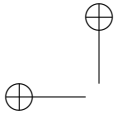
White's father, an agnostic surgeon,
 Sat under Tree and Toole, not Spurgeon,
While Brown, bred in a parsonage,
 Went wild to go upon the stage.
I well remember him at school
 Taking much pains to play the fool,
And how as drawing-room reciter,
 The lad's success, though somewhat slighter,
Did for his vanity a spur bring
 To rate himself another Irving.
Your amateur performer misses
 The discipline of hoots and hisses,
His aid in charitable cause
 Being too sure of such applause
As tempts conceited youth to swear
 Motley shall be his only wear.
It was on every leading part
 In tragedy he set his heart,
To spout like Henry V in France,
 To sigh a Romeo of romance,
To strut like any king anointed,
 To scowl like Shylock disappointed,
To go horn-mad like black Othello,
 Or with Macbeth at bay to bellow.
So big the rôles such fledglings will
 Fancy themselves quite fit to fill,
But have to take what they can get
 Beginning with the alphabet,
In silent show a chance to seek
 Of having a few words to speak.
Brown may have set his foot upon
 The London boards but to walk on,
Then long his way can be and wearier
 From super up to parts superior,
While meantime glad of any job,



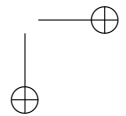
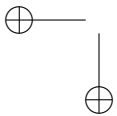


As voice and nothing else in mob,
Or soldier in a stage array,
 Who dies to live another day,
Or henchman in the hero's train,
 Or banqueter on sham champagne,
Or chamberlain of tragic queen
 In tawdry lace and velveteen,
Or demon masked, and half the time
 Horse's hind-legs in pantomime;
All at precarious weekly screw rate,
 Not near the salary of a curate.
It may be this ill-paid apprentice
 A touring company content is
To join, and see provincials gape
 At famous London actor's ape,
Belauded by the local Press
 As metropolitan success.
Here still our friend has long to be
 Of general utility,
In turn made up to grin or frown,
 Doubling the parts of king and clown,
With bits of luck as understudy,
 'Mid jealousies and quarrels ruddy.
Now he must lead a vagrant life,
 From York to Bath, from Wales to Fife,
Shifting the scenery once a week,
 With shabby lodgings first to seek,
And still without a chance to star it,
 But to landlady in his garret,
With casual mention in a par.
 By pressman met at drinking-bar,
And every Friday night a talk
 Of question if "the ghost will walk."
Such scanty profit and applause,
 Is that the loadstone lure that draws



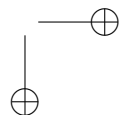
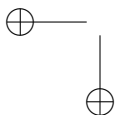


So many in stage-struck obsession
Recruits to crowd this poor profession?
Brown's closest chum was red-haired Blew;
And he was rather stage-struck too.
In training for a grave physician,
A pater's soul he crossed by his ambition
To write a play with thrilling part for Brown
When he as actor-manager the town
Found at his feet; and thus this hopeful pair
Fortune and fame made sure in time to share.
I hear of Blew as walking hospitals,
But that he runs to "rags" and carnivals
More gladly than to clinics and to classes,
Careless of what exams he passes
And unconcerned his final to get through
As every sucking Sawbones has to do.
But such diploma being useless, quite,
For the prescriptions which he wants to write,
His study mainly is of stage effects
And actors' parts are those which he dissects,
So for his work in life makes preparations
Not in the theatre for operations.
But years it may be, and it may be never,
Before success can welcome his endeavour;
Not every genius itself will utter
In current coin that goes for bread and butter,
And some day, when a scarcity of victuals
Have taught him life is not all beer and skittles,
This idle student may regret in vain
He did not school his straying wits to gain
(As with so many of his like the fact is)
Qualification for a panel practice.
Both Brown and Blew, like you and me,
Were members of the A.D.C.



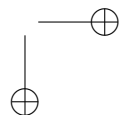
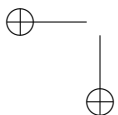


Not so was our old crony Gray,
Ambitious in a nobler way.
He did his spouting at the Union,
Where budding Ciceros fasten soon on
The burning questions of their age,
To practise for a loftier stage.
Himself of the blue-blooded caste,
Gray vulgar democrats surpassed
In out and outness as a Radical,
Less philosophical than faddycal.
Going the whole hog, helter-skelter,
As Crown and Constitution melter,
Preaching for doctrine, hot and strong,
That everything that is is wrong,
He claimed teetotal liberty
Slaves of a tyrant State to be,
Fraternity with every nation
Cemented by assassination,
And absolute equality
Especially in L.S.D.
He wiped off every tax save which
Could be collected from the rich;
He made a sweep of public debts,
And took cockshies at coronets,
Cursing our aristocracy
As foul and cruel birds of prey,
That from all plumage stole the best
To feather an ancestral nest.
Their parks should be cut up by ploughs
For equal-acred crofts with cows,
Their palaces for flats, save those
Adapted as cinema shows;
Their pheasants, hares and foxes trapped,
And all their haughty titles scrapped.
He did not stick at bold attacks





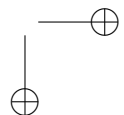
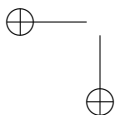
Upon the throne, and at an axe
He more than hinted, if its heir
Were loath allegiance to swear
To a trades union of dictators,
Chosen from noisiest cranks and praters,
Who should bring in a golden age,
Of welfare fixed and equal wage
For a mob-state of men and brothers,
With no one set above the others
But to proclaim from some proscenium
Advent of any new millennium.
(Note here how in that perfect state expected
Both Quantity and Quality may be neglected.)
Such the strong language Gray employed
Loud bombinancing in a void;
So callow statesmen on their legs
Teach age the art of sucking eggs,
But, as experience grows mature,
Are like to be far less cocksure,
Till they may let their coats get turned
To colours which in youth they spurned.
That time with views proves strangely busy,
Witness Macaulay, Gladstone, Dizzy,
Who in their early innings batted
For sides from which in turn they ratted,
And so it may be in the end
With our once Bolshevistic friend,
Who painted all the kingdom red,
But who already, it is said,
Begins to find *couleur de rose*
A softer shade that better goes
With Britain's rough and sturdy frieze
Blurred by the battle and the breeze.
Then, by and by, one smiles to think
Of how his somewhat faded pink





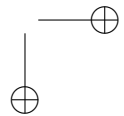
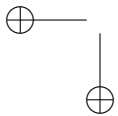
May blend into a violet hue
That deepens till it turns true blue.
And so by gradual evolution,
Matching reform with revolution,
And ridding out from all that should be
As much as brought to market could be,
Nor trusting in infernal heat
To bake bread better than from wheat,
That early half-calf politician
Corrected for a new edition,
Errors deleted one by one,
May pass from shade into the sun,
Then rooted in convictions stable,
And duly dubbed Right Honourable,
Stand firm and fast, if somewhat late,
A buttress of our Church and State.

So much for Gray; but what of Green,
Who made hot love to fortune's spleen,
Wooing that very fickle jade
As if she were some bobbed barmaid.
His parents dead, the beardless heir
Had been left master of his share
From the paternal residue,
Perhaps a thousand pounds or two,
Which straight he set himself to spend,
As if this treasure had no end.
Up to the 'Varsity he came,
One knows not with what other aim
Than most agreeably to pass
As arrant fool in the first class.
Trying to ape the style and status
Of some hybristic Fortunatus,
He gave his mind to cut a dash
Like Phæthon, who came to smash.



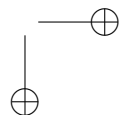
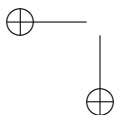


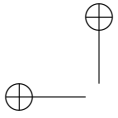
Lectures of course he chose to skip,
 But was an income for his gyp
In remnants of his feasts to fellows
 That to his swelled head blew the bellows.
Chapel and Hall too he would cut,
 Playing the epicure and nut,
And swaggering roisterer at the Bull.
 He took to poker, loo and pool,
Games at which kites such pigeons pluck,
 And among bookies tried his luck,
Upon the turf where gambling gaily
 May pave a path to the Old Bailey.
These devil's books were all he read,
 Not even his banker's, till instead
Of credit this a debit showed,
 A trifle too to all he owed.
When guzzling, gambling, bets had bled
 His purse as empty as his head,
He had no friend in all that jolly
 Crew that had cheered or mocked his folly,
Who could or would of help as pump be,
 To inflate that squashed-up Humpty Dumpty.
And so Green, in his second year,
 Went down in every sense, I fear.
Have you set eyes on him in town,
 And did he borrow half a crown?
He did from me when once I met him,
 And was more willing to forget him,
Down at heel, dirty, shabby, seedy,
 No longer prodigal but needy,
Routing for husks, a sorry meal,
 With no hope now of family veal,
And little comfort but to lie on
 The bed one makes to live and die on.



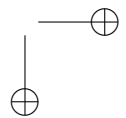
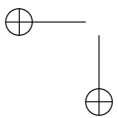


And last, how fares it with yourself
 Upon the race for praise and pelf?
You, with solicitor for sire,
 To the Woolsack of course aspire,
Proceeding from a good degree
 To M.P. or at least K.C.
Through an acquaintance, sure if slow,
 With dull John Doe and Richard Roe,
And mastery of forms and fictions
 That shape a legal mind's convictions,
And store of precedents and pleas
 Which a glib tongue can coin in fees.
At Lincoln's Inn already called,
 I may suppose you there installed.
At first in chambers small and dark,
 With wig and gown and share of clerk.
And how do you propose to work it?
 Airing your wig upon what circuit?
Winning your spurs at Petty Sessions,
 Or County Courts, on small transgressions?
Perhaps your talents rather are
 Devoted to the Chancery Bar,
By sitting lone in corner dusty,
 To spin your webs from volumes musty.
Anyhow, while yet briefs are rare,
 You must have many an hour to spare.
Don't you try writing for the Press,
 On politics its views express,
But not your own, which may be truer;
 Or judgments give as smart reviewer;
Or sharply satirize our times
 And morals in indignant rhymes,
Like Juvenal and Gigadibs;
 Or show your wit in comic squibs;
And send to editors your stuff,





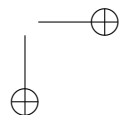
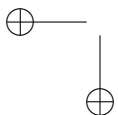
Accompanied by stamps enough
For its return, if they refuse
 To smile upon a hopeful Muse?
One contribution, anyway,
 You can with confidence essay,
As not to be declined, a letter
 To an old friend, and all the better,
Should it bespeak you a soon comer,
 To spend a day or two of summer
In visiting your once-loved college,
 Not now in painful search for knowledge,
But on the dons to idly call,
 And dine with me of course in Hall,
And fill my rooms with fragrant fog,
 And scale our Alps of Gog Magog
Or be to Trumpington a treader,
 Or whet your hunger by a header
In Byron's pool, or in a punt
 Admire the Backs that are our front,
Run with the boats and watch the matches,
 And cheer the clever hits and catches:
In short to do as heretofore,
 And it may be to see me plucked once more.





EPISTLE I.6, EPICUREAN PHILOSOPHY

The best way to live, my friend, is by simply taking
it easy;
That's what I seem to mean by my precept of *Nil
Admirari*,
And that they who aspire or desire overmuch are
asking for trouble.
Let not yourself be put out by changes of weather
or fashion;
Don't make one of a crowd to gape at the latest
sensation;
Strain not your eyes upon tapes, nor on hourly
editions of papers;
Speculate not in futures nor worry about the next
Budget;
Break not your heart and your wind in trying to
break a record;
Seek not to spot the winners that empty the pockets
of losers;
Risk not going "No trumps" in games more exciting
than "patience;"
Keep your head, and your tongue in your cheek,
when others are noisily blabbing;
Yet take care not to set yourself up by pretence to
be wiser or better
Than neighbours who'll vote you a prig and mock
at the goodness that's "unco'."
'Tis only fools take delight to be pointed out by the
finger;





Wise men would rather slip through the mob without
being stared at.

Have you set your heart upon art, to be critic of
pictures and sculpture,
Perhaps one who attends first nights, or collector of
rare editions?

Are you snug in a West-End house, well heated and
tastefully furnished?

Or a lounge at Clubs and lover of bridge or billiards
or gossip?

Do you write to *The Times* to suggest how all affairs
ought to be managed?

Is it business that fills your mind to keep you late
in the City?

Are you bit by the perilous pride of flying, as Daedalus
tried to?

Do you envy the swift Rolls-Royce that throws its
dust on your cycle?

Whatever your line of life, it will come to the shears
of Atropos,

For however you go to and fro in conveyances public
or private,

Some day or other, at last, 'tis a hearse that will
stand at your door,

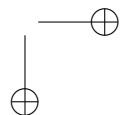
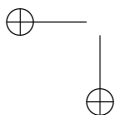
To take you where Lazarus went, and Dives, who
was cremated.

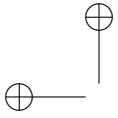
Come now, for making the best of your time, let us
see your prescription.

Preachers bid you, of course, be good if you want
to be happy:

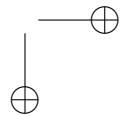
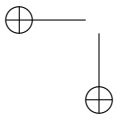
Pleasures will end in pain, while virtue is wholesome
and bracing,

Bitter perhaps to the taste, yet sweet and sound in
digestion.





But you take no such deferred stock, frequenting
not churches nor lectures,
And noting the moralists' coats often turned and
oftener threadbare.
Well then, how about money, the god which so many
men worship,
Master of half Olympus, of Ceres and Bacchus and
Venus,
Nor do Mars and Apollo thrive if not promoted by
Plutus?
Get it by honest toil, or else by tricks of your busi-
ness;
Save up a thousand pounds to be doubled by prudent
investment,
And doubled again by a dowry, since gold draws
gold to its bosom,
Let thousands go on breeding millions till you your-
self cannot count them,
Any more than Sir Gorgius Midas was able to say
for certain
How many motor-cars he could lend for the day of
election;
Yet he did not reach to a peerage, and after all he
went bankrupt.
If mere riches content you not, and you thirst after
honour or titles,
You can pay into party funds the price of at least a
kighthood;
You can stand for a seat yourself, with your banker
ready to back you.
But add up the heavy drafts you must meet upon
patience and temper,
Hunting all day for votes like that Eatanswill kisser
of babies,





Night after night set up to be pelted as cockshy for
hecklers,
Deafened by booings and hissings that echo the
cheers of supporters.
Then, if you should get in, and be not kicked out
on petition,
You must tug at the oars of your side, slave to the
crack of a Whip,
Kept from your dinner and bed to be cursed at by
Communist members.

Is “good living” your chief concern, as with many
who can’t afford it?
So long as your purse holds out, you can order the
costliest banquets,
Gorge and swill every day like a hog of the sty of
Lucullus,
Lay in a cellar of wine, and lay on adipose tissue;
But sooner or later to find such a life not good for
the liver,
And, though now the suppression of gout gives place
to oppressions of “indi,”
You will have to do penance on slops, your feasting
turned into fasting,
With Stygian draughts prescribed instead of your
perilous cocktails,
And Harley Street as familiar as once Piccadilly and
Pall Mall.

You might keep yourself fit by sport, by golf, by
tennis or cricket,
Climbing the Alps in summer, skating or ski-ing in
winter,
Have a rod on the Test or a stretch preserved on
the Tay or the Tweed,

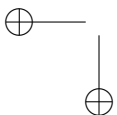




Rent all the moors of Glenmutchin, and hire a platoon of gillies,
Stalk a shy stag, or stand in a butt as a butcher of coveys;
Come down south later on, for a turn at the rocketing pheasants;
Keep a stable at Handley Cross, and subscribe to the hounds of Jorrocks,
Till, perhaps, you break your bones like a hero of Anthony Trollope.

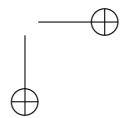
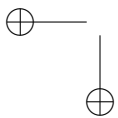
Do vulgar pleasures allure you, gambling hells, drinking dens, night clubs,
Capering with painted sirens and boozing on illicit liquor?
Well, you can tell how you feel when you wake with a head in the morning,
As the snout of a beast and its tail were what came of a visit to Circe
By a roistering crew thus delayed when they should have been making for home.
(Something wrong with that line, that ought to end in a spondee,
But it may pass for once, like the dump of Virgil's *humi bos*.)

If you know any better plan for spending your life to advantage,
Let me hear what it is by return; if not, you might follow my own rule,
To take things quiet and easy, as one has the means of doing,
When one's luck is to be set up by goodwill of an opulent patron,
With no more troublesome task than to butter him and Augustus,





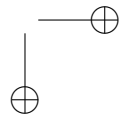
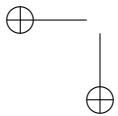
With a Sabine farm rent free and a steward and
slaves to work it,
A larder stocked with its produce and game from
the forests about it,
That give any amount of fuel to warm one's bones
in the winter,
And a cask of home-brewed on tap, which I quaff
in due moderation,
Yet an extra cup or two, when a friend like you
comes to see me,
And we snugly sit by the fire, spinning old yarns till
midnight,
Recalling the freaks of hot youth and the smiles and
the wiles of old sweethearts,
With but half-sarcastic chuckles over the faults of
one's fellows,
Shown up in my famous books of Satires, Odes and
Epistles.





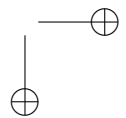
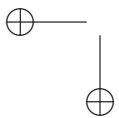
EPISTTE I.20, MY BOOKLET

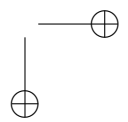
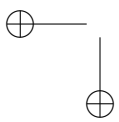
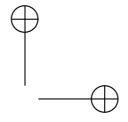
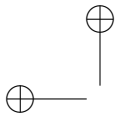
This skit of mine could wish to get a show
In catalogues of Paternoster Row,
With bold advertisements by which the Muse
Is fain to court the favour of reviews.
But, bound and published, it might chance to find
That hasty critics are not always kind,
Who chuckle to make copy from detection
Of faults and slips, when too late for correction.
And if one had the luck to score a hit,
Some month or two would see the end of it.
Then on the shelf these sheets must buried lie,
Or as “remainder” have another try
At cheaper life, and come down after all
To figure second-hand upon a stall,
Pawed by the vulgar, marked at petty price,
Dying of wear and tear by men or mice.
Yet one indignity need not be feared,
To have its pages scrawled on and dogeared
By urchins’ use as crib for close translation
Of pages held by them in execration.
In case of schoolbooks there may be good reason
To print the writer’s titles and degrees on
Their title-page; nor are our poets shy
Of any tricks to catch a reader’s eye;
In advertising, not their names alone,
Their very faces now are often shown
In hope to woo the public interest,
And vie with those that boast to sell the best.

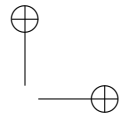
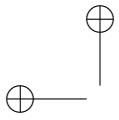




But on the present writer's name and station,
Still less about his birth and education,
His readers must not look for information,
Since, whether his attempt be praised or blamed,
Of aping Horace he is half-ashamed,
And so feels fain to leave himself unnamed.







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