

LYRA &
FRIVOIA
BY J. H. S.
A. D. GODLEY



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LYRA FRIVOLA

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BY

A. D. GODLEY

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A. D. G.

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AFTER HORACE

WHAT asks the Bard? He prays for
nought

But what the truly virtuous crave :
That is, the things he plainly ought
To have.

'Tis not for wealth, with all the shocks
That vex distracted millionaires,
Plagued by their fluctuating stocks
And shares :

While plutocrats their millions new
Expend upon each costly whim,
A great deal less than theirs will do
For him :

The simple incomes of the poor
His meek poetic soul content :
Say, £30,000 at four
Per cent. !

His taste in residence is plain :
No palaces his heart rejoice :
A cottage in a lane (Park Lane
For choice)—

Here be his days in quiet spent :
Here let him meditate the Muse :
Baronial Halls were only meant
For Jews,

And lands that stretch with endless span
From east to west, from south to north,
Are often much more trouble than
They're worth !

Let epicures who eat too much
Become uncomfortably stout :
Let gourmets feel th' approaching touch
Of gout,—

The Bard subsists on simpler food :
A dinner, not severely plain,
A pint or so of really good
Champagne—

Grant him but these, no care he'll take
Though Laureates bask in Fortune's
smile,
Though Kiplings and Corellis make
Their pile :

Contented with a scantier dole
His humble Muse serenely jogs,
Remote from scenes where authors roll
Their logs :

Far from the madding crowd she lurks,
And really cares no single jot
Whether the public read her works
Or not!

THE JOURNALIST ABROAD

WHEN Parson, Doctor, Don,—
 In short, when all the nation
Goes gaily off upon
 Its annual vacation,
Their cares professional
 No more avail to bind them :
They go at Pleasure's call
 And leave their trades behind them.

Like them, departs afar
 From England's fogs and vapours
The literary star,
 The writer for the papers :
But not, like them, at home
 Leaves he his calling's fetters :
Nought can release him from
 The tyranny of Letters !

When classic scenes amid
 For rest and peace he hankers,
Amari aliquid
 His joys aesthetic cankers :

Whate'er he sees, he knows
 He has to write upon it
 A paragraph of prose
 Or possibly a sonnet :

By mountain lakelets blue,
 'Mid wild romantic heath, he's
 A martyr always to
Scribendi cacoethes :
 The Naiad-haunted stream
 Or lonely mountain-top he
 Considers as a theme
 Available for "copy."

If on the sunlit main
 With ardour rapt he gazes,
 He's torturing his brain
 For neat pictorial phrases :
 When in a ship or boat
 He navigates the briny
 (And here 'tis his to quote
 Examples set by Heine)

While fellow-passengers
 Lie stretched in mere prostration,
 He duly registers
 Each horrible sensation—

He notes his qualms with care,
And bids the public know 'em
In "Thoughts on Mal de Mer,"
Or "Nausea: a Poem."

Such is his earthly lot:
Nor is it wholly certain
If Death for him or not
Rings down the final curtain,
Or if, when hence he's fled
To worlds or worse or better,
He'll send per Mr St—d
A crisp descriptive letter!

VERNAL VERSES

WHEN early worms began to crawl, and
early birds to sing,
And frost, and mud, and snow, and rain
proclaimed the jocund spring,
Its all-pervading influence the Poet's soul
obeyed—
He made a song to greet the Spring, and
this is what he made :—

They sadly lacked enlightenment, our an-
cestors of old,
Who used to suffer simply from an ordinary
cold :
But we, of Science' mysteries less ignorant
by far,
Have nothing less distinguished than a
Bronchial Catarrh !

O when your head's a lump of lead and
nought can do but sneeze :
Whene'er in turn you freeze and burn, and
then you burn and freeze :—

It does not mean you're going to die,
although you think you are—
These are the primal symptoms of a
Bronchial Catarrh.

And when you've taken drugs and pills, and
stayed indoors a week,
Yet still your chest with pain opprest will
hardly let you speak :
Amid your darksome miseries be this your
guiding star—
'Tis simply the remainder of a Bronchial
Catarrh.

In various ways do various men invite mis-
fortune's rods,—
Some row within their College boat,—some
Logic read for Mods. :
But oh ! of all the human ills our happiness
that mar
I do not know the equal of a Bronchial
Catarrh !

PENSEES DE NOEL

WHEN the landlord wants the rent
Of your humble tenement ;
When the Christmas bills begin
Daily, hourly pouring in ;
When you pay your gas and poor rate,
Tip the rector, fee the curate,
Let this thought your spirit cheer—
Christmas comes but once a year.

When the man who brings the coal
Claims his customary dole :
When the postman rings and knocks
For his usual Christmas-box :
When you're dunned by half the town
With demands for half-a-crown,—
Think, although they cost you dear,
Christmas comes but once a year.

When you roam from shop to shop ;
Seeking, till you nearly drop,
Christmas cards and small donations
For the maw of your relations,

Questing vainly 'mid the heap
For a thing that's nice, and cheap :
Think, and check the rising tear,
Christmas comes but once a year.

Though for three successive days
Business quits her usual ways ;
Though the milkman's voice be dumb ;
Though the paper doesn't come ;
Though you want tobacco, but
Find that all the shops are shut :
Bravely still your sorrows bear—
Christmas comes but once a year.

When mince-pies you can't digest
Join with waits to break your rest :
When, oh when, to crown your woe,
Persons who might better know
Think it needful that you should
Don a gay convivial mood :—
 Bear with fortitude and patience
 These afflicting dispensations :
 Man was born to suffer here :
 Christmas comes but once a year.

AD LECTIONEM SUAM

WHEN Autumn's winds denude the
 grove,
 I seek my Lecture, where it lurks
'Mid the unpublished portion of
 My works,

And ponder, while its sheets I scan,
 How many years away have slipt
Since first I penned that ancient man-
 uscript.

I know thee well—nor can mistake
 The old accustomed pencil stroke
Denoting where I mostly make
 A joke,—

Or where coy brackets signify
 Those echoes faint of classic wit
Which, if a lady's present, I
 Omit.

Though Truth enlarge her widening range,
 And Knowledge be with time increased,
While thou, my Lecture! dost not change
 The least,

But fixed immutable amidst
 The advent of a newer lore,
Maintainest calmly what thou didst
 Before :

Though still malignity avows
 That unsuccessful candidates
To thee ascribe their frequent ploughs
 In Greats—

Once more for intellectual food
 Thou'lt serve : an added phrase or two
Will make thee really just as good
 As new :

And listening crowds, that throng the spot,
 Will still as usual complain
That “ Here's the old familiar rot
 Again ! ”

RUBÁIYYÁT OF MODERATIONS

I

WAKE! for the Nightingale upon the
 Bough
Has sung of Moderations: ay, and now
 Pales in the Firmament above the Schools
The Constellation of the boding Plough.

II

I too in distant Ages long ago
To him that ploughed me gave a Quid or so:
 It was a Fraud: it was not good enough:
Ne'er for my Quid had I my Quid pro Quo.

III

Yet—for the Man who pays his painful
 Pence
Some Laws may frame from dark Experi-
 ence:
 Still from the Wells of harsh Adversity
May Wisdom draw the Pail of Common
 Sense—

IV

Take these few Rules, which—carefully
 rehearsed—
 Will land the User safely in a First,
 Second, or Third, or Gulf: and after all
 There's nothing lower than a Plough at
 worst.

V

Plain is the Trick of doing Latin Prose;
 An Esse Videantur at the Close
 Makes it to all Intents and Purposes
 As good as anything of Cicero's.

VI

Yet let it not your anxious Mind perturb
 Should Grammar's Law your Diction fail
 to curb:
 Be comforted: it is like Tacitus:
 'Tis mostly done by leaving out the Verb.

VII

Mark well the Point: and thus your
 Answer fit
 That you thereto all Reference omit,
 But argue still about it and about
 Of This, and That, and T'Other—not of It.

VIII

Say, why should You upon your proper
Hook
Dilate on Things which whoso cares to look
Will find, in Libraries or elsewhere,
Already stated in a printed Book ?

IX

Keep clear of Facts : the Fool who deals
in those
A Mucker he inevitably goes :
The dusty Don who looks your Paper o'er
He knows about it all—or thinks he knows.

X

A Pipe, a Teapot, and a Pencil blue,
A Crib, perchance a Lexicon—and You.
Beside him singing in a Wilderness
Of Suppositions palpably untrue—

XI

'Tis all he needs : he is content with these :
Not Facts he wants, but soft Hypotheses
Which none need take the Pains to
verify :
This is the Way that Men obtain Degrees !

XII

'Twixt Right and Wrong the Difference
is dim :

'Tis settled by the Moderator's Whim :

Perchance the Delta on your Paper
marked

Means that his Lunch has disagreed with
him :

XIII

Perchance the Issue lies in Fortune's Lap :

For if the Names be shaken in a Cap

(As some aver) then Truth and Fallacy
No longer signify a single Rap.

XIV

Nay ! till the Hour for pouring out the Cup

Of Tea post-prandial calls you home to sup,

And from the dark Invigilator's Chair

The mild Muezzin whispers " Time is
Up"—

XV

The Moving Finger writes : then, having
writ,

The Product of your Scholarship and Wit

Deposit in the proper Pigeonhole—

And thank your Stars that there's an End
of it !

LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND

WHEN we're daily called to arms by
 continual alarms,
 And the journalist unceasingly dilates
On the agitating fact that we're soon to be
 attacked

 By the Germans, or the Russians, or the
 States :

When the papers all are swelling with a
 patriotic rage,
 And are hurling a defiance or a threat,
Then I cool my martial ardour with the
 pacifying page
 Of the *Oxford University Gazette*.

When I hanker for a statement that is
 practical and dry
 (Being sated with sensation in excess,
With the vespertinal rumour and the
 matutinal lie
 Which adorn the lucubrations of the
 Press),

Then I turn me to the columns where
 there's nothing to attract,
 Or the interest to waken and to whet,
 And I revel in a banquet of unmitigated
 fact
 In the *Oxford University Gazette*.

When the Laureate obedient to an editor's
 decree
 Puts his verses in the columns of the
Times ;
 When the endless minor poet in an end-
 less minor key
 Gives the public his unnecessary rhymes ;
 When you're weary of the poems which
 they constantly compose,
 And endeavour their existence to forget,
 You may seek and find repose in the
 satisfying prose
 Of the *Oxford University Gazette*.

In that soporific journal you may stupefy
 the mind
 With the influence narcotic which it
 draws
 From the Latest Information about Scholar-
 ships Combined
 Or the contemplated changes in a clause :

LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND 19

Place me somewhere that is far from the
 Standard and the *Star*,
From the fever and the literary fret,—
And the harassed spirit's balm be the
 academic calm
Of the *Oxford University Gazette*!

THE PARADISE OF LECTURERS

WHEN you might be a name for the
world to acclaim, and when Opul-
ence dawns on the view,

Why slave like a Turk at Collegiate work
for a wholly inadequate screw ?

Why grind at the trade—insufficiently paid
—of instructing for Mods and for
Greats,

When fortunes immense are diurnally made
by a lecturing tour in the States ?

Do you know that in scores they will pay
at the doors—these millions in dark-
ness who grope—

For a glimpse of Mark Twain or a word
from Hall Caine or a reading from
Anthony Hope ?

We are ignorant here of the glorious career
which conspicuous talent awaits :

Not a master of style but is making his pile
by the lectures he gives in the States !

With amazement I hear of the chances they
lose—of the simply incredible sums
Which a Barrie might have (if he did not
refuse) for reciting *A Window in
Thrums* :

Of the prospects of gain which are offered
in vain as a sop to the Laureate's pride:
Of the price which I learn Mr Bradshaw
might earn by declaiming his excellent
Guide.

Columbia ! desist from soliciting those who
your bribes and petitions condemn :

Though plutocrats scorn the rewards you
propose, there are others superior to
them :

Why burden the proud with superfluous
pelf, who wealth in abundance possess,
When indigent Worth (I allude to myself)
would go for substantially less ?

For Europe, I know, to oblivion may doom
the fruits of my talented brain,

But they're perfectly sure of creating a boom
in the wilds of Kentucky and Maine :

They'll appreciate *there* my illustrious work
on the way to make Pindar to scan,

And Culture will hum in the State of New
York when I read it my essay on "Aυ!

I've a scheme, which is this:—I will start
for the West as a Limited Lecturing
Co.,

And the public invite in the same to invest
to the tune of a million or so:

They will all be recouped for initial expense
by receiving their share of the "gates,"
Which I venture to think will be truly
immense when I lecture on Prose in
the States.

Thus Merit will not be permitted to rot—
as it does—on Obscurity's shelf:

Thus the national hoard shall with profit be
stored (with a trifle of course for my-
self):

For lectures are dear in that fortunate
sphere, and are paid for at fabulous
rates,—

All the gold of Klondike isn't anything like
to the sums that are made in the States!

A DIALOGUE ON ETHICS

S AID the Isis to the Cherwell in a tone
of indignation,

“ With a blush of conscious virtue your
enormities I see :

And I wish that a reversal of the laws of
gravitation

Would prevent your vicious current from
contaminating me !

With your hedonists who grovel on a
cushion with a novel

(Which is sure to sap the morals and the
intellect to stunt),

And the spectacle nefarious of your idle,
gay Lotharios

Who pursue a mild flirtation in a mis-
directed punt ! ”

Said the Cherwell to the Isis, “ You may
talk about my vices—

But of all the sights of sorrow since the
universe began,

Just commend me to the patience that can
bear the degradations

Which inflicted are by Rowing on the
dignity of man :

The unspeakable reproaches which are
lavished by your coaches—

On my sense of what is proper they con-
tinually jar ”—

(“ It is simply *Mos Majorum*—’twas their
fathers’ way before ’em—

’Tis a kind of ancient Cussed ’em ”—said
the Isis to the Cher.)

“ Are we men and are we Britons? shall
we ne’er obtain a quittance ”—

Said the Cherwell to the Isis—“ from the
tyrants of the oar ?

O it’s Youth in a Canader with the willow
boughs to shade her

And a chaperone discreetly in attendance
(on the shore),

O it’s cultivated leisure that is life’s
supremest treasure,

Far from athletes merely brutal, and from
Philistines afar :

I’ve a natural aversion to gratuitous exertion,
And I’m prone to mild flirtation,” said
the unrepentant Cher.

But in accents of the sternest, "Life is
Real: Life is Earnest,"

(Said the grim rebuking Isis to his
tributary stream);

"Don't you know the Joy of Living is in
honourably Striving,

Don't you know the Chase of Pleasure
is a vain delusive Dream?

When they toil and when they shiver in the
tempests on the River,

When they're faint and spent and
weary, and they have to pull it
through,

'Tis in Action stern and zealous that they
truly find a Τέλος,

Though a moment's relaxation be afforded
them by you!"

Said the Cherwell to the Isis, "When the
trees are clad in greenness,

When the Eights are fairly over, and it's
drawing near Commem.,

It is Ver and it is Venus that shall judge
the case between us,

And I think for all your maxims that you
won't compete with them!

Then despite their boasted virtue shall your
athletes all desert you

(Come to me for information if you
don't know where they are):

For it's *ἵνα σχολάζωμεν* that's the proper
end of Woman

And of Man—at least in summer," said
the easy-going Cher.

PEDAGOGY

OUR fathers on the pedagogue held
sentiments irrational ;

Curricula for training him 'twas never
theirs to know,

And when he taught the way he ought, by
genius educational,

They gave their thanks to Providence,
who made him do it so.

But our developed intellect and keener
perspicacity

Has all reduced to system now and *a*
priori rule :

We've altogether ceased to trust in natural
capacity,

And pin alone our faith upon a Peda-
gogy School.

Don't talk to me of knowledge gained by
base experience practical

(A thing that's wholly obsolete and laid
upon the shelf) :

Don't waste your time in aiming at exacti-
tude syntactical,

Or hold that he who teaches Greek
should know that Greek himself :

For if you wish to face the truth, and fact
no more to see awry—

Who strives to wake the dormant mind
of unreceptive imps

Need only read the works of Rein on
Education's Theory

And study the immortal tomes of Ziegler
and De Guimps!

Whene'er of old a boy was dull or quite
adverse to knowledge, he

Was set an imposition or corrected with
a switch:

Far different our practice is, who reign by
Methodology

And guide the dunce by precepts learnt
from Landon or from Fitch:

'Twas difficult by rule of thumb to check
unseemly merriment,

To make your class their pastor treat
with proper due regard—

'Tis easy quite for specialists in Juvenile
Temperament,

Who know the books on Punishment
and also on Reward!

There's no demand for authors now of
erudite *opuscula*,

For Wranglers or for Science men or
linguists of repute:

No cricketers can gain a post by mere distinction muscular,

No Socker Blues can hope to teach the young idea to Shoot :

Read Lange his Psychology—Didactics of Comenius—

By works like these and only these your prudent mind prepare :

For if you've nought but scholarship or independent genius

You'd better far adopt the Bar and make your fortune there !

O all ye ancient dominies whose names are writ in history—

Shade of the late Orbilius, and ghost of Dr Parr,

Howe'er you got your fame of old—the reason's wrapt in mystery—

Where'er you be, I hope you see how obsolete you are !

'Tis Handbooks make the Pedagogue : O great, eternal verity !

O fact of which our ancestors could ne'er obtain a glimpse !

But we'll proclaim the truth abroad and noise it to posterity,

Our watchword a curriculum—our shibboleth DE GUIMPS !

SONG FOR THE NAVY LEAGUE

(Dedicated without permission to LORD CHARLES
BERESFORD.)

O WHERE be all those mariners bold
 who used to control the sea,
The Admiral great and the bo'sun's mate
 and the skipper who skipped so free?
O what has become of our midshipmites,
 the terror of every foe,
And the captain brave who dares the wave
 when the stormy winds do blow?

CHORUS

*For the tar may roam, but the tar comes home
 to wherever his home may be,
With a Yo, heave ho, and a ó ĩ τό, and a
 Master of Arts Degree!*

They have gone to imbibe the classical lore
 of Learning's ancient seat
(They are sadly at sea in the classics as
 yet, though *classis* is Latin for fleet),
It is there you will find those naval men,
 by the Isis and eke the Cher.,
For Scholarship is the only ship that is fit
 for a bold Jack Tar.

SONG FOR THE NAVY LEAGUE 31

He has bartered his rum for a coach and a
crib, at the First Lord's stern decree,
And he learns the use of the rocket and
squib (which are useful as lights at sea):
And they train him in part of the nautical
art, as much as a landsman can,
For they teach him to paddle the gay canoe,
and to row the rash randan.

Should he e'er be inclined his Tutors and
Deans to look with contempt upon
(Observing the maxims of Raleigh and
Drake, who never thought much of a
Don),
Let him think there are things in the nautical
line that even a Don can do,
For only too well are examiners versed in
the way to plough the Blue!

Though a Captain *per se* is an excellent
thing for repelling his country's foes,
He is better by far, as an engine of war, with
a knowledge of Logic and Prose:
And a bold A.B. is the nation's pride, in
his rude uncultured way,
But prouder still will the nation be when
he's also a bold B.A.!

CHORUS

*For the Horse Marine will be Tutor and Dean,
in the glorious days to be,
With his Yo, heave ho, and his ό ή τó, and a
Master of Arts degree!*

A DREAM

[N sleep the errant phantasy,
No more by sense imprisoned,
Creates what possibly might be
But actually isn't :
And this my tale is past belief,
Of truth and reason emptied,
'Tis fiction manifest—in brief
I was asleep, and dreamt it.

I met a man by Isis' stream,
Whose phrase discreet and prudent,
Whose penchant for a learned theme
Proclaimed the Serious Student :
I never knew a scholar who
Could more at ease converse on
The latest *Classical Review*
Than that superior person.

He spoke of books—all manly sports
He deemed but meet for scoffing :
He did not know the Racquet Courts—
He'd never heard of golfing—
Professors ne'er were half so wise,
Nor Readers more sedate !
He was—I learnt with some surprise—
An undergraduate.

Another man I met, whose head
 Was crammed with pastime's annals,
 And who, to judge from what he said,
 Must simply live in flannels :
 A shallow mind his talk proclaimed,
 And showed of culture no trace :
 One "book" and one alone he named—
 His own—'twas on the Boat-race.

"Of course," you cry, "some brainless
 lad,
 Some scion of ancient Tories,
 Bob Acres, sent to Oxford *ad*
Emolliendos mores,
 Meant but to drain the festive glass
 And win the athlete's pewter!"
 There you are wrong: this person was
 That undergraduate's Tutor.

.

'Twas but a dream, I said above,
 In concrete truth deficient,
 Belonging to the region of
 The wholly Unconditioned :
 Yet, when I see how strange the ways
 Of undergrad. and Don are,
 Methinks it was, in classic phrase,
 Not ὑπάρ less than ὄναρ.

THE SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

I GAZED with wild prophetic eye
Into the future vast and dim :
I saw the University
Indulge its last and strangest whim :
It did away with Mods and Greats,
Its other Schools abolished all :
And simply made its candidates
Read Science Agricultural.

They learnt to hoe : they learnt to plough :
To delve and dig was all their joy :
But O in ways we know not now
Those candidates we did employ :
No more, accepting of a bribe
To take these persons off our hands,
We sent them off, a studious tribe,
To distant climes and foreign lands.

We did not then examine in
The subjects which we could not teach :
To those who Honours aimed to win
We taught their subjects, all and each !
We made the Professoriate
Take from its Professorial shelf
Authorities of ancient date,
And teach the candidates itself.

My scanty page could ne'er contain
Of works the long and learned list
By which it was their plan to train
The sucking agriculturist :
In brief, the arts of tilling land
Sufficiently imparted were
By great Professor Ellis, and
By great Professor Bywater.

One taught th' aspiring candidate
In Hesiod each alternate day :
One showed him how the crops rotate
From Cato De Re Rustica :
The bee that in our bonnets lurks
He taught to yield its honied store
By reading Columella's works
And also Virgil (Georgic Four).

Yet not by Theory alone
Did learning train the student mind—
Its exercise was carried on
In places properly assigned :
From toil by weather undeterred
In winter wild or burning June,
The precepts in the morning heard
They practised in the afternoon.

The Colleges, whose grassy plots
Are now resorts of vicious ease,

Were then laid out in little lots,
 With useful beans and early peas :
 Each merely ornamental sod
 They dug with spades and hoed with
 hoes :
 The wilderness in every quad
 Was made to blossom as the rose.

The gardens too, with cereals decked,
 Where tennis-courts no longer were,
 Showed Agriculture's due effect
 Upon the student's character :
 No more by practices beguiled
 Which Virtue with displeasure notes,
 No longer dissolute and wild,
 He sowed domesticated oats.

It was indeed a blissful state :
 For Convocation's high decree
 Dubbed the successful candidate
 Magister Agriculturae :
 And if he failed, his vows denied,
 The world observed without surprise
 That those who learnt the plough to guide
 Were objects of its exercise !

THE LAST STRAW

NOW Spring bedecks with nascent green
The meadows near and far,
And Sabbath calm pervades the scene,
And Sabbath punts the Cher. :
While I, like trees new drest by June,
Must bow to Fashion's law,
And wear on Sunday afternoon
A variegated Straw.

My Topper ! so serenely sleek,
So beautifully tall,
Wherein I decked me once a week
Whene'er I went to call,—
No more shall now th' admiring maid,
While handing me my tea,
View her reflected charms displayed
(Narcissus-like) in thee !

Yet oh ! though different forms of hat
May wreath my manly brow,
No Straw shall e'er (be sure of that)
Be half so dear as thou.

Hang then upon thy native rack
As varying modes compel ;
Till next year's fashions bring thee back,
My Chimney-pot, farewell !

THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM

[This Fragment will be found to contain, in a concentrated form, all the constituent parts of Greek Tragedy. It has an Anagnorisis, because its subject is the Recognition of Women. It also contains *at least one* Peripeteia: and the action has been strictly confined, chiefly by the Editor of the *Magazine*, within one revolution of the sun.]

SCENE: *Interior of a Ladies' College*

LEADER OF THE CHORUS OF LADIES

SISTERS, from far upon my senses steals
A sound of crackers and of Catherine
wheels,

By which I know the Senate in debate
Decides our future and the country's fate:
And lo! a herald from the city's stir
I see arrive—the usual Messenger.

Enter a Messenger

M. O maiden guardians of this sacred
shrine—

Cb. Observe the rules: you've had your
single line.

M. Say, is the Lady Principal at home?

Ch. Thou speak'st, as one for information
come.

M. I ask the question, for I wish to know.

Ch. By shrewd conjecture one might guess
'twas so.

M. Go, tell your Lady I would speak with
her.

Ch. About what thing? what quest dost
thou prefer?

M. I bear a tale I hardly dare to tell.

Ch. Why vex her ears, when ours will do
as well?

M. Hear then the facts which with self-
seeing eyes

I witnessed, not receiving from another.

For when I came within those doors
august

Where sat the Boule, doubting if to
grant

The boon of honour which the women
ask,

Or not: and like some Thracian Helles-
pont

Tides of opinion flowed in different
ways,

Until obeying some divine decree

(This is a Nominative Absolute)

The hollow-bellied circle of a hat

Received their votes (and now, but not
 till now,
 Observe my true apodosis begin)—
 Arithmetic, supreme of sciences,
 Proclaimed that persons to the number of
 One thousand seven hundred and thirteen
 Voted Non-Placet (or, It does not please),
 While thrice two hundred, also sixty-two,
 Voted for Placet on the other side :
 Who, being worsted, come as suppliants
 With boughs and fillets and the rest com-
 plete,
 Winging the booted oarage of their feet
 Within your gates : the obscurantist rout
 Pursue them here with threats, and swear
 they'll drag them out !
 Such is my tale : its truth should you deny,
 I simply answer, that you tell a lie.

CHORUS

Woe! Woe! Woe! Woe! What shall we
 do and where shall we go?
 Dublin or Durham, Heidelberg, Bonn,
 All to escape the recalcitrant don?
 In what peaceful shade reclined
 Shall the cultured female mind
 E'er remunerated be
 By a Bachelor's Degree?

Φεῦ, φεῦ! Whence, O whence (here the
 antistrophe ought to commence),
 Whence shall we the privilege seek
 Due to our knowledge of Latin and Greek?
 Shall we tear our waving locks?
 Shall we rend our Sunday frocks?
 No, 'tis plain that nothing can
 Melt the so-called heart of man.
 While with loud triumphant pealings
 Ring his cries of horrid joy,
 Let us vent our outraged feelings
 In a wild ὄτοτοτοτοῖ—
 Justifiable impatience, when the shafts of
 fate annoy,
 Makes one utter exclamations such as
 ὄτοτοτοτοτοῖ!

Enter PROFESSOR PLACET

I ask you, ye intolerable creatures,
 Why raise this wholly execrable din,
 O objects of dislike to the discreet?
 Six hundred persons, also sixty-two
 (Almost the very number of the Beast)
 Have voted for you, and defend your gates.
 Moreover, mark my subtle argument:—
 When gates are locked no person can get in
 Without unlocking them: your gates are
 locked,

And I have got the key : so that, unless
 I ope the gates, the foe cannot get in.
 This statement is Pure Reason : or, if this
 Is not Pure Reason, *I don't know what is.*

CHORUS

Holy Reason ! sacred Νοῦς !
 Thou that hast for ever parted
 From the Cambridge Senate House,
 Make, O make us valiant hearted !
 Wisdom, still residing here,
 Calm our mind and chase our fear
 While with wild discordant clamour
 On our College gate they hammer !
 [*Confused Noise without.*]

Hemich. α. Horrid things ! I really wonder
 how they ever dared to come,
 When they know to base Non-
 Placets that we're always Not
 At Home.

Hemich. β. 'Tis a national dishonour : 'tis
 the century's disgrace.

Hemich. α. If the College rules allowed it,
 I should like to scratch their
 face.

Hemich. β. Never mind ! a time is coming
 when despite of all their Dons

We will sack the hall of Jesus,
and enjoy the wealth of
John's!

Hemich. a. Vengeance! let us face the foe-
man, boldly bear the battle's
brunt,

With our Placets to assist us
and our chaperons in front!

[*Alarums; Excursions—special trains for
voters.*]

(*A violation of the rule “ Ne pueros coram
populo Medea trucidet” is about to commence,
when—*)

Enter APOLLO

(*With apologies to Dr V-rr-ll for his profligate
character.*)

When all too deftly poets tie the knot
And can't untwist their complicated plot,
'Tis then that comes by Jove's supreme
decrees

The useful θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς.

Rash youths! forbear ungallantly to vex
Your fellow students of the softer sex!
Ladies! proud leaders of our culture's van,
Crush not too cruelly the reptile Man!
Or by experience you, as now, will learn
Th' eternal maxim's truth, that e'en a worm
will turn.

QUADRIVIAD, ll. 1-51

ARMA virosque cano : procul o, procul
este profani :

nescio mentiri : si quis mendacia quaerit
in vespertinis quaerat mendacia chartis.
me neque multo iterum Pharsalia sanguine
tincta

nec tam Larissa nuper fugitiva relictā
Graecia percussit, quam Curia Municipalis
Principis augusta dextra Cambrensis aperta,
atque novae longis imbutae litibus aedes :
omnia quae vobis canerem si tempus haberem
aut spatium : sed non habeo, varias ob
causas.

nunc civilia bella viaeque cruore rubentes
Musae sufficient et Quadrivialis Enyo.
Nox erat et caelo fulgebat luna sereno
desuper : in terris fulgebat Serica lampas
plurima, et ornatis pendent vexilla fenestris.
spectando gaudent cives : academica pubes
palatur passim plateis aut ordine facto
proruit ignavum cives pecus : omnia late
laetitia magni praesentia Principis implet.
Metropolitanae custos, Robertule, pacis,

tu quoque laetus ades, nec dedignaris amice
inter ridentem comis ridere popellum.
ecce tamen Furiae Martini desuper arce
dant belli signum : ruit undique vulgus ad
arma :

procuratores obsistunt subgraduatis,
civibus iratis obsistunt subgraduati
et cives illis : pacis custodibus, omnes.
turba venit diris ultrix accincta bacillis :
Metropolitani vecti per strata caballis
proturbant cunctos, reliquos in carcere
claudunt.

Consiliarius en ! Urbanus in occiput ipse
percutitur nec scit quisnam cere comminuat
brum :

namque negant omnes, et adhuc sub iudice
lis est.

quid Medicina viris jurisve peritia prodest,
jurisconsultos dubio si jure coercent
vincula, nec proprios arcet Medicina bacillos?
heu pietas, heu prisca fides ! neglectus
alumnus

Tutorem in vacua tristis desiderat aula :
interea Tutor sub iudice municipali
litigat, et jurat nil se fecisse nefandum,
obtestans divos : nec creditur obtestanti.
quid referam versos equites iterumque
reversos

subgraduatorum pellentes agmina ferro,
inque pavementisequitantes undique turmas?
proh pudor! o mores, o tempora! forsitan
olim

exercens operam curvo Moderator aratro
inveniet mixtis capitum fragmenta galeris
reliquias pugnae, et mentem mortalia
tangent.

me sacer Aegidius Musarum fana colentem
aegide defendit, perque ignea tela, per
hostes
incolumem vexitque tuens rursusque re-
vexit.

MUSICAL DEGREES

TOO oft there grows a painful thorn the
floweret's stalk upon :
Behind each cupboard's gilded doors there
lurks a Skeleton :
The crumpled roseleaf mocks repose, be-
neath the bed of down :
In proof of which attend the tale of Bach
Beethoven Brown.

Beethoven Brown could play and sing be-
fore he learnt to crawl :
Piano, bones, or ophicleide—he played upon
them all !
Some talk of Paderewski, or of Dr Joachim—
These artists meritorious are, but can't com-
pare with him.

No faults or errors technical his Symphonies
deface :
He calculates in counterpoint, he thinks in
thoroughbass :

Composers of celebrity—musicians of re-
nown—

Confess that they're inferior far to Bach
Beethoven Brown.

As conquerors, their triumphs won, new
fields before them see,

So Mr Brown resolved to have a Musical
Degree :

Some say that it the title was and others
say the gown

That captive took the soaring soul of Bach
Beethoven Brown.

But ah ! our Statues grovelling command
their candidates

To satisfy examiners in Smalls, and Mods.,
and Greats,

To learn those verbs irregular which men
of taste abhor,

Before you can a Doctor be or e'en a
Bachelor !

O mores ! and O tempora ! can pedantry
compel

Musicians who write choruses to construe
them as well ?

Is this (I ask) the way to deal with genius
great and high ?

Why fetter it with Latin Prose ? and Echo
answers “ Why ? ”

Beethoven Brown is famous still, though
ignorant of Greek ;

He writes cantatas every month and anthems
once a week :

And still in every capital and each pro-
vincial town

Piano organs play the tunes of Bach
Beethoven Brown :

Earls, Viscounts, Dukes, and R-y-lties his
music throng to hear :

Already he's a Baronet, and soon he'll be a
Peer :

And—thrice a year this awful news a
nation's heart appals,

That great Sir Bach Beethoven Brown is
ploughed again in Smalls !

QUIETA MOVERE

“Any leap in the dark is better than standing still.”
New Proverb.

TALK not to us of the joys of the Present,
Say not what is undoubtedly best :
Never be ours to be merely quiescent—
Anything, everything rather than rest !

Placid prosperity bores us and vexes :
What if philosophers Latin and Greek
Say that well-being's a Status and "Εξίς ?
Nothing should please you for more than
a week.

Tinkering, doctoring, shifting, deranging,
Urged by a constant satiety on,
Ever the new for the newer exchanging,
Hazarding ever the gains we have won—

Only perpetual flux can delight us,
Blown like a billow by winds of the sea :
Still let us bow to the shrine of St. Vitus—
Vite Sanctissime, ora pro me !

Pray, that when leaps in the darkness un-
caring

End in a fall (as they probably will),
Mine be the credit for valiantly daring,
Others be charged with defraying the bill!

GRÆCULUS ESURIENS

THERE came a Grecian Admiral to pale
 Britannia's shore—
In Eighteen Ninety-eight he came, and
 anchored off the Nore ;
An ultimatum he despatched (I give the text
 complete),
Addressing it “Τῷ Κυρίῳ, the Premier,
 Downing-street.”

“Whereas the sons of Liberty with in-
 dignation view
The number of dependencies which governed
 are by you—
With Hellas (Freedom's chosen land) we
 purpose to unite
Some part of those dependencies—let's say
 the Isle of Wight.”

“The Isle of Wight !” said Parliament, and
 shuddered at the word ;
“Her Majesty's at Osborne, too—of course,
 the thing's absurd !”

And this response Lord Salisbury eventually gave :

“Such transfers must attended be by difficulties grave.”

“My orders,” said the Admiral, “are positive and flat :

I am not in the least deterred by obstacles like that :

We’re really only acting in the interests of peace :

Expansion is a nation’s law—we’ve aims sublime in Greece.”

With that Britannia blazed amain with patriotic flames !

They built a hundred ironclads and launched them in the Thames :

They girded on their fathers’ swords, both commoners and peers ;

They mobilized an Army Corps, and drilled the Volunteers !

The Labour Party armed itself, invasion’s path to bar ;

“Truth” and the “Daily Chronicle” proclaimed a Righteous War ;

Sir William Harcourt stumped the towns
that sacred fire to fan,
And Mr Gladstone every day sent telegrams
from Cannes.

But ere they marched to meet the foe and
drench the land with gore,
Outspake that Grecian Admiral — from
somewhere near the Nore—
And “Ere,” he said, “hostilities are ordered
to commence,
Just hear a last appeal unto your educated
sense :—

“ You can’t intend,” he said, said he, “ to
turn your Maxims on
The race that fought at Salamis, that bled
at Marathon !
You can’t propose with brutal force to drive
from off your seas
The men of Homer’s gifted line—the sons
of Socrates ! ”

Britannia heard the patriot’s plea ; she
checked her murderous plans :
Homer’s a name to conjure with, ’mong
British artisans :

Her Army too, profoundly moved by arguments like these,
Said 'e'd be blowed afore 'e'd fight the sons
of Socrates.

They cast away their fathers' swords, those
commoners and peers,—
Demobilized their Army Corps—dismissed
their Volunteers:
Soft Sentiment o'erthrew the bars that
nations disunite,
And Greece, in Freedom's sacred name,
annexed the Isle of Wight.

THE ROAD TO RENOWN

IF it still is your luck to be left in the ruck,
and of fame you're an impotent seeker ;
If you fruitlessly aim at a Senate's acclaim
when you can't catch the eye of the
Speaker ;
If whenever you rise you observe with
surprise that the House is perceptibly
thinner,
And your eloquent pleas are a sign to
M.P.'s that it's nearly the time for
their dinner :

Should you sigh for the heights where the
eminent lights, in the region of letters
who shine, are ;
Should your novels and tales have indifferent
sales and your verses be hopelessly
minor ;
Should the public refuse your attempts to
peruse when you try to instruct or to
shock it,
While it adds to the spoils of its Barries
and Doyles, and increases the hoards
of a Crockett :

If you're baffled, in short, by the fame that
you court, and your name's overlooked
by the papers,—

There's a road to success without toil or
distress, or nocturnal consumption of
tapers :

By adopting this plan you're a prominent
man, and no longer a painful aspirant :
You must come on the scene as a bold
Philhellene, and a foe to the Turk
and the Tyrant !

You'll orate to the crowd on the heritage
proud which by Greece is bequeathed
to the nations

(You can gain in a week an acquaintance with
Greek by a liberal use of translations);
And the names that you quote with the
aid of your "Grote" and a noble
assumption of choler,

Will attest that you feel that excusable
zeal which belongs to an eminent
scholar.

You will prate before mobs of Lord Salis-
bury's jobs and the villainous schemes
of the Kaiser,

Which will make them believe you've a
plan up your sleeve if they'd only
take you for adviser ;

You may cheerfully speak of assisting the
Greek 'gainst the foes that his country
environ :

'Tis improbable quite you'll be wanted to
fight, and the phrase will remind them
of Byron.

If you can't get a place in Society's race,
and you have to confess that you're
beaten,

Yet I hope I have shown you may make
yourself known by espousing the cause
of the Cretan :

You will sell all your works by denounc-
ing the Turks, and the public will
hasten to read 'em,

When in reverent tones you are mentioned
as " Jones, the Defender and Champion
of Freedom ! "

L'AFFAIRE (CHAPTER ONE)

[T was a little Bordereau that lay upon
the ground:

The Franco-Gallic Government that docu-
ment it found,
And straightway drew the inference, though
how I do not know,
Some Jew had sold to Germany this dread-
ful Bordereau.

'Tis all (they said) a Hebrew trick—a
treasonable plan—

And, now we come to think of it, why
Dreyfus is the man!

At any rate (they argued thus), it is for
him to show

That he is not the criminal who sold the
Bordereau.

Some hinted at another man, whose auto-
graph it bore—

But this was Dreyfus' artifice, and proved
his guilt the more:

No motive for the horrid deed confessedly
he had :

And crimes which are gratuitous are nearly
twice as bad.

They caught that Jew (did Government)
and charged him with the sale ;

They proved his guilt—or said they did—
and shut him up in gaol ;

And then, their case to justify and show
their verdict true,

They took and baited every one who called
himself a Jew.

These incidents an uproar caused like
Donnybrook its Fair :

Wherever Frenchmen met to talk 'twas
Pandemonium there :

And anywhere except in France you'd
argue from events

That Ministers had rather lost the public
confidence.

Then spake the German Government (and
here I must deplore

The fact that they had not presumed to
mention it before):

“ Although,” they said respectfully, “ we
would not interfere
With any Angelegenheit outside our proper
sphere—

Why make this quite-essentially-unnecessary
fuss ?

This compromising document was never
sold to us :

Potztausend !” said the Chancellor ; “ upon
my honour, no !

We have not got and do not want your
precious Bordereau !”

This rather struck the Ministers, in Paris
where they sat :

They took and read the Bordereau : they
had not yet done that.

'Twas found to mention obvious facts
which any one might know—

No horrid revelations lurked within the
Bordereau !

And did they set poor Dreyfus free, the
due amends to make,

Regain the public confidence by owning
their mistake,

And cease for popularity by sordid means
to bid?

These are the things they might have
done; but this is what they did:—

They said, those Gallic Ministers, “Un-
doubtedly it’s true

The document has not been sold, and is
not worth a *sou*;

But as the man’s in prison now, why,
there he’s got to stay—

Que voulez-vous?” they simply said, “it is
a *Chose Jugée!*”

This artless little narrative is specially de-
signed

To illustrate the workings of the Gallic
statesman’s mind;

And till they change those processes and
mould their ways anew,

It is not yet in Paris that I want to be a Jew.

UNSELFISH DEVOTION

YE Concerts who plan for the welfare of
Man and compose his occasional quarrels,
Whom we properly deem to be teachers
supreme in the sphere of Political Morals,
May you win the renown that your efforts
should crown and reward your assiduous
labours

In arranging the cares and embarrassed affairs
that afflict your unfortunate neighbours!

Should a potentate go for his national foe, and,
as soon as he's thoroughly licked him,
Should he dare to demand a concession of land
from his prostrate and paralyzed victim,
It is then you arise and his arm you arrest
when his harvest is ripe for the reaping,
And a people oppressed may in confidence
rest when it's safe in Diplomacy's keeping.

It is you who protest in a horrified tone at
a hint of Integrity's danger,
And the victor is shown that a Concert
alone is of Law and of Fate the arranger :

With a warlike display of your fleets in array
 and of Maxims (both empty and loaded)
 You establish it plain that his notions of
 gain are immoral and also exploded !

Let the blasphemous cry that it's done with
 an eye to your ultimate personal profit,
 That your chivalrous task is but worn as a
 mask till occasion allows you to doff it ;
 Let the caviller say that the victim to-day
 is preserved from a final disaster,
 And is saved from the Japs that to-morrow
 perhaps he may furnish a meal for their
 master :

Yet I cannot believe that what Concerts
 achieve is by reasons ulterior dictated ;
 I am perfectly sure that their motives are pure
 (by themselves it is frequently stated) ;
 By themselves we are taught that they
 never in thought could the Good with
 the Selfish commingle—

What they do is designed for the good of
 mankind with an eye that is simple and
 single !

For whomever—*e.g.*, let us say the Chinese—
 you have freed from the fear of invasion,
 Should he presently seem in a posture to be
 which is open to Moral Persuasion,—

How you take him in hand, a philanthropist
band! how you toil to improve his con-
dition,

With a noble disdain of the trouble and
pain of a wholly unselfish Partition!

For it grieves you, of course, when—
ignoring the force which the doctrine
of Mine and of Thine has—

E'en Integrity's self you must lay on the shelf
(I allude, not to Europe's but China's)!

Let detractors contend that your means and
your end are the end and the means of
the culture—

Such an altruist plan must betoken the man
who is bent on diffusion of culture.

Be it yours to assuage for inadequate wage
our unseemly contentions and quarrels;

Be it yours to maintain your respectable
reign in the sphere of Political Morals;

And, relying no more on the shedding of
gore or the rule of torpedoes and sabres,

Make beneficent plots for dividing in lots
the domains of your paralyzed neighbours!

THE ARREST (1881)

COME hither, Terence Mulligan, and sit
upon the floor,
And list a tale of woe that's worse than all
you heard before :
Of all the wrongs the Saxon's done since
Erin's shores he trod
The blackest harm he's wrought us now—
sure Doolan's put in quod !

It was the Saxon minister, he said unto
himself,
I'll never have a moment's peace till
Doolan's on the shelf—
So bid them make a warrant out and send
it by the mail,
To put that daring patriot in dark Kil-
mainham gaol.

The minions of authority, that document
they wrote,
And Mr Buckshot took the thing upon the
Dublin boat :
Och ! sorra much he feared the waves,
incessantly that roar,
For deeper flows the sea of blood he shed
on Ireland's shore !

But the hero slept unconscious still—'tis
kilt he was with work,
Haranguing of the multitudes in Waterford
and Cork,—
Till Buckshot and the polis came and rang
the front door bell
Disturbing of his slumbers sweet in
Morrison's Hotel.

Then out and spake brave Morrison—"Get
up, yer sowl, and run!"
(O bright shall shine on History's page
the name of Morrison!)
"To see the light of Erin quenched I never
could endure:
Slip on your boots—I'll let yez out upon
the kitchen doore!"

But proudly flashed the patriot's eye and
he sternly answered—"No!
I'll never turn a craven back upon my
country's foe:
Doolan aboo, for Liberty! . . . and anyhow"
(says he)
"The Government's locked the kitchen-
door and taken away the key."

They seized him and they fettered him,
those minions of the Law,
('Twas Pat the Boots was looking on, and
told me what he saw)—
But sorra step that Uncrowned King would
leave the place, until
A ten per cent reduction he had got upon
his bill.

Had I been there with odds to aid—say
twenty men to one—
It stirs my heart to think upon the deeds
I might have done!
I wouldn't then be telling you the melan-
choly tale
How Ireland's pride imprisoned lies in dark
Kilmainham gaol.

Yet weep not, Erin, for thy son! 'tis he
that's doing well,
For Ireland's thousands feed him there
within his dungeon cell,—
And if by chance he eats too much and his
health begins to fail,
The Government then will let him out
from black Kilmainham gaol!

“THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN”

(1890)

OH, wanst I was a tinant, an' I wisht I
was one still,
With my cow an' pig an' praties, an' my
cabin on the hill!
'Twas plinty then I had to drink an' plinty
too to ate,
And the childer had employment on the
Ponsonby estate.

It was in Tipperary town, as down the
street I went,
I met with Mr Blarnigan, that sits in
Parliament:
'Tis he that has the eloquence! An' “Pay
no rint,” says he,
“For that's the way you'll get your land,
an' set the country free.”

I'd paid my rint—sure, 'twas rejuiced—
before the rows began,
An' the agent that was in it was a dacent
kind of man;

But parties kem by moonlight now, and
tould me I must not,
And if I paid it any more they'd surely
have me shot.

The agent said he'd take the half of all the
rint I owed,
Because he'd be unwilling for to put me
on the road :
I said, "I thank your honour, and in glory
may you be !
But that is not the way," says I, "to set
ould Ireland free."

They kem an' put me out of that, and left
me there forlorn,
Beside the empty ruins of the house where
I was born :
I'm independant now myself, and have no
work to do,
Until the day when Ireland is independant
too.

"A day will come," says Blarnigan, "when
tyranny's o'erthrown—
Just hould the rint a year or so, and all the
land's your own !"

Well, 'tis not for the likes of me to question what they say ;
But it's starved we'll be before we see that
great and glorious day !

This fighting against tyranny's a splendid
kind of thrade,
For thim that goes to London for't, and
gets their tickets paid !
I'm loafing on the road myself, an' sorra
know I know
What way I'll live the winter through, an'
where on earth I'll go.

Oh, wanst I was a tinant, an' I wisht I was
one still,
With my cow an' pig an' praties, an' my
cabin on the hill !
Now it's to New York City that I'll have
to cross the sea,
And all because I held my rint to set the
counthry free.

THE PATRIOT'S "POME" (1890)

YE shanties so airy of New Tipperary,
With walls and with floors of the
national mud;
Where the home of the freeman mocks
Tyranny's demon,
And the landlord and agent are nipped
in the bud!

No Saxon may venture those precincts to
enter;
He is barred from their portals by
Liberty's ban;
And we boycott each other, each patriot
brother,
And safely deride the Emergency Man.

Though the comfort exterior, perhaps, is
inferior
To the homes you have left, on a casual
view—
With its excellent moral no person can
quarrel;
Morality's always the weapon for you.

'Tis a duty you owe to your country's condition,

For her, to relinquish your homes and
your pelf:

Were I placed (as I'm not) in a similar
position,

I have no doubt at all I should do so
myself.

It is dastards alone who are ready to
grovel,

And make themselves footballs for land-
lords to kick;

It is better by far to be free in a hovel

Than to owe for your rent in a palace
of brick!

When the Saxon invader has rows with
his tenants,

It's absurd to assert that it's *nihil ad rem*
To inflict on yourselves a gratuitous
penance,

For it irritates him and encourages them.
And it's always a mark of the National
Party—

Which their logical shrewdness distinc-
tively shows—

That each member is ready, with cheerful-
ness hearty,
When his face he would punish, to cut
off his nose.

So we still turn our backs on the gifts of
the Saxon—
Yes, Freedom itself, if they give it,
contemn :
We would willingly have it from Parnell
and Davitt,
But we'd sooner be slaves than accept it
from them !

MR MORLEY'S APOLOGY (1893)

YE statesmen of Erin, Archbishops, M.P.'s,
and Leaders of National Thought,
Pray explain to your friends that I'm anxious
to please, if I do not succeed as I ought!
When I sympathize quite with their notions
of right, it is hard, as I'm sure you'll agree,
That an agent should come with a dynamite
bomb, which perhaps was intended for me!

My views on the tenants evicted for debt
are identical wholly with yours,
And the fact that they're not in possession
as yet no statesman more deeply deplores:
I approve of explosives—they're often a link
which our union may serve to complete—
But they're dangerous too, as I venture to
think, when employed in a populous street.

I planned the Commission; I packed it with
men opposed to the payment of rent;
No landlord had ever evicted again if they
only had done what I meant:
It "adjourned," as I know, in a fortnight or
so, and it did not do much while it sat;
But I was not to blame if we failed in our
aim—for I could not anticipate that.

'Tis a shame, I agree, that I cannot set free
all persons who kill the police ;
'That patriots leal who in dynamite deal I
can only in sections release :
But I think you must see that a statesman
like me has a character moral at stake,
And must simulate doubt as to letting them
out, for my Saxon constituents' sake.

For their sentiments move in the narrowest
groove—be thankful you are not like them!
Mere murder's an act which they seldom
approve, and are even inclined to condemn:
When the patriot blows up his friends or
his foes, those prejudiced Saxons among,
It is reckoned a flaw in his notion of law,
and he is not unfrequently hung.

Then explain to your friends that their means
and their ends I wholly and fully approve,
Though at times what I feel I am forced to
conceal, and to partly dissemble my love ;
And the Saxon, I hope, may develop the
scope of his narrow and obsolete view—
He will alter in time his conception of crime,
on a longer acquaintance with You.

HONESTY REWARDED (1892).

I HAVE always regarded with wonder
and awe

The conception of Justice embodied in Law :
For it dealt in a highly remarkable way
With Cornelius Molloy and with Peter
O'Shea.

Now, Peter O'Shea was by nature a serf,
And he paid (when he could) for his land
and his turf :

But Cornelius, his friend, was a broth of
a boy—

The Sassenach's scourge was Cornelius
Molloy.

Cornelius adopted the Plan of Campaign,
And he tried to tempt Peter, but tempted
in vain.

“’Twas the masher, not thim, I conthacted
to pay :

’Tis a quare kind of business,” said Peter
O'Shea.

But the Plan of Campaign, as its authors
 confess,
 Was not, on the whole, a decided success :
 And the blackguardly minion whom tyrants
 employ
 Evicted at last great Cornelius Molloy.

The Saxon oppressor, still potent for harm,
 Gave Peter a lease of Cornelius' farm :
 Which Peter accepted with virtuous joy—
 For he lived quite adjacent to Mr Molloy.

Cornelius was angry (and faith he'd a right),
 So he came with a party to Peter's by night,
 And they shot through the door, with
 intention to slay
 That traitor and land-grabber, Peter O'Shea.

Poor Peter was pained, but he scorned to
 show fear :
 " Sure the law will protect me so long as
 I'm here :
 'Tis an iligant holding and little to pay ;
 Och ! 'twas only wid shnipe-shot ! " said
 Pether O'Shea.

But the Liberal Party observed with dismay
 The outrageous proceedings of Peter O'Shea ;

And Mr O'Kelly, our pride and our joy,
Made a law for restoring Cornelius Molloy.

Cornelius came back to his former abode,
And Peter was houseless, and starved on
the road :

For Justice, whose methods O'Kelly can
tell,
Gave Cornelius *his* holding and Peter's as
well.

It is this which inspires us with feelings of
awe

For the standards of Justice embodied in
Law :

And tenants, the law when inclined to obey,
Will be cheered by the instance of Peter
O'Shea.

THE END OF IT

MUST we then cease to exist as a party,
Sink to the items that once we have
been,
All for the scruples of Justin M'Carthy,
All for Committee-Room No. 15?

This is the end of a decade of labour,
Blood that we might have—conceivably
—shed,
Daily incitements to boycott your neighbour,
Daily allusions to ounces of lead!

Is it for this that the champion whose
speeches
Fear not to mention the year '98
Sleeps on a plank and is robbed of his
breeches,
Loses some pounds of his natural weight?

These, it would seem, are that patriot's
wages—
Only to hear that the battle is o'er,
Only to blot from our history's pages
Memories of Mitchelstown, tales of
Gweedore!

All the great days of the row and the ruction,
Days on the hillside and nights in the
House,
When by persistent and careful obstruction
Saxons were kept from their yachts and
their grouse :

All was a dream unsubstantial and airy—
Tenants are cravens, and landlords are
paid :
Lone and deserted is New Tipperary,
Lodgings to let in O'Brien Arcade !

Some are for Redmond and some for
M'Carthy,
All are the items that once they have been :
This is the end of the National Party,
All for Committee-Room No. 15.

A NEW DEPARTURE

SHOULD IRELAND SEND HER M.P.s TO
WASHINGTON ?

O H, the Irish M.P.s they are bound for
the seas, to the country of Cleve-
land and Blaine,
And I hear for a fact, their portmanteaus are
packed and we never shall see them
again ;
And Hibernia thrills through her valleys
and hills with a passionate cry of fare-
well,
While the manager weeps as they're paying
their bills, in the Westminster Palace
hotel !

Though he lived all the while in the highest
of style and was fed at his country's
expense,
Yet he felt (did the Celt) that in Meshech
he dwelt, and resided in Kedar its
tents,

And he yearned in his heart to be playing
a part in a higher and holier sphere—
For his soul was alight with a zeal for the
Right that we cannot appreciate here.

Oh, the story is long of the villainous wrong
he endured from the Sassenach reign,
How he languished for weeks, minus
freedom (and breeks), for supporting
the Plan of Campaign ;
How, when statesmen arose, to diminish
his woes, and the tide of oppression
to stem,
We ejected the friends who promoted his
ends, and refused to be guided by them.

For the Tories have won, and the party is
gone that he ruled with his counsel
and swayed,
And there's no one cares *that* for the
suffrage of Pat or will stoop to solicit
his aid :
So the sons of the Gael have determined
to sail for the regions serene of the
West,
Where a Balfour's police from their
bludgeoning cease, and the Patriot
weary may rest !

'Tis in Congress he'll find the intelligent
mind which is able to probe to the
roots

The malignant intrigue that endangers the
League, and M'Carthy's and Dillon's
disputes,—

Which is sure to postpone all affairs of
its own and to list to Tim Healy
intent

When he takes up the tale of Compulsory
Sale, or complete abolition of rent.

There'll be wigs on the green (as in No.
15) and the usual trailing of coats,

For I happen to know Mr Redmond will
go,—by a separate service of boats :—

And O'Brien will show, while he jumps
on his foe and his blood fratricidally
sheds,

'That the Union of Hearts of necessity
starts from a general breaking of
heads.

The Hibernian M.P.s are afloat on the seas,
the debates of the West to control,

And the thought of their scheme's a mag-
nificent dream which may calm our
disconsolate soul :

For if ever the Yanks should return them
with thanks and consider their pres-
ence a bore,

We have plenty of cranks in the Radical
ranks, and can always supply them
with more !

MULLIGAN ON THE AUSTRIAN
PARLIAMENT

[T was a gallant Irishman, and thus I
heard him sing—

“To legislate at Westminster’s a dull
decorous thing :

But O in merry Austria’s deliberative hall,
Bedad, the fun and divilment is simply
kolossàl!

“No base procedure rules restrain those
wild untutored Czechs ;

They have no vile formalities the patriot’s
soul to vex :

While we must catch the Speaker’s eye
before a word is said,

In free and happy Austria they blacken it
instead.

“Cold water oft on me to throw is Mr
Gully’s whim,

But Dr Abrahamovitch has buckets thrown
on him :

Quite pleasant and familiar are their deal-
ings with the Chair—

We ‘pull’ sometimes the Speaker’s ‘leg’
—they always pull his hair !

“When, for my own metropolis, I quit
 this formal scene,
 And Ireland’s native Parliament shall sit in
 College-green,
 To keep the fun alive and fresh we’ll bring
 a Czech or two
 (The Czechs but not the Balances that
 Mr Gladstone knew):

“We’ll have no dictatorial rule—no Peels
 or Gullys there—
 But Dr Abrahamovitch shall fill the
 Speaker’s chair:
 ’Tis he shall guide by gentle arts our
 legislative aims,
 While Mr Dillon tweaks his nose and
 Healy calls him names.”

It was an Irish patriot, and thus I heard
 him say—
 “O set me in Vienna’s walls, beneath the
 Kaiser’s sway!
 For since Home Rule I cannot get, ’tis
 there that I would be,
 A-chivying the President, an Austrian
 M.P.!”

BROKEN VOWS

O PARTY, pledged in years ago to
change our sad condition,
How have you left your task undone and
quite resigned your Mission !
How changed the time since tongue and
pen our feuds combined to smother,
And Harcourt walked with Healy then as
brother walks with brother !

We from Coercion's darkest gloom saw
Erin's star re-risen,
You hob-and-nobbed with patriots, whom
yourselves had sent to prison :
It was our schemes of mutual good such
close allies that made us :
You spoke as we decreed you should ; we
voted as you bade us :

'Twas we, when fain you were to fare on
Office' loaves and fishes,
'Twas we alone who put you there despite
your country's wishes :

While you, when some our acts would blame,
 proved nought could be absurder
Than rent to call a legal claim, or land-
 lord-shooting murder.

Yet why recount our ancient loves which
 now you turn your backs on?
The maxim old it only proves—you ne'er
 should trust a Saxon:
Deceitful still, his promised plan he docks,
 interprets, hedges,
And when he thinks he safely can, he
 turns and breaks his pledges!

True Celts despise the paltry baits where-
 with you try to feed 'em:
What! offer your diminished rates to men
 who pine for Freedom!
On County Councils ne'er can thrive a
 People's aspirations,
No local Government can give a place
 among the Nations!

Begone! to swell the Jingo train and ape
 the tricks of 'Tories:
Let Rosebery share with Chamberlain his
 cheap Imperial glories:

Let Primrose Leaguers' base applause to
Duty's promptings blind you—
Desert an outraged nation's cause, and take
this curse behind you :—

Expect your doom, ye Liberals! though
now you scorn and flout us,
Full soon within St Stephen's walls you'll
fare but ill without us :
No more to us for succour come ; for
when you most would have it,
It will not be forthcoming from yours truly,
MICHAEL DAVITT !

THE TRUE REMEDY (1898)

THE angry Gael to sooth you'll fail—the
wrongs he lays your door at

It won't redress to pay his cess and nearly
all his poor rate :

'Tis useless quite to calm his spite by
show'ring blessings o'er him,

While still he lacks the O's and Macs his
fathers had before him !

But now, to close the tale of woes which
long had tried our patience,

Great MacAleese cements a peace between
the warring nations ;

No more the swords of Saxon hordes are
rankling in our vitals,

For Erin's shore enjoys once more her
ancient styles and titles.

O long ago had things been so ere feud
had rent our party,

And Parnell those for leader chose while
these preferred McCarthy,

I doubt not but the Cause had cut a far
superior figure,

If, better led, we'd had for head O'Parnell
and MacBiggar !

'Twas hard to spot the patriot when
parties mingled freely,
And Labouchere at times would share the
politics of Healy ;
A symbol new and plain to view from such
mistakes will free him—
By Mac and O you'll always know a
patriot when you see him :

This shibboleth shall bind till death, with-
out respect of faction,
In mutual love, all persons of Hibernian
extraction :
I see them stand, a gallant band, agreed
each question vexed on,
O'Saunderson in heart at one with Dillon
and MacSexton !

And when we've found Home Rule All
Round the only panacea,
The Welsh perhaps will all be Aps—the
Scotchmen Macs as we are—
While Englishmen will sorrow then, in
shame and degradation,
To think they've not the titles got which
really make a Nation.

UNITED IRELAND

“ Here’s your fery good health,
And tamn ta Whuskey Duty ! ”

THOUGH Hibernians for long in dis-
sension have dwelt

(As a dog that resides with a cat),
There’s a bond that the Saxon allies to the
Celt—

They are perfectly solid on that !
And if ever their union is marred by a flaw,
It is due to the craven who shrinks
From proclaiming aloud the immutable law,
That he ought not to pay for his drinks.

They have differed at times on the theme
of Repeal

(As I gather from platform and press),
And the language they used in their patriot
zeal

Was intended to wound and distress :
But at last they are joined by a brotherly
love,

And his anger the patriot sinks ;
For his eloquence now is directed to prove
That he ought not to pay for his drinks.

There were times when the payment that
landlords demand
Was a source of continual woe,
When the tenant preferred to adhere to
his land,
And the agent preferred him to go :
When their claims to adjust and the balance
to strike
Was a riddle to baffle the Sphinx,—
But they're reconciled now, by resolving
alike
That they never will pay for their drinks.

There's an influence soft, which has calmed
and assuaged
The contentions of Orange and Green :
It has silenced the wars that were formerly
waged
In Committee Room Number Fifteen :
For in Cork and Belfast they're united at last
By the strongest and surest of links,
And together they go for the Sassenach foe
Who has asked them to pay for their
drinks !

JUSTICE FOR
PRIVATE MULVANEY

THERE'S a gentleman called Doolan
with an eloquence would charm ye
When he talks of shooting landlords and
of peaceful themes like that :
But I'd like to undesave him on the subject
of the Army—

Sure the things he says about us are the
idlest kind of chat !

We are all (says he) seditious, and the most
of us is Fenians :

(And it's true I am a Fenian when I find
meself at home :)

But he says we're that devoted to our
patriot opinions

That we would not face the foeman when
the marching orders come !

Is it that way, Mither Doolan, that you'd
see your country righted ?

Troth, to many in the Service 'twill be
information new

That they'd lave the flag they followed and
betray the faith they plighted
To be comrades and companions of a
gentleman like you !
'Tisn't mutiny and treason will make Ire-
land e'er a nation :
No, we never yet were traitors, though
we're rebels now and then !
For your country's name to tarnish and dis-
grace her reputation—
Faith ! it may be " patriotic," but it isn't
fit for men.

Would we shame those valiant Irishmen,
the lads of Meath and Mallow,
Them that fought with Moore and Beres-
ford through many a hard campaign,
Men that dared the Saxon follow, with a
roaring " Faugh-a-ballagh,"
And that shed their blood like water on
the stricken fields of Spain ?
Would we shame our bold companions and
the land, the land that bore us,
And the gallant boys that led us, and the
rattling days we've seen,
When we drove the foe before us with the
" Shan Van Voght " in chorus,
And we stormed his mountain stronghold
to " The Wearing of the Green ? "

Though we've cursed the name of England:
 though in faith and blood we're aliens:
 Though we're bred to hate the Union as
 an Irishman should do—
Yet we're shoulder still to shoulder in the
 Englishman's battalions,
 And the soldier's pride in Erin is the
 pledge that he'll be true.
No! if e'er the day is coming of an Irish
 host's uniting,
 When they march to meet the Saxon,
 with the green above the red,
'Mid the ranks of England's foemen 't isn't
 we that will be fighting—
—And it isn't Mr Doolan will be march-
 ing at their head!

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