

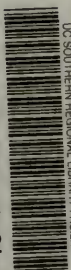
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FIVE NOTIONS

CROSLAND

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LONDON: GRANT RICHARDS

THE FIVE NOTIONS

BY T. W. H. CROSLAND



LONDON
GRANT RICHARDS
1903

NOTE

“The Five Notions,” “M.C.,” “Books,” “South Africa,” and “The White Man’s Burden,” are hereby published for the first time. Of the other pieces, fourteen have not hitherto been printed in book form. The remaining seven are reproduced by arrangement with the Unicorn Press from “Other People’s Wings” and “The Absent-Minded Mule.”

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THE FIVE NOTIONS

THE FIVE NOTIONS

'E 'ath Five Notions 'ath R. K.,
For to put in 'is 'eavenly song,
An', come to think of it, I say
That every one of 'em is wrong.

'E 'ath a notion that the War
Was a Imperial beano, gave
By a 'eroic people for
A people twenty times as brave.

An' if you take his little book
An' read wherever you may choose,
Tho' you may look, an' look, an' look,
You won't see nothin' of no Jews.

THE FIVE NOTIONS

As if old England, once agen,
 Raged in the field for honour's sake !
 An' certain 'Ebrew gentlemen
 'Ad got no interests at stake !

.
 'E 'ath a notion that the boys
 'Oo ran that War was 'owlin' fools,
 'Oo thought their 4.7's was toys,
 Likewise, their camps was Sunday Schools.

Johnnies 'oo talked so bloomin' well
 That when they spoke it made you cry,
 An' blew each other into 'Ell
 All out of Christian charity.

An' cracked the movin' patriot wheeze,
 An' patronised ' this world so wide,'
 An' 'eld each other's arteries
 An' so on, till each other died.

As if there was no murderin'
On either side, no jag, no bust,
No 'riginal an' no mortal sin,
No 'orrid 'ate, no wicked lust!

.

'E 'ath a notion that C. Rhodes
Was, very nearly, the Most 'Igh,
An' that South African abodes
Send up their smoke into "his sky."

Ar—you might think from Rudyard's lines
That Cecil went about in white:
'E never owned no dimon mines,
'E drank no fizz with Verner Beit!

My aunt—'is sky! The sky was wot,
Tho' all things else choked up 'is cab,
'E most distinctly 'adn't got
An' most distinctly couldn't grab.

THE FIVE NOTIONS

As if he weren't that sort of man,
 Fonder 'n you an' me of pelf,
 As if 'is Gawdalmighty plan
 Didn't mean nothin' for 'isself!

E 'ath a notion 'e 's the Bee
 'Oo 'ath the 'Oneysuckle found
 In silly Sussex by the Sea :
 O, a fair ground—O, a fair ground!

Where clerks is worked so very late,
 An' trippers venture up the pole,
 An' gilt-edged toffs recuperate
 Outside the 'Otel Potrémole.

An' scallops is so bloomin' cheap,
 An' vittles is so bad an' dear,
 An' Captain Collins ploughs the deep,
 An' everyone says, 'Look-it-'ere!'

As if, becos 'e 'ad a place
At Rottin'dean upon the map,
'E likewise 'ad a Sussex face
An' was a proper Sussex chap!

.

'E 'ath a notion 'e was sent
To be a poet of renown ;
An' when 'e's at the instrument
The 'eavenly Muses can sit down.

Yet, 'e will rhyme you "sward" and "sword,"
Put "sheep—" an' "ship-bell" in one line,
An' generally bang the board,
An' think it's fine—an' think it's fine.

He says i's wild white 'orse is "wise,"
"Wise" also is 'is turf or sod ;
An' all 'is ways he justifies
By callin' on the Lord 'is God.

As if the Lord 'is God don't like
A little care in poetses lays,
As if it weren't a sin to skrike
When you might warble in 'Is praise !

M.C.

(THE HIGHER MUSICAL CRITICS)

I wish my mother could see me now, with a flat hat
under my arm,
And a bit of silk tucked up my cuff to wipe my brow
when it's warm,
Sitting in Covent Garden *foyer*, in a collar that
strangles me :

I used to be a reporter once,
Leicester, Nottingham, Wigan once,
Newcastle, Thames Embankment once,
But now I am M.C.

That is what we are known as—we are the crowd
that bawls
“What d'ye think of it Muggins” out of the “A”
row of stalls.

We are the chaps that always say "staff," when we're
buying the Scotch-whiskey

We are the chronic Johnnies! Roll up the——
M.C.!

My 'ands are spotty with ink-stains, my shirt is a
dirty blue,

My swallowtails have gone shiney, but that don't
matter to you.

And never mind which dam column I write, nor
what my paper may be,

I wrote on Art in the *Dishcloth* once,

I wrote the fashions in *Petticoats* once,

I used to be on the *Cheesemonger* once,

But now I am M.C.

That is what we are known as—we are the 'oly
push

That likes to be caught on the Opera stairs and
crushed in the Opera crush,

And brings its Ma to an off-night show, looking
sadly décolletée,

We are the regular Johnnies—We are the——M.C.

And when the Opera "closes its doors," and the
Concerts start, you know,
Around the town with our wife, Mrs. Brown, we
giggle and babble and blow,
And if there's any Strauss to the fore, we're glad as
glad can be,
 We used to butter De Lara once,
 We all went mad on De Lara once
 (Once, my ducky, an' only once)
 Since we have been M.C.

That is what we are known as—we are the beggars
that got
Three hours "to learn orchestration" an' six days to
master the lot—
Gounod, Berlioz, Verdi, Wagner, and Tschaikowskee
We are the musical Johnnies! We are the——M.C.

I wish my mother could see me now, she bein' a
woman o' sense,
When I ride like a gentleman up to Queen's 'All
and back at the office expense.

I really can't understand what I've done that such,
luck should happen to me,
I used to think it ridiculous once,
I wouldn't ha' thought it possible once,
A penny 'bus was *my* mark once,
But now I am M.C.

That is what we are known as—we are the Johnnies
you view
Standing up in the alleys when there's anything on
that's new,
Whisperin' an' grinnin' together, settlin' things to
a "t,"
"I think you are right old chappie, we'll both say
the same"—M.C!

I wish myself could talk to myself as I left him two
seasons ago,
I could tell 'im a lot that would 'elp 'im a lot in
matters he ought to know.
To think of the ignorant, blushful kid yours truly
used to be!—

Why, I tried to learn the piano once !
I got as far as "The Keel Row " once !
In Farmer's excellent " tutor " once !
And now I am M.C. !

That is what we are known as—we are the boys that
have been
Nearly a year at the musical graft, smelt it, an' felt
it, an' seen,
We are the 'igher critics, and we can't tell A
from G,
My Gawd ! go and read in the papers the stuff that
we sign M.C. !

Night—night, Johnnies ! Sorry you 'ave to go !
Mop up the drink in your glasses, let your fountain-
pens flow,
Turn out the lights on the front boys, send up your
pars to Room B,
Let's 'ave a drink at the Savage. Here's to the
rorty M.C. !

BOOKS

(ACCORDING TO THE PUBLISHERS)

We'RE fools—slog—slog—slog—sloggin' over London
town.

Sub—sub—sub—sub—scribin' in the provinces—
Books—books—books—books, comin' in and not
goin' out again !

That's what gives us the 'ump !

Seven — three — thirteen — two — twenty-six — the
sales to-day !

Four—two—twenty-six—thirteen—seven—the day
before !

Books—books—books—books, comin' in and not
goin' out again ;

Lordy, *ain't* it a trade ?

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what's in front
of you ;

Books—books—books—books, comin' in and not
goin' out again !

Men—men—men—men—men go mad with watchin'
'em,

An' the paper-maker knockin' at the door

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something dif-
ferent

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic !

Books—books—books—books, comin' in an' not
goin' out again !

An' the printer here once more.

Count—count—count—count—the bills upon that
file, my boy,

If—your—eyes—dropped—out, I shouldn't be sur-
prised :

Books—books—books—books, comin' in an' not
goin' out again,

An' the binder shoutin' for a cheque.

We—can—stick—out, hard work, thirst, an' weariness

But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of 'em—
Books—books—books—books, comin' in an' not
goin' out again,

An' the author shiverin' on the stairs.

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company,
But night—brings—wild—dreams o' forty thousand
million,

Books—books—books—books, comin' in and not
goin' out again,

An' a place in Carey Street.

I—'ave—spent—six months in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils—or anything

But books—books—books—books comin' in an' not
goin' out again,

That gives us all the 'ump.

SOUTH AFRICA

LIVED a woman, wonderful
 (May the Lord defend her !)
Possibly she was not true,
But the sparkle of her drew
Hebrew gentlemen a few
 Hotly to attend her.

*Hebrew gentlemen a few,
 From Berwick¹ unto Dover ;
For she wath South Africa,
And she wath South Africa,
She wath our South Africa,
 Africa all over !*

* There are no Jews in Scotland.—OLD BALLAD.

THE FIVE NOTIONS

Half her land was dead with drouth,
 (Yeth, my dear, let's whithper),
 She was fenced with fire and sword,
 But some little holes we bored,
 Gold and diamonds thence outpoured,
 So we all thaid Mithpah !

*True, ah true, an' over true,
 That ith why we love her !
 For she ith South Africa,
 And she ith South Africa,
 She ith our South Africa,
 Africa all over !*

Bitter hard her black men toiled,
 Groaning, "How they work us!"
 We got very rich indeed,
 She for prospering Jacob's seed
 Got the usual woman's meed,
 And a gaudy Circus.

In the end she showed some teeth,
 Oh, it *wath* a pity !

Seemed to looth her equipoise,
Kicked up such a devil's noise,
That we had to send the boys—
Soldiers from the City.

They took ship and they took sail,
Eager to reprove her,
And she fought like any cat,
Scratched and yelled and bit and spat,
Also gave 'em anti-fat,
And they couldn't move her.

Nigh three years she fought and fought,
Working us much woe there,
All her land is dripping red,
Many thousands dead as dead,
Now they're sitting on her head,
And it's safe to go there.

Wherefore, being bought by blood,
And by blood rethtoréd

To the arms that nearly lost
She, becauth of all she cost
Other people, is the most
Lovelley and adorèd !

*Tholly, Thidney, let them know
Thith ith why we love her !
For she ith South Africa,
She ith our South Africa,
Ith OUR OWN South Africa,
Africa all over !*

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

TAKE up the White Man's burden—

Go forth at 4 A.M.

To start the White Man's engines

And run his mills with them,

Attend his shining spindles

His shuttles where they roar,

What time the portly White Man

Takes up his morning snore.

Take up the White Man's burden,

Descend his reeking shafts,

Gasp in his red-hot workings

And get your air in wafts :

And since there is no telling

How soon you may be dead,

Remember, that fat White Man

Is shooting overhead !

THE FIVE NOTIONS

Take up the White Man's burden,
Behold his stalwart sons ;
It's you that's got to keep 'em
In rods and dogs and guns,
And four-in-hands and valets,
And wives and starts-in-life :
Don't let the White Man's offspring
Be jostled in the strife !

Take up the White Man's burden,
Behold his daughter fair,
Her healthy English features,
Her pretty English hair ;
Your sons she may not marry,
She is too proud a peck,
But you'll provide her trousseau
And her healthy English cheque.

Take up the White Man's burden,
Things are not what they were ;
And dwindling British incomes
Are causing us much care.

The taxes and the death dues,
They make the White Man weep,
And when he thinks of WAGES
The White Man cannot sleep.

Take up the White Man's burden,
Tho' you be knaves and dull ;
You wouldn't let him perish
While you and yours go full.
He only asks for justice,
His trouble will be sped
If you will let him levy
A little tax on bread.

O White Men who are burdened
With White Men who are not,
This is the highest wisdom—
Freeze on to what you've got,
Give ear unto their speeches,
Be patient with their books
But don't you trust a farthing
To Joey and his dukes.

HOSPITAL

I GOES unto a 'orspital to see a pal o' mine
'Oo's been shot through both 'is ankles a-fightin' in
the line ;

I finds that bloomin' 'orspital was a bloomin' workus
ward,

An' to myself I says, says I, " Now, *ain't* it jolly 'ard ?
It's Tommy this an' Tommy that, an' ' Mind an'
slug the Boer ! ' "

But it's ' Try the Union, Tommy, ' when you've
made your little score—

When you've made your little score, my boys,
when you've made your little score,

You can go and be a porper when you've made
your little score."

I meets a chap from Montreal a-starvin' in the street,
'E'd done 'is bit at Paarderberg, an' 'ad no grub to eat ;

“ Why ’ave they brung me ’ere,” ’e says, “ acrost the
Eastern foam
An’ made a cadger of a man wot’s fairly snug at
home ?

O, it’s Brother this and Brother that, an’ ‘ Kindly
shed your blood,’

But, when you come to London, bein’ a Brother
ain’t no good—

It reely ain’t no good, my boys, it reely ain’t no
good :

They dump you into London—an’ London ain’t
no good.”

.

The scene was changed : I finds myself inside a big
’otel.

The tables groaned with vittles, an’ the wines was
very swell ;

I sees a row of *bookets* an’ a blaze of ’lectric light,
An’ I heard a fellar say, “ Me lords—the ’ealth of
Sir George White ! ”

O, it's 'Ero this an' 'Ero that, an' the ladies
smile so sweet,
While the common British Tommy gets the
workus an' the street—
The workus an' the street, my boys, the workus
an' the street,
The man that did the *fightin'* gets the workus
an' the street.

THE BEGINNING

As Adam sat a-thinking
Over his supper ale,
Eve, weary of her distaff,
Said "Adam, tell 's a tale!" ...
Adam, to do him justice,
Went very, very pale.

He said, "I—do not know one"
(This was a trifle slim);
Eve pouted pretty poutings;
He said, "Well—have your whim."
*We must not blame poor Adam—
The woman tempted him.*

THE FIVE NOTIONS

He lifted up his flagon
And said, "What shall it be?—
A tale about a"—[Here he drank
Deep of the barley bree]
And Eve said, "Why not make it
About a man—and me?"

So Adam made a story,
How underneath the moon
A man looked on a woman
Till he was like to swoon,
And how he loved and loved her
From April into June.

And how in June they quarrelled
(About a man, in brief)
And how the lady pined and pined
And nearly died of grief.
[Here to her eye did Eve apply
Her pocket-handkerchief.]

“ But in the end,” quoth Adam,
 “ It all came out just-so ;
And hand in hand those lovers
 Unto a church did go.
It was a pretty wedding
 And—well, the rest you know.”

Thus Adam, without thinking,
 Called down the primal curse,
And started Art with fiction
 Instead of minor verse,
Which might have been much better
 Or might have been much worse.

Thus Eve, our common mother,
 By pretty, female tricks,
Helped to bring us, her children,
 Into our present fix,
With footle at six shillings,
 And stodge at three-and-six.

THE VOLUNTEER

THERE was a little man—
A stocky little man—
And o' nights, when his day's work was done, done,
done,
He would steadfastly repair
To a certain cindered square,
And learn to throw a chest and use a gun, gun,
gun—
And learn to throw a chest and use a gun.

His tunic didn't fit,
And his helmet wouldn't sit,
His bayonet hit against him with a flog, flog, flog.
And whenever he went out
Evil-minded boys would shout :

“ Look 'ere, old man, you *know* you shot that dog,
dog, dog—
Between ourselves, you really shot that dog ! ”

The neighbours said, “ My eye !

Now *ain't* he just a guy ? ”

That is what the neighbours said, said, said.

And the drill instructor swore

He had never met before

A person with so adipose a head, head, head—

A person half so fat about the head.

But the little man was wise,

And he learnt his exercise,

Till he done it with a little bit in hand, hand, hand ;

And he took the public ways

All the dusty Saturdays,

Content that he might walk behind the band, band,
band—

Content that he might step it to the band.

His chance has come at length,

He is going upon the strength,

He is fairly in the middle of the swim, swim, swim ;

And that "second army corps"
Won't be heard of any more,
For the Government's a-falling back on *him, him*
him—
O the Government's a-falling back on *him!*

ERRORS

OH, war's a thing of beauty
An' most pleasant for to run :
You take your sword an' rifle
An' your pretty 7-pound gun ;
You step aboard a transport,
The wind blows sweet an' fair,
An' the blawsted foe gets up to go,
Before you're half-way there.
(With a *Tow-row-row* !)
Don't believe it :
I assure you
It's a error !

Oh, a soldier he loves fightin'
Prefer-ably to beer ;

THE FIVE NOTIONS

To him, the day of battle
 Is the nicest in the year ;
 And when you've been an' dumped him
 Into the jaws of 'ell,
 An' he lies out o' bed with a hole in his head,
 He thinks he's doing well.

(With a *Tow-row-row !*)

Don't believe it :

I assure you

It's a error !

We're the very finest people
 That breathe the breath of life,
 Our upper lip is always stiff,
 We're 'eroes in the strife,
 An', of course (in a manner of speaking)
 It follows on its legs
 That when we're makin' omlicks
 We needn't break no eggs.

(With a *Tow-row-row !*)

Don't believe it :

I assure you

That's a error

“BOBS”

THERE'S a little man we know,
Name o' Bobs,
Comin' out to work the show—
Our Bobs ;
Sixty odd, if 'e's a day,
Trifle baldish, trifle grey—
Which don't matter anyway,
Do it, Bobs ?

'E don't gas about the game,
Modest Bobs ;
But 'e plays it all the same,
F.-M. Bobs ;
Walkin' ears an' sense an' eyes,
Nuffen takes 'im by surprise—
Try an' get a bloomin' rise
Outer Bobs !

THE FIVE NOTIONS

'E's the sort to bring you luck,
General Bobs ;

An' 'e'll wire you when 'e's stuck,
Little Bobs.

When they say 'e can't fight Boer,
It just sorter makes 'im roar
Till his little chest is sore—
Don't it, Bobs ?

When the prospect don't entice,
Ring up Bobs ;

You will get the best advice
Off'n Bobs ;

If yer Awmy's put to rout,
An' the people's on the shout,
An' the 'Orse Guards feels in doubt,
Send for Bobs.

We are fit for anyfink
Under Bobs,

Fightin's simply meat and drink
When we've Bobs ;

All our Generals means biz,
All has blood in 'em like fizz,
But for general purposes,
Gimme Bobs !

So 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur—
 Good old Bobs, Bobs, Bobs !
'E's our only Transvaalader,
 Little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs !
Mr. Kipling, I am sure,
Won't be angry, if once more
We chalk plainly on the floor,
 “Bless yer, Bobs !”

CRITICS

As our father the Devil, becultured and fine,
Has work for his children at so much per line,
So we, for poor authors, with feather or steel
Set down on cheap paper the thing that we feel.

For this is our virtue—to be of one mood,
To spurn what is stupid and puff what is good ;
Arraying, displaying all beauties, all faults,
And drawing the chalk-line 'twixt true men and
dolts.

Now pray you consider what toils we endure
A-laying down law and a-making cocksure,
Till half of our trade seems of that stodgy sort
Which overfed barristers practise in court.

The poor silly writer, intending no wrong,
At Springtide and Autumn he cometh along :
Then lightless and lightfoot and lurking leap we
To show him exactly the man he may be.

“Turn here and turn there, take page so-and so,
How gracious the words ! how sweetly they flow !
What passion, what vision, what vigour, what grip !
O go forth and purchase ! And that’s the straight
tip !”

Or, “This is a book of the kind no one wants ;
The author is foolish, and openly flaunts
His plain lack of wit : he deserves of our stripes,
But we haven’t no space. Let him serve to light
pipes !”

Which is all very well, as the sane will concede,
And might be of use, if we only agreed ;
But the canons of taste can never be fixed,
And, of course, in the long run, the public get
mixed.

One praises, one blames, and another does both ;
 To praise or to blame we're exceedingly loth,
 Wherefore, as a rule, we are "both"-ers, and let
 The scales swing to balance unfilliped. And yet

What see we ? A publisher tearing his hair !
 What hear we ? An author indulging in swear !
 What make we ? A guinea, or two—or say, ten !
 What chase we ? Well—that's where you have us
 again !

So times without number we treat you to "shows,"
 Our notices cumber the papers in rows,
 And the sheen of our pens is like stars on the sea
 Where the blue wave rolls nightly on deep
 Galilee.

*Now the Summer's at end, and our peoples take heart,
 For the dog-days are done that restrainèd our art ;
 And, shortly, the works that are gone for to bind
 Will be loosed (oh be swift !) to the sport of our kind.*

THE NEW ISSUE

UNCLE SAM, I'm sartin sure you hev some sense,
Otherwise you wuddn't set so on the fence,

Otherwise you'd sorter cease fr'm goin' slow,
Otherwise you'd kinder kick at lyn' low.

In your earlier youth, Sam, you was middlin' pert,
Gettin' folks their rights, Sam, even ef it hurt.

You would go a-fightin' punctoal ez the cars,
Overhead "Ole Glory," over that the Stars.

Sence, you've travelled *some*, Sam, shakin' of things
up,
Till you've grow'd ez sinful ez a Bowery pup;

Rings an' trusts an' corners, hev you like the gripes—
Which, I reckon, Sam'l, orter du fur "Stripes."

Also there is Cuby, *an'* the Philippines—
Sixty thousan' men, Sam, rustin' in your lines,

Eatin' of their heads off, tryin' fur the foe,
Though you settled Spain, Sam, several months ago.

Oh, the cares of Empire ! Oh, the cares of State !
Heavy on your mind, Sam, these hev bin of late :

But you're big an' strong, Sam (think how you was
reared !) ;
You'll come out all right, Sam, ef you don't get
skeered.

You an' me an' him, Sam ! What's in front of us ?
We can see it shinin' clear thru all the fuss :

We can make the world, Sam—Work the hull
darned show ;
It is bound to come, Sam, only *hoe your row* !

PITCHED OUT

I'm sittin' in the 'Ouse, Mary,
 With the pore on either hand,
I'm sittin' in the 'Ouse, Mary,
 Who once stood in the Strand
And sold the pearly collar stud
 At "free a penny, Sir,"
And had a pitch worth fifty quid,
 Vide the Westminster.

The Strand is little changed, Mary,
 Being muggy now, as then,
Its hansoms rattle in my ear,
 Its 'busmen swear again ;
But wot 'es got the flower girls ?
 An' where—oh, bitter loss !—
Is the man that sold toy bagpipes
 Outside of Charing Cross ?

THE FIVE NOTIONS

'Tis but a step down Chancery Lane,
And the little church stands near,
But who would purchase pearly studs
In Chancery Lane, my dear?
For Chancery Lane is a lane to itself
An' very hard to please,
An' it never buys nuffin' at all
Except *Academies*.

An' 'es for side streets—on my oath,
They ain't worth lookin' at,
Though they be filled with offices
An' oyster shops an' that.
The very thought of standing there
Is enough to break yer rest;
You might as well go plant yerself
In them solemn squares out West.

I'm very lonely now, Mary,
For the pore make no new friends;
An' luck is luck, an' the pore must take
Whatever bad luck sends;

But the Strand was all I had, Mary,
My livin' and my pride ;
There's nothing left to care for now,
An' here I am "inside."

I'm biddin' you a long farewell,
My Mary—kind and true ;
The 'Ouse is nice an' snug, Mary,
But it wouldn't do for you.
They say there's bread and work for all,
An', at times, a drop of beer ;
But I can't forget the muddy Strand
And the trade I did, my dear.

P.S.

They also say I've been took in,
That the Strand is still all right,
That the 'awker an' his little tray
Is not what chokes it quite,
Is not wot chokes it quite, my dear,
Is not wot chokes it quite,
So meet me roun' by the Sesil, love,
For I'm comin' out to-night.

MYSTERY

THE man who writes the Mudie-books
He wandered down the Strand :
He said, " It is a curious thing,
I've a shilling in my hand,
And the fictionists with not much more
Are a fairly numerous band."

The man who writes the poetry
Shuffled down Cecil Court :
" If there be an art of life," he said,
" 'Tis the art of going short ;
' Follow the gleam,' says Tennyson,
I do it, and I ort."

The man who writes the children's books
Tramp'd Henrietta Street : ¹

This establishment is now situated at 48 Leicester Square.

His head was bare, his matted hair
Was silvery with sleet ;
“ If I could plant seventeen,” he said,
“ I might make both ends meet.”

And the men who wrote philosophy,
Sermons, and half-a-crown
Books in *belles-lettres*, and so forth,
Went up and down the town
Crying aloud, “ The Lord be thanked,
We have incomes of our own ! ”

Also, the publisher, at home
In his little shooting-box,
Observed unto his wife, “ My love,
Ahead of us are rocks.
We’ll be dragged, I’m sure, to the workhouse
door
By my huge remainder stocks.”

Likewise, the thrifty bookseller
Wept many a bitter drop :
“ What is the blessed use ? ” he said,
“ The slump declines to stop ;

And if it holds for another month,
“ I'll have to shut up shop.”

Ah, sad and sad it is to see
Such worthy folk in woe ;
To hear them moan, to hear them groan,
It hurts one's spirit so ;
But what I want to know is this ;
Where do the profits go ?

SAINT PATRICK, LOQUITUR

(MARCH 1900)

OCH, what ye tell me
'Tis as sweet for hearing
As the babblingest burn
 That iver run ;
For I do rimimber
How, in me hurry,
Whin I boxed thim snakes
 I left out *one* !

An awful divvle
Wid a sting like murder,
An' a hiss like whirlwinds,
 An' a eye like hell,
That would go on his belly
Throughout all Ireland,
An' nowhere he wint
 Might the folks be well.

THE FIVE NOTIONS

They've tried to catch him,
They've tried to kill him,
They've tried to scotch him
 F'r cinturies.

An' at last when they chased him
Out o' sight (wid the polis)
He grinned an' said,
 " I'm still here, if ye please ! "

Says the Queen : " *I'll* get him,
Wid some Irish Guards, now,
An' a bit o' shamrock
 Hung over me door " ;
An' begob, she's done it
All in a minute—
Why did no person
 Thry the same before ?

MINOR

I WENT into a publisher's as woeful as a hearse,
The publisher he ups and says, "Why *will* you chaps
write verse?"

The girl behind the Remington she tittered fit to
die,

I outs into the street again and to myself says I :

O it's verses this, and verses that, and writing 'em
is wrong ;

But it's "special type and vellum" when you hit
on something strong,

You hit on something strong, my boys, you hit on
something strong,

O it's "signed large paper copies" when you hit
on something strong.

I calls upon an editor—a very nice young man—
Says he, “Send in your stanzas and we’ll use ’em if
we can” :

Of course I sends ’em to him in the usual bloomin’
way,

Of course he keeps and keeps ’em, and he’s got ’em
to this day !

And it’s verses this, and verses that, and verses
for to burn ;

But they set ’em up in pica when the tide begins
to turn,

The tide begins to turn, my boys, the tide begins
to turn,

O it’s “Two-twelve-six a sonnet” when the tide
begins to turn.

I prints a little book and puts it round like, for
review,

Which—when you come to think of it—is the proper
thing to do :

“ We have upon our table Mr. Blanky’s *Leaves that
Fall,*”

And “ Another little ship of song ! Wants ballast,”
—that was all.

And it’s verses this, and verses that, and a par to
say you’ve sinned ;

But it’s fine fat full-page notice when you hit ’em
in the wind,

You hit ’em in the wind, my boys, you hit ’em in
the wind,

You’re a ’owlin’, ’eavenly Milton, when you hit
’em in the wind. . . .

We aint no ’eavenly Miltons, nor we aint no idiots
too,

But plodding men with fam’lies, and a pile to make,
like you ;

And all the time you see us down-at-heel and looking
weak

We’re a-casting of our bread upon the waters, so to
speak :

For it's verses this, and verses that, and things
run pretty rough,
But there's Albert Gate in verses if you only
write the *stuff*,
If you only write the stuff, my boys, if you only
write the stuff,
O it's yachts and rows of houses if you only write
the stuff.

CHOCOLATE

“ Ho,” says the Queen, says she, “ these ’ere Mister
Atkinses,

What’s always served me decent an’ been heedful
of my call,

Now, poor lambs, they’ve got to stay an’ spend their
merry Chrismasses

Out upon the veldt an’ things a-looking after
Paul :

Services like these,” she says, “ ought to bring a man
reward,

A bit of something extery beside his ’ansome
pay.”

“ Ho,” says the Queen, says she,

“ Put it on my little slate,

Half a pound of chocolate

For Mister Thomas A.”

“Ho,” says the Queen, says she, when she goes
a-shopping like,

“Chrissmass gifts is ruinous, and Noo Year’s gifts
is worse ;

Dimins, pearls, and joolery for my great-great-grand-
childer

Makes a fairish hole into a none too ample purse :
All the same,” the Queen she says, “Tommy shall
not be forgot ;

Management, without a doubt, is woman’s proper
lay.”

“Ho,” says the Queen, says she,
“This’ll please his nibs, you bet
Half a pound of chocholet
For Mister Thomas A.”

“Ho,” says the Queen, says she, “dump it into
pretty tins,

Put my phiz on each of ’em and breek the bloomin’
dies,

Hurry up them Quakers now ; let the stuff be quality ;
The tin a sorter keepsake for hissself and kids to
prize—

Tommy's got a lot to do, thumping Paul for me and
you,
A present from the Missis cannot fail to make him
gay."

"Ho," says the Queen, says she,
"Sixty thousand horse and foot—
Half a pound of chocolut
For Mister Thomas A."

DODGES

A FAT man went out walking,
The morn was fresh and fair,
The fat man, being light of heart,
Whistled a trivial air.
And, suddenly, round a corner,
He met a publisher.

“Heaven prosper you, young gentleman,
And a blessing on our tryst.
Here is a little paper—
Nay, take it—I insist—
You’ll fine it most informing :
It is my new Spring list.

“To-day I publish ‘Incense’—
‘For those who are perplexed.’

A tale of love and dogma,
 A sermon without text.
The twentieth large edition
Is due on Wednesday next.

“ Also I publish ‘ Barge Poles ’—
 The work of many years ;
 A wealth of blinding hepigram
 On every page appears.
When G. M. read this novel
He bursted into tears.

“ Also, I have now ready
 ‘ The Sage upon the Roof,’
 A book of curious diction
 And philosophic spoof,
Which Mr. Tumty Tumtum
Has kindly read in proof.

“ And as to Love-Love Letters—
 Why—bless your heart !—of course
 I’m bringing out, immediately,
 ‘ Belinda and the Force,’
’Twas sent for publication
From a non-existent source.

THE FIVE NOTIONS

“ Ah, yes, the other people—

They are a trifle slow ;

They haven't got the least idea

Who wrote their stuff, I vow.

In this case it is different—

The AUTHOR does not know.”

“ Kind sir,” quoth Mr. Fatman,

“ You do me good. God wot,

Your books are excellent reading

Whether they are or not.”

And being fat and foolish

He went and bought the lot.

THE PUBLIC

*Oh, the years we waste and the tears we waste,
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the Public that doesn't read verse
(And, probably, never will learn to read verse)
Which it does not understand !*

A fool there was and his youth he spent
(Even as you and I !)
Concocting rhymes that were excellent
(If the Public had only perceived what he meant)
But the Public can't help its natural bent
(No more than you and I !)

*Oh, the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the beautiful things we planned
Belong to the Public that doesn't buy verse
(And has made up its mind it will never buy verse)
Which it cannot understand !*

The fool was stripped of some foolish pence

(Even as you and I !)

Which he might have foreseen if he hadn't been
dense,

But fools, of course, have none too much sense,

And, somehow, they suffer in consequence

(Even as you and I !)

Oh, it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame

That stings like a white-hot brand—

It's coming to know that your verses won't sell

(Seeing at last that they never can sell)

And beginning to understand !

A fool there was and he wrote with care

(Even as you and I !)

And he carried his work to a publisher

(Who gave him an estimate then and there),

And he *dreams*, at times, there are profits to share

(Even as you and I !)

THE BOLD MILITIAMAN

“Her Majesty is by proclamation about to issue an order for the embodiment of the Militia and the Militia Reserve forces, or so much as Her Majesty may think necessary for the permanent service.”

THERE ain't no kind of soldier
That matters less than we,
No sort of common Tommy
With much less pedigree,
No fighting man that's seen much less
Of bloody victory.

We join, of course, bein' stony
An' hankerin' after beer,
We stick because we're forced to,
We turns up once a year
And does our little bit of graft
Like a blawsted Wolumpteer.

THE FIVE NOTIONS

We're under height an' weedy,
Splay-footed, cock-eyed, wrong
About our little chestises :
Our drill is trooly strong,
An' when you find us shootin' straight
You can put it in a song.

The Queen she has her Awmy,
Fine fellows for parade,
Done up in tasty tunics
An' sashes an' gold braid,
An' loved by all the slaveys,
An' cough-drops at their trade.

The Queen she has her Awmy
And her Milishy too,
But the cheapest red and pipeclay
For us chaps has to do,
An' a quid a year's our income,
Which we never fail to blue.

The Queen she has her Awmy
To cross the stormy main,

To fight the foe an' lay him low
An' then come home again :
So that where *our* bloomin' chance comes in
Is not exactly plain.

“They also serve,” says Milting,
“Who only stand an' wait” ;
Wherefore we'll mind the barracks
An' go sentry at the gate,
An' wonder what's the good of it
An' grumble to our mate.

For there ain't no kind of soldier
That matters less than we,
No sort of common Tommy
With much less pedigree,
No fighting man that's seen much less
Of bloody victory.

THE ABSENT-MINDED MULE

WHEN you're walking out your Gloucesters and your
Irish Fusiliers,

And you feel like slapping Kruger in the mouth,
Don't forget to keep an optic on a little chap with
ears,

A gentleman in floor-boards, just come South ;
He's an absent-minded beggar, and his style is
pretty high—

Though, of course, we've got to take him as we
find him—

He is here on active service, and he's been and done
a guy,

And left a lot o' little things behind him !

Old mule—bold mule—mule of the hairy tail—

Mule of spirit and swift hind-hoof and flabby
scornful lip—

Each of him doing his country's work (how when
he happens to fail?)

Never go nap on an army mule, 'cause he'll
skip! skip! skip!

He's the thing for stony country, hard as nails, and
tough as boot;

You can feed him cheap and work him very
late;

You can load him up with most things, from lemonade
to loot,

But small-arm ammunition ain't his weight:

Oh, the boys that kicked him casual, they'll be sorry
now he's gone,

For an absent-minded beggar they will find him;

They're safe and sound with Joubert (and the fun
just coming on!)—

Our poor Tommies that the mule has left behind
him!

What mule?—pot mule—son of a blawsted gun—

Son of a Lambeth publican—born to give us the
slip—

Each of him doing his country's work (Lordy, how
it gets done !)

Never go nap on an army mule, 'cause he'll
skip! skip! skip!

He'd been trained to smell blank cartridge and wink
the other eye,

He delighted in the music of the band,

But he'd never seen no boulders, and he didn't want
to die,

And shot and shell were more than he could
stand :

He's an absent-minded beggar, though he heard his
country's call,

And his reg'ment didn't need to send to find
him ;

He chucked his job and bolted—and the job before
us all

Is to get the men he's went and left behind him !

Rough job—tough job—joo for Buller & Co.

Job for fifty thousand men (that's the bloomin'
tip!).

Each of 'em doing his country's work, each of 'em
having a go ;

Each of 'em 'ware of the army mule what'll
skip ! skip ! skip !

We've retired, and retired, and "retired with the
dawn,"

And fallen back and back and back and back ;

We've "hammered Paul" like Britons, and carefully
withdrawn

And scooted home along the Southern track ;

Paul's an absent-minded beggar, and he may not see
the joke,

But he doesn't need a lawyer to remind him

That, although his day is over and his oligarchy's
broke,

We've never yet got through him or behind
him !

Fair war—square war—war of the fine old sort

(Fifty thousand horse and foot out for a little
trip) ;

Each of 'em doing his country's work (and a trifle
keen on the sport),

*Yet it's no good running a righteous war on skip!
skip! skip!*

PRIMROSE DAY

“WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on
Eden’s green and gold,

Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched
with a stick in the mould.”

“’Tis the nineteenth of April,” he said, “as Old
Moore discloses.

And how in the name of goodness am I going to pin
on these primroses?”

G. B. SH-W.

O patient and pallid, with petals

Of the shade of the sand of the sea,

I like you much better than nettles—

You are *flowers* to me!

A. C. SW-NB-RNE.

The British Lion sits and smiles,
 And shouts : “ ’Fore Heaven, we *cannot* yield ! ”
 While English lanes for miles and miles
 Grow yellow for our Beaconsfield.

ALFR-D A-ST-N.

A primrose by the river’s brim
 A yellow primrose was to Tim,
 And plaguey little more.

T. M. H—LV.

Primroses
 That come from Kent in early trains, and take
 The British chest with beauty.

O. S—M-N.

I, Hoobah, the Prince of my land, black-haired and
 flat-footed,
 Out of the mountains of Moobah beheld them,
 beheld them ;
 Yellow were they, quite yellow—as clay at the
 bottom of Doobah.

But between you and me and Mr. George Moore and
the gate-post,
They have really nothing to do with the great
Celtic movement :
Wherefore, why should I write about them at all
at all ?

W. B. Y—Ts.

Take up the White Man's burden,
We've got both ships and men ;
We really lick creation
From here to Oregon.
Fasten 'em to your lapel
Before you go to lunch—
Old Benny's favourite flower,
A penny for a bunch !

R. K.

The idea is very pretty. But I preferred 'em in
a salad.

BENJAMIN.

THE MAN IN THE STREET

O THE Man in the Street is an excellent man,
And painfully anxious to learn all he can :
He likes his news frequent and newsy and neat,
And he knows what is what, does the Man in the
Street.

O the Man in the Street, the Man in the Street,
So wise in the head and so strong on his feet,
He likes his news frequent and newsy and neat,
And you can't keep things back from the Man
in the Street.

If your Army gets smashed when it goes forth to
slay,
You must cable the Man in the Street right away :

It's no good attempting the smallest deceit,
He *will* have the facts, will the Man in the Street.

O the Man in the Street, the Man in the Street,
So wise in the head and so strong on his feet :
It's no good attempting the smallest deceit,
He won't be fobbed off, won't the Man in the
Street.

O the Man the in Street has a ferreting nose ;
He knows just as much as the Ministry knows.
And that is why Ministers say when they meet
“ We know just as much as the Man in the Street.”

All together

O the Man in the Street, the Man in the Street;
So sound in the head and so strong on his feet,
He likes his news frequent and newsy and neat,
And he's right on the nail is the Man in the
Street.

THE HEATHEN CHINEE

JULY, 1900

WHICH I wish to remark—
 And my language is plain,
That the tiniest spark
 Of form don't remain
In the heathen Chinee, his false bosom,
 Which fact I would rise to explain.

They called him Ah Sin ;
 He had sunk in the slough
Right up to his chin,
 Which was dreadful, you know—
We sent railways and moral instruction
 And battleships all in a row.

We said, "Sinny, your civ-
ilisation's effete,
Look up, man, and give
The reformers a treat,
Let the world see that if you *are* yellow,
You've got a white heart."—Which was neat.

Also, "Open your door
Whenever we tap,
We are dying to pour
Cheap goods on your lap,
And you might lend us all a few ports, Sin,
To show you're a well-meaning chap."

Then Ah Sin look'd quite gay,
And proffered his hand—
"The game that you play
I do well understand ;
I love all you wise foleign people"—
And his smile it was childlike and bland.

He set his door wide,
And we started to trade.
It will not be denied
That large fortunes were made ; —

For we sold him cheap cotton and rifles
And much ammunition he bought.

And on July the first
(Quite soft were the skies)
Ah Sin yelled, "I thirst
For the blood of the wise.
Bring hither that dam Foleign Devil:
Behold, I will tear out his eyes!"

And things have occurred
That curdle the blood,
And the nations are heard
Crying, "Sin, *please* be good,
We really don't want any war, Sin!"
But Sin smiles a smile made of wood.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That the tiniest spark
Of form don't remain
In the heathen Chinee, his false bosom—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THROUGH

“We shall muddle through”—LORD ROSEBERY.

WE have muddled through :
It is very good.
We said we *should* ;
We are late, 'tis true,
But we've muddled through.

We were “unprepared,”
We were “most unwise” :
Yet—*the old flag flies*
Where the old flag flew :
We have muddled through !

O Banner of ours
That shines in the wars,
O excellent bars
Red, white, and blue—
You have muddled through !

SLAIN

" Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori "

You who are still and white
And cold like stone ;
For whom the unfailing light
Is spent and done ;

For whom no more the breath
Of dawn, nor evenfall,
Nor Spring nor love nor death
Matter at all ;

Who were so strong and young,
And brave and wise,
And on the dark are flung
With darkened eyes ;

Who roystered and caroused
But yesterday,
And now are dumbly housed
In stranger clay ;

Who valiantly led,
Who followed valiantly,
Who knew no touch of dread
Of that which was to be ;

Children that were as nought
Ere ye were tried,
How have ye dared and fought,
Triumphed and died !

.

Yea, it is very sweet
And decorous
The omnipotent Shade to meet
And flatter thus.

THE BLOOD

YE are very strong, O sons of mine ;
 Strong of heart and thew and blow :
Ye have fared forth through the arduous world
 Wherever a man might go ;
And your strength is an ancient, slumberless strength,
 And greater than ye know.

Out of the pick of the elder tribes,
 Out of the old dim battles they fought,
Out of the sea and the landward fights,
 Blood and breed and mettle ye brought,
Honour and vision and sanity,
 Whereby ye have lived and wrought.

Many peoples are ye become,
 Sundered by hemisphere and flood ;

Many peoples in governance,
Yet one in indelible brotherhood ;
Many peoples and one in law.
Many peoples and one in the blood.

For your law is a law for the makers of laws,
Builted of justice and mercy and right,
Ordered and builded with searchings and cares,
As ye clomb steadfastly out of the night
Into the dawn and the day that is yours,
Into the gracious, unquestioning light.

Stay not, flinch not, hold not your hand—
What are these that cry out on ye ?
Babblers, brawlers, palterers, blind,
Who would barter their heritage, crook the knee,
For a little present quiet, and leave
Whips and shame for the time to be.

Let them rail ; let them snarl, and point
Fingers of scornfulness, and lure
Fools to rebellion, rapine, war ;
Still shall ye labour, still endure,
Still shall ye bleed for Freedom's sake,
Still is your guerdon ample, sure.

Through tears and blood ye have won your power ;
Through tears and blood, when the need may rise,
Ye shall keep it whole and inviolate ;
For over the hate, and the rage, and the lies,
Peace, Honour, Liberty are set,
And Truth, with fearless, shining eyes.

Ye are very strong, O sons of mine !
Strong of heart, and thew and blow ;
Ye have fared forth through the arduous world
Wherever a man might go ;
And your strength is an ancient, slumberless
strength,
And greater than ye know.

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