

HILAIRE BELLOC

Born 1870; educated, *The Oratory School, Edgbaston, and Balliol College, Oxford*. Served in the *French Artillery*. M.P., *South Salford*, 1906.

Mr. Belloc has never repeated a success, which is why, among poems which are fewer in number than we could wish, there is so wide a range. The South Country is almost a mosaic of lines and phrases which everyone knows and yet (as the verse of this skilful poet always does) conveys its springing zest of life lived under open skies, fully and vigorously. Again, everyone knows "They sell good Beer at Haslemere": and Tarantella, which takes into the reader's brain a compact mountain world of atmosphere and sounds, from the young muleteers to "Aragon a torrent at the door." Everyone who knows modern verse at all knows Lines to a Don, their gusty laughter and majestic attack; and knows Mr. Belloc's delightful humorous and comic verse, ostensibly for children, for "the bad boy" in particular, but relished by all who have risen to a plane above that of mere technical literacy. But a rich and various and entirely different choice remains, of poetry of imagination and pity: the superb sonnets, *Heretics All*, *The Death and Last Confession of Wandering Peter*, *The Night*, *The Moon's Funeral*, *In a Boat* and other lyrics. Finally, Mr. Belloc has left a handful of perfect epigrams, both in the old Greek sense and our modern one of sardonic comment, and has thrown in a magical translation of a supposedly untranslatable fragment of Sappho. Few good poets have written so little; but not many have written so much that remains in the mind which has once read it.

Grateful acknowledgments are due to Messrs. Duckworth and to Mr. Belloc.

PR
6003
E45
R17
19008
SMR

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SOUTH COUNTRY	5
TO THE BALLIOL MEN STILL IN AFRICA	7
WEST SUSSEX DRINKING SONG	8
TARANTELLA	9
LINES TO A DON	10
DEDICATION ON THE GIFT OF A BOOK TO A CHILD	12
HERETICS ALL	12
THE DEATH AND LAST CONFESSION OF WANDERING PETER	13
SONNETS	14
SONG	18
THE NIGHT	19
THE MOON'S FUNERAL	19
OUR LORD AND OUR LADY	20
A BIVOUAC	21
IN A BOAT	22
BALLADE TO OUR LADY OF CZESTOCHOWA	23
HA'NACKER MILL	24
EPIGRAMS	24
STANZAS WRITTEN ON BATTERSEA BRIDGE DURING A SOUTH- WESTERLY GALE	27
BIBLIOGRAPHY	29



The South Country

WHEN I am living in the Midlands
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp at evening:
My work is left behind;
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind.

The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea;
And it's there walking in the high woods
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me.

The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day:
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey;
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away.

The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise,
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there,
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare.

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend:
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me
Or who will be my friend?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald,
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the God of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,
And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told.

I will hold my house in the high wood
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me.

To the Balliol Men Still in Africa

(1900)

YEARS ago when I was at Balliol,
Balliol men—and I was one—
Swam together in winter rivers,
Wrestled together under the sun.
And still in the heart of us, Balliol, Balliol,
Loved already, but hardly known,
Welded us each of us into the others :
Called a levy and chose her own.

Here is a House that armours a man
With the eyes of a boy and the heart of a ranger,
And a laughing way in the teeth of the world
And a holy hunger and thirst for danger :
Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again :
And the best of Balliol loved and led me.
God be with you, Balliol men.

I have said it before, and I say it again,
There was treason done, and a false word spoken,
And England under the dregs of men,
And bribes about, and a treaty broken :
But angry, lonely, hating it still,
I wished to be there in spite of the wrong.
My heart was heavy for Cumnor Hill
And the hammer of galloping all day long.

Galloping outward into the weather,
Hands a-ready and battle in all :
Words together and wine together
And song together in Balliol Hall.
Rare and single! Noble and few! . . .
Oh! they have wasted you over the sea!
The only brothers ever I knew,
The men that laughed and quarrelled with me.

* * * *

Balliol made me, Balliol fed me,
Whatever I had she gave me again;
And the best of Balliol loved and led me.
God be with you, Balliol men.

West Sussex Drinking Song

THEY sell good Beer at Haslemere
And under Guildford Hill.
At Little Cowfold as I've been told
A beggar may drink his fill:
There is a good brew in Amberley too,
And by the bridge also;
But the swipes they take in at Washington Inn
Is the very best Beer I know.

Chorus.

With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us:
The Tipple's Aboard and the night is young,
The door's ajar and the Barrel is sprung,
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing chorus.

If I were what I never can be,
The master or the squire:
If you gave me the hundred from here to the sea,
Which is more than I desire:
Then all my crops should be barley and hops,
And did my harvest fail
I'd sell every rood of mine acres I would
For a bellyful of good Ale.

Chorus.

With my here it goes, there it goes,
All the fun's before us :
The Tipple's Aboard and the night is young,
The door's ajar and the Barrel is sprung,
I am singing the best song ever was sung,
And it has a rousing chorus.

Tarantella

DO you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of the tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah?)
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of a clapper to the spin
Out and in—
And the Ting, Tong, Tang of the Guitar!
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more,
Miranda;
Never more.
Only the high peaks hoar:
And Aragon a torrent at the door.
No sound
In the walls of the Halls where falls
The tread
Of the feet of the dead to the ground.
No sound:
But the boom
Of the far Waterfall like Doom.

Lines to a Don

REMOTE and ineffectual Don
That dared attack my Chesterton,
With that poor weapon, half-impelled,
Unlearnt, unsteady, hardly held,
Unworthy for a tilt with men—
Your quavering and corroded pen;
Don poor at Bed and worse at Table,
Don pinched, Don starved, Don miserable;
Don stuttering, Don with roving eyes,
Don nervous, Don of crudities;
Don clerical, Don ordinary,
Don self-absorbed and solitary;
Don here-and-there, Don epileptic;
Don puffed and empty, Don dyspeptic;
Don middle-class, Don sycophantic,
Don dull, Don brutish, Don pedantic;
Don hypocritical, Don bad,
Don furtive, Don three-quarters mad;
Don (since a man must make an end),
Don that shall never be my friend.

* * * *

Don different from those regal Dons!
 With hearts of gold and lungs of bronze,
 Who shout and bang and roar and bawl
 The Absolute across the hall,
 Or sail in amply bellowing gown
 Enormous through the Sacred Town,
 Bearing from College to their homes
 Deep cargoes of gigantic tomes;
 Dons admirable! Dons of Might!
 Uprising on my inward sight
 Compact of ancient tales, and port
 And sleep—and learning of a sort.
 Dons English, worthy of the land;
 Dons rooted; Dons that understand.
 Good Dons perpetual that remain
 A landmark, walling in the plain—
 The horizon of my memories—
 Like large and comfortable trees.

* * * * *

Don very much apart from these,
 Thou scapegoat Don, thou Don devoted,
 Don to thine own damnation quoted,
 Perplexed to find thy trivial name
 Reared in my verse to lasting shame.
 Don dreadful, rasping Don and wearing,
 Repulsive Don—Don past all bearing.
 Don of the cold and doubtful breath,
 Don despicable, Don of death;
 Don nasty, skimpy, silent, level;
 Don evil; Don that serves the devil.
 Don ugly—that makes fifty lines.
 There is a Canon which confines
 A Rhymed Octosyllabic Curse
 If written in Iambic Verse
 To fifty lines. I never cut;
 I far prefer to end it—but
 Believe me I shall soon return.
 My fires are banked, but they still burn
 To write some more about the Don
 That dared attack my Chesterton.

Dedication on the Gift of a Book to a Child

CHILD! do not throw this book about!
Refrain from the unholy pleasure
Of cutting all the pictures out!
Preserve it as your chiefest treasure.

Child, have you never heard it said
That you are heir to all the ages?
Why, then, your hands were never made
To tear these beautiful thick pages!

Your little hands were made to take
The better things and leave the worse ones:
They also may be used to shake
The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.

And when your prayers complete the day,
Darling, your little tiny hands
Were also made, I think, to pray
For men that lose their fairylands.

Heretics All

HERETICS all, whoever you be,
In Tarbes or Nimes, or over the sea,
You never shall have good words from me.
Caritas non conturbat me.

But Catholic men that live upon wine
Are deep in the water, and frank, and fine;
Wherever I travel I find it so,
Benedicamus Domino.

On childing women that are forlorn,
And men that sweat in nothing but scorn :
That is on all that ever were born,
Miserere Domine.

To my poor self on my deathbed,
And all my dear companions dead,
Because of the love that I bore them,
Dona Eis Requiem.

The Death and Last Confession of Wandering Peter

WHEN Peter Wanderwide was young
He wandered everywhere he would :
And all that he approved was sung,
And most of what he saw was good.

When Peter Wanderwide was thrown
By Death himself beyond Auxerre,
He chanted in heroic tone
To priests and people gathered there :

“ If all that I have loved and seen
Be with me on the Judgment Day,
I shall be saved the crowd between
From Satan and his foul array.

“ Almighty God will surely cry,
‘ St. Michael! Who is this that stands
With Ireland in his dubious eye,
And Perigord between his hands,

“ ‘ And on his arm the stirrup-thongs,
And in his gait the narrow seas,
And in his mouth Burgundian songs,
But in his heart the Pyrenees?’

“ St. Michael then will answer right
(And not without angelic shame),
‘ I seem to know his face by sight :
I cannot recollect his name . . . ?’

“ St. Peter will befriend me then,
Because my name is Peter too :
‘ I know him for the best of men
That ever walloped barley brew.

“ ‘ And though I did not know him well,
And though his soul were clogged with sin,
I hold the keys of Heaven and Hell.
Be welcome, noble Peterkin.’

“ Then shall I spread my native wings
And tread secure the heavenly floor,
And tell the Blessed doubtful things
Of Val d’Aran and Perigord.”

This was the last and solemn jest
Of weary Peter Wanderwide.
He spoke it with a failing zest,
And having spoken it, he died.

Sonnets

XVIII

WHEN you to Acheron’s ugly water come
Where darkness is and formless mourners brood
And down the shelves of that distasteful flood
Survey the human rank in order dumb.
When the pale dead go forward, tortured more
By nothingness and longing than by fire,
Which bear their hands in suppliance with desire,
With stretched desire for the ulterior shore.

Then go before them like a royal ghost
And tread like Egypt or like Carthage crowned;
Because in your Mortality the most
Of all we may inherit has been found—
 Children for memory: the Faith for pride.
 Good land to leave: and young Love satisfied.

XIX

We will not whisper, we have found the place
Of silence and the endless halls of sleep;
And that which breathes alone throughout the deep
The end and the beginning: and the face
Between the level brows of whose blind eyes
Lie plenary contentment, full surcease
Of violence, and the passionless long peace
Wherein we lose our human lullabies.

Look up and tell the immeasurable height
Between the vault of the world and your dear head;
That's death, my little sister, and the night
Which was our Mother beckons us to bed,
 Where large oblivion in her house is laid
 For us tired children, now our games are played.

XXI

Almighty God, whose justice like a sun
Shall coruscate along the floors of Heaven,
Raising what's low, perfecting what's undone,
Breaking the proud and making odd things even.
The poor of Jesus Christ along the street
In your rain sodden, in your snows unshod,
They have nor hearth, nor sword, nor human meat,
Nor even the bread of men: Almighty God.

The poor of Jesus Christ whom no man hears
Have waited on your vengeance much too long.
Wipe out not tears but blood: our eyes bleed tears.
Come, smite our damnèd sophistries so strong
That thy rude hammer battering this rude wrong
Ring down the abyss of twice ten thousand years.

XXII

Mother of all my cities, once there lay
 About your weedy wharves an orient shower
 Of spice and languorous silk and all the dower
 That Ocean gave you on his bridal day.
 And now the youth and age have passed away
 And all the sail superb and all the power;
 Your time's a time of memory like that hour
 Just after sunset, wonderful and grey.

Too tired to rise and much too sad to weep,
 With strong arm nerveless on a nerveless knee,
 Still to your slumbering ears the spousal deep
 Murmurs his thoughts of eld eternally;
 But your soul wakes not from its holy sleep
 Dreaming of dead delights along a tideless sea.

XXIII

November is that historied Emperor
 Conquered in age but foot to foot with fate
 Who from his refuge high has heard the roar
 Of squadrons in pursuit, and now, too late,
 Stirrups the storm and calls the winds to war,
 And arms the garrison of his last heirloom,
 And shakes the sky to its extremest shore
 With battle against irrevocable doom.

Till, driven and hurled from his strong citadels,
 He flies in hurrying cloud and spurs him on,
 Empty of lingerings, empty of farewells
 And final benedictions and is gone.
 But in my garden all the trees have shed
 Their legacies of the light and all the flowers are dead.

XXIV

Hoar Time about the House betakes him slow
 Seeking an entry for his weariness.
 And in that dreadful company distress
 And the sad night with silent footsteps go.

On my poor fire the brands are scarce aglow
And in the woods without what memories press
Where, waning in the trees from less to less
Mysterious hangs the hornèd moon and low.

For now December, full of agèd care,
Comes in upon the year and weakly grieves;
Mumbling his lost desires and his despair
And with mad trembling hand still interweaves
The dank sear flower-stalks tangled in his hair,
While round about him whirl the rotten leaves.

XXV

It freezes: all across a soundless sky
The birds go home. The governing dark's begun.
The steadfast dark that waits not for a sun;
The ultimate dark wherein the race shall die.
Death with his evil finger to his lip
Leers in at human windows, turning spy
To learn the country where his rules shall lie
When he assumes perpetual generalship.

The undefeated enemy, the chill
That shall benumb the voiceful earth at last,
Is master of our moment, and has bound
The viewless wind itself. There is no sound.
It freezes. Every friendly stream is fast.
It freezes, and the graven twigs are still.

XXX

The world's a stage—and I'm the Super man,
And no one seems responsible for salary.
I roar my part as loudly as I can
And all I mouth I mouth it to the gallery.
I haven't got another rhyme in "alery,"
It would have made a better job, no doubt,
If I had left attempt at Rhyming out,
Like Alfred Tennyson adapting Malory.

The world's a stage, the company of which
Has very little talent and less reading:
But many a waddling heathen painted bitch
And many a standing cad of gutter breeding.
We sweat to learn our book: for all our pains
We pass. The Chucker-out alone remains.

Song

INVITING THE INFLUENCE OF A YOUNG LADY UPON THE OPENING YEAR

I

YOU wear the morning like your dress
And are with mastery crowned;
Whenas you walk your loveliness
Goes shining all around.
Upon your secret, smiling way
Such new contents were found,
The Dancing Loves made holiday
On that delightful ground.

II

Then summon April forth, and send
Commandment through the flowers;
About our woods your grace extend
A queen of careless hours.
For oh, not Vera veiled in rain,
Nor Dian's sacred Ring,
With all her royal nymphs in train
Could so lead on the Spring.

The Night

MOST holy Night, that still dost keep
The keys of all the doors of sleep,
To me when my tired eyelids close
Give thou repose.

And let the far lament of them
That chaunt the dead day's requiem
Make in my ears, who wakeful lie,
Soft lullaby.

Let them that guard the hornèd moon
By my bedside their memories croon.
So shall I have new dreams and blest
In my brief rest.

Fold your great wings about my face,
Hide dawning from my resting-place,
And cheat me with your false delight,
Most Holy Night.

The Moon's Funeral

I

THE Moon is dead. I saw her die.
She in a drifting cloud was drest,
She lay along the uncertain west,
A dream to see.
And very low she spake to me :
"I go where none may understand,
I fade into the nameless land,
And there must lie perpetually."
And therefore I,

And therefore loudly, loudly I
And high
And very piteously make cry:
"The Moon is dead. I saw her die."

II

And will she never rise again?
The Holy Moon? Oh, never more!
Perhaps along the inhuman shore
Where pale ghosts are
Beyond the low lethean fen
She and some wide infernal star . . .
To us who loved her never more,
The Moon will never rise again.
Oh! never more in nightly sky
Her eye so high shall peep and pry
To see the great world rolling by.
For why?
The Moon is dead. I saw her die.

Our Lord and Our Lady

THEY warned Our Lady for the Child
That was Our blessed Lord,
And She took Him into the desert wild,
Over the camel's ford.

And a long song She sang to Him
And a short story told:
And She wrapped Him in a woollen cloak
To keep Him from the cold.

But when Our Lord was grown a man
The Rich they dragged Him down,
And they crucified Him in Golgotha,
Out and beyond the Town.

They crucified Him on Calvary,
Upon an April day;
And because He had been her little Son
She followed Him all the way.

Our Lady stood beside the Cross,
A little space apart,
And when She heard Our Lord cry out
A sword went through Her Heart.

They hid Our Lord in a marble tomb,
Dead, in a winding-sheet;
But Our Lady stands above the world
With the white moon at Her feet.

A Bivouac

YOU came without a human sound,
You came and brought my soul to me;
I only woke, and all around
They slumbered on the firelit ground,
Beside the guns in Burgundy.

I felt the gesture of your hands,
You signed my forehead with the Cross;
The gesture of your holy hands
Was bounteous—like the misty lands
Along the Hills in Calvados.

But when I slept I saw your eyes,
Hungry as death, and very far.
I saw demand in your dim eyes
Mysterious as the moons that rise
At midnight, in the Pines of Var.

In a Boat

LADY! Lady!
Upon Heaven-height,
Above the harsh morning
In the mere light.

Above the spindrift
And above the snow,
Where no seas tumble,
And no winds blow.

The twisting tides,
And the perilous sands
Upon all sides
Are in your holy hands.

The wind harries
And the cold kills;
But I see your chapel
Over far hills.

My body is frozen,
My soul is afraid:
Stretch out your hands to me,
Mother and maid.

Mother of Christ,
And Mother of me,
Save me alive
From the howl of the sea.

If you will Mother me
Till I grow old,
I will hang in your chapel
A ship of pure gold.

Ballade to Our Lady of Czestochowa

I

LADY and Queen and Mystery manifold
And very Regent of the untroubled sky,
Whom in a dream St Hilda did behold
And heard a woodland music passing by:
You shall receive me when the clouds are high
With evening and the sheep attain the fold.
This is the faith that I have held and hold,
And this is that in which I mean to die.

II

Steep are the seas and savaging and cold
In broken waters terrible to try;
And vast against the winter night the wold,
And harbourless for any sail to lie.
But you shall lead me to the lights, and I
Shall hymn you in a harbour story told.
This is the faith that I have held and hold,
And this is that in which I mean to die.

III

Help of the half-defeated, House of gold,
Shrine of the Sword, and Tower of Ivory;
Splendour apart, supreme and aureoled,
The Battler's vision and the World's reply.
You shall restore me, O my last Ally,
To vengeance and the glories of the bold.
This is the faith that I have held and hold,
And this is that in which I mean to die.

Envoi

Prince of the degradations, bought and sold,
These verses, written in your crumbling sty,
Proclaim the faith that I have held and hold
And publish that in which I mean to die.

Ha'nacker Mill

SALLY is gone that was so kindly,
Sally is gone from Ha'nacker Hill.
And the Briar grows ever since then so blindly
And ever since then the clapper is still,
And the sweeps have fallen from Ha'nacker Mill.

Ha'nacker Hill is in Desolation :
Ruin a-top and a field unploughed.
And Spirits that call on a fallen nation,
Spirits that loved her calling aloud :
Spirits abroad in a windy cloud.

Spirits that call and no one answers;
Ha'nacker's down and England's done.
Wind and Thistle for pipe and dancers
And never a ploughman under the Sun.
Never a ploughman. Never a one.

Epigrams

ON HIS BOOKS

WHEN I am dead, I hope it may be said :
" His sins were scarlet, but his books were read."

A TRINITY

Of three in One and One in three
My narrow mind would doubting be
Till Beauty, Grace and Kindness met
And all at once were Juliet.

ON HYGIENE

Of old when folk lay sick and sorely tried
The doctors gave them physic, and they died.
But here's a happier age: for now we know
Both how to make men sick and keep them so.

ON LADY POLTAGRUE, A PUBLIC PERIL

The Devil, having nothing else to do,
Went off to tempt My Lady Poltagrue.
My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
To his extreme annoyance, tempted him.

THE TELEPHONE

To-night in million-voicèd London I
Was lonely as the million-pointed sky
Until your single voice. Ah! So the Sun
Peoples all heaven, although he be but one.

THE STATUE

When we are dead, some Hunting-boy will pass
And find a stone half-hidden in tall grass
And grey with age: but having seen that stone
(Which was your image), ride more slowly on.

EPITAPH ON THE POLITICIAN HIMSELF

Here richly, with ridiculous display,
The Politician's corpse was laid away.
While all of his acquaintance sneered and slanged
I wept: for I had longed to see him hanged.

ON A ROSE FOR HER BOSOM

Go, lovely rose, and tell the lovelier fair
That he which loved her most was never there.

ON THE LITTLE GOD

Of all the gods that gave me all their glories
To-day there deigns to walk with me but one.
I lead him by the hand and tell him stories.
It is the Queen of Cyprus' little son.

ON A PROPHET

Of old 'twas Samuel sought the Lord: to-day
The Lord runs after Samuel, so they say.

ON A DEAD HOSTESS

Of this bad world the loveliest and the best
Has smiled and said "Good Night," and gone to rest.

ON A GREAT ELECTION

The accursèd power which stands on Privilege
(And goes with Women, and Champagne and Bridge)
Broke—and Democracy resumed her reign:
(Which goes with Bridge, and Women and Champagne).

ON A SLEEPING FRIEND

Lady, when your lovely head
Droops to sink among the Dead,
And the quiet places keep
You that so divinely sleep;
Then the dead shall blessèd be
With a new solemnity,
For such Beauty, so descending,
Pledges them that Death is ending.
Sleep your fill—but when you wake
Dawn shall over Lethe break.

THE FALSE HEART

I said to Heart, "How goes it?" Heart replied:
"Right as a Ribstone Pippin!" But it lied.

PARTLY FROM THE GREEK

She would be as the stars in your sight
That turn in the endless hollow;
That tremble, and always follow
The quiet wheels of the Night.

Stanzas Written on Battersea Bridge
during a South-Westerly Gale

THE woods and downs have caught the mid-December,
The noisy woods and high sea-downs of home;
The wind has found me and I do remember
The strong scent of the foam.

Woods, darlings of my wandering feet, another
Possesses you, another treads the Down;
The South West Wind that was my elder brother
Has come to me in town.

The wind is shouting from the hills of morning,
I do remember and I will not stay.
I'll take the Hampton road without a warning
And get me clean away.

The Channel is up, the little seas are leaping,
The tide is making over Arun Bar;
And there's my boat, where all the rest are sleeping
And my companions are.

I'll board her, and apparel her, and I'll mount her,
My boat, that was the strongest friend to me—
That brought my boyhood to its first encounter
And taught me the wide sea.

Now shall I drive her, roaring hard a' weather,
Right for the salt and leave them all behind;
We'll quite forget the treacherous streets together
And find—or shall we find?

There is no Pilotry my soul relies on—
Whereby to catch beneath my bended hand,
Faint and beloved along the extreme horizon
That unforgotten land.

We shall not round the granite piers and paven
To lie to wharves we know with canvas furled.
My little Boat, we shall not make the haven—
It is not of the world.

Somewhere of English forelands grandly guarded
It stands, but not for exiles, marked and clean;
Oh! not for us. A mist has risen and marred it—;
My youth lies in between.

So in this snare that holds me and appals me,
Where honour hardly lives nor loves remain,
The Sea compels me and my County calls me,
But stronger things restrain.

* * * * *

England, to me that never have malingered,
Nor spoken falsely, nor your flattery used,
Nor even in my rightful garden lingered :—
What have you not refused?

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Also by Mr. Belloc

Cheap edition. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net each:

CALIBAN'S GUIDE TO LETTERS—LAMBKIN'S REMAINS. In one volume.
AVRIL.

ESTO PERPETUA. (5s. net.)

Square 4to. 2s. 6d. net each. All with Pictures by B. T. B.:

THE BAD CHILD'S BOOK OF BEASTS.

MORE BEASTS FOR WORSE CHILDREN.

CAUTIONARY TALES FOR CHILDREN.

MORE PEERS? Verses.

A MORAL ALPHABET.

NEW CAUTIONARY TALES. Pictures by Nicholas Bentley.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. Pictures by Nicholas Bentley.

SONNETS AND VERSE. 10s. net. Second edition.

CAUTIONARY VERSES. The Collected Humorous Poems. With all the original illustrations. Foolscep 4to. 10s. 6d. net. Also a Library Edition without the pictures. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

(All published by Gerald Duckworth and Co., Ltd., Henrietta Street, W.C.)

PLACES. 8s. 6d. Cassell.

ELIZABETHAN COMMENTARY. 7s. 6d. Cassell.



