

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY

**OU\_210753**

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 821/C 955 Accession No. 11253

Author

<sup>912</sup>  
Lump. L.M.

Title

Severn's sea. 1927

This book should be returned on or before the date  
last marked below.

---



# THE SEVERING SEAS

*BY THE SAME AUTHOR*

*Verse.*—The Marriage of Nausicaa—  
*BlackWell*, 1923.

*Literature.*—The Lady of Che Lotus.  
*Oxford Univerrity Press*, 1926.

# THE SEVERING SEAS

By L. M. CRUMP, C.I.E., I.C.S.

BASIL BLACKWELL • OXFORD

MCMXXVII

1927

Made in Great Britain  
at the Kemp-Hall Press, St. Aldate's, Oxford.

TO MY WIFE

"Toward seas that sever but can ne'er estrange"



**A**CKNOWLEDGMENTS are due to the proprietors of *Blackwood's Magazine* and the *Pioneer Newspaper* for permission to republish "The Heritage of the Sun" and "Where?" respectively.

For the benefit of interested readers, if any, it may be noted that "The dream of the dead hound" will be more intelligible after perusal of the story "Glaucer's dream" (*Cornhill*, January, 1926), and "The Lady of the Lotus" after reading my book of that title (*Clarendon Press*, 1926), and that "Patroclus" follows on to the six dramatic monologues published in "The Marriage of Nausicaa" (*Blackwell*, 1923). "Helen" may be regarded as the Satyric poem following the Tragic—an effect of a not unnatural revulsion. "The Unknown Warrior" was written before the issue of the *Punch* cartoon.

"A kind of yesty collection" but not such, I fear, as "the drossy age dotes on"!

L. M. CRUMP.

The Residency,  
Hyderabad.



## CONTENTS

The Ivory Gate	I
Separation	2
Down Channel	3
Beyond	4
Three Sonnets	5
Tinker, Tailor	7
Panpipes	9
A Sonnet of Exile	11
Sentry-Go	12
En Route to Bombay	13
India	14
The Lady of the Lotus	16
To J. C. J.	17
The Unknown Warrior	18
The Harvest of Man	19
From My Window	20
Westwards	21
Hill Paths	22
Eclipse	24
The Heritage of the Sun	25
Imitations	28
Love Song from the Pushtu of Nauroz of Khadu Khel Khandi	29
To the Moon	31
Places	33
A Dream	35
The Lost Lyric	36
The Dream of the Dead Hound	38
The Lessons of the Field	39
Where ?	41
Tiger	43
Patroclos	48
Helen	53



## THE IVORY GATE

ποθῶ δ' ὑπερποντιᾶς φάσμα δοξεί δομῶν ἀνάσσειν—  
—ÆSCHYLUS, *Agamemnon*.

**B**Y day about the house I hear  
A well-loved voice, soft, sweet, and clear:  
Or, sitting quiet, grow aware  
Of a light footstep on the stair:  
Or, dainty fingers touch my brow—  
Sure, 'twas her hand I felt but now.

At night, awake, I pine to be  
With her who's far across the sea:  
And, when sleep comes, on fairy feet  
Comes she, whose skin all sleep would cheat.  
With mocking morn, relentless fate  
Shuts her within the ivory gate.

We do but love and pray to be  
Together always, I and she:  
We've given the Gods no cause, why they  
Such envious malice should display,  
Save that on earth there would be shown  
Felicity to match their own.

## SEPARATION

**A**LTHOUGH we parted are  
By wide seas' severance  
And continents',  
Love knows no bar,  
Nor any hindrance  
To her contents.

Long as we love,  
Our souls are one,  
And sing together,  
Though skies be dark above,  
Hidden the sun,  
Stormy the weather.

Yet will the body fight,  
And claim its part,  
Nor cease to pine:  
All is not right  
Till we lie heart to heart  
Your lips on mine.

## DOWN CHANNEL

**W**HEN the pitiless throb of the beating screw  
Revives the pain of the last embrace,  
And only memory holds the view  
Of the one beloved face:

When England fades to a thin blue line,  
Marking the end of a tale, that is told,  
And the harvestless sea is a mocking sign  
Of all that man's hands may hold:

The world is before you! there's work to be done!  
Summon your courage and fall too again!  
This is not death! You still live, my son!  
And the proof lies in the pain.

## B E Y O N D

**B**EYOND the orb'd horizon of the plains,  
Beyond the gleaming silence of the snows,  
Beyond the ceaseless turmoil of the seas,  
Lies she I love.

Oh! when see her dear face again ?  
Oh! when hear her sweet voice again?  
Oh I when kiss her soft lips again?  
No thought can tell.

Haply, when all the seas are dry,  
Haply, when melted all the snows,  
Haply, when all the plains are hills,  
It may befall.

Oh! then shall sea and sky be one!  
And snow and fire be joined in one!  
And hill and plain melt into one!  
And one we twain!

## THREE SONNETS

(Written off Ithaca)

i

**T**HE days escape | the slackened chain grows taut  
To drag the body back and rend the heart  
With bitter knowledge, that we two must part  
And end swift months of happiness, dear-bought  
By long lone years: yet not unwisely taught  
By our tradition, we conceal the smart  
And seek in whirr and whirl of road and mart  
To lose the grief, wherewith our souls are fraught.

Tearless we parted: not till on my eyes  
Dawned the blue beauty of Maggiore lake,  
Did my dulled heart awake, and waking knew  
The might of hands, whose strength in weakness lies,  
The fierce revenge, remembered kisses take,  
The pain, that knows no anodyne save you.

11

Why have I risen from my soft-swung bed,  
Long ere the Dawn puts forth her rosy hand  
To beat the bounds of sky and sea and land?  
And why the richer, stranger light instead,  
Enchants the isle from beach to craggy head,  
Regilds the homing wanderer on the strand,  
The lady at the loom, the wooers<sup>1</sup> band,  
The bow at last re-strung, the arrow sped?

### THREE SONNETS

Because three thousand years ago an old  
Blind poet carved the image of the King  
In epic crystal clear: because for me,—  
A traveller of no heroic mould  
And all unskilled your utter truth to sing—  
You burn as constant as Penelope.

### in

Through the drawn curtains of the waking day  
Peers out the Ithaca, that man has wrought.  
Yet shall the miracle of Homer's thought  
Not pass like rainbows in the wind-spun spray!  
O'er that bare islet, o'er its common clay  
He waved his wand, and Time and Change were  
taught  
That their corrupting hands availed naught  
To mar the bright immortals of his sway.

Ah! would the Muse but give to me the same  
Sure power, that Homer wields so easily!  
Then would I set you in immortal rhyme  
And send your beauty, courage, truth and fame  
In level step with wise Penelope  
Adown the ringing corridors of Time.

## TINKER, TAILOR

**T**INKER, tailor, soldier, sailor"  
You merrily chant the childish rune,  
The distant hum of the world's hive buzzing  
In your quiet garden all too soon.

You merrily chant the childish rune,  
Happy to-day nor looking beyond:  
Out in the world, as here in your garden,  
Will you still wave the Enchanter's wand?

Happy to-day nor looking beyond—  
But we, who keep the garden we've made,  
Know that beyond there lie waiting for you  
Sorrow and happiness, sunshine and shade.

But we, who keep the garden we've made,—  
Flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone—  
What can we give you to help you and guide you?  
All the flowers wither, except love alone.

Flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone,—  
Yet who can tell what lies hid in the seed?  
Will you hark back to the staid city merchant  
Or link with the fierce, old, moss-trooping breed?

Yet, who can tell what lies in the seed?  
One seed at least breeds to type always true:  
That is the seed which we sowed in our garden  
And in the garden we builded for you.

TINKER, TAILOR

One seed at least breeds to type always true.

Parched by the drought or watered by showers:  
Carry love's seed with you; sow your own garden:  
Endless its beauty, immortal its flowers.

Parched by the drought, or watered by showers,  
It shall not fail in flower or in leaf,  
Whether good fortune or ill may betide you—  
"Richman, poorman, beggarman, thief."

## PANPIPES

**A** NN, Ann, my little Ann,  
Who worships Pan,  
And roams with Pan,  
Over the hills  
By rivers and rills  
Harkening ay for the runs and the trills  
Of the pipes he plays  
In the long summer days,  
And in autumn and spring,  
Till she feels she must sing  
Of the cloud and the sea,  
And the flower on the lea,  
Of the stream that leaps prattling down from the hill  
And the dance of the daffodil.

Ann, Ann, my little Ann,  
What has become of the pipes of Pan?  
Spring has gone by!  
And the summer is nigh!  
Soon will be blazing the roses of June!  
Have your ears grown deaf to the tune  
Of the pipes of Pan,  
Little Ann?  
Have a care lest your soul  
Cease to breathe to the rhythm, that runs through  
the whole  
Of earth, sea and sky, grass, tree, beast, and man,—  
The rhythm of Pan!

## PANPIPES

Hark to the beat  
Of those strange goat feet,  
And the words, that slip  
From his human lip,  
And the song, that flies at the star,  
High and far,  
Where perchance the Gods are 1

Do not grow cold!  
Cling firm to your hold  
Of the warm life of earth,  
Wherefrom man had birth!  
Keep your joy in the heart and the life of man,  
Little Ann 1

Nor forget you are part of the soul,  
That beats through the whole,  
That has breathed on your tongue,  
The songs you have sung.  
Let not the fire  
Turn ash and expire:  
But higher and higher  
Blow the flame of your verse, till it soar  
To the feet of God, who is more  
Than all things are,  
Higher and greater and wiser than Pan,  
And lovelier far,  
Little Ann.

## A SONNET OF EXILE

**T**HE tangled vastnesses of Himalay,  
The cloven valleys, pine-clad peaks, that rise,  
Range upon range, to where my tired eyes  
See snow touch sky a hundred miles away,  
Dwarf man and all man's being: day by day  
Earth fades into illusion, and self lies  
Slow merging in the All-soul, till it dies  
Absorbed, if free from all the bonds of clay.

Give me a land to feed, not kill, desire,  
With shallow vales and gently murmuring streams  
And small snug homesteads, not too far apart,  
Round hills, that do not unto heaven aspire,  
A land, wherein my soul can dream my dreams,  
A homely land, that nestles in my heart.

Chail. Simla Hills.

## SENTRY-GO

**I** HATE the dead, dark, empty bungalow,  
Bolted and barred against the biting heat,  
Where nothing stirs all day, except the beat  
Of punkahs swinging steadily and slow  
Upon their endless, tireless sentry-go,  
Stamping into my brain, with heavy feet,  
Their tune of May, which they all June repeat,  
And all the rains, as they march to and fro.

Yet now and then, in corners of the room,  
Where shy, untroubled air still lurks about,  
Flits the dim ghost of her across the sea;  
And tiny feet rush pattering through the gloom,  
And whispers faint float up, "We can't come out  
Until the sentries halt and set us free."

## EN ROUTE TO BOMBAY

**T**HREE months ago the land lay brown and bare

And trembling in the grip of fiercest heat.

No hill tops pierced the dust-haze thick to greet  
Eyes, that strained to them through the shimmering  
glare.

To-day the rains have cooled and cleansed the air,

The distant hills creep nearer through soft light:

Down emerald slopes in leaping lines of white

Young cataracts dance in rapture everywhere.

Ten tropic years fall from me, like a cloak

Discarded: and I stand upon the hill,

Whereon a boy's light feet were wont to range,

At edge of moors from whose deep heart there broke

A Yorkshire beck adown a Yorkshire ghyll

Toward seas that sever but can ne'er estrange.

## INDIA

### I

**L**AND, that hast never learnt to stand alone!  
Undated spoil of the invading North!  
That ever from its teeming womb thrust forth  
Host upon host, who sealed thee for their own,  
Yet, victims of their victim, quickly-grown  
Into the likeness of thy native-born  
And by thy swift corruption soon out-worn,  
Fell to the first assailant of their throne.

What, India, now when from far Western seas  
Each generation pours in vigorous streams  
Of blood untainted by thy fell disease?  
Will thou still slumber? still be lost in dreams?  
Or, wakening, suckle on thy ample breast  
Strong virile sons of the reviving West?

### II

Cease now to hold aloof nor turn thine eyes  
Back to a dim imagined golden age,  
Which History records not on her page,  
When thou wert rich in all Fate now denies,  
When priests all holy were, Kings just and wise,  
When crops ne'er failed and peasants ploughed  
and span,  
Rejoicing in the Gods' good gifts to man,  
And they themselves walked earth in their own guise.

## INDIA

If such age were, it cannot come again.  
As mother Ganges merges in the sea.  
To ebb and flow for ever with the main,  
Thou hast reached ocean, and must ever be  
Tossed in the gulf, wherein thou hast been hurled  
To share the fortunes of a shrinking world.

## III

In truth thou hast no choice! till thou canst stand  
Alone, for thee is no way of escape  
From other northern, other western rape.  
Though England's sons approach, an alien band,  
In mutual love clasp thou the proffered hand,  
They stretch to thee: the ring of wedlock take,  
And in this closest union strive to make  
Thy sons more worthy of their motherland!

Manhood, truth, strength, justice, and liberty  
For high and low, whatever their caste or blood—  
Those only can make good thy claim to be  
Adopted in the Imperial sisterhood,  
Who live, though sundered by wide severing seas,  
On lessons learnt at their great Mother's knees.

## THE LADY OF THE LOTUS

**F**LOWER of perfection, thou, and perfect flower !  
Thou didst not bring strange far-off Gods to  
birth

Thy stem beneath the lake in human earth  
Deep-rooted I yet God-given thy rich dower  
Of poesy unfolding—sun or shower—  
Blooms of pure passion, constancy, grief, mirth  
And truth, that lives for what it knows love-worth  
And dies ere yield its soul to alien power.

Long after thy pavilions crumble down,  
When age-forgotten Mandu's dying fame,  
When Rewa's godhead, desecrate, departs.  
Still shall thy songs be sung by sage and clown,  
And green, as Malwa's monsoon hills, thy name  
Live on her children's tongues and in their  
hearts.

## TO J. C. J.

of the Indian Civil Service (Bengal), Major R.A., D.S.O., M.C. with  
bar, Died of wounds in France, June 1st, 1918.

CAPTAIN of men and Captain of your soul,  
Seeking the truth of life and not men's praise  
At school, at Oxford, and in manhood's days,  
Now when, 'mid names renowned from pole to pole,  
Yours shines, emblazoned fair on Honour's scroll.  
Fond memory calls most dearly to her gaze  
The hint of Puck, that lurked in all your ways,  
The vein of Quixote, which ran through the whole.

We laughed at these in calmer, happier days,  
And yet 'twas we found cause to stay behind,  
In claims of duty, lethargy, or wife :  
You broke the chains, that bound your dull compeers,  
Fulfilled the passion of your fiery mind  
And made of death the coping-stone of life.

## THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR

<sup>11</sup>**T**IME questions not our titles. What are thine!  
In what rich name wouldst thou make here  
thy bed,  
Laying unlaurelled, undistinguished head  
In the full centre of our glorious line?  
Stand and deliver word and counter-sign  
Ere we, appointed sentinels of the dead,  
Admit thy ghost, toil-worn and battle-red,  
To fellowship of storied tomb and shrine."

The unknown halted. "We were flower and fruit  
Of the fair seed you sowed in English earth:  
We knew the debt and guarded, till we fell  
In swathes of sacrifice, the holy shoot  
Of all she was and is and shall be worth—  
Immortal England!<sup>11</sup> "Pass, friend, all is well."

## THE HARVEST OF MAN

πλείστην μὲν καλάμην χθονὶ χαλκὸς ἔχουεν  
ἄμητος δ' ολίγιωτος.

—*Iliad* xix, 222-3.

**S**WORD for sickle, what's man's gain  
Thus to reap the golden grain?  
Thick the straw but tramped in mud,  
Stubble thick but drenched with blood,  
Scant the ears, and bruised, and thin,  
Naught for him to garner in.

Sower, seed, crop, reaper, he,  
Shall his toil all wasted be?  
Nay, he'll plough the field again,  
Sow new seed and reap fresh grain,  
Richer, fuller, trebly worth,  
For what's ploughed beneath the earth.

Then he will turn architect  
And with firmer faith erect,  
Peace, thy shattered shrine again,  
Freedom, thine an ampler fane,  
Dedicate there sons new-born  
First fruits of the nobler corn.

## FROM MY WINDOW

**B**ELOW, the smoothness of the levelled lawn,  
Where tiniest feet can walk and never trip:  
Then, spring's white roses at the base of pines  
That soar aloft as high as youthful hope:  
Behind them, lo! the bare, brown, buttressed steep  
That fills the middle way, flecked here and there  
With clustered trees, round some deep secret spring:  
Beyond, long upward slopes, dark, as they climb,  
And yet more dark 'neath mists that shroud the end:  
High above all, the ever-unattained,  
Ever-alluring, ever-beckoning snows  
Bright in strong sunshine of eternity.

Mashobra. Simla Hills.

## WESTWARDS

**A**LL to the south a yellow fire:  
To the north, blue purple and green:  
And ever and ever a new-lit lamp,  
Starring the valley between.

The sullen throb of a fanatic drum:  
And the hum of the thronged bazaar:  
And the croak of a crow, that caws and caws  
From a broken deodar.

Muharram. Simla,

## ECLIPSE

**A** DOWN sun-scarred rain-riven banks I came  
Through greenest emerald to the river of jade:  
At eve across the moon-lit waters peered  
Into the shadow of the untrodden bank,  
Enshrouded in the mystery of night,  
And wondered, what fair lands would meet mine  
eyes,  
What barren deserts, cities rich, hot plains,  
That know no respite from a tropic sun,  
And what strange child to-morrow bore for me  
In her deep secret womb.

To-morrow I  
Make solemn march across the fateful stream  
And of what lies beyond, I nothing know.  
All, all are ignorant and can foresee  
As much, as little as yon full-orbed moon  
The stealthy dragon that creeps on to engulf  
Her proud soft beauty in his loathly maw,

## THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN

**W**HERE enchantment's marble isles,  
With airy domes on pillars light,  
Seek deep within the limpid lake  
The image of their radiance white:  
Where, like rain-fretted pinnacles  
Of bergs that drift to tropic seas,  
The fairy palace cupolas  
Sway gently in the scented breeze:  
Where, green beneath the Autumn rains,  
The shaggy hills stretch out their arms  
To clasp the closer to their breast  
The Naiad of a thousand charms:  
Where sambhur, boar, and shy gazelle  
At bugle-call steal slowly down  
To feast upon the rich largesse  
Of monarchs of the solar crown:  
High on the jutting battlement,  
The eldest of the Sun's own breed  
Watches, like his great ancestor.  
The lowest of his subjects feed:  
The inbred fineness of his blood  
Imprinted on his musing face—  
He sits and dreams of all the past,  
Of all the future of his race:  
How they reach through the mist of years  
To the great God, who lights the world:  
How from high Asia's Wind-scoured steppes  
Their camp-fire smoke to heaven upcurled:

## THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN

How, through the passes of the North,  
With sword and spear they thrust their way,  
And over India's fabled plains  
Stretched far and wide their royal sway:  
How they built up a commonwealth  
Each caste in its due order placed,  
Each man content to tread the path  
His father had before him traced:  
How, when the bigot Moslem hordes  
Closed on their hill-set capital,  
They donned their saffron robes, and fell,  
With solemn joy, as heroes fall,  
To save from sacrilegious hands  
Of alien foes, with fury blind,  
The secrets of their ancient faith,  
The honour of their women-kind:  
How warriors from strange Western isles  
Imposed on all their iron will,  
And quelled a seething continent  
With their imperious "Peace, be still I":  
How India's first great Empress-Queen,  
In mother-love, made solemn pact  
To cherish and protect her sons  
And guard her Princes' rights intact:  
Yet, how the wisdom of the West,  
Transplanting an exotic shoot,  
Bewildered, saw the sapling bend  
Beneath sedition's baleful fruit:

THE HERITAGE OF THE SUN

How, though war's fiery test assayed  
    Ind's soldier sons as tempered steel,  
Now they must 'bate their pride and crouch  
    Beneath a slippered clerkly heel,  
And immemorial Kings must bow  
    To subtle scribes of days gone by:  
"Never!" out flamed the Sun-God's sword,  
    "My children still know how to die."

Udaipur.

## IMITATIONS

### i

**H**OW can I hope to win the peerless prize  
Ten thousand rivals chase with greedy eyes?  
What hope is mine, who can assert no claim  
To power, to wealth, to merit, or to fame?  
What hope? What hope? No art, no wisdom mine,  
No proud descent from long illustrious line!  
Ah! if she love me, as I her, all these  
Weigh less than dust in Cupid's balances!

### II

Ah! Love! I thought, that I knew you,  
When I bent to that heart of mine,  
And my lips drank in the rapture  
Of your subtle enchanting wine.

Then Fate smote the cup into fragments  
But with new amaze I am filled,  
Though shattered the worthless vessel,  
Not a drop of the wine is spilled.

LOVE SONG FROM THE PUSHTU  
OF NAUROZ OF KHADUKHEL  
KHANDI

**M**Y joyful days I spend in praise,  
For that my love is come again,  
So sweet a breath from Spring's late death,  
Is wafted o'er the land again.

And o'er my face the scented grace  
Of my love's curls is spread again:  
And through the trees the cooling breeze  
From far off snows is blown again.

No fault is mine, yet I decline  
My guiltless head to earth again;  
And bow full low to meet the blow  
From the keen blade Love draws again.

Nor can my breast know any rest,  
With madness sweet 'tis filled again:  
And Love's fell power claims every hour,  
And grief and pain are fled again.

Oh! she is fair beyond compare,  
Should she remove her veil again,  
Swift, at its fall, would beauties all  
Bow low their heads in shame again,

LOVE SONG FROM THE PUSHTU OF NAUROZ

The pearls that deck each rival's neck,  
The bards that strung may loose again,  
This happy morn to me is born  
A glad New Year of song again.

## TO THE MOON

**F**OR simple constancy  
Let the poor heart pant:  
Hail, Moon, I worship thee,  
Splendid inconstant!

Whom wouldst thou charm, if ay  
Full nor free-ranging?  
Who long for maiden sigh  
Sweetly unchanging?

Eyes faint and dim to-night  
Sinking in sorrow,  
Glow with recaptured light  
From the glad morrow.

Though love avert her face  
Bidding me leave her,  
Soon my quick blood will race  
At her full favour.

Tear-stains, at morn bedewed,  
Evening erases,  
Smiling in certitude  
Of changing phases.

Endless variety  
Re-charms each feature:  
Swift mutability  
Perfects God's creature.

TO THE MOON

Manifold love's delights,  
Single the true one:  
Each moon's last waning nights  
Herald a new one.

Fame of inconstancy  
Thou didst inherit:  
Vaunt, Moon, thy legacy,  
Blazon thy merit.

## PLACES

**U**NDERNEATH the birch wood  
By the river Ken—  
That's the place  
To see the face  
Of little water-men,

Out upon the hillside  
I and the children—  
Two bright motes of happiness, dancing in the sun,  
Drinking in the wind's wine  
To bubble in their heart's blood,  
Leaping and shouting on rocks, in bogs and rushes,  
Living ev'ry moment, as if life could ne'er be done.

Out upon the hillside  
I and the children  
Climbed up to a cairn of stones, piled in days long-dead:  
Eagerly they asked me,  
What the men, who heaped it:  
Carelessly I answered them: "The Cairn of Blood the  
name is,  
But none knows who built it, whose the blood there  
ahed."

Out upon the hillside  
Sun-warmed and wind-sheltered,  
I dozed and the children talked as children would,  
Golden head and brown head  
Nodding each to other:

PLACES

Waking then I questioned them and smilingly they  
answered

"Making up a story, Dad, about the Cairn of Blood."

Underneath the birch trees,  
By the river Ken,  
That's the place  
To see the face  
Of little water-men.

Where the downward waters meet  
Ripple of the breeze,  
Out they peep,  
And back they leap,  
For the eye that sees.

# A DREAM

To D. G. R.

**T**HE endless dead  
Stumbled to meet their Judge through **Heavw** \*  
gate,

And every head  
Was bowed in fear of his deserved fate:  
For there was none  
Unladen with the sins, for which Christ bleeds,  
And every one  
Bore in his hands the book of his misdeeds,

Save one: for I  
Held clasped against my heart a secret scroll:  
And by and by  
I stood before the throne—a naked soul—  
And, trembling, gave  
My scroll to the Mercy of the Almighty hand,  
In faint hope brave,  
He, seeing, would forgive and understand.

Thereon He gazed:  
Then lifted eyes to the utmost bar of heaven :  
All stood amazed,  
To whom to stand before His face was given:  
And He spoke now  
In words divine by human love and grace,  
"Pass: only thou  
Canst lift the veil of sorrow from her face,"

## THE LOST LYRIC

**S**HE flits behind the mists,  
Beyond my sight:  
The words she sings to tune I faintly catch  
I cannot write.

Dim is the radiance,  
Thin the melody:  
The full possession of the eluding fay  
Is not for me.

I strive to seize and hold  
Her fitful charm :  
I grasp but empty air, not naked waist  
And body warm.

Yet what she bids me sing,  
That sing I must:  
Of man aglow with lire or in the grave  
Resolved to dust:

Of Sappho, dead for love;  
Of Lalage,  
Whose eyes yet smile, whose tongue yet prattles on  
Alluringly:

The Armouress, mourning youth  
In wrinkled woe:  
Rapt Beatrice, who held her poet's pen  
Yet did not know:

THE LOST LYRIC

Dark Ladies, lily Maids,  
Spring, sun and flowers:  
All that has moved man's heart to song in glad  
Or mournful hours:

Young love, war, birth, and death,  
God, time, and fate :  
The myriad themes of bards of olden time  
And singers late.

Oh I that my ears could hear!  
My eyes but see I  
One happy night the dream pass gate of horn  
Not ivory!

## THE DREAM OF THE DEAD HOUND

**I**F she be the maid, I slew,  
Ere she brought his child to birth,  
If she bear like love to him,  
Sound my sleep beneath the earth.

Yet uneasy are my dreams,  
Fear sets my cold heart astir,  
Lest some counterfeiting sprite  
Hath done on the shape of her.

If so be, dead lover I  
Of the dead, and murderer too.  
On the false flesh of this ghost  
Must another murder do.

# THE LESSONS OF THE FIELD

To F. A. L.-J.

In memory of December 9th, 1896.—Oxford 9 points, Cambridge 8 points.

OLD friend, we owe our start in life  
To Classics and Lit. Hum;  
But don't you think we learnt far more  
Behind a Rugger scrum?  
I know at least, what I learnt there,  
Has stood me in good stead,  
Kept up my heart to face defeat,  
Kept down a swelling head.

The rush well stopped, the tackle sure  
That checks a winning foe,  
Or holds a narrow one-point lead,  
Until the whistle go,  
The opening made, the swift pass ta'en  
At speed of flying feet,  
Were fruit of powers, that throughout life,  
Win victory from defeat.

The steadfast courage and the pride  
Always to play the game,  
And play it for the side alone,  
And not for selfish fame,  
The balanced temper that unmoved  
Meets smile or frown of fate,  
That chants no paean of victory,  
No losing hymn of hate,

THE LESSONS OF THE FIELD

The loyal trust,, that fifteen men  
Into one team can bind,  
And, animating bodies fit.  
True fitness of the mind—  
These are the powers that shaped us in  
A mould that ne'er shall yield,  
Stamping upon our plastic hearts,  
The high lessons of the field.

Now we have sons we hope will prove  
Of the right stuff and sort,  
And nobly fill our places in  
The chivalry of sport.  
Then, trusting Heaven's fields will be  
As Oxford meadows lush,  
We'll go down to the charge of death  
As to a Rugger *rush*.

## WHERE ?

**W**HERE would you be, if the choice were your own?

In the shires, with a cloudy sky o'er you,  
A good horse 'tween your knees, scent hot as you please,

And the pack and a stout fox before you?  
On a bog? on a moor? by a tall Norfolk belt  
With your trusty twelve-bore and with cartridge?  
The mallard in flight, the grouse-pack in sight,  
Or snipe, or pheasant or partridge?

*Chorus:*                    Ask us no more,  
                                 All of us roar

Kadir grass, Kadir jhow, a good horse, a good boar!

Try farther afield I Try the African veldt  
With a rifle, that you can rely on I  
Then take on the elephant, rhino, and buff  
Or face the full charge of a lion!  
Try a tiger, that leaps at the elephant's head!  
Try a stalk, when you first set your eyes on  
Ibex or thar, poll, ammon, markhor,  
Or a Central India bison!

*Chorus:*                    Ask us no more, etc.

They're all of them good but ask me for sport,  
First a ride, for there's nothing to beat it:

## W H E R E ?

Then something to chase, good comrades to race,  
And—a fight to the death to complete it.  
So fox-hunting won't do, though all they say's true  
Of the Pytchley, the Quorn, the Cottesmore Hunt:  
For there's one point that's clear, to all of us here,  
There's only one Ace—that's a boar-hunt.

*Chorus:*                    Ask us no more, etc.

Try it as one wills! Try Mhow's rocky hills  
And stretches of tricky black cotton!  
Try the Bengali chur! Try the Gujerat fence!  
Try going that's sound or that's rotten 1  
Let him run cunning, then use all your craft!  
Run straight, then ride hard as you can, Sir!  
At the end he will fight to his last ounce of might  
And you'll know if you are a man, Sir!

*Chorus:*                    Ask us no more,  
                                  All of us roar  
Kadir grass, Kadir jhow, a good horse, a good boar!

## TIGER

**I**NCARNATE grace, incarnate strength, he lay  
Asleep 'neath the Korundi's solid shade,  
Where through nor tropic sun nor rain could pierce.  
At eve a cooler breath and slow he woke  
And stretched his mighty limbs and knew the lust  
Of blood, For full three days he had not killed  
And the old kill all eaten! Silent, then,  
As sleep and fell as death he took his way  
With careful feet on brittle leaves and glance  
Suspicious, eager, peering, o'er each ridge  
And round each bush. Then marked in a deep glade  
A buffalo, for slaughter tethered. Down  
He dropped and lay, still now and tense, save tail,  
Whose twitching point bewrayed the hunger-lust  
And hunger-hope. Head thrust between the grass,  
He scanned each point of vantage, wondering  
If this was man's device and if his foes  
Lay there in wait to slay him as he slew.  
Night fell and in its shade he glided on  
Silently, stealthily, slowly. Then at last  
One mighty bound, and all his fury fell  
Upon his victim's shoulder, breaking neck  
With wrench of mighty forearm and the force  
Of flying body. In the throat he sheathed  
His fangs and joyous, sucked the hot blood in  
And feasted, gluttonous, on liver and heart  
Torn from the quivering carcass. Satiated  
The first fierce lust, down to the pool he stalked

## TIGER

And as he came, the timid Sambhur barked  
And fled. Meanwhile the blood from whiskered jaws  
Defiled the air and fouled the running stream,  
Proclaiming to the night the King had killed.  
Slaked now his thirst, upon the sand he rolled  
Rejoicing in his might, his luck, the thought,  
That the warm carcass still awaited him  
To glut his maw.

Broke the pale dawn and quick  
From the defilfed dell the shadows fled  
Up the steep slopes but till full day had come  
He lay there gorging as a beast doth gorge,  
Who knoweth not when he will eat again,  
Nor ever marked, how from a grassy screen  
Upon the cliff eyes watched his gluttony  
Nor when they ceased to watch.

Then sleep,  
Sleep of the full-fed, on the shady side  
Of the ravine, beneath a bush, and dreams  
Of blood and slaughter and full-sated lust,  
Held him unthinking, lulled to indifference  
By hunger satisfied and craving stilled.  
Slow the sun clomb the high meridian.  
Then Hulla! Hiya! Hulla! rattling drums  
And blaring conches smote on his dulled ears.  
He woke, raised head, cocked ears and listened hard,  
Marked how the hated noise of men still drew  
More near his lair. Sullen, sulky, up he rose

## TIGER

And slouched on heavily: and nearer yet  
The uproar drew. His mind awoke and asked  
Why thus they drove him forward. What the snare,  
The ambush in his front? Thinking, he turned  
To the left bank and tried to scale the height:  
But tap of stick and clap of hand soon told  
Men there were ready for him. Back he turned  
With mind alert, suspicious of each tree  
Each leaf, each rustle. Tried the other bank:  
The same repulse! and still the roar behind  
Pushed him for ever forward. Hark! what now?  
A sound to the front and not a jungle sound!  
What of it? what he knew not! Ah, but what?  
And dim suspicion leapt to certainty  
That he was beaten forward with intent  
Towards an ambush. Until he knew more,  
He would not move but lay down by a bush,  
Licking his pads all blistered by hot rock,  
Peered here and there and ever kept his ears  
Alert for slightest sound. Still from behind  
The uproar pressed him on, Hulla! hulla!  
Soon they would come on him and he would turn,  
And rend and tear their flesh, smash their thin skulls  
Beneath his arms of steel. No! too full fed,  
Too sated for a tulzie. Better then to slink  
On watchfully! What now? A muffled cough!  
A chink of metal! Someone lay in wait,  
Scarce fifty yards ahead! glide on and see

## TIGER

Or wait till ears brought clearer news? Glide on!  
Ten yards! and twenty! thirty! yes! there! men!  
High in a tree a few yards to the right I  
He would not move and down he lay again,  
And still the uproar pressed him from behind.  
And now decision! Back or forward? Well!  
Better perchance a quick dash than await  
The clang and clamour. Better risk it now,  
And into instant gallop swung his limbs  
And won was safety! Bang! whit! and a shock  
That staggered all his might! Like a red flame  
The bullet pierced and broke to rivulets  
Of fire that burnt his very vitals through,  
Yet was his force not spent and he fled on  
Through the thick jungle. But the pain! the pain!  
Too great at last for his vast strength! he could  
No more and, spent, lay up beneath a bush.  
In a brief space the uproar rose again  
And branches snapped, and trees broke crashing  
down  
Beneath the feet of elephants: and men  
Drew nigh! yet none espied him hidden there  
Beneath the bush, where fallen, yellow leaves,  
Barred by black shadows from each twig and branch,  
Spots of white sunlight mimicked white and black  
And yellow of his hide. Glowering he pondered.  
Should he crouch there in hope they would pass by  
Or hurl himself on them, these feeble folk

## TIGER

Who hunted him, the master, all the day?  
Or on the elephants who bore the men,  
Whose bullet smote him? If they did not pass  
•Him by, the elephants, the elephants should be  
His mark. To leap on them, to drag them down,  
To slay their riders, batten on the flesh  
Of the huge carcasses! Ah! sweet revenge  
For all his pain!

Now were they almost past!  
Tis well! when crash! a clod came clattering through  
The bush and smote his stinging wound and sent  
The pain afresh like lightning through his nerves.  
One quick red glance! one loud, throat-rending roar!  
A sudden leap! And fury, pain and strength,  
Wound-maddened, flashed toward the elephant,  
And claws and teeth were fixed deep in his head  
And bit and tore. Down to his knees he sank  
Before the onset of infuriate power,  
Flung hither, thither head and up-curved trunk,  
Casting the men in the howdah here and there,  
Like pebbles in a grid: then steadied. Quick  
Two shots rang out: and back the tiger dropped  
With tail still lashing but the elephant  
Knelt on him as he fell, crushed out the last  
Of life and rising, smote with mighty feet,  
Kicking the failing, dying jungle king  
Into a pulp.

There lies his hide but still  
My closed eyes hold that charge, my ears that roar.

## PATROCLOS

**S**IT there, my helm; now am I fully dight:  
The silver clasps the bronze about my legs  
And on my breast the starry corslet sits  
Close as 'twere forged for me: the nodding plumes  
Crown my proud head and in my hand the sword  
Knows me a master.

I have longed for this  
Through years of silent hope, which, like a mole,  
Burrowed its hidden way beneath my heart  
Nor broke the surface.

Why should I not match  
Achilles' armour with Achilles' deeds?  
What voice speaks there? No, no, I never grudged  
Him e'en the least of all his triumphs gained  
So worthily. My secret soul is clean  
Of envy and its lineal bitterness,  
And I hold him my master, cousin, friend,  
Rejoicing in his glory, sharer, too,  
In the glooms of his dark soul.

And yet, why not?  
Am I not sprung as he from Zeus<sup>1</sup> own seed?  
Were not our fathers brothers, equal save  
For one brief year, that 'stablished Peleus lord  
Of Phthia and the peerless Myrmidons,  
And cast me squire to wait his son's commands,  
Bear shield, clean armour, tossed for recompense  
Jewels he covets not, raiment he deems  
Unworthy, women held too low to grace

PATROCLOS

**H**is royal bed. Always the best for him  
From first to last! in our far boyhood's days  
When Cheiron taught us both, he always gave  
The choice to him, and I must be content  
With spear ill-shafted, blunt, unhandy sword,  
Arrows half-feathered, horse that barely knew  
A rider's weight I and always his beside  
More patience, longer time! Cheiron ne'er grudged  
A full day spent to teach him one more trick  
Offence. Meanwhile I slunk behind, unschooled,  
Gleaning my knowledge from the fallen ears  
Of his full sheaf. And thus we grew to men,  
He of skill unrivalled, courage unsurpassed,  
Swift foot and mind, wide generosity,  
But changeful, moody, chafing at all bars  
And, if they held, sullen behind them—I  
As brave, as skilful every whit, but short  
Of his dread kinghood, fell renown and blaze  
Of glory lit with shining deeds,

And now

The spear, the Pelian spear, that Cheiron gave  
To deal out death! And it shall deal to-day—  
I cannot wield it! Did Achilles know?  
And was that why, in granting my request,  
He bade me stay my hand nor lead the host  
Against the sacred coronal of Troy,  
Lest some God slay me? Does he fear for me  
Thinking me less than him? or for himself

PATROCLOS

Shunning some oracle or word of Zeus?  
That holds more likelihood than all these days  
When danger's hands were closing on our throats,  
To brood abed through jaundiced hours for naught,  
Save that his minion had been reft from him  
By Agamemnon. Were she wedded wife,  
And did his soul travail for her as once  
Orpheus for lost Eurydice, excuse  
Were easy: but she can be naught to him  
Than latest of a thousand captives led  
To camp, unwilling yet prepared to win  
With their smooth bodies favour from the kings,  
Who are their masters. Naught! Yet there he sulks.  
A petted, pampered child, whose cherished toy  
Is taken from him. Heralds have been sent  
With free confession of the wrong, that burns,  
And full atonement. Still the hero sulks,  
And nourishing his peevish temper hurls  
The ripening fruit of ten years toil to rot  
Out on the dunghill. See, where on the walls  
The flood of battle lips the very crest  
And soon will over-top it. See the fire  
That flames in Grecian huts, where Hector leads  
The Trojan van: and still too proud to pluck  
The darling rage, he mothers like a babe,  
From his full bosom, still too proud to face  
Taunt of threats unfulfilled, he orders me  
Lead forth his Myrmidons and thrust the foe

## PATROCLOS

From the beleaguered walls. With subtle pride  
He bids me don his mask, and sally forth  
Clad in his armour, as if none would dare  
Outface his panoply. And I obey—  
No silly scarecrow flaunting in the sun  
The terror of his garments, but a man,  
Able to prove my self at every point,  
Save fortune's gifts and easy-won renown,  
An equal captain. Lo! My chance at last!  
At last, the birthright that was almost mine!  
At last the circumstance that made him great!  
To-morrow, I shall clothe myself in this  
Resplendent armour, at whose blinding gleam  
The stricken foe will coil within the shell  
Of Ilium! To-morrow I shall lead  
The Myrmidons to battle, whose loud cry  
Will shake to dust Troy's panic-shrivelled heart!  
To-morrow, at my view, shall Hector droop  
His tossing plumes and slip from faltering hand  
His useless blade! My chance! My chance at last!  
I had no Goddess mother nor was I  
Dipped in the Stygian waters, till no spot  
Could own the impact of the cleaving steel:  
I am but man, yet sprung of the same blood  
As fills Achilles' veins, taught by his side  
To wield my weapon, in life's tenser school  
To wield the weapon of myself at will,  
To hood each hungry passion, launching it

## PATROCLOS

From resolution's wrist to swoop and strike  
The destined quarry when 'tis flushed aright.  
Not casting golden chances to the winds  
At flare of gamester temper, that defies  
The reckoned odds, that stakes world-filling fame  
And opportunity to dim the stars  
Against a captive harlot.

Mine is not  
That temper nor his frenzied heat to sate  
Blind lust for blood, nor have I pinned my faith  
To cast alone of balanced spear and thrust  
Of skilful sword, but open-eyed shall face  
The losing battle, marshalling the host,  
Watching the auspicious minute, that I fling  
My peerless regiment, my Myrmidons  
Into the furnace, when their furious heat  
Can blast opposing foes and burn to ash  
The still defiant towers of Ilium.  
I have the chance I prayed for, yea, far more  
Than all I begged the Gods and I will show  
Myself a man to-morrow, whom the world  
Shall hail inspired, divine, that from the scroll  
Of glory shall Achilles' name be struck  
To die dishonoured, and emblazoned there  
For gaping generations to behold  
And stare at, till tears blind their dazzled eyes,  
Patroclos—Saviour, Conqueror, and King!—  
And yet I would that I could wield that spear!

## HELEN

**C**OME, Polycaste, let us leave the men  
To ramble on about what pleases them—  
The war at Troy and all the fairy-tales,  
Odysseus brought back from his wanderings.  
It keeps them happy: we will slip away  
To my apartments for a quiet chat.  
I'll go on weaving, you can sit by me  
And tell me all about Telemachus,  
What sort of husband does he make, and how  
You find Penelope: or p'raps you'd rather not  
Talk about her: it may be wiser. Well  
About Telemachus, I think you said  
You saw him, when he came to Pylos first,  
Seeking for news of his lost father. Then  
You bathed him, and that naughty Eros loosed  
A dart at you. You liked his straight young limbs  
The quiet wisdom of his face, and though  
Nought was said then, he had remembered you.  
And when Odysseus drifted home, and swept  
The wooers from his halls to halls of death,  
The bridal gifts were sent. Quite a romance!  
And that is helpful! But what pleases me  
Is this—you both belong to good old families,  
Children of Kings, who bore themselves like Kings  
In war and council. That's a far better start;  
You know what is expected of you each,  
By each, and what you both should look for in  
Those over whom Zeus set you. It's a base

## HELEN

On which to build. But now—Telemachus—  
I hope he's all you dreamed: you blush and nod  
Yet, after all, you do not know him yet,  
Nor your ow'n self, and you may find, that dreair.s  
Have rude awakenings. How well I recall  
The wild excitement of my wedding day!  
It was a brilliant function! All the Kings  
From near and far, and e'en the deathless Gods  
Sent splendid gifts and graciously sat down  
To share the feast: my age-fellows, adorned  
In shining raiment, danced before my path,  
Flower-strewn: and crowding poets rhapsodized  
Unending hymns of all the happiness  
I brought to Menelaus. Him, of course,  
I barely knew, but yet again, like you  
And your Telemachus—in fact perhaps  
To a more marked degree—we both were born  
And knew how to behave—a precious gift,  
Indeed invaluable. It helped us through  
Our first beginnings—not an easy time,  
As you have doubtless found. 'Tis mad to bind  
Woman and man in their raw youth in yoke  
Of wedlock and expect them pull at once  
With perfect understanding: they must learn  
To give and take, and how to fit their own  
To the other's idiosyncrasies. We were  
A model pair, until Hermione,  
My darling girl, was born: just at the time

## HELEN

My husband was perfection: naught could pass  
His tender thought: but afterwards he showed  
No real consideration for my pain  
And altered figure. It was clear to me  
That would be ruined, and my beauty lost,  
If I bore children at the rate he wished.  
He had to understand that there's an end  
To a woman's patience. When he begged me face  
The cruel pangs once more to give an heir  
To him and Lacedaemon, I refused  
Gently but firmly. He swung off and fell,  
Manlike, to the first woman, who made eyes  
At him—a slave of my own household  
Whom he dared make my equal. 'Twas enough  
To sting the dullest, and though I did not  
Run after other men, yet Paris came—  
The very type to tempt, prompt to my hour  
Of greatest weakness—slim and well set up,  
Always attentive, always at my side,  
Amusing too, and pat with tales and songs  
Of all the lighter poets, which he sang  
To his own lyre most beautifully. I  
Was fascinated: and perhaps there was  
Some truth in the strange story, that went round  
About the golden apple. There's no doubt  
Of this, at least, that if a woman turned  
The scale in Aphrodite's favour, I  
Was she. I knew the whole of Greece and none

## HELEN

Dared hint a challenge to my beauty then.  
You should have seen me—well, well, never mind!  
But I was lovely, and poor Paris lost  
Both head and heart: and though I meant no harm  
Yet I was dull and Menelaus seemed  
Wrapt in his ugly slave, who swelled with pride  
When she brought forth a son, most fitly named  
The son of sorrow, whom she calls his heir,  
Though I do not. That was what tipped the beam:  
Whether intriguing Aphrodite was in fact  
Pulling the puppet-strings or not, I fled  
To Troy. Well then—and this is what I have  
Been working to—a fool might have found things  
Most difficult, but I was not perturbed,  
I never lost command, and if you should  
Get into such positions, mind you think  
Of my advice. I've had experience  
And gladly give the benefit to you.  
Picture the scene: the Trojan plain swept bare  
Of men and cattle: the whole country-side  
Penned in the city: food and fuel short:  
Widows and orphans numberless, and half  
The men wounded or maimed: everyone,  
Save those with nicer sense of honour and  
A real appreciation of my worth,  
Clamouring to pack me home and end the war.  
Priam's attitude was perfect: he, of course,  
Despite his age admired me: Paris, too,

## HELEN

Did what he could, and he was glass and mould  
To all the youth: but what had most effect  
Was taking the right pose. I thought it out,  
Xook it, and kept it, and if you can but  
Remember that, and have sufficient brains  
To work your sum out for yourself, whate'er  
The circumstances, you will win safe through.  
That tale of Aphrodite and her bribe  
Of me to Paris gave the needful hint.  
It threw o'er all the proper atmosphere  
Of high romance: and when folk talked of it,  
I dropped my eyes and blushed and slipped away  
With plaintive air of meek submission to  
Fates' harsh decree, That was enough for most,  
And I was washed of blame: but 'twas not so  
With all: Laodike, who held herself  
Most fair of Priam's daughters, envied me  
My beauty from the first: Cassandra, too,  
Was difficult: at times she seemed quite fond,  
And, then, the fit came on her, and she raved  
Of all the woes that I had brought on Troy  
And on herself, and even made bad puns  
Upon my name—a most offensive trick  
I much resented. Then Hector had his doubts,  
And he was man and hero such as few  
Are bred on earth, whose lightest word to all  
Spelt swift obedience. He frightened me  
With looks askance, as if he counted up

## HELEN

Whether I was worth the long-enduring war  
And endless bloodshed: I had need to use  
Both brains and tact with him: for instance, once  
I well remember, he came raging back  
From the fell battle, packed off Hekabe  
And all the women to Athene's shrine,  
Looking for further victims, burst on us  
And found my Paris, handsome, debonair,  
Polishing an arrow point until it shone  
Like diamond, and chatting quietly  
Meanwhile to me. With words, that cut like whips,  
He lashed him, bidding him go fight for those  
Who staked their lives to save both him and me.  
Paris was tactful and considerate :  
I always found him so: he turned the stream  
By promising to sally forth himself  
At once: and saved me too by quick riposte  
That I but then had been entreating him  
To arm for battle. I clinched the affair  
By gentle deprecation of the ills  
Brought by me, dog-faced, on the hapless folk,  
Slid the blame on the Gods and sweetly asked  
Hector to sit by me and rest awhile.  
There is no doubt you can face any man  
With the right pose. That is the real gift  
Of well-bred women: though I must admit  
That when Troy fell and Menelaus came,  
Hot with the pent-up jealousy of years,

## HELEN

Intent to slay me, for one passing shade  
My nerve was shaken but I summoned up  
My failing courage, drew myself erect  
To the full stretch of my imperial height  
And flashed a proud defiance back to his  
Uplifted sword. He never could resist  
My perfect eyes: he dropped the blade, and I  
Swung round at once to luckless misjudged wretch,  
Who had not left her husband and her home  
But for intriguing Gods, who drove her on  
To deeds her heart ne'er dreamed of. After all,  
He never quite forgot he had in me  
A peerless woman: and I took the blaze  
He lit in Greece and spread o'erseas to Troy  
Quite simply, as the finest compliment  
He could have paid. He knew that I was pleased,  
And that pleased him, combined with deference  
Such as a wife should pay a husband, who  
Thought so much of her. Well—pose pulled m  
through

Both then, and after, with a harder task,  
When I sailed home to Lacedsemon. There,  
Folk looked askance at me, but I held on,  
My head in air, admitting mine no fault,  
Putting all off my shoulders on the Gods',  
And never 'bating aught of the respect,  
That was my due: and here we are to-day,  
Honoured, considered, liked by everyone,

## HELEN

No house more popular! I retain my air  
Of injured innocence and blithely talk  
Of Troy and the long siege, as if the Gods  
Wove the whole web, and Menelaus falls  
Each day more deeply in the same belief.  
He's handsome and a gentleman but weak  
And he will end by thinking so himself.  
Now, dear, run off and get undressed: I 'm surr  
If your Telemachus is half as fond  
Of you, as Menelaus, or as Paris was  
Of me when I was your age, he'll be vexed  
Not to find you in bed. No, don't protest:  
You never can be sure what fate may have  
In store for you, and girls should not despise  
The advice of older women. Good night, dear.





