

**THE ENGLISHMAN
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(page 9)**

An Appeal to the Viceroy.

In this Supreme Hour of England's Peril.

Eager and strong for savage war,
The unconquered legions of the Czar
Mass in their millions, every man
On fire to seize Afghanistan.

O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
The poet's patriotic fear!

Through smiling vales by easy roads
Their swift advance to India bodes
Murder and rapine, storm and pillage.
For man and beast, for town and village.

O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
The poet's very natural fear!

See how the hordes of Cossacks chase
The timid Afghan from his place,
Hunt from his beautiful maidan [sic]
The pale effeminate Pathan!

O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
The poet's justly founded fear!

Fresh from their triumphs in Japan
They spare not either beast or man.
Their battleships with murderous lust
Lay low Calcutta in the dust.

O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
The poet's very proper fear!

Hurry each horse and gun and man
To try and guard Afghanistan,
While we civilians try, for sure,
To sneak away through Manipur!

O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
The poets pardonable fear!

Cable for twenty million troops
To England's noble nincompoops
Before the Russian hordes devour
That fenceless Capua, Peshawar!
 O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
 The poet's pitiable fear!

Are twenty million troops enough?
Nay! but it makes a decent bluff.
Our backs are hard against the wall:
Pray heaven Russia may not "call!"
 O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
 The poet's very manly fear!

O ryot and O artisan!
The awful fate of crushed Japan
May soon be yours; may yet be worse:—
Pull the last anna from your purse!
 O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
 The poet's inexpensive fear!

Our toiling myriads ill at ease:—
How ill their force compares with these,
The happy peasants, Jews, and Poles,
Finns with contentment in their souls:—
 O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
 The poet's well-instructed fear!

All we can do man nought avail—
(The poet turns extremely pale.)
Alas! our Empire's end is nigh.
We cannot win, but we can die.*
 O good Lord Curzon, deign to hear
 The poet's patriotic fear!

ALEISTER CROWLEY.

* Heroic sentiments of this sort are charged for separately at a higher rate.