

## BALLADE OF BICYCLING

LITTLE use to weep over a spill,  
When you chance to collide with a chap  
In a cart at the foot of a hill,  
Or a clergyman out in a trap ;  
It is better to meet a mishap  
With philosophy noble and sound,  
And steer for Fortunia's lap :  
“ Hi, Mister, your wheel's goin' round ! ”

Though Jack may be followed by Jill,  
On the slope, a man's claret to tap ;  
There's a way that is made by a will,  
Like a river turned on from a tap.  
You may cover the whole of the map,  
Your face with the sunlight is browned,  
You smile when boys shout, with a clap,<sup>1</sup>  
“ Hi, Mister, your wheel's goin' round ! ”

Thus good is the converse of ill  
(Such truths are the moralist's pap),  
And turbot makes excellent brill ;  
Verse goes with a tang and a snap.

In fact, I should plunge and go nap  
On the quite unassailable ground  
Of Ace, King, Queen, Knave—verbum sap—  
“ Hi, Mister, your wheel's goin' round ! ”

<sup>1</sup> The phrase is adverbial.

## L'ENVOI

I doubt if the verse I distill  
Will be by th' Academy crowned,  
I don't care a bit if it will,  
As long as the voices are shrill ;—  
“ Hi, Mister, your wheel's goin' round ! ”