

So yeve me grace, is certain
gold, pardee,
Thes hestes to fulfille, as ye
shal see.

By A———d L———d T———n

White-throated lily of the wan wide park,
Come fearless (I was Oxford) in the dark.
I would not flush with rose that bloom of pink;
I would but say how sad I feel. You think
(And maiden's thoughts are wonderful and white),
You really think, then, that we want to fight!
No, no, Etarre, by your own meek fawn's gaze
And memories of my mother in your face,
I swear—I mean I solemnly affirm
(Tut! 'tis a law-court-atheist-witness term)
I mean I truthfully asseverate
That fighting we do not desiderate.
(Mind! there's a mushroom! Do not trip!)

But surely

You will allow me to indulge the purely
Æsthetic intellectual contemplation
Of the imaginary situation
Created, the contingencies that flow
Sequent, supposing only—yes, I know,
It is a mirage, a fond fancy, star
Of a fantastic universe, Etarre—
Supposing—let us play at being boy
And girl again, it is a harmless joy.
Supposing, then, that as in opposition
To actual fact, conceivable condition,
We did. Why, then, indeed the patriot's part,
The attitude of every brain and heart,
Must be, if only he would sleep in peace,
To use no higher argument, surcease
Of urging, to reflect upon the fact

That he who thinks has rarely need to act.
The thinker governs, and the government
By the electors' (and my own) consent,
And the advice of the "blue-water-school,"
Have ships in plenty, and the men to rule,
To man them and—to fight them.

Fight, I say!

By heaven, I feel a Viking! Berserk! Nay,
Nay, Maud—I mean Etarre—be not alarmed!
It were not thee my hero mood had harmed!
Besides, if beautiful implied reflective,
You would have classed the spasm as subjective.
But I digress. We have the ships, the crew,
And—I complacent smile—the money too.
Shall we go watch the peacocks on the lake,
Or to the hall for China tea and cake?

By R——t B——g

Non volumus pugnare—that won't do:
Out with your hand, boy, nolumus, whack, whack!
Nolumus—now go on—pugnare—we
Don't want to fight. Sed, but. Smith septimus,
Your collar's crumpled. How comes that? You fought?
Well, you are no tru Briton. Sed—but—si
Volumus—if we do—Sit down! Next boy!
Try not to mumble so. Si volumus,
Naves, the ships, habemus, them we have;
Naves habernus, we have got the ships.
Et, and, nautas, the men et etiam
And also. Briscoe, do sit straight. Go on,
Coleman, from nautas, sailors. Et. Well? And,
Etiam, also. Well? Don't stammer so!
Pecuniam. Yes. The money. We have got
Habemus naves, all the ships we want,
Et nautas, and the men, et etiam
Pecuniam. And the money too. Time's up.

By P——y B——e S——y

I awake from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
And the winds and stars in their melody
Sing softly to the swooning sea.
"We do not want to fight."

Ah, but, my love, shall tyrants sneer,
Nor manhood turn to bay?
An earwig bores at that gross ear,
And its name is Liberty!
"But if we do," I hear it say,
"By Jingo"—Men can die!

Pale shallops carven of pure pearl
We have, all hero-manned;
Each has an arm around a girl,
And a Plato in his hand.

Nor is our leisured elegance
For grosser cares to cease;
War hath her items of expense
No less renowned than peace.

Though Godwin frequently reminds me
Of the father-in-law I left behind me.

By W——m B——e

Tiger, tiger, burning bright;
"No, we do not want to fight."
Tiger, spare the bleating kid!
"But, by Jingo, if we did."

"If we did, we have the ships,"
Fell not from too timid lips.

Ask the winds of Thorion then!
Wonder-word: "We have the men."

Shall not Albion graft a stem
From the root Jerusalem?
"We have got the money too."
I have heard Jesus was a Jew.

By F——s T——m

Beatific-pontifical,
Mary-mirifical,
(Os semper manet os)
Logos athanatos—
Right:
"We don't want to fight."

Sanguine-seraphical,
Diabolo-traffical,
Storm-shrieking antiphon
Strips soul like Antipon;
New:
"If, by Jingo, we do."

Confident-fideal
In pace abide ye all!
Beam-gleams the phanal!
Deus et Heynell!
Cripps!
"We have the ships."

Iaoth Ischyros!
Hair blown as Tyro's
Never—like Aaron,
All keep your hair on!
[Ev]
"We have the men."

Aureate-chrysostom,
Helio-byssos! Tom,
Drink to the nemesis
Of Parthenogenesis.

(Funny!)

"We have the money."

By O——n S——n

A Hohenzollern, in his mailèd might,
Is apt to take for truth the merest rumour;
The supposition that we want to fight
Lacks humour.

Rash is the blind and puppy-baited youth;
The supposed spaniel may turn out a dingo!
So, William, if the rumour should prove truth,
By Jingo,

Let us count Dreadnoughts.
(By Winston's wisdom) to your torpid ten.
Moreover, we have "gods in the machine,"
The men.

Did we not hear of trouble in Berlin
(The Bourse) about the "Panther's" l little dash?
We, on the contrary, are rolling in
Hard cash.

By T——s G——y

The spark of day is on God's anvil wrought;
The rooks caw requiem over coffined night;
In the soul's dovecot coo the doves of thought
Their matin lay: "We do not want to fight."

Yet, crowding on the central harmony,
Not as crowds gather to acclaim a king,
But hostile as the vultures from the sky
Swoop on the lone ox slackly staggering,

These thoughts—ah me! these other thoughts arise
“But if we do,”—a fiercer tocsin tolls!
“But if we do, by Jingo”—in our eyes
Flashes the beacon of our torch-lit souls.

Burns on our brain the vision, boundless blue
All islanded with grey, and on our lips
Springs the exultant note, the view-halloo,
The triumph-trumpet call: “We have the ships.”

While answering from the cliffs a voice replies,
“We have the men,” more solemn from the steep,
And on the crags the faery echo dies:
“We have the money”; deep responds to deep.

By D——e G——I R——i

Beetroots of lips! Blush not averse to white!
Bolsters of breasts! Writhe not beneath the whips
Of slander’s tooth! Damsel truth up-trips,
Smiling disdain: “We do not want to fight.”
But if we do (by Jingo) is the might
Of the Leviathan that raves and rips
Not ours? Not ours the Etna-scouring ships
That vomit meteors past Olympic spite?

Have we none valiant, none strong, none bold?
Have we not men? Ay, men the least of whom
Would with a finger-flip lay Langford low?
And is not Cheapside’s dawn the chryseal glow
Of that Old Lady—bearing in her womb
Ineffable, incalculable gold?

By D——s C——s

No ooftish had Fanny, though frisky; she dossed it for
fippence, for choice.
Oh no, sir, it wasn't the whisky that injured her Melba-
like voice.
And although she had side-stepped, no doubt, sir, what
odds? The girl's heart was all right;
And she'd openly put it about, sir, for Cocker, "We don't
want to fight."
Merely adding with spirit—no Briton but nurses the patriot
spark!
"If we did, mind, by Jingo, no kitten is England, no
leap in the dark
Would war be; we've ships, men and money—and plenty
left over for beer.
Now then, don't you go getting funny—but stand us a
brandy, old dear."
It was Houndsditch, and Fanny had gone there, fresh air
being good for her load,
Hhen a copper said: "Here, you, move on there!" She
answered: "You go and be blowed!"
A spirited dialogue started (no cribbing from Anthony
Hope
Or Plato); the slop, who had smarted before from this sort
of soft soap,
Said "You come along to the station. You're drunk."
Fanny murmured "All right!"
And she clawed at his mug with elation, observing, "We
don't want to fight."
And again to the beak, brisk as thruppence, who made it
a half thick 'un job,
"We've the tubs and the tars and the tuppence," though
it cleared out her very last bob.