

BALLADE OF THE NEW HUMOUR

WHEN you at ninety paces
Fill up a snipe with shot,
Find dons with pretty faces,
“ New ” dramas with a plot,
Find money on a Scot,
Find beauty in a bloomer—
We'll read your little lot
And label it as humour.

You think to break our braces
With hidden jokes and hot ;
Kick over manners' traces,
Reins tangle in the knot
Of boredom—Never trot
Your spavined mare, but groom her !
You snigger at a sot,
And label him as humour.

Some pseudo-bloods at races,
Some scholar's polyglot,
Some torpid Don's grimaces,
Some spouting Hottentot ;
Some toady's risky “ mot,”
Some cad's malicious rumour :—¹
All's porridge for your pot.
You label it as humour !

¹ Mr. Back, myself, the O.B., any member of Christ's College, any member of Corpus Christi College, any member of Emmanuel College, are here severally enumerated.

ENVOI

A swollen head you've got,
A suppurating tumour !
You write infernal rot,
And label it as humour !