

BALLADE OF CAMBRIDGE PAPERS¹

THE Cantab “ to the interest
Of undergraduates ” is wed,
Gimbles and gyres as one possessed
On how the Varsity is bled.
It paints with unassuming red
The hebdomary interview
With ladies who on legs and head
Dance until everything is blue !

The Granta with a throbbing breast
Watches, with eager passion fed,
The track, the field, the statesman’s nest,²
The wicket and the river bed.
The evildoer comes to dread
Its scathing scorn, its charges true.
It makes the heart as dull as lead
Dance until everything is blue.

The reverend Review (suppressed
The rising laugh, the smile ill-bred)
Bakes for the Fellows that infest
This University, a bread
Of Pedantry on which is spread
No butter of Good Style undue ;
Before one’s eyes the types unread
Dance until everything is blue.

¹ Written for the *Cambridge Magazine*.

² The Union !!!

ENVOI

Prince, of three bads who wants the best ?

Off, Granta, Cantab, and Review !

Stick to the “ Mag ” and let the rest

Dance until everything is blue !