

THE LITTLE HALF-SOVEREIGN.

RED is the angry sunset,
Murk is the even grey,
Heavy the clouds that hover
Over our Hell to-day.

“Say, in our dark Gomorrah,
Lord, can an angel find
Fifty, but fifty, righteous—
Body—I say not Mind.”

Sadly the angel turneth—
“Stay, ere thou fleest, stay;
Canst thou not find me twenty?”
“Nay” is the answer, “nay.”

“Are there not ten, bright spirit,
Hidden, nor quickly seen,
Somewhere in Hell’s dark alleys,
Somewhere in Walham Green?”

“Speak, for I see thy forehead
Sadden in dark denial,
Is there not one that standeth
Tempter and longsime trial?”

“Is not a candle burning
Somewhere amid the flame
Scorching the smoke of London
With its eternal shame?”

“Is there no gate so stubborn
That shall not find a key,

That with our Sovereign's image
Graven in majesty?"

Why not the Devil's portrait
Graven in Walham Green?
Why with the bare suggestion
Dare we insult our Queen?

Give me the golden trumpet
Blown at the judgment-day,
Closing the gate of mercy
Over the Cast Away.

Melt me its gold to money,
Coin me that small, small ring
Stamped with the Hoof of Satan,
Bearing the name of King.

Then, in the murky midnight,
Silently lead me down,
Down into Hell's dark portals,
Far in the West of Town.

Then to the shrieks of devils
Writhing in torments keen,
Sing me the song that tells me
Ever of Walham Green.

Sing of the little half-sovereign
Dancing in golden sheen;
Leave me in Hell—or, better,
Leave me in Walham Green.