

Down in the Tropics

Long long ago

A grasshopper stepped
on an elephant's toe.

The elephant cried
with tears in its eyes
Why not choose a fellow
of your own size!

A ~~horse~~ flea, a horse and 4 blind mice
Sat on the curb side playing dice
The horse slipped & fell on the flea
Oh help said the flea there's a horse
on me!

16 30

TEMPTATION

or

LINES WRITTEN IN THE SPRING TERM_—

Who's to have sway

During the day?
Where are we off to?

Which is the way?

See here come rollicking, tumbling along

Fifty young giddy goats, terribly strong;
Set forth to trip us they fondle and grin,
Full of adventure, determined to win.

Phantastic creatures, fawning, capricious,
Frollicksome quadrupeds, quaint and delicious.

How they do run!

Look at the sun!

Look at the blue sky!

What's to be done?

Hey but I'll go with them; reason's gone mad,
Reason's a sour old apple gone bad,
Reason's a reason when all others fail,
Reason puts spirits and life into gaol.

Therefore not reason so cautious and thrifty,
But life at a gallop with giddy goats fifty!

J. M. C. Douglas

Mrs. Coleman's poem

1934-35

'Wonder Among Us Dwells'

Last night the western sky was all aflame
With crimson tides of wild, exotic splendour
That lingered till pale Venus, lone and tender,
From misty space in silent beauty came.
Today the heavens their deepest blue resume
With sails of snowy cloud about them drifting,
Dark pines beside my tent strong arms are lifting,
And all the world is carpeted with bloom.
Wonder among us dwells! We hearken, awed,
The whispering stars relate their timeless story,
Behold the face of earth, illumed with glory,
Respond with beauty to the touch of God,
And know ourselves mysteriously akin
To that which shapes without and broods within.

H. C.

An Overworked & Locutionist.

1. Once there was a little boy, whose name was Robt. Reec
And every Fri. afternoon he had to speak a piece ^{a store}
so many poems thus he learned that soon he has
of recitations in his head, & still kept learning more

2. And now this is what happened: He was called upon one ^{week}
and totally forgot the piece he was about to speak!
His brain was cudgeled. Not a word remained within ^{his head}
And so he spoke @ random & this is what he said

3. "My Beautiful, my Beautiful who stands proudly by
It was the schooner Hesperus, - the breaking waves dashed ^{high}
Why is the Forum crowded? What means this stir in Rome?
Under a spreading chestnut tree, there is no place like home!

4. When Freedom from her mountain height cried, "Twinkle, little star
Shoot if you must this grey old head, King Henry of Navarre!
Roll on, thou deep & dark blue castles crag of Drachenfels,
My name is Horrel, on the Grampian Hills, ring out, wild bells!

5. If you're waking, call me early, to be or not to be
The curfew must not ring to night! Oh, woodman ^{spare that tree}
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on! And let who will be ^{clear}
The boy stuck on the burning deck, but I go on, &
6. forever!

(See other side)

continued

6.

His elocution was superb, his voice & gestures fine;
His schoolmates all applauded as he finished the last line.
"I see it does n't matter" Robert thought, "what words I
So long as I declaim with oratorical display !!!"

In the 1000 Islands of the St Lawrence.

There is an island that I know
Ringed round with willows, their fine
Coral red below the ship and shimmer
of that green clear water
overlain with blue, cerulean blue

Great willow limbs, upspringing from
Reach out with pleasant ease, ^{one here,}
The rough bark 'd, dark anatomy of
Among their wealth of grey green ^{branches} plumage
Ruffling into silver with each breeze.
So very many leaves a willow has,
Yet each so pointed, delicately set,
Lightly attached to one of myriad ^{twigs}
That there is never sombre shade
where willows are.
Their gift is to entangle sunlight
and the wind,
While of a night you'll find
Studded through with stars. ^{Them}

O. M. C. Douglas.

Drifting. Thomas Buchanan Reade.

My soul to-day
Is far away
Sailing the Resuvian bay;
My winged boat,
A bird afloat,
Sails round the purple peaks remote.

Round purple peaks
It sails and seeks
Blue inlets and their crystal creeks,
Where high rocks throw,
Through deeps below,
A duplicated golden glow.

Far, vague and dim,
The mountains swim,
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands,
The gray smoke stands,
O'erlooking the volcanic lands.

In lofty lines,
'Mid palms and pines,
And olives, aloes, elms and vines,
Sorrento swings
On sunset wings,
Where Tasso's spirit soars and
Smiles.

Here Ischia smiles
O'er liquid miles;
And yonder bluest of the isles,
Calm Capri waits,
Her sapphire gates
Beguiling to her bright-estates.

I heed not, if
My ripping skiff
Float swift or slow, from cliff to cliff,
With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise.

Drifting [contn.]

Over the rail
My hand I trail
Within the shadow of the sail,
A joy intense,
The cooling sense
Glides down my drowsy in dolence.

With dreamful eyes
My spirit lies
Where summer sings and never
Dies;
O'ergrown with vines
She glows and shines
Among her future oil and wine

Her children hid
The cliffs amid,
Are gambolling with the gambolling
Or down the walls, Kid;
With tippy calls,
Laugh on the rocks like waterfalls.

The fisher's child,
With tresses wild,
Onto the smooth, brights and beguiled,
With glowing lips,
Sings as she skips.
Or gazes at the far-off ships.

You deep barge goes
Where traffic blows,

From lands of sun to lands of ~~the~~
snows;—

This happier one
Its course is run

From lands of snow to lands of sun.

O happy ship,

To rise and dip

With the blue crystal at your lip!

O happy crew,

My soul with you

Sails, and sails and sing anew!

No more, no more
The worldly shore
Shall vex me with its loud
With dreamful eyes ^{uproar!}
My spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise!

Copied by G.D.V.

Ash Kikk Lodge.

July 18th / 11

1959

Someone, for Comfort, said
"Your memories are infinitely rich.
After the first exacting pains of separation
There will be your help"

But memory is a backward glance
And I go forward still ---
Memory is like last year's lavender
Sifted to fill a satchel.

It's like balsam
In little fragrant cushions.
It is violets & primrose
Pressed ~~loosely~~ in Bible or poetry book,
All so treasured, very dear.

But what if Death is not an end?
Who is to say?

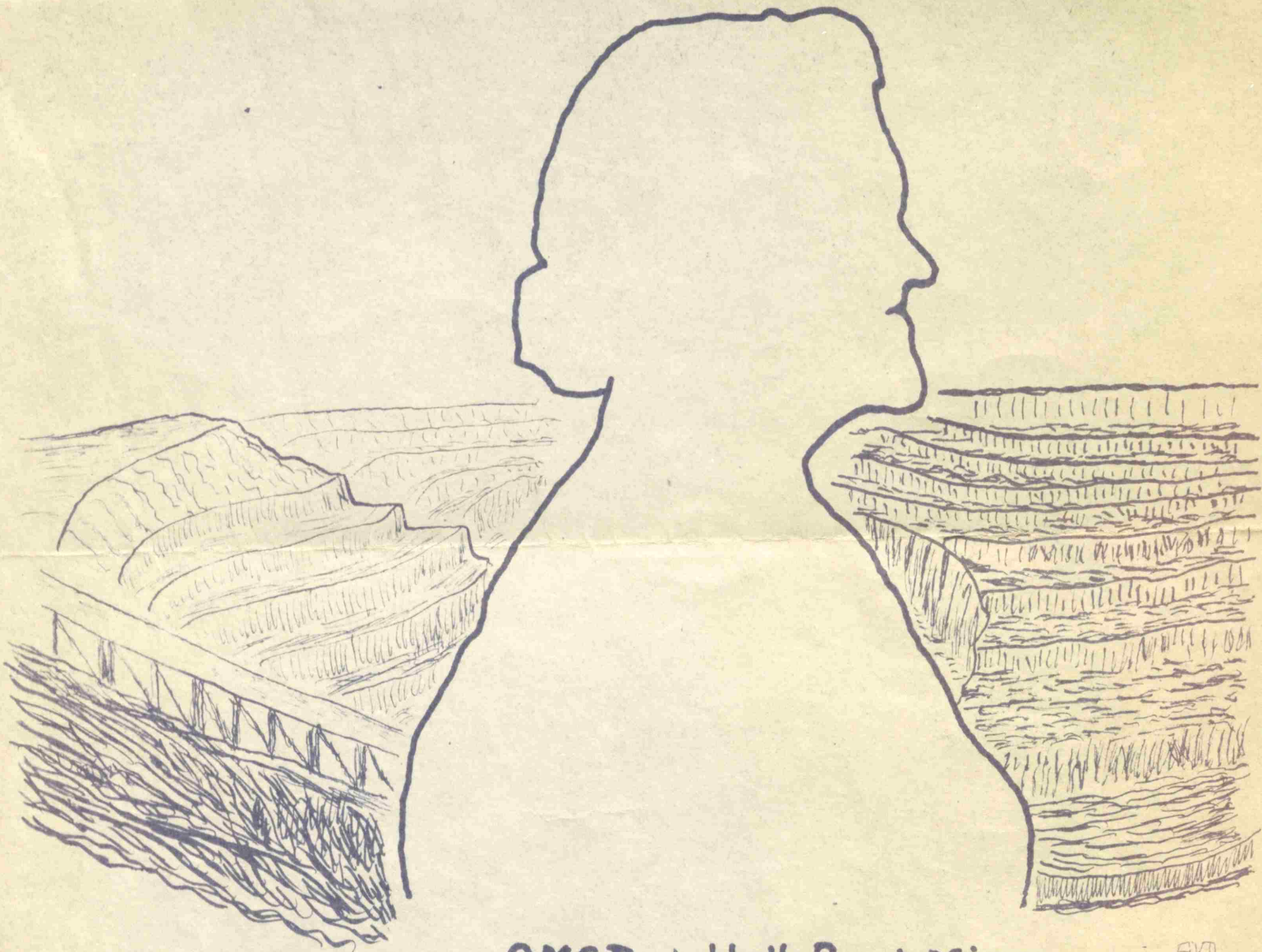
But if --- and if?
There is necessity to choose
A "yes" or "No" ---

I choose the "yes"
For strange glories come upon me
To confound the backward glance
--- The laments that all but memory is gone.

We are in adventure still;
And though there is no language for the ears,
It is not needed.
Perception quickens a new discernment of direction,
Persistent, even in miseries.

Memory is not enough,
Either for comfort or for truth ---

Oluc D.
Feb. 1959.



O.M.C.D. at Hull Rust Mine.
1956.

EVD
AD.

Ames
by VP.

To MCD

Captain Roberts
Riddles

W

An Ancient Riddle

1
Adam! God made of Dust
But thought it best to make me first
So I was made before this Man
To answer his most Holy plan

2
My body he did make Complete
But without arms, or legs, or feet
My ways and acts, he did Control
But to my body gave no Soul

3
A living being I became
And Adam gave to me a Name
I from his presence then withdrew
And more of Adam never knew

4
I did my maker's Law Obey
Nor from it ever went astray
Thousands of miles I go in Year
But seldom on its Earth appear

5
For purpose wise which God did see
He put a living Soul in me
A Soul from me my God did claim
And took from me that Soul again

6
For when from me that Soul had fled
I was the same as when first made
And without hands, or feet or Soul
I travel on from Pole to Pole

7
I labor hard by day and Night
To fallen Man I give great light
Thousands of people young and Old
Do by my death great light behold

Life

- 1 Why all this Toil for triumphs of an hour
- 2 Life's a short Summer and Man a flower
- 3 By turns we catch the vital breath and die
- 4 The Cradle and the Tomb alas so nigh
- 5 To be is better far than not to be
- 6 Though all Man's Life may seem a Tragedy
- 7 But light cares speak when Mighty gifts are dumb
- 8 The bottom is but shallow whence they come
- 9 Your fate is but the common fate of all
- 10 Unmingled joys here to no man befall
- 11 Nature to each allots his proper Sphere
- 12 Fortune makes folly her peculiar care
- 13 Custom does not often reason over rule
- 14 And shew'd a cruel Sunshine on a Fool
- 15 Live well how long or short permit to Heaven
- 16 They who forgive most shall be most forgiven
- 17 Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face
- 18 vile Intercourse where Virtue has no place
- 19 Then keep each passion down however Dear
- 20 The pendulum betwixt a smile and a Tear
- 21 Her sensual snares, let faithless pleasure lay
- 22 With craft a skill to ruin and betray
- 23 Soar not high to fall, but stoop to Rise
- 24 We masters grow of all that we despise
- 25 Oh then renounce that impious self esteem
- 26 Riches have wings, and grandour is a Dream
- 27 Think not ambition wise because it's Brave
- 28 The paths of glory lead but to the grave
- 29 What is ambition, It's a glorious Cheat
- 30 Only destructive to the Brave and Great
- 31 What's all the gaudy glitter of a Crown
- 32 The way to bliss lies not on beds of Down
- 33 How long we live not years but actions Tell
- 34 That man lives twice who lives the first life Well
- 35 Make then yet while you may your God your friend
- 36 Whom Christians worship, yet comprehend
- 37 The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just
- 38 For live we how we may, yet die we must

Young
D. Johnson
Pope
Prior
Sewell
Spencer
Daniel
Sir Walter
Raleigh
Longfellow
Southwell
Congreve
Churchill
Rochester
Armstrong
Milton
Bailey
French
Somerville
Jenpson
Byron
Smollet
Crabbe
Massinger
Cowley
Beattie
Cowper
Sir Walter
Parnell
Grey
Willis
Addison
Dryden
Francis
Charles
Watkins
Herrick
William
Mason
Hill
Dana
Shakespeare