

XXVIII

With them all kinds of Politics I'd spout,  
But dimly guessing what I talked about,  
And this was all the Harvest that I gleaned:  
"I earn my Bread and Cheese—or go without."

XXIX

Into this Mess of Talk, the Truth not knowing  
Like Golden Syrup, sticky—ever flowing  
And messing up the Scheme of Things entire,  
I ladled Platitudes—and sat back blowing.

XXX

"Why," I would ask: "was this Man hurried hence?"  
And further "Why was that Man rushed back thence?"  
Another and another Rag to chew  
And worry with colossal Impudence.

XXXI

Up from Bayswater and thro' Notting Gate  
I rode—and on the Throne of Britain Sate  
And many Knots unravelled on the Road,  
A Cop held up his Hand—I had to wait.

XXXII

There was a Hand I could not thrust aside,  
There was a Power o'er which I could not ride  
And while I fumed, the Policeman let us by,  
(One humble Copper—what a thing is Pride!)

XXXIII

Then to the ranting Press itself I wrote,  
Saying: "O, Screamers, here's what gets my Vote,  
Four million Soldiers—fighting in the Dark,  
Not proud nor wise enough to send a Note!"

XXXIV

So to this dusty Trench my Face I turned,  
And something of the Soul of Nations learned  
And Heart to Heart it whispered "While you live  
Fight! for this War must never be adjourned!"