

FOREWORD

I

Here's a pretty tale to tell
All about the beastly boche—
How the Bolsheviki fell
Out of grace and in the wash!
—How all valiant lovers love,
How all villains go to hell,
Started thither by a shove
From the youth who loved so well,
Virtue mirrored in the glass
Held by his beloved lass.

II

*He who grins in clown's disguise
Often hides an aching heart—
Sadness, sometimes worldly-wise,
Dresses for a motley part—
Cap, and bells to cheat the ears,
Chalk and paint to hide the tears
Lest the world, divining pain,
Turn to gape and stare again.*