

Marx Hardy Machiavelli Joyce Austen
Defoe Abbot Melville Montaigne Cooper Emerson Hugo
Stoker Wilde Christie Maupassant Haggard Chesterton Molière Eliot Grimm
Garnett Engels Schiller Byron Molière
Goethe Hawthorne Smith Kafka
Cotton Dostoyevsky Kipling Doyle
Baum Henry Flaubert Nietzsche Willis
Leslie Dumas Stockton Vatsyayana Crane
Burroughs Verne
Curtis Tocqueville Gogol Busch
Homer Tolstoy Whitman Twain
Darwin Zola Lawrence Dickens Plato
Potter Freud Jowett Stevenson Andersen Harte
Kant London Descartes Cervantes Burton Hesse
Poe Aristotle Wells Voltaire Cooke
Hale James Hastings Shakespeare Irving
Bunner Richter Chekhov Chambers Alcott
Doré Dante Swift Shaw Wodehouse
Pushkin Newton



tredition was established in 2006 by Sandra Latusseck and Soenke Schulz. Based in Hamburg, Germany, tredition offers publishing solutions to authors and publishing houses, combined with worldwide distribution of printed and digital book content. tredition is uniquely positioned to enable authors and publishing houses to create books on their own terms and without conventional manufacturing risks.

For more information please visit: www.tredition.com

TREDITION CLASSICS

This book is part of the TREDITION CLASSICS series. The creators of this series are united by passion for literature and driven by the intention of making all public domain books available in printed format again - worldwide. Most TREDITION CLASSICS titles have been out of print and off the bookstore shelves for decades. At tredition we believe that a great book never goes out of style and that its value is eternal. Several mostly non-profit literature projects provide content to tredition. To support their good work, tredition donates a portion of the proceeds from each sold copy. As a reader of a TREDITION CLASSICS book, you support our mission to save many of the amazing works of world literature from oblivion. See all available books at www.tredition.com.



The content for this book has been graciously provided by Project Gutenberg. Project Gutenberg is a non-profit organization founded by Michael Hart in 1971 at the University of Illinois. The mission of Project Gutenberg is simple: To encourage the creation and distribution of eBooks. Project Gutenberg is the first and largest collection of public domain eBooks.

Lyra Frivola

A. D. (Alfred Denis) Godley

Imprint

This book is part of TREDITION CLASSICS

Author: A. D. (Alfred Denis) Godley
Cover design: Buchgut, Berlin - Germany

Publisher: tredition GmbH, Hamburg - Germany
ISBN: 978-3-8424-8543-3

www.tredition.com
www.tredition.de

Copyright:

The content of this book is sourced from the public domain.

The intention of the TREDITION CLASSICS series is to make world literature in the public domain available in printed format. Literary enthusiasts and organizations, such as Project Gutenberg, worldwide have scanned and digitally edited the original texts. tredition has subsequently formatted and redesigned the content into a modern reading layout. Therefore, we cannot guarantee the exact reproduction of the original format of a particular historic edition. Please also note that no modifications have been made to the spelling, therefore it may differ from the orthography used today.

Most of the pieces in this book have appeared in the *St James's Gazette*, the *Oxford Magazine*, or the *National Observer*. I have to thank the Proprietors of these papers for permission to republish.

A. D. G.

CONTENTS

AFTER HORACE
THE JOURNALIST ABROAD
VERNAL VERSES
PENSÉES DE NOEL
AD LECTIONEM SUAM
RUBÁIYYÁT OF MODERATIONS
LINES TO AN OLD FRIEND
THE PARADISE OF LECTURERS
A DIALOGUE ON ETHICS
PEDAGOGY
SONG FOR THE NAVY LEAGUE
A DREAM
THE SCHOOL of AGRICULTURE
THE LAST STRAW
THE 1713 AGAINST NEWNHAM
QUADRIVIAD, ll. 1-51
MUSICAL DEGREES
QUIETA MOVERE
GRAECULUS ESURIENS
THE ROAD TO RENOWN
L'AFFAIRE (CHAPTER ONE)
UNSELFISH DEVOTION
THE ARREST
"THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN"
THE PATRIOT'S "POME"
MR MORLEY'S APOLOGY
HONESTY REWARDED
THE END OF IT
A NEW DEPARTURE
MULLIGAN ON THE AUSTRIAN PARLIAMENT
BROKEN VOWS
THE TRUE REMEDY
UNITED IRELAND
JUSTICE FOR PRIVATE MULVANEY

AFTER HORACE

What asks the Bard? He prays for nought
But what the truly virtuous crave:
That is, the things he plainly ought
To have.

'Tis not for wealth, with all the shocks
That vex distracted millionaires,
Plagued by their fluctuating stocks
And shares:

While plutocrats their millions new
Expend upon each costly whim,
A great deal less than theirs will do
For him;

The simple incomes of the poor
His meek poetic soul content:
Say, £30,000 at four
Per cent.!

His taste in residence is plain:
No palaces his heart rejoice:
A cottage in a lane (Park Lane
For choice)—

Here be his days in quiet spent:
Here let him meditate the Muse:
Baronial Halls were only meant
For Jews,

And lands that stretch with endless span
From east to west, from south to north,
Are often much more trouble than
They're worth!

Let epicures who eat too much
Become uncomfortably stout:
Let gourmets feel th' approaching touch
Of gout, —

The Bard subsists on simpler food:
A dinner, not severely plain,
A pint or so of really good
Champagne —

Grant him but these, no care he'll take
Though Laureates bask in Fortune's smile,
Though Kiplings and Corellis make
Their pile:

Contented with a scantier dole
His humble Muse serenely jogs,
Remote from scenes where authors roll
Their logs:

Far from the madding crowd she lurks,
And really cares no single jot
Whether the public read her works
Or not!

THE JOURNALIST ABROAD

When Parson, Doctor, Don, —
In short, when all the nation
Goes gaily off upon
Its annual vacation,
Their cares professional
No more avail to bind them:
They go at Pleasure's call
And leave their trades behind them.

Like them, departs afar
From England's fogs and vapours
The literary star,
The writer for the papers:
But not, like them, at home
Leaves he his calling's fetters:
Nought can release him from
The tyranny of Letters!

When classic scenes amid
For rest and peace he hankers,
Amari aliquid
His joys aesthetic cankers:
Whate'er he sees, he knows
He has to write upon it
A paragraph of prose
Or possibly a sonnet:

By mountain lakelets blue,
'Mid wild romantic heath, he's
A martyr always to
Scribendi cacoethes:
The Naiad-haunted stream

Or lonely mountain-top he
Considers as a theme
Available for "copy."

If on the sunlit main
With ardour rapt he gazes,
He's torturing his brain
For neat pictorial phrases:
When in a ship or boat
He navigates the briny
(And here 'tis his to quote
Examples set by Heine)

While fellow-passengers
Lie stretched in mere prostration,
He duly registers
Each horrible sensation —
He notes his qualms with care,
And bids the public know 'em
In "Thoughts on Mal de Mer,"
Or "Nausea: a Poem."

* * * *

Such is his earthly lot:
Nor is it wholly certain
If Death for him or not
Rings down the final curtain,
Or if, when hence he's fled
To worlds or worse or better,
He'll send per Mr St — d
A crisp descriptive letter!

VERNAL VERSES

When early worms began to crawl, and early birds to sing,
And frost, and mud, and snow, and rain proclaimed the jocund
spring,
Its all-pervading influence the Poet's soul obeyed —
He made a song to greet the Spring, and this is what he made: —

They sadly lacked enlightenment, our ancestors of old,
Who used to suffer simply from an ordinary cold:
But we, of Science' mysteries less ignorant by far,
Have nothing less distinguished than a Bronchial Catarrh!

O when your head's a lump of lead and nought can do but sneeze:
Whene'er in turn you freeze and burn, and then you burn and
freeze: —
It does not mean you're going to die, although you think you are —
These are the primal symptoms of a Bronchial Catarrh.

And when you've taken drugs and pills, and stayed indoors a
week,
Yet still your chest with pain opprest will hardly let you speak:
Amid your darksome miseries be this your guiding star —
'Tis simply the remainder of a Bronchial Catarrh.

In various ways do various men invite misfortune's rods, —
Some row within their College boat, — some Logic read for Mods.:
But oh! of all the human ills our happiness that mar
I do not know the equal of a Bronchial Catarrh!

PENSÉES DE NOEL

When the landlord wants the rent
Of your humble tenement,
When the Christmas bills begin
Daily, hourly pouring in,
When you pay your gas and poor rate,
Tip the rector, fee the curate,
Let this thought your spirit cheer—
Christmas comes but once a year.

When the man who brings the coal
Claims his customary dole:
When the postman rings and knocks
For his usual Christmas-box:
When you're dunned by half the town
With demands for half-a-crown,—
Think, although they cost you dear,
Christmas comes but once a year.

When you roam from shop to shop,
Seeking, till you nearly drop,
Christmas cards and small donations
For the maw of your relations,
Questing vainly 'mid the heap
For a thing that's nice, and cheap:
Think, and check the rising tear,
Christmas comes but once a year.

Though for three successive days
Business quits her usual ways,
Though the milkman's voice be dumb,
Though the paper doesn't come;
Though you want tobacco, but

Find that all the shops are shut:
Bravely still your sorrows bear —
Christmas comes but once a year.

When mince-pies you can't digest
Join with waits to break your rest:
When, oh when, to crown your woe,
Persons who might better know
Think it needful that you should
Don a gay convivial mood; —
Bear with fortitude and patience
These afflicting dispensations:
Man was born to suffer here:
Christmas comes but once a year.

AD LECTIONEM SUAM

When Autumn's winds denude the grove,
I seek my Lecture, where it lurks
Mid the unpublished portion of
My works,

And ponder, while its sheets I scan,
How many years away have slept
Since first I penned that ancient man-
uscript.

I know thee well — nor can mistake
The old accustomed pencil stroke
Denoting where I mostly make
A joke, —

Or where coy brackets signify
Those echoes faint of classic wit
Which, if a lady's present, I
Omit.

Though Truth enlarge her widening range,
And Knowledge be with time increased,
While thou, my Lecture! dost not change
The least,

But fixed immutable amidst
The advent of a newer lore,
Maintainest calmly what thou didst
Before:

Though still malignity avows
That unsuccessful candidates
To thee ascribe their frequent ploughs
In Greats—

Once more for intellectual food
Thou'lt serve: an added phrase or two
Will make thee really just as good
As new:

And listening crowds, that throng the spot,
Will still as usual complain
That "Here's the old familiar rot
Again!"

RUBÁIYYÁT OF MODERATIONS

I

Wake! for the Nightingale upon the Bough
Has sung of Moderations: ay, and now
Pales in the Firmament above the Schools
The Constellation of the boding Plough.

II

I too in distant Ages long ago
To him that ploughed me gave a Quid or so:
It was a Fraud: it was not good enough;
Ne'er for my Quid had I my Quid pro Quo.

III

Yet – for the Man who pays his painful Pence
Some Laws may frame from dark Experience:
Still from the Wells of harsh Adversity
May Wisdom draw the Pail of Common Sense –

IV

Take these few Rules, which – carefully rehearsed –
Will land the User safely in a First,
Second, or Third, or Gulf: and after all
There's nothing lower than a Plough at worst.

V

Plain is the Trick of doing Latin Prose,
An Esse Videantur at the Close

Makes it to all Intents and Purposes
As good as anything of Cicero's.

VI

Yet let it not your anxious Mind perturb
Should Grammar's Law your Diction fail to curb:
Be comforted: it is like Tacitus:
Tis mostly done by leaving out the Verb.

VII

Mark well the Point: and thus your Answer fit
That you thereto all Reference omit,
But argue still about it and about
Of This, and That, and T'Other — not of It.

VIII

Say, why should You upon your proper Hook
Dilate on Things which whoso cares to look
Will find, in Libraries or elsewhere,
Already stated in a printed Book?

IX

Keep clear of Facts: the Fool who deals in those
A Mucker he inevitably goes:
The dusty Don who looks your Paper o'er
He knows about it all — or thinks he knows.

X

A Pipe, a Teapot, and a Pencil blue,
A Crib, perchance a Lexicon — and You
Beside him singing in a Wilderness