

# COLLEGE RHYMES



1873-1923

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COLLEGE RHYMES









Engraving by Ronald McHenry

*Gather, my people, round about your Queen!  
Though I have not the hues of grey and gold  
Which kindly Time lets fall upon the old,  
Like my great sisters, reverend and serene,  
Who full five hundred crowded years have seen,—  
I have young blood and stirrings manifold  
And soarings of the Spirit, swift and bold;  
Shall I not glory in my lustres ten?*

*I bear no weight of crushing centuries;  
I never wore the shackles of a creed,  
And am not maimed and scarred with brutal chains;  
No drowsy potion lurks within my veins,  
I dread not heresy, nor sloth, nor greed,  
But gaze into the dawn with fearless eyes.*

*Arnold Wall.*





# COLLEGE RHYMES

AN ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE

WRITTEN BY

MEMBERS OF CANTERBURY COLLEGE

1873 - 1923

O. T. J. ALPERS

*Editor-in-Chief*

T. W. CANE

IRENE WILSON

J. H. E. SCHRODER

MAUD HERRIOTT

*Co-Editors*

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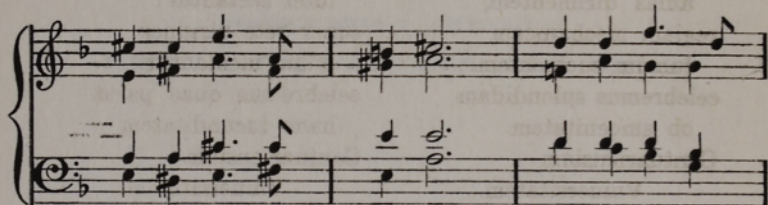
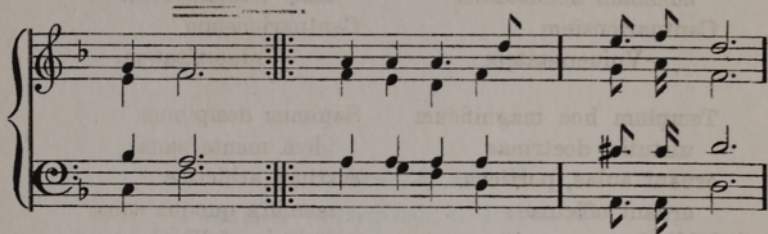
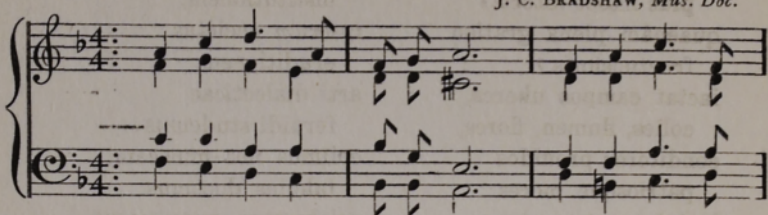
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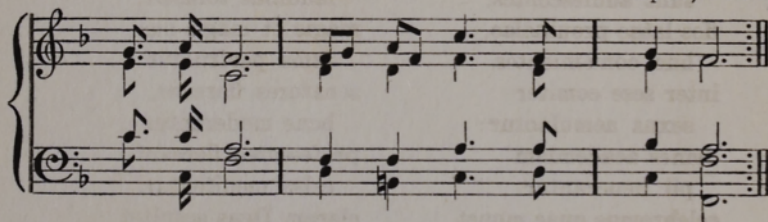
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TO THE MEMORY OF THE  
FOUNDERS OF CANTERBURY COLLEGE  
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED BY HER GRADUATES  
IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT  
OF THEIR WISDOM, FORESIGHT AND LOVE OF LEARNING

J. C. BRADSHAW, Mus. Doc.



*Repeat for Chorus*





## Cantuariensium Carmen Academicum

Vrbe nostra quanam urbs  
plus habet nitoris?  
quanam plena gratiae  
fructuosioris?  
iactat campos uberes,  
colles, flumen, flores,  
conditores prouidos  
patriosque mores:  
iactat praeter cetera  
summam uenustatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem.

Templum hoc magnificum  
uirtutis, doctrinae  
ornant aulae, porticus,  
ornant officinae:  
bibliothecam capit  
aulas dirimentem,  
regiam mechanicam  
fumum euomentem.  
celebremus splendidam  
ob amoenitatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem.

Inter laudes summa laus  
sunt adulescentes,  
flos latae prouinciae,  
huc conuenientes.  
inter sese comiter  
sexus aemulantur:  
omnes academiam  
pii uenerantur.  
celebremus quae mouet  
tantam pietatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem.

Professores tribuunt  
institutionem,  
*ipsorum* societas  
eruditionem.  
arti dialecticae  
feruidi studemus;  
colimus nos musicam,  
fabulas docemus.  
celebremus quae parat  
hanc humanitatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem.

Sapimus desipimus  
idem mente sana:  
sustinet athletica  
membra quoque sana.  
quindecim folliculum  
lutei sectantur:  
super rete uirgines  
pilam iaculantur.  
celebremus quae parat  
hanc iucunditatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem.

Alma mater in polum  
laudibus tollatur,  
magis et magis sua  
fama perfruatur.  
senatores floreat,  
bene moderentur:  
professores floreat,  
celsa meditentur.  
claram Deus sospitet  
in aeternitatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem.

Hugh Stewart.



## Preface

---

The verses in this Anthology are the work of men and women who have attended Lectures or taken their degree at Canterbury College at some time or other during the first fifty years of its history. The volume asks a welcome mainly from members of the College, for whom primarily it has been compiled: they alone will fully appreciate the topical allusions and personal references to be found in its pages. Most of the verses have been printed before: on Diploma Day Song Sheets, in the Canterbury College University Review, in volumes of verse separately published, or in earlier anthologies: The Australasian Students' Song Book, New Zealand Verse (Currie and Alexander), The Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes (Alpers). Our acknowledgments are also due to the Christchurch "Press" and "Sun"; to the Sydney "Bulletin," and the "Triad," to the Christ's College Register, and the Girls' High School Magazine. It has not always been possible, owing to shortness of time, to apply for permission to produce, either to authors or publishers; we tender our apologies and thanks.

Specially written for the Jubilee of the College and for this volume are the prefatory sonnet by Professor Arnold Wall and the *Cantuariensium Carmen Academicum* by Professor Hugh Stewart. The music for this has been composed by Dr. Bradshaw. The etching which forms the frontispiece is the work of Mr. Ronald McKenzie, a member of the staff of the School of Art.

We desire to express our thanks to the publishers, Messrs. Whitecombe and Tombs, Ltd., and to their staff for the very great interest they have taken in the publication.

The profits—and it is confidently anticipated there will be substantial profits—will be handed over to the fund now being raised for the purpose of placing a window in the north end of the College Hall in memory of students of Canterbury College who fell in the Great War.

O. T. J. Alpers.  
T. W. Cane.  
J. H. E. Schroder.  
Irene Wilson.  
Maud E. Herriot.

Christchurch, May, 1923.







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Christchurch, May 1st, 1923.



# INTRODUCTORY

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## A CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

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In a letter addressed to the Editor of the "Canterbury University College Review," and printed a year ago, among other suggestions for the celebration of the Jubilee of the College, I put forward a proposal for the publication of an anthology of College verse, and added, with a light heart, "That will be your job, Mr. Editor." In a circular issued a few weeks ago, inviting subscriptions to this volume, I stated, in the same irresponsible mood, that the book would open with an Introduction "in reminiscent vein," giving an account of the Dramatic and Literary activities of members of the College during its first half century. Both suggestions have turned into boomerangs: upon me has fallen the position of Chief Editor, and to me also has been assigned the responsibility of writing that Introduction "in reminiscent vein."

The task of selecting and editing the material in the volume has been shared by my co-editors; without their able help and co-operation it would have been quite impossible to do the work in the time available, or at all. Each one of us shares fully with the others the responsibility for the choice made; and each one of us, equally with the others, must bear the blame for those faults of judgment and errors of omission which appear to be inevitable in any anthology. But the shortcomings of this Introduction are all my own.

Of the first ten years of the history of Canterbury College I am unable to speak from personal knowledge. During its second decade I was closely associated with its life either as a



## INTRODUCTORY

student or as a subordinate member of its teaching staff: and since that time I have always been able to maintain some degree of connection with it, to keep its memories fresh, and its friendships unbroken. That must constitute my qualification for writing this chapter in its history.

The students in the early years were necessarily composed of men and women engaged in professional and business pursuits in the town. To them Canterbury College was a place where they attended lectures and sat for examinations. They had little enough time for that—none for anything else. But there was always Saturday night—even the titanic energy and perfervid enthusiasm of “The Father of Canterbury College,” Professor Macmillan Brown, left Saturday night free of lectures. And very soon Saturday night was set apart for something not less valuable but less formal than lectures. The Dialectic Society was formed in 1878, and at its meetings students began to write essays not intended to be “marked,” and papers not destined to rank for “passes.” The Society was but four years old when it resolved to embark upon a bold course. “Your Committee,” so ran the minute, “beg also to report that they have for some time had under their consideration a proposal to produce a play at the end of the year, after the University examinations, and are in a position to announce that the play will be acted by the students of the College early in December.” One notes with interest the words “after the University examinations”: how shocked would have been the earnest men and women of those strenuous times had they foreseen, some twenty years later, an Easter Tournament bisecting the First Term, and a Diploma Day Procession disrupting the Second.

The Play, produced on December 9th, 1881, and repeated on June 15th, 1882, was Shakespeare’s “Much Ado About Nothing”—no less! Not a cut abbreviated or bowdlerised “Much Ado,” but the whole play entire as Shakespeare wrote it, properly staged and dressed and acted exclusively by students.

Among the supers at the second performance was Heinrich



## INTRODUCTORY

von Haast, destined later to take a prominent part in the life of the College. I quote his impressions of "Much Ado":—

"Prior to coming to College I had been taken to see the great dramatic effort of the pioneer students, 'Much Ado About Nothing,' in St. Michael's schoolroom. It was rather in the primitive style of art, but the acting was good, and it would be hard at any time to find a better couple as Dogberry and Verges than Tony Foster and Ben Connal, whose dry humour exactly suited the rôles. Then, as subsequently, it was the ridiculous that struck me, and has lingered in my memory. The costumes had been borrowed from the Sunnyside Lunatic Asylum. Claudio appeared in a pair of crimson shorts, with large frills of lace at the knee, strongly suggestive of lingerie. There were not enough tights to go round, and the burly Antonio was forced to don a pair of grey underpants that rucked damnably at the knee as with admirable passion he declaimed,

'Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milksops.'

"In the first performance, Mrs. Alfred Merton (Miss Grierson) was a piquant Beatrice, Thornton the Benedick, and Guise Brittan, Leonato. At a subsequent performance Brittan took Benedick, and Hogben Leonato. I became no longer a critic, but one of the company, as a member of the Watch."

A laudable, if venturesome devotion to "the legitimate" continued for some years to inspire the dramatic efforts of the students. On Diploma Day in 1884 "She Stoops to Conquer" was played. It was acted on a stage ten feet by nothing, at "Wainoni," the beautiful if bizarre home of Professor Bickerton, on one of the many occasions when his generous hospitality brightened the lives of a hard-worked generation of students. And the fare on this occasion was generous indeed; "She Stoops to Conquer" was followed by Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," with Mrs. T. Garrard in the name-part, Andrew Anderson as Grosvenor, and J. J. Kinsey (now Sir Joseph) as a

## INTRODUCTORY

lissom and tuneful Bunthorne. As the stage was not much larger than a hearthrug, the "Twenty Love Sick Maidens" were, I remember, for the nonce, reduced to four.

The producer of "She Stoops" was George Hogben, afterwards Inspector-General of Schools, who played "Old Hardeastle." He was an experienced amateur, and had played, I think, the same part in theatricals at Cambridge University, and the players owed much to his coaching in the "business" of the piece. Heinrich von Haast played Tony Lumpkin as to the manner born. Hastings and Marlowe were acted by Louis Cohen and W. H. A. Craddock. Of the ladies in the caste Miss Beatrice Gibson (Mrs. Talbot) "stooped to conquer" in the part of a very fascinating Miss Hardeastle, while Miss Helen Cannon (Mrs. Hurst Seager) was a sprightly Constance Neville. A well-turned prologue, written by R. F. Irvine, now Professor of Economics at the University of Sydney, was declaimed by Miss Gibson, and formed, I think, the first of all verse, not perhaps written, but certainly printed, of any student of the College. I have made unavailing efforts to secure a copy of the programme on which the prologue was printed, in order to include it in the Anthology, but I am enabled to quote the following extract reproduced from the C.U.C. Review of October, 1917:—

"Peace, Goldsmith, to thy soul; thou'rt not forgot;  
Thy mem'ry, purged of every trivial blot,  
Hath found a pathway o'er the seas, and 'cross  
A stormy century of years withouten loss;  
And now 'neath other skies, and in a land  
Of virgin wealth, whose acres want the hand  
Of brawny millions, where no 'Auburn sweet'  
Lies desolate beneath the iron feet  
Of greed and pride; here, by a gliding stream  
Where thoughtful youths of 'Will of Avon' dream,  
The visions of thy brain do live again,  
And thy Thalia lures into her train  
A band of maidens fair, of cultured air,  
And youths of polished wit and debonair."



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I witnessed that performance: and for me at least the glamour of that night will never fade. A boy of seventeen, attending lectures but as yet not matriculated, until that night my one ambition had been to become that exalted being—a Bachelor of Arts—and to be asked to tea for it: henceforth, perish such pedantries. In my dreams gown and trencher yielded place to sock and buskin: I, too, would be a College amateur and strut it behind the footlights with the limelight turned full on. The opportunity soon came: Hogben and von Haast—the great ones of the earth—condescended upon me, and I made my *début* on the stage of the College Hall in some scenes from Feilding's "Mock Doctor"—in a female part! For twenty years the lure of the footlights held me till I made my final bow—"positively his last appearance"—in Hare's rôle of Sir Peter Lund in "A Fool's Paradise."

The next play to be produced by students—apart from dramatic readings and occasional scenes\* played at Dialectic Society Concerts—was Sheridan's "Rivals"—staged at St. Michael's schoolroom on Diploma Day, 1887. It is to be feared that the play was selected less because of its general suitability or literary merit, than because the promoter of the entertainment saw much "fat" for himself in the part of Bob Acres. Much was left to the imagination: lace curtains suspended from the flies indicated "A room in Captain Absolute's lodgings"; creton curtains, ditto, were accepted by an indulgent audience as depicting with sufficient verisimilitude "A Street in Bath." Bob Acres, in his zeal for realism, was so bedaubed with white grease-paint in the duel scene, to indicate the fear he was not artist enough to convey without it, that when he fainted in the arms of Sir Lucius O'Trigger he left a white profile outlined on the breast of a black velvet coat, as an indelible proof of his emotion. J. P. Firth, as Captain Absolute, dominated the stage in a very literal sense; David Watt played Sir Lucius with a most

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\**E.g.*, "Mr. Verdant Green is made a Mason," adapted and acted in 1886 by von Haast, Webb, Ward, Meek, Hargreaves, and Alpers.



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convincing, because native, brogue; E. R. Anderson was Sir Anthony Absolute to the life; and Mrs. Malaprop was acted with great success by Miss Florence Fletcher. Others in the caste included S. Hurst Seager and his wife, Miss Nellie Gribben (Mrs. Dunne), R. M. Laing, W. F. Ward, and A. R. Meek.

On Diploma Day, 1888, we produced—this time at the Oddfellows' Hall in Lichfield street—a novel experiment in comedy—"Aristophanes-up-to-date" or "The New Learning." Professor Haslam had translated and modernised "The Clouds" into a most amusing and—even from the actor's point of view—most effective stage-play. Professor Haslam was not merely a man of the finest scholarship, but had a genius for translation. He could with equal ease turn the *pretiosa felicitas* of Vergil's Aeneid into dignified and rhythmic English prose or transmute the "*Sermo Merus*" of that most delightful man-about-town, Horatius Flaccus, into a racy cockney jargon that caught inimitably the spirit of the original.\* These gifts of translation were fully applied in the "book" of our comedy. The satire of the original was boldly diverted into modern channels, and turned with much point upon latter-day foibles. Professor Bickerton's famous "Partial Impact" formed, equally with the philosophy of Sokrates, a target for the shrewd wit of old Strepseiades. Due regard was paid to the modern taste for realism. Sokrates imperilled his life by descending from the flies in a buck-basket, and his "Refectory" was set on fire in the last act by the infuriated Strepseiades with a pyrotechnic extravagance that shewed the actors had unlimited confidence in the efficiency of the Christchurch Fire Brigade, whose station at that date was next door to the Hall. The performance passed off without even the proverbial hitch, except that I was again unlucky with my make-up. The huge proboscis in putty, with which as Strepseiades I was necessarily adorned, gave trouble: as the

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\*Cf. Sermonum Lib. I. 5, 15....16. "Absentem ut cantat amicum . . . nauta atque viator." While the bargee and the bagman sang "The girl I left behind me."

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evening proceeded and I warmed to my work I parted with my nose by instalments. The truly Gilbertian songs composed by the Professor for the characters of the Just and the Unjust Arguments (J. P. Firth and David Watt) got double encores. Louis Cohen's Pheidippides, in spite of a most un-Greek moustache, received an ovation; and the fall of the curtain was greeted with loud calls for "Author." When the stage-manager apologised for the author's inability to take the call, as he had died several thousand years ago, an undergraduate in the gallery answered with "Trot us out his mummy, then."

Emboldened by success, the following year, 1889, we put on Sardou's three-act comedy "A Scrap of Paper." This was my first experience of stage-management, and I shudder in retrospect at my own audacity. I had modestly cast myself for a minor part, because I was billed to play Pygmalion in W. S. Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea" in the Hunt Club theatricals about the same time; and so greatness in the shape of stage-management was thrust upon me. With little experience and less money to help us, we essayed the bold task of producing a piece that requires for its success innumerable accessories—the property-list comprised 150 items—and yet in the jargon of the critics the *mise-en-scène* would have done credit to a trained company; for what we lacked in experience was made up in enthusiasm. The play is full of complicated entrances and exits: there are at times as many as eight actors grouped on the stage at once: and the action moves, or should move, as rapidly as in a modern farcical comedy. Yet there was only one solitary stage-wait, and that, to the delight of the other performers, was made by the harassed stage-manager himself.

There is a wicked story told at the manager's expense by von Haast (who played Archie, a schoolboy, in a very tight-fitting Eton suit). "What if the stage-manager's irascible nature flamed up sometimes at rehearsal in a volcanic outburst? When the ebullition had died down, he would, in characteristic fashion, take a cab for the night (to convey the actors to their homes) and express a contrite apology to those upon whom he had



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discharged the vials of his wrath. 'Wait for the laughs' was an injunction he continually laid upon us (without regard to the time of departure of the last tram). But the audience took some time to warm up, and at the end of the first act our manager stalked off the stage, with the gloom of Hamlet and the words (uttered in the hollow voice of a crushed tragedian) 'Not a hand, bhoys, not a ha-and'—an expression that became a household word at College for some time afterwards.\* But the story—like the report of Mark Twain's death,—is very much exaggerated.

For all its difficulties it is not too much to say that up to that time no amateur play in Christchurch had been so well acted. This was very largely due to the fact that the leading rôle was played by Miss Rose Seager (Mrs. H. Marsh). Her beautiful speaking voice, her fine stage presence, and her great natural gifts combined to create for her a reputation as an amateur actress that few have equalled and none have excelled. J. P. Firth, too, in the leading male part, gave a finished and convincing performance; while W. F. Ward as Dr. Penguin, Miss Kate McRae (Mrs. W. F. Ward) as Trixie, Mrs. G. H. Merton in the comedy part of Letitia Penguin, and Miss Lucy Deakin (Mrs. J. A. Flesher)† as the winsome maid, helped to constitute a talented company. Only a week ago there reached me, from one of the ladies in the caste, the programme, printed on satin in gold letters, "With the stage-manager's compliments"—preserved for over thirty years as a memento. Does there yet linger about it—or is it only my fancy—a faint fragrance of the Roger and Gallet Attar of Roses with which the gift was originally scented?

The period of legitimate drama at Canterbury College came to an end in the following year—1890. We took the bold step

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\*"From Skittish Student to Sedate Senator." C.U.C. Review, October, 1917.

†Now become, as these pages are going through the press, by the election of her husband as Mayor of Christchurch, the first student of Canterbury College to occupy the position of Mayoress.



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of engaging the Theatre Royal, and had the temerity to produce—Shakespeare! The performance opened with some scenes from “Love’s Labour’s Lost.” What induced us to make this choice it is difficult now to explain. Did we really believe this juvenile comedy had dramatic value, simply because it was the earliest work of a great master—or was it sheer affectation—an arrogant assumption of preciousness in taste—just as one has heard a critic consciously *démodé* acclaim “Troilus and Cressida” as a masterpiece of tragedy? However that may be, the students who brought so much zeal and ability to the task of acting it, failed to make it interest a modern audience.

But the substantial part of the evening’s bill was the Malvolio scenes from “Twelfth Night.” As lovers of that comedy have no doubt noted, it is possible to present the Malvolio-Olivia plot severed from the Viola-Orsino plot, as an independent play. The cutting and adapting was done by von Haast. The lyrics—and particularly that most beautiful of all:

“Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,  
Youth’s a stuff will not endure——”

were set to music by Lawrence Cane. We were coached by a professional actress, and all the traditional “business” was introduced. No expense was spared in dressing or scenery, and the producer eclipsed all previous efforts in amateur theatricals. Mrs. W. P. Reeves played Olivia with stately dignity, and Miss M. V. Gibson was a piquant and delightful Maria. W. F. Ward, David Watt, and C. C. Plante as Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, and Fabian respectively, were great in the roystering scene. None of us will ever forget the mellow brogue of that genial Irishman, David Watt. “A stoup of wine, Maria! . . . She’s a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me.” Von Haast made the outstanding hit of his stage career as the mischievous musical clown Feste. And I—well, I spoke the lines of Malvolio, I trust with “good accent and discretion.” But here, too, perhaps discretion had been the better part of valour. It was at least an honest attempt to carry out Bentley’s conception of Malvolio, as described by Charles Lamb:

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to avoid presenting him as either buffoon or contemptible in the accepted tradition of the modern stage, and to remember, throughout, Elia's description of him, "He becomes comic but by accident. He is cold, austere, repelling; but dignified, consistent, and, for what appears, rather of an over-stretched morality. . . . His bearing is lofty, a little above his station, but probably not much above his deserts. . . . He looked, spoke, and moved like an old Castilian."

How far must achievement have fallen short of ambition! One blushes in the dark to recall the temerity of youth; but we all thought the attempt was worth while; and even among the audience there were those who would much rather have seen University Students fail lamentably in "Hamlet" than succeed hilariously in "Hot Codlins."

Shakespeare, with amateurs as with professionals, "spelt ruin." The house was packed, the curtain did not ring down till 11.30: late as the hour was the audience remained in their seats to give the players a double call. And so it was "excellent fooling when all's done." But we had spent half as much again on scenery and accessories as we received at the doors. And as the two stage-struck enthusiasts who had promoted this as well as the preceding performances were responsible for the deficit, they sadly determined for the future to leave the field of legitimate drama for others to sow in.

The others have not yet come. But before me on the table as I write lie a score of fast-fading photographs—of "Captain Absolute" and "Doctor Penguin," of "Fabian" and "Pheidippides," of "Tony Lumpkin" and "Toby Belch"—recalling old memories of the brief rivalries that were only mimetic and the lasting friendships that are real\*.

For some years play-acting was in abeyance; when it was revived in 1897 it took the form of light burlesque. The revival resulted from the combined enthusiasms of Dundas Walker and T. W. Cane. Walker, who afterwards adopted

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\*In these recollections I have quoted frequently from myself: "Sock and Buskin," C.U.C. Review, October, 1897, but have allowed myself—and the printer's devil—the privilege of omitting the quotation marks.



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the stage as a profession, was not only a sound actor, but a most versatile and accomplished dancer. Female parts in burlesque were his strong suit: Cane too could dance and sing, but his best contribution to the partnership was his gift for light verse. He could group into the smallest possible space a host of humorous incongruities woven together with much felicity of expression, and a genial thread of cynicism. G. T. Weston and J. Glasgow, Archie Blair and E. F. Johansen, Clive Garsia and C. Maclaverty (not yet Reverend) were members of the merry band, and I acted as stage-manager.

The first piece produced was the burlesque "William Tell." The best part of "the book" was the introduced songs written by Cane, one of which, "Gay Helvetia," appears in this volume.

By the next year, 1898, the Walker-Cane coterie had formed themselves into "The Canterbury College Dramatic Club" and produced at St. Michael's Schoolroom "Acis and Galatea," a clever burlesque somewhat after the manner of Trevelyan's better known "Horace at Athens." Again Dundas Walker's wonderful dancing and natural acting made the success of that piece; and again Cane's original verses, which formed the libretto to some bright incidental music, gave literary value to an otherwise commonplace text.

In both these productions Dundas Walker not only painted the scenery and manufactured the "properties," he designed the dresses. But his designs could not always be carried out; *res angusta domi*. I think it was in one of these burlesques that a Greek soldier appeared parlously attired. Helmet and breast-plate, greaves and arm-pieces were of highly burnished tin-smith's ware, but so thin that they "crackled" as he moved. Tunic and skirt were of butter-muslin, but alas! it fluttered flimsily in the draught from the wings. A graduate with a turn for epigram was appealed to for his opinion of the soldier's get-up—"A cross," said he, "between a disappointed ballet-dancer and a fireman *en déshabille*."

It was not till ten years later that Maurice Martin resuscitated the vogue of burlesque. But this time the burlesque



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was written as well as acted by students. Maurice Martin's "The Aftermath" in 1908, and "His Infinite Variety" in 1909, were produced on Diploma Night. "The Aftermath" I did not see; but of "His Infinite Variety" I was again stage-manager.

Maurice Martin possessed literary talents of a very high order and might have gone far. I quote from a contemporary criticism of the second of these plays: "Under Mr. Martin's skilful treatment there was never a situation that was objectionably obvious, or a remark that was banal. If Mr. Martin can do these things in his youth; if he retains his facility for tuneful numbers; if he relies more upon himself, putting greater faith in his own undoubted originality, it is almost reasonable to prophesy that there will be a time when the names of his plays will flame from every hoarding."

Martin went to Cambridge—the first of our "Trinity" scholars; all his friends—and I count myself among them,—hoped great things; but the rich promise of his boyhood was cut short by his premature death in 1913.

From this time on theatrical performances of one kind or another have been a part of each succeeding Diploma Day or "Students' Carnival" as it is now called. In 1912 and 1913, the staple of the entertainment was again burlesque—a travesty upon the plays then in vogue:— "Damlet the Dane" "A Fool in the Case" and "Blue Bottle" (The Blue Bird) were types of these. Local colour—at times a very vivid colour—was laid on with a broad brush; College events, and current politics formed the target of clever satire. The performers were actor-authors; they wrote or collaborated in writing the burlesques and cast themselves for the "fat" parts. The wit of Philip Carrington, the drollery of C. S. Thomas, who with a native gift for mimicry excelled in what he called "Bellow-drama," the original humour and sound acting of Roy Twynham and the dancing of W. S. Wauchop—these are the things that on my mind at least have left the strongest impression.

Then followed "Revues"—and now one is lost in a flight of ephemera. "Crash!" "Gosh!" "Biff!" Their titles it must

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be confessed are no aid to distinct recollection. Topical, amusing, witty,—not infrequently humorous—the work of clever young men: A. W. Brown is the bright particular star among them. They collaborate on “the book” and one may suspect “build it up” as rehearsals progress, or new happenings in Town or College give cues for new gags. The acting is bright, vivid and—the word seems appropriate—full of “pep.” Success too justifies this form of entertainment, and the public flock to it in their hundreds. One wonders if these clever young men could not do something more worth while, something with more literary quality—more permanence. But youth will be served and—perhaps—one becomes groovy.

Two years before the Jubilee of the College, however, an event happened full of good omen for the second half century. This was the formation of the Canterbury College Drama Society. Professor Shelley arrived from England in 1920 to take up the duties of the new Chair of Education; among his enthusiasms—and he has many—is a love for dramatic literature and its presentation on the stage. His readings from the dramatic poets, his lectures on the art of play-writing and play-acting aroused in a new generation of students the ambitions that had filled the old. Before long the Drama Society came into being—not, be it noted, a “Dramatic Society” or a club for Amateurs, but a society devoted to the study as well as to the presentation on the stage of dramatic works.

In a Presidential address to the Society in 1922, Professor Arnold Wall dwelt upon the possibilities of New Zealand expressing its national self through drama, and suggested the hope that a New Zealand Repertory Theatre might soon come into existence. In the meantime the Drama Society has made a beginning. A comedy, “The Two Mr. Wetherbys,” was produced in 1921. Last year we had Bernard Shaw’s “Man of Destiny.” The play, as might be expected, is a one man play, and the one man was Professor Shelley in the character of Napoleon. The other three characters were played by Miss Frances Fairbairn, P. T. Cox, and J. Earl.



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The hope for the future of the Society lies chiefly in this, that its founder and leader takes an interest in drama which is not merely academic, and that his enthusiasm is controlled by histrionic capacity as well as experience. It is not too extravagant to hope that our own College may contribute to the creation of a New Zealand School of Drama and the formation of a National Repertory Theatre. The Drama Society for all its small beginnings may yet attain a place of distinction in the history, some day to be written, of dramatic art in the Dominion.

In the early days, as we have seen, play-acting led to verse-writing, and the two were interwoven. Towards the end of the eighties, Diploma Day exuberance began to find vent in topical songs, set to popular airs. In them genial satire of Professors, comment on passing events, and undergraduates' propaganda found lyrical expression. Heinrich von Haast, an inveterate punster and facile writer of rhymes, was responsible for many of the earlier songs. His "Long Live Canterbury College," had the place of honour on the first Diploma Day song sheet (1889) and it has been printed at the head of the annual song sheets ever since. Some dozen Diploma Day songs are included in the volume. They record the foibles of Professors or the eccentricities of officials; they celebrate the creation of a new faculty, or the erection of a new wing; they sing the joy of sports and games and the general beastliness of "swot." Some are witty and polished verse, others are frankly doggerel, but doggerel spiced with humour. Not all are equally original; the chief indebtedness is to W. S. Gilbert, because Sullivan's airs were tuneful; but here and there songs of other schools and colleges are parodied with more or less freedom. Three are in Latin and these not the least witty. All of them it is hoped contribute to the object of this book, to place on record for her sons and daughters the life of our Alma Mater in the days of her youth.

The sister University of Otago established a monthly "Review" early in the eighties. In its pages appeared, in 1888,



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W. F. Ward's Macaronic "The Otagiad," in which with mingled wit and scholarship he celebrated the Inter-Varsity Football match of that year. But it was not till 1897, that Canterbury College followed the example of Otago and published its own "Review." H. H. Ward was the first editor; and he was able to set a standard of excellence that has been well maintained.

Several of his successors have been men of great literary gifts and three of them at least are represented in the Anthology: A. E. Currie (Editor in 1904), Philip Carrington (1911), and J. H. E. Schroder, co-editor of this volume, who conducted the "Review" with conspicuous ability through all the difficult years of war—and after, (1915-1920). Those who read Currie's "Laudabunt Alii", Carrington's "Hougomont 1815"—a poem that won the Chancellor's Medal at Cambridge,—and the selections over Schroder's signature will realise how much the "Review" owed in forming and sustaining its standards to men of their tastes and gifts. Number differs from number in quality; song birds are not swallows that come with every spring; but it is rarely that a "Review" is not brightened by at least one good contribution in verse. The best of them are here included.

The Dialectic Society has always been the foster-mother of poets and essayists. In the early eighties several of the Presidential Addresses were printed in pamphlet form and rare copies of these are still treasured:—Professor Macmillan Brown, "Student life and the fallacies that oftenest beset it" (1881); Professor Cook, "University Life" (1882); and Professor Haslam, "Dialectic: its early history, and its place in education" (1884). In later years papers by students or ex-students were from time to time printed: "Beautiful, Passionate Italy" was the title of an address given by James Hay on his return from his "grand tour" in 1886.\* Charles Chilton's Presidential address on "The History of the Dialectic Society," was printed

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\*A sentence from Hay's paper still clings in my memory: After his first day's sight-seeing in Rome he went tired to bed—to dream that he was "Walking down the Appian Way, arm-in-arm with Ut and the Subjunctive."

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in the C.U.C. Review, and will, I understand, be re-issued in pamphlet form at the Jubilee—a very valuable contribution to College history. A paper by Apirana Turupu Ngata—the first member of the Maori race to become a university graduate—“Echoes of a Dying Race”, drew warm praise from critics in the London Press and formed the subject of a highly eulogistic article in the London “Spectator.”

In 1887, when I was secretary of the Dialectic I made one innovation upon its stereotyped programme which I am glad to think has held its place since. This was Olla Podrida Night, when anonymous contributions in verse and prose were sent in by members, read at the meeting, and submitted to a vote to determine their order of merit. Many of these contributions have found a place in the “Review,” and some a place in this book. Not a few students ventured their first flight in the safe anonymity of Olla Podrida, and took courage to write more from a favourable vote.

It only remains to introduce more formally the contents of the Anthology.

All the writers are members of Canterbury College. Some only attended courses of lectures without matriculating: others became, but remained, undergraduates: a large number are graduates and three are or have been Professors. Most of the selections have been printed before; but many are now published for the first time. Of these two have been specially written for the Anthology; the Sonnet by Professor Arnold Wall which faces the frontispiece, and the *Carmen Academicum* by Professor Hugh Stewart. Canterbury College is relatively less devoted to classical learning than it was in my day, but it is not yet entirely given over to mathematicians and economists, to commercial scientists or “base mechanicals.” This fine song may help to keep alive the love of scholarship. It is worth while to learn Latin if only to be able to sing it; for its hammering rhythm stirs the heart like the roll of drums. May



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generations of students yet to be join in singing its refrain to Dr. Bradshaw's noble music:

“claram Deus sospitet  
in aeternitatem  
Cantuariensium  
Vniuersitatem!”

The Anthology is divided into two parts, though the editors have refrained from attempting to label them separately. Enough to say that Part I. contains topical verse. Each selection has some reference to College events and personalities or to the happenings and characters in the public life of the Dominion. It is on the whole in lighter vein. Part II. contains verse that is associated with Canterbury College not in theme, but merely from the circumstances that the writer received some part of his education within its walls, whether as teacher or taught. It has not been found practicable to adopt any definite principle of arrangement except the chronological. The reader must browse at will and cull flowers where he finds them. Some of the writers are already well known. Jessie Mackay, Dora Wilcox and the late Mary Colborne-Veel have published volumes of verse; so too have Arnold Wall, W. P. Reeves, Johannes C. Andersen, and W. S. Marris. Several pieces here printed have appeared in anthologies before; in “The Australasian Students’ Song Book,” in Currie and Alexander’s “Anthology of New Zealand Verse” or in my own “Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes.” Other poems—notably those of O. N. Gillespie—were first published in the “Sydney Bulletin.” I fear we have taken French leave; there was not always time to ask permission either of authors or of publishers; all that can be done is to make this belated acknowledgment and to tender thanks.

Canterbury College has cause to be proud of her sons and daughters. Several have already attained distinction beyond our own shores: as novelists the late H. B. Marriot Watson and A. J. Buchanan; in science, Sir Ernest Rutherford; in classical scholarship, Benjamin Connal and Leo Greenwood; in the



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public life of the Empire, Sir William Marris. Even of the little band of writers represented in this volume some have already made their mark in life. Others are young men and women of abundant promise but as yet of no achievement; two are girls who left their school but yesterday. The contents of the book are therefore necessarily of varying degrees of merit. But our aim has been not merely to honour success; much more has it been to encourage endeavour.

I do not anticipate that a second edition of this Jubilee Anthology will be called for. But I do predict that a Centenary Anthology will be issued in 1973. I trust that some at least of the verses printed in this volume will be repeated in that, and I even dare to hope that its Editor will be gracious enough to say in his Introduction that the tone of apology with which I have introduced the verse of some of the younger contributors to this book has proved to be uncalled for, because they have, in the years that lie between, attained an assured place in the world of letters.

O. T. J. ALPERS.

Christchurch, 1923.

## PART I





## Long Live Canterbury College

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Long live Canterbury College, long live College,  
She has reared and brought us up;  
At her fount we've drunk of knowledge, drunk of  
knowledge,  
Sipped it from her classic cup.  
Then, long live each Professor, the greater and the lesser,  
Long life and health to all;  
And long live all the undergrads., they really are not half so  
bad as people them would call.  
Now's the time for mirth and play  
On our glad Diploma Day.  
Long speeches only bore us, so sing in merry chorus a stave  
to pass the time:  
Our song is done, the festival's begun.

*Diploma Day Song (1889).*

## Ad Lydiam

---

Pace tua, Lydia mea,  
pauca quaedam sunt monenda  
tibi iam futurae nobis  
ciui et columnae rerum.

uereor enim ne matrona  
ista (cui est nomen Linton)  
de Millenio Mulierum  
uana loquens te seducat.

absit igitur inuidia  
ista qua solemus ambo  
studia, indolem, uirtutem  
inter nosmet comparare.

melius enim nobis semper  
uiro erit et puellae  
nostrum currum animo uno  
quamuis binis iugis trahere.

neenon dum consilia noua  
forte pendas pectore tuo,  
turpem fumum, turpius uinum,  
omnia mala deletura,

caue tu ne cupiens tollere  
saeua et crudelia bella,  
nimio studio captans pacem  
militem putes delendum.

AD LYDIAM

adhuc enim uiris casus  
graues rerum debent tradi;  
noli, Lydia, tangere tela;  
tibi telae sunt seruandae.

fuge uero, mulier, fuge  
talìa stolida consilia  
quibus non millennium nobis  
uideo esse iam futurum.

nimio enim pacis studio,  
ni appareat pacis hora,  
mihi quidem ueniet dolor  
tibi fatum peius meo.

*Diploma Day Song (1891).*



## Redeant Saturnia Regna

---

*Air—"Trelawny."*

In the days of old, ere the world grew cold,  
When our Universitee  
Sent monkey graduates marching up  
To a Chancellor Chimpanzee,  
Then orangoutang toffs were our only Profs.,  
And palm tree groves our halls,  
And Lancaster Park was a jungle dark,  
And cocoanuts made footballs.

*Chorus—*

O sometimes still, try hard as we will,  
We sigh for those days again,  
When each undergrad. was a monkey glad—  
They were palmy ages then!

For a Registrar we'd a gorilla,  
But there wasn't a library fine;  
And we lay at our ease till noon in the trees,  
And we didn't turn out at nine;  
And a Board was a thing to be sat upon then,  
Not a thing that sat upon you;  
And we cracked our nuts with a big stick, which  
Was the only Malet we knew.

Matric. was a thing of a jump and a swing,  
In those days gone by so far;  
And we took our degrees in the forks of the trees,  
With a leaf for a diploma;  
And he bossed the rest who could climb the best,  
But he did it without red tape;  
O he wasn't so fat you could bet your hat  
When the Registrar was an ape!

REDEANT SATURNIA REGNA

Then we learned a date by its flavour sweet,  
Not out of a rubbishy book;  
And extracted our roots when we wanted to eat,  
Nor bothered a jot for a Cook;  
O we cared not a dam for any exam,  
And life was worth living then!  
'Twas a howling shame when old Darwin came  
And turned us all into men.

Yes, that was the day when the world was gay!  
With our arts, and science, and such,  
All the pains we take are a great mistake,  
We've evolved far, far too much;  
For undergrads then, whether monkeys or men,  
Were as they will always be;  
Wherever you went, out of every ten,  
There were nine at the top of the tree!

*Diploma Day Song* (1892).

## Quot Homines Tot Sententiae

---

*Air: "Vicar of Bray."*

When good Prof. Cook holds forth to us,  
On surds and conic sections,  
Instructs us in the Calculus  
We speak with circumspection;  
Say Taylor is our sole delight,  
And Parkinson a pleasure,  
That English all our hopes doth blight,  
And plagues us beyond measure.

I would that all my trials were o'er,  
And I a graduate free, sir,  
(From lectures, profs., and all such bores)  
And M.A., B.Sc., sir.

When on the scene comes smiling Brown,  
And English comes in fashion,  
The Calculus is hooted down,  
It kills imagination;  
The soul it cabins and confines,  
And cripples it most sorely,  
Imagination soars aloft  
In Mason and in Morley!

Now Alpers fills the well-known place,  
Of wisdom most platonic,  
Much famed for dignity and grace,  
Professor embryonic;  
A model youth devoid of pride,  
A warrior at elections,  
Just "like the good young man that died",  
All free from imperfections.

*Diploma Day Song (1892).*



## Occidit Miserum Crambe Repetita Pupillum

---

This is the play that Bill wrote—  
This is the Dane who was off his head  
Who appears in the play that Bill wrote—  
This is the book the Professor read  
About the Dane who was off his head  
Who appears in the play that Bill wrote—  
This is the gent of German descent  
Who wrote the book the Professor read  
About the Dane who was off his head  
Who appears in the play that Bill wrote—  
These are the notes the Professor embodied  
To use in his lectures, when once he'd studied  
In an English translation the explanation  
(An awfully cute 'un) the learned Teuton  
Evolved of the Dane who was not quite sane  
Who appears in the play that Bill wrote—  
This is the Prof. that read the book  
But never agreed with the view it took:  
For he knew much better the "Art," etcetera,  
Of Bill aforesaid who wrote the play  
About the Dane, who was mad as they say,  
Than all the German books in a lump  
Which explain that the Dane was off his chump  
Who appears in the play that Bill wrote—  
This is poor Bill who wrote the play;  
He's dead and gone, so he cannot say  
What he meant by the Dane of whom it was said  
That he may or may not have been off his head,  
By the learned Doctor who wrote the screed  
With which the Prof. has never agreed,

Who both of them think they know much better  
Than Billy himself, his "Art," etcetera,  
And whether he meant the Dane "to be",  
For "that is the question," or "not to be"  
As sane as a judge or as mad as a hatter,  
Or a little of both—but it don't much matter;  
For whichever it was we must all of us cram  
The notes of the Prof. to pass our exam.,  
Till we're utterly sick of the Dane called Ham-  
let who comes in the play that Bill wrote.

*Diploma Day Song* (1893).

## "A College-of-Wales Young Man"

---

*Air: from "Patience."*

A College-of-Wales young man,  
A knowledge-in-bales young man,  
    A highly-poetic,  
    And slightly-prophetic,  
Aesthetic, magnetic, young man!  
An up-to-date young man!  
A never-come-late young man!  
    A vowel-gradation,  
    And i-mutation,  
A stratification young man!

*Chorus—*

A jolly-good-sort young man,  
Whose-lectures-seem-short young man,  
    A fill-his-position  
    With care-and-precision,  
A great-acquisition young man.  
A sometime-entombed young man,  
Though-lately-exhumed young man,  
    A talk-of-"old Sweet,"  
    And jump-on-"old Skeat,"  
A "come-sit-at-my-feet" young man!  
A hair-with-a-curl young man,  
A moustache-with-a-twirl young man,  
    A got-up-to-kill,  
    And never-sit still,  
Off-his-bike-came-a-spill young man!



"A COLLEGE-OF-WALES YOUNG MAN"

A big-Maori-word young man,  
Such-as-never-was-heard young man,  
    A palatalization  
    Glide-diphthongization  
    Word-specialization young man.

A dodecaglot young man  
A philology-swot young man,  
    A very unswerving,  
    And highly deserving,  
Think-little-of-Irving young man.

*Diploma Day Song (1899).*

## “Bicky”

---

*Tune: “Bobs.”*

Medium video discedere caelum palantesque polo stellas.

There's a genius here, you know—

That's Bicky,

Whose fame is sure to grow;

Ain't it, Bick?

There's not the slightest doubt

He's the best man round about

For finding queer things out;

Ain't you, Bick?

*Chorus—*

So let's all give a cheer

For Bick, Bick, Bick,

For he's quite without a peer—

Little Bick, Bick, Bick.

It's only right we ought,

Whom he has so ably taught;

He's a jolly good old sort—

Little Bick.

You may lay your bottom dollar

On Bick,

That you'll never find a scholar

Like Bick;

But his lectures would be prime

If his speech he would confine

To one thing at a time;

Hear that, Bick?

He's as happy as a king—

Ain't you, Bick?

To tell you anything;

Ain't you, Bick?

"BICKY"

And he never will get weary  
Of answering any query  
On the partial impact theory;  
Will you, Bick?

He's painted red and green—  
Has Bicky—  
An extr'or'nary machine;  
Ain't you, Bick?  
I'll tell you what it's for:  
It's to save no end of jaw  
On the periodic law;  
Ain't it, Bick?

*Diploma Day Song (1901).*



## “The College Engineers”

---

*Costume Song: Air, “The British Grenadiers.”*

Tu regis amnes, tu saevam machinam.

Some talk of Deans and Doctors, and some of LL.B.'s,  
And grow inept in grinding for their dull and dead degrees;  
But for broad-brimmed jocularly there's none that can  
compare

With the rowdy dowdy boys of tow, the College Engineers.

Those men may know the leading points of prehistoric fleas,  
But they've done no graft at Addington in dirty dungarees.  
It's here our boys have got the bulge, and up-to-date ideas  
Are an ever-present glory in our College Engineers.

When ordered by their burly chief to test the strain and stress  
Of helicoidal cones and cogs, they have no time to dress,  
Or talk of airy nothings with the little College dears:  
They graft and come up smiling, do our College engineers.

No time is theirs to conjugate the primal Latin verb,  
No time to talk with Wilkie of some cryptogamic herb;  
Rank oil is not in sympathy with Gallienic tears,  
Though lovely on the blueys of our College Engineers.

They tread the darksome regions where the wild log eater are,  
Prefer the grimy cutty to the saunterer's cigar—  
The crash of bolting engines is sweet music in the ears  
Of the rowdy boys of oil and tow, the College Engineers.

At times the public's told that they are thirsty, hot and dry,  
And their dryness breeds confusion in the land of  $x$  and  $y$ ,  
But the vapid vacant penster and the pale pink paper's sneers  
Are thistledown upon the skin of the College Engineers.

In spite of idiosyncrasies, they're human beings still,  
And after all, we guess it's fairly up to us to fill  
The nippy little Chartreuse, or the long and luscious beer,  
To drink success, etcetera, to the College Engineers.

*Diploma Day Song (1901).*

## Cantilena Cantuariensis

---

|                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Rursum peruenimus<br>ueteri in loco,<br>paulisper lenimus<br>studia ioco:<br>uos academicos<br>Anglicos chemicos,<br>atque polemicos<br>undique uoco.            | Again we have come together<br>In the old place,<br>For a little while we lighten<br>Our studies with amusement.<br>You students,<br>English students, chemistry students,<br>And debaters,<br>I summon from all sides.  |
| tolle poemata<br>diei exspectato,<br>priscam anthemata<br>recte cantato!<br>nouem Sororibus<br>nostris ex moribus<br>laetis cum oribus<br>carmina dato!          | Bring along your songs<br>For the long looked for (degree) day,<br>Let the old anthem<br>Be duly sung!<br>Unto the Nine Muses,<br>According to our custom,<br>With joyful lips<br>Let songs be given.                    |
| cantus diligitur<br>maxime a nobis,<br>gaudemus igitur,<br>canere uobis<br>ubi iocundior<br>uel uerecundior<br>turba, uel mundior<br>exstat in globis?           | Singing is loved<br>Greatly by us,<br>We rejoice, therefore,<br>To sing to you.<br>Where does a merrier<br>Or more modest<br>Or more honourable band<br>Exist in the universe?                                           |
| a ciuitatibus<br>sumus collecti<br>ex uastitatibus<br>quidam profecti.<br>hic mihi est lectio,<br>tibi refectio,<br>illi dilectio,<br>pulchramque am-<br>plecti. | From the various cities<br>We are collected<br>Out of the back-blocks<br>Some have come.<br>Here there is reading for me to do,<br>For you, refreshment,<br>For him there is affection,<br>And pursuit of the beautiful. |

CANTILENA CANTUARIENSIS

|                  |                              |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| plurima discere  | To learn many things         |
| omnino nolo,     | I by no means desire,        |
| sed meo hiscere  | But to stick to my own       |
| ingeniolo:—      | Little ideas:                |
| folleue ludere   | To play with a (foot) ball,  |
| nauemue trudere  | Or to propel a boat,         |
| pilamue incidere | Or to smite a (tennis) ball, |
| egomet uolo.     | I personally prefer.         |

*Diploma Day Song* (1905).



## Bull Froggie

---

*Tune: "Tit-Willow."*

A little frog lay on the bank of a stream,  
Croaking Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie;  
And he basked in the sun till his life was a dream,  
Croaking Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie.  
Alas! little he thought that behind him did stand  
The grim Georgie, who stretched out a murderous hand,  
And secured with one vicious grab, frog, grass, and sand,  
Croaking Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie.

He was brought to the lab. in a glass bottle wide,  
Croaking Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie;  
For the girls to stick pins in the little inside  
Of Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie.  
Soon a maid set to work, but she gave a short squeal,  
As she stuck a sharp pin through each arm and each heel.  
Never mind, said the Prof., he no longer can feel,  
That dead Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie.

Thus at last came the end of the short, happy life  
Of Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie,  
From the stream to a jar, from the jar to a knife,  
Cutting Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie.  
So you now understand, if you want a B.A.,  
To have passed your exam. by the only sure way,  
You can never succeed though you try night and day,  
Without Froggie, Bull-Froggie, Bull-Froggie.

*Diploma Day Song (1905).*

## Secret Society

---

“Song of the Cherubim.”

*Tune: “Little Mary.”*

There are seven little ladies who’ve inscribed themselves on  
fame,

The Rosy Cherubs,

And to designate their members they have given themselves  
the name

Of Rosy Cherubs,

They are the most bewitching pretty maidens you could see,

The most delightful specimens of demoiselles jolies,

A collection of all virtues—yes, that’s the M.R.C.,

The Rosy Cherubs.

*Chorus—*

Mother’s Rosy Cherubs—we adore them,

We’re unanimous in admiration for them;

And if you don’t mind your eye,

You’ll be fascinated by

One of Mother’s Rosy Cherubs.

There are girls of every species, and of every size among

The Rosy Cherubs;

There is one quite microscopic, while another’s very long,

Both Rosy Cherubs;

Then one is very musical, and one is sober, very,

Another’s rather quiet, while another’s rather merry,

The last one bosses all the rest for she’s the Secretary

Of the Cherubs.

*Chorus—*

Mother’s Rosy Cherubs—we’re delighted

To observe such splendid qualities united.

When you meet one of the seven,

You imagine you’re in heaven,

With that Mother’s Rosy Cherub.

*Diploma Day Song (1905).*

## "The Otagiad"

---

### *A Macaronic By Pugnae Particeps.*

Arma viros-que cano qui hard by the banks of the Avon,  
Cujus in gelidis lymphis the schoolboys in summer do lave 'em,  
Fought the grim fight with Otago, a nation bellorum peritus.  
Domi so often invicti they thought they could easily beat us.  
Now will I tell of their coming borne on by the monstrum  
horrendum

Vastos per shingly campos (for no irrigation can mend 'em)  
Cheering the way with old tales of the deeds of the temporis  
acti,

Last year's doings down South and the man who was minus  
his neck-tie,

Donec longo itinere fessi they ended their journey,  
Felt for their coats and their bags as faces began to discerni.  
There on the station expecting the great studentium agmen,  
Clamorem ad sidera tollit, and almost at once to the drag then  
Rush the long waited for foemen. Tum instat equis auriga,  
It clamor coelo "aboard", and mid shouts loud and loyal  
Tired, hungry and thirsty, the team started off for the  
"Royal."

You, O Calliope, precor, inspire me the whiles that I sing  
The team from the damp foggy South the porridge-fed heroes  
did bring.

\* \* \* \* \*

Much could be told of their doings, their rerum nobly  
gestarum,  
Their prowess at tennis and rinking, the fervidum cursum  
rotarum,  
But longius dicere erat and of such I have given you satis.  
I must hasten to tell of the banner, the beautiful gift of the  
Ladies.



*"THE OTAGIAD"*

Alter dies processit and now in the Hall of the College  
Videtur a pageant ne'er seen before in that temple of  
knowledge.

At one o'clock entered the Captain, magna comitante caterva;  
Stant ad limina viri and listen with silence and fervour  
While words of well-wishing and hope sic orsa sacerdos ab alto:

"O gravissima passi O team so often defeated  
"This banner receive from our hands and may you be fated,  
"Si Jupiter velit, to-day to turn on Dunedin the tables  
"And 88's glorious victory be told of in story and fables."

Talia voce refert. The Captain grasping the banner  
Auro ostroque rigentem began in the following manner:  
"O madam and ladies here present, footballers and fellow  
studentes,

"Whenever we're fagged and oppressed cum sollicitudine  
mentis

"The sight of that banner shall cheer us, I swear that it will  
and it shall ma'am,"

"Our ladies' bright eyes sure will gain us virtutis nobilem  
palmam."

Then did his men for three years, when their skipper  
excitedly called 'em,

Answer so lusty and loud that the sound tremefecit the aulam.

Now on the fierce field of strife the duaé contrariae manus  
Omnes with jerseys induti awaited the toss of the nummus.  
Many a blue and maroon were doomed to bite mother tellurem,  
Soil their bright jerseys with mud and their barbara tegmina  
crurum,

In the grim struggle to win the third of this series of matches,  
For little they recked of the falls and the blows and the bruises  
and scratches.

Soon the ball is kicked off and the pugna acrior crescit.  
Cresswell attempted a pot, but somehow or other he missed it,  
Volvitur Thomson excussus humi Otago's three-quarter,

"THE OTAGIAD"

Ward will run till he's grassed and refuses to pass as he  
oughter,

Torrance crushed up in the serum vix fracto poplite gemit,  
The red tide bore the blues down but yet they manage to  
stem it.

Nothing was scored in the spell tho' the reds had the game all  
their own way,

And the blues were glad when the whistle gave signum  
desistere pugnae.

Rursus ad arma vocati the reds determined to beat 'em,  
But in the first five minutes Cook potted a wonderful metam.  
Obstupere silentes. The Captain cried "All will be well yet,  
Reds, if you'll only play up." His dictis pectora mulcet.  
Rush after rush the Reds made, but full back, halves, and  
three-quarters

Seemed an impassable wall, and the College's beautiful  
daughters

Mourned the approaching defeat. Sed dextram ad sidera  
tollens

Quidam prayed unto Jove, "O pater optime pollens  
To thee a libation I'll pour if I get to the goal line before us."  
Jove granted part but the rest dispersit inanes in auras,  
Up to the full back he got, then fell and passed to another,  
He the oval transferred and quickly Craddock was over,  
Over the bar flew the ball like a bird per aethera pennis,  
The battle was over, and res ad nihil redeunt omnes.

*Otago Univ. Review* (1888).

W. F. Ward.

## Gay Helvetia

---

Oh, we'll sing you a song, it will not take long,  
Of gay Helvetia;

An idea it'll give of the way we live  
In gay Helvetia.

The land of goats and ice, you know,  
Where everything's as white as snow  
And slip and slap and tumble you go  
In a manner irregular.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For gay Helvetia.

To some extent no doubt 'tis true  
We're very unlike the people you  
Would meet if you went to see the view  
In gay Helvetia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For gay Helvetia.

These boots are not the things, I swear,  
That guides upon the mountains wear—  
I certainly think they cut their hair

In gay Helvetia.

There is a way, so people say,  
In gay Helvetia,

To cut a dash and do nothing rash  
In gay Helvetia.

We do the heights by telescope,  
We have no faith in flimsy rope,  
And that's the way with you, I hope,  
In gay Helvetia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For gay Helvetia.

We think it best to stay below  
Where everything is *comme il faut*:  
We're Society people don't you know



*GAY HELVETIA*

In gay Helvetia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For gay Helvetia.

The guide-book tells us all we want,  
And I'm sorry to say we really can't  
Go toiling up a glacier slant

In gay Helvetia.

So that's the way we pass the day

In gay Helvetia.

We swear by Cook and his tourist book,

And the excellent Baedekar,

We buy a paper knife or two,

And a clock that strikes with a loud cuckoo,

For these are things they sell to you

In gay Helvetia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For gay Helvetia.

We're never late for table-d'-hote,

We know the menu quite by rote,

We never dine on mountain goat

In gay Helvetia.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

For gay Helvetia.

We're very cautious mountaineers,

So you may allay your fears—

Oh yes, we hope to live for years

In gay Helvetia.

*C.U.C. Review* (1897).

*T. W. Cane.*

## The King of the Fortunate Islands

---

*Air: "The King of the Cannibal Islands."*

Oh, have you heard the news of late  
About the Southern potentate?  
If you have not, it's in my pate,  
The King of the Fortunate Islands.  
He dwells far off across the sea,  
In a fairy land, "God's own countree,"  
Where live the weka and kiwi,  
And the natives are called "Ma-o-ri."  
His name I think you all can guess,  
For his initials are "R.J.S.,"  
And many a worker's cause to bless,  
The King of the Fortunate Islands.

*Chorus (with haka)—*

Hokitika, Muritai,  
Tenakoutu, Haeremai,  
Tongariro, Hataitai!  
The King of the Fortunate Islands.

He started life with a miner's pick,  
And so they called him "Good old Dick,"  
But to this job he didn't stick,  
The King of the Fortunate Islands.  
He spoke so long, he spoke so loud,  
Whenever he could find a crowd,  
The West Coast folks of him grew proud,  
Their M.H.R. they him avowed.  
And now a man has but to boast  
His home is on the wet West Coast,  
For him King Richard finds a post;  
The King of the Fortunate Islands.

## *THE KING OF THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS*

And so to Wellington he went,  
And entered into Parliament;  
He had a feeling **he** was meant

For the King of the Fortunate Islands.  
While there he showed such lots of vim,  
He throve on "Force" like Sunny Jim,  
With lusty lung and sturdy limb,  
He made the people hear of him.  
And when his leader passed away  
He took his chair without delay!  
"I'm Premier now. Hip, hip, hooray!"  
Said the King of the Fortunate Islands.

When he ascended to the Throne,  
He brought in a policy all his own,  
And of contention it was a bone  
For the King of the Fortunate Islands.  
He put the people on the land,  
He took the toilers by the hand,  
And labour so knit in a band  
That sweating came to a still stand.  
Said other lands: "He can't succeed,  
On that we're all of us agreed!"  
But by-and-bye they followed the lead,  
Of the King of the Fortunate Islands.

Now when the slim and wily Boer  
With good old England went to war,  
King Richard then was to the fore,  
The King of the Fortunate Islands.  
From bush and bracken, hill and glen,  
He quick equipped contingents ten,  
New Zealand's best and bravest men,  
And patriot-like addressed them then.  
"Come, rally round the Motherland,  
And up with the Union Jack so grand,  
And under it we'll take our stand!"  
Said the King of the Fortunate Islands.



## THE KING OF THE FORTUNATE ISLANDS

A country called Austra-li-a  
Determined to federate one day,  
And bring beneath the gum-tree's sway  
    The King of the Fortunate Islands.  
"The hand I hold is good enough  
To go alone," said Richard gruff,  
"The cards I have are the proper stuff:  
Three Kings on top, and then—the Bluff.  
For White Australia I've regard,  
But I don't want to play in your backyard!"  
And all New Zealand then hurrahed  
    For the King of the Fortunate Islands.

When Edward Rex was to be crowned,  
He sent the invitations round,  
And in the front row there was found  
    The King of the Fortunate Islands.  
But on that most eventful date,  
King Edward was delayed by fate,  
And, as he paced the nave in state,  
A cry arose: "You are too late!"  
He soon fell swooning upon the ground,  
For, as he cast his eye around,  
He found instead of him they'd crowned  
    The King of the Fortunate Islands.

One day a cable from afar:  
"The Russians have chosen you for their Czar,"  
"The time has come at last, Ha! ha!"  
    Said the King of the Fortunate Islands,  
"For here I've reigned so long you know,  
And had so hard a row to hoe,  
It's time another had a show,  
And so I'll give the reins to Joe,  
I'll pack my Gladstone and off I'll go,  
For soon I'll have the whole world know,  
That what I say it **shall** be so!"  
    Said the King of the Fortunate Islands.

*H. F. von Haast (1903).*

## Registrar Joynt

---

*Air: "Father O'Flynn."*

Who is beloved by the whole University?  
Who of ripe scholarship has not a scarcity?  
Students exclaim without any diversity,  
"That is our popular Registrar Joynt."  
Soon he is leaving and crossing the sea, 'Varsity Agent in  
London to be,  
Hence this farewelling, our sorrow we're quelling,  
The praises we're swelling of Registrar Joynt.

*Chorus—*

Here's a health to our Registrar Joynt,  
For to his record with pride he can point,  
Patron æsthetic, and man energetic, and friend  
sympathetic,

J. W. Joynt.

When careless students forget to matriculate,  
Rush to the office and rage and gesticulate,  
Who is allaying their anger articulate?  
That is the job of our Registrar Joynt.  
When cables from Home give weak students a start,  
Whom do you find in his goodness of heart,  
Soothing the failing ones, cheering the wailing ones, coaxing  
the railing ones?

Registrar Joynt.

Who performs tasks of the greatest variety,  
Freeing the Senate from any anxiety,  
Statutes interprets in case of dubiety?  
That is our versatile Registrar Joynt.  
He signs the card that brings failure or fame,  
Cheques for the scholars subscribes with his name;  
Things academical, legal or chemical, Sessions polemical,

Manages Joynt.

## REGISTRAR JOYNT

He to encourage our speech oratorical,  
Argument lucid and words metaphorical,  
Gave for debating that shield, now historical,  
Treasured as trophy of Registrar Joynt.  
Though he is going so far from us all,  
Yearly his mem'ry that shield will recall,  
Friend of the tournament, umpire and ornament, soon we'll  
forlorn lament

Registrar Joynt.

What shall we do on the next yearly capping day,  
When we assemble, that singing and clapping day,  
And speakers and students indulge in a "scrapping" day,  
Minus the presence of Registrar Joynt?  
Then all in vain will the populace wish  
To see on the menu our long-standing dish,  
Undergrads. roasting him, Senators boasting him, Graduates  
toasting him,

Succulent Joynt.

Soon he'll be back by the lakes of Killarney,  
And giving the Colleens a taste of his blarney,  
With Kathleen Mavourneen and pretty Kate Kearney  
One on each side of bould Registrar Joynt.  
When he gets tired of code words and marks,  
Back to his green little island he harks,  
Boycotting daily, and dancing jigs gaily, and twirling  
shillelagh,

J. W. Joynt.

Now let him see what you think of his quality,  
Give him a taste of your fun and frivolity,  
Shout out that chorus of jovial jollity,  
"Jolly good fellow" is Registrar Joynt.  
When he embarks on his new Scholar-ship,  
We'll grasp his hand in a long parting grip,  
Eyes strangely wetting, and always regretting, but never  
forgetting

Our Registrar Joynt.

*H. F. von Haast.*



## Of Lispeth at College

---

Lispeth goes to College now,  
    She has put her hair up lately:  
Little wrinkles crease her brow;  
    Long skirts make her walk sedately.  
    Yet I do not find her greatly  
Altered, 'spite that learned frown—  
    (Nor attired less delicately)—  
Now that Lispeth wears a gown.

Where's the prof. would dare to plough  
    Lispeth, though her pen innately  
Writes sweet things no books allow—  
    Though she cribs immoderately?  
    Sage professors, grim and stately,  
With indulgence smiling down,  
    Add her marks inaccurately  
Now that Lispeth wears a gown.

Mere men-students labour how  
    To appear most up-to-datelly,  
Catch her eye to win a bow,  
    Wear their clothes immaculately;  
    All their hats are put on straightly,  
All their ties are new from town—  
    They dread living celibately,  
Now that Lispeth wears a gown.

OF LISPETH AT COLLEGE

So they burn Apollo's bough,  
Wear the willow desolately,  
Wander in Despond his Slough,  
Sit and swot disconsolately;  
Or, constructing inchoately  
Verses blue in studies brown,  
Write ballades, thus, second-rately,  
Now that Lispeth wears a gown.

*Envoy:*

Lispeth!—Most unfortunately  
Lightest laughs my pleadings drown;  
So I sue importunately  
Now that Lispeth wears a gown.

*C.U.C. Review* (1905).

## Ode on a Distant Prospect of Canterbury College

---

Ye distant Halls, all roofed in slate  
    (Or corrugated iron),  
Where I, a would-be Graduate,  
    Your benches used to sigh on;  
Ye chimneys, belching learned smoke,  
What time instructively they stoke  
    The furnace fires that roar and rage;  
Ye Labs., where once I frogs dissected,  
Or, wooing Chemistry, inspected  
    Her demonstrative Page.

Ah, happy halls! and chiefly thou,  
    O Club, particularly dear!  
(But not thy tariff; I allow  
    Thy dues were, after all, most fair).  
I see once more that verdant cloth,  
Where, spite of holes drilled by the moth,  
    I piled up breaks of two each night.  
My weary soul it seemed to soothe,  
As, rolling o'er the baize so smooth,  
    I pocketed the white.

Say, Father Amos, thou hast seen  
    (But no man else, I'm sure!)  
Of the Cottage by yon margent green  
    The chaste interior.  
What lovely forms now 'neath the tree  
Or grouped in circles think of tea,  
    Or con their notes for next hour's lecture?  
That Cottage, ah, it stirs a chord!  
On memory's tablet's deeply scored  
    Its subtle architecture.



ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

Gay hopes were ours, when, sharp at ten,  
We rose so blythe and gladsome;  
And if we had no money then,  
Some kind pawnbroker had some.  
Who foremost now delights to join  
The throng that sheds superfluous coin  
In Broadway's large and gilded hall?  
Who football practices now shuns,  
And, cursing all games where one runs,  
Damns every kind of ball?

Some still, no doubt, on passing bent,  
Resolv'd to work, not trifle,  
At lectures try, with zeal well-meant,  
Soul-sickening yawns to stifle.  
Some still the crib, I understand,  
Manipulate with dext'rous hand,  
Beneath the professorial eye.  
Still as they read, they wish they'd spared  
Their nerves with the usual: "Not prepared";  
Yet snatch a fearful joy.

Poor dears! I fear they do not re-  
alise the situation;  
A sad awakening theirs may be  
At the Pass Examination.  
What dangers lie in slighted book-work,  
What perils in each hasty look lurk,  
As brain-benumbed they scan each question!  
To trust to luck, and "the night before,"  
And native wit, they now feel sure  
Was an ill-advised suggestion.

Lo, when Results are cabled out,  
A pretty how-d'ye-do!  
Three anxious months of horrid doubt,  
And then, perhaps, not through!

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT

One with reproaches will lament  
Because he missed by two per cent.;  
Another swears there's been a blunder;  
Forced Apathy you'll also see,  
And far-fetch'd Jocularly,  
And simulated Wonder.

And if they pass—alack, ah me!  
( 'Tis sad work being a poet!)  
They've still to earn their livings. See  
The rotten ways they'll do it.  
For some in Business may smear  
The nice clean souls they brought from here;  
Or Politics, so foul and boggy:  
And others barter youth and ease  
(A "grisly spectre" waits for these!)  
To ill-paid Pedagogy.

*C.U.C. Review* (1914).

*T. W. Cane.*

## When Knights Were Bold

---

The trench I'm sitting in is beastly wet—  
I'll get pneumonia, I should like to bet—  
We're going over shortly, so I'm told....  
And there's a war on, and my feet are cold.

My thoughts fly back to days of long ago,  
When gallant knights fared forth to find the foe:  
They did things with less effort, so 'tis said;  
I wish I had been living then, instead.

They didn't wade through tons and tons of mud,  
Whenever they desired a foeman's blood;  
Not much; they scrapped about in nice dry lists,  
Or fought at fifty yards with doubled fists.

They didn't scrap with shells and bombs and tanks,  
Nor did they hop the bags in serried ranks;  
They didn't rise and grouse at 2 a.m.,  
Nor get an acting rank, unpaid, "pro tem."

In short, these bold, heroic knights of yore  
Would find this present stunt an awful bore,  
The same as we do; but, without a doubt,  
They'd have kept on till Fritz was counted out.

And we've one big advantage, after all,  
To give at least a drop of comfort small....  
Not one of those past heroes, I believe,  
Got first a Blighty, then—a fortnight's leave.

*C.U.C. Review* (1918).



## A Moral Poem About Lost Antiquities

---

(This "Moral Poem of Lost Antiquities" came to us unaccompanied by any note or explanation. It was written in a very shaky hand, on very crumpled paper, blotched and blistered with what may—or may not—have been tears. After taking due thought we were unable to tell whether it was prose or verse and so print it in a form which enables one to take his choice.—Ed. "C.U.C. Review.")

It is the universal experience in this world of troubles dark  
That popular admiration generally fails to hit the mark.  
Thus, the raucous charlatan A. is acclaimed with fulsome  
adulation,  
Whilst inconspicuous B. was of far greater service to the  
nation.

Cadmus, a most misguided man, undue renown doth get,  
Because that he, with misplaced zeal, invented the alphabet:  
Much greater praise should Cadmus win, that nobly he forbore,  
After concocting sixteen letters, from doing any more.

Then unto Palmades moderation was unknown;  
His passion for writing letters plagued not editors alone;  
The Gods' good gift to Greece, restraint, by him was badly  
missed—  
The cow made a lot of aspirates, and added them to the list.

Rather than sing of these, my pen shall praise a humbler man  
Who did his little bit to further Evolution's plan,—  
Praise him, all ye who ever studied Greek or Latin grammar,  
That unassuming, unknown scribe who managed to drop Gamma.

There have been merry Irish wakes, and tangis running beer,  
And I suppose when Nero died not many shed a tear,  
But of all the happy funerals, the one that takes first place  
Must surely have been the obsequies at the death of the  
Locative Case.

*A MORAL POEM ABOUT LOST ANTIQUITIES*

I don't go much on Cicero. A man should draw the line  
At him and Plaut and Seneca, and such pretentious swine.  
They've lost some scraps of Virgil. I wish they'd lose the lot.  
My favourite books of Livy are the ones we haven't got.

Fair fall the Alexandrians, and their frisky little ways!  
Here's to their great destructor, and the stuff that fed the  
blaze.

Of making books there is no end; study's a weariness.  
My blessing on the people who make books and study—less.

Talking about the Canon: I am not convulsed with woe  
Because the Book of the Wars of the Lord is gone; why, let  
it go!

I sigh for no fifth Gospel, nor for logia gone astray.  
From Genesis to Revelation's plenty, any day.

Yes, considering how much worse, in various ways, might be  
our lot,

Had Fate increased the things we have by the things which  
we have not,

We cannot be too thankful that in ancient historee  
There were one or two stray citizens who displayed  
philanthropee.

*C.U.C. Review.*

## To a Young Lady just entering the University

---

Be good, sweet child; don't try to be attractive.  
Go sober-clad, not peacock-like arrayed.  
And so grow wisé, plain, and remain for ever  
A nice..old..maid.

*Olla Podrida* (1919).

## Two Miniatures

---

Engineering potentate, bulging in the waist-coat,  
Clumping down the corridors with firm, proud tread,  
With a glare for his lecturers,  
Morrison, Bamford,  
Filling all his greasers with stark, chill, dread.

Little under-graduate, fresh from the High School,  
Looking very funny in a brand new gown,  
With an armful of text-books,  
Note-books, pencils,  
Feeling very conscious her hair's still down.

*Olla Podrida* (1919).



The Rhyme of the Rector who might have  
been, is not, and won't be.

---

The Board thought of getting a man  
As rector (an excellent plan)  
To buck up the College, and ladle out knowledge  
And so their advertisement ran:—  
“We want an illustrious  
Very industrious  
Rector for C.U.C.”

They wondered what wages they'd say,  
And decided, for once in a way,  
To fix on a figure a little bit bigger  
Than they were accustomed to pay  
For this very desirable  
Maybe acquirable  
Rector of C.U.C.

But now the Professors grew hot,  
And reckoned the wages they got  
Should be in proportion, and took the precaution  
Of telling the Board they would not  
Take less than a noodle-ish  
Quite over-boodle-ish  
Rector of C.U.C.

So the Board abandoned the scheme,  
Knuckled down to its mutinous team  
Of angry Professors, but we (God bless us!)  
Are robbed of our exquisite dream

## THE RHYME OF THE RECTOR

Of a perfectly beautiful  
Noble and dutiful  
Wholly omniscient  
Very efficient  
Nice and delectable  
Fairly respectable  
Gentle and lenient  
Rather convenient  
Handsome, athletical  
Saintly, poetical,  
*Quite* hypothetical  
Rector of C.U.C.

*J. H. E. Schroder.*

## Song of the Dissolute Young Man

---

(Expressly written for the good of your souls, the arresting of backsliders, and the furtherance of the Millenium.)

When I came to College I made up my mind  
    (I hope you are following me?)  
To put in a year of the usefulest kind;  
    (I hope you **are** following me)  
To absorb all the facts I could possibly get,  
Attend all the lectures and keep out of debt,  
Above all, to avoid the frivolous set.  
    (I **hope** you are following me).

But I hadn't been here much more than a week,  
    (I **hope** you are following me)  
When I found that such virtue was purely a freak  
    (I hope you **are** following me),  
And now I'm a reckless and idle young man,  
I bunk Arnold Wall and I scorn Henry Dan,  
And I'm going to the devil as fast as I can.  
    (I **hope** you **are** following me?).

*J. H. E. Schroder.*



## Ode to a Certain Professor

---

I'm in the Dickens of a scot,  
Professor, you have raised my wrath!  
I'll show that I for one can not  
Be called a Goth.

I kept a journal when a lad,  
In which this entry still remains:—  
“Your comedies are not so bad  
Aristophanes.”

Though loving Shakespeare, I confess  
I thought his work was trash beside  
Horace's passionate address  
To Lyde.

And often by the sad sea wave  
(Meanwhile devouring whelks and cockles)  
I'd read the glorious deeds of brave  
Old Themistocles.

I'd better stop, because you know  
Politeness before anger fades,  
I might be rude and bid you go  
To Hades.

*C.U.C. Review.*

## Nursery Rhymes

---

(Thoroughly revised, and suitable for an age of science.)

A little Zygnema  
Sat up on her beam-a,  
    All on a bright summer's day,  
A rude young Navicula  
Started to ticula,  
    And scared Miss Zygnema away.

---

The amoeba and the scientist  
    Walked pseudopod in hand,  
They smiled like anything because  
    Their clothes were very grand.  
"Though times are hard," the amoeba said,  
    "We still can buy such things  
As shirts and hens and shaving soap,  
    And cheese and wedding rings."

---

The doctor had a diatom,  
    Its shell was made of flint,  
A ton of bricks fell on its back,  
    And made a norful dint.

*C.U.C. Review.*

## Lines to the Drama Society

---

It's several years now since a few of us,  
Interested in contemporary drama,  
Would sometimes be so bold as to discuss  
Producing something; but in moments calmer,  
Our courage dwindled. Now the thing we planned  
(And would have failed in, if we had begun it)—  
Young wearers of the buskin, noble band,  
You've gone and done it!

At best we hoped to stage a single play:  
Hobbling in unimaginative strictures,  
We never dreamed of heights achieved to-day,  
Of lectures, helped by magic lantern pictures,  
Of meetings every other Wednesday night,  
Of papers, readings, regular discussions  
Of Brieux, Strindberg, Ibsen, and the quite  
Delightful Russians.

So we, whose weakling scheme was born to die,  
Watch with a hope that almost grows ecstatic,  
Watch with a friendly—nay, avuncular eye,  
The doings of the C.U.C. Dramatic.  
Who knows what shining glory lies in front?  
Perhaps 'twill even be of such importance  
As wins a headline, through some startling stunt,  
In Johnny Norton's.

"Candida" 's promised: may we hope to see  
(Of course we deprecate excessive hurry)  
Greek tragic art—say the "Antigone,"  
As Englished by Professor Gilbert Murray?  
Have glimpses that will make us less forlorn  
Of Schnitzler's things and those of Granville Barker?  
Or something—why not Hauptmann's "Ere the Dawn"—  
A little darker?



*LINES TO THE DRAMA SOCIETY*

Galsworthy, too: "The Silver Box," and "Strife,"  
And "Joy" are rather nice—we wait them itchily;  
And Strindberg's "Julia," or "The Country Wife,"  
A rather funny thing by William Wycherly;  
And Synge's queer "Playboy of the Western World,"  
(It's full of all the quaintest Irish swearing),  
Is a bomb that's simply pleading to be hurled  
By College daring.

And may we yet see College life refined,  
Cleansed by the spirit of the modern drama?  
See Rolleston turn to pleasures of the mind,  
And Cannon Hall grow wiser, gentler, calmer?  
See Wilde and Yeats in every flapper's hand,  
Tchekov engross the penitent Corellian,  
And undergrads. look eager, tense, and grand—  
A trifle Shelleyan?

*J. H. E. Schroder.*

## “Intrant Animalia . . .”

---

Etsi minime me fallit, lector benevole, sapientes nostros solere in atrium intrare praeposteros, poeticae tamen inversioni ignoscas velim; non quo Apollini me dicatum existimem, quippe cuius pedestris, sicut Flacci, humi serpat oratio. et si quid aliud forte rependeris, detur, obsecro, petenti venia. vale.

It primum ante alios, magna comitante caterua,  
purpuream indutus uestem titulosque superbos,  
ipse pater rectorque domus; non ille ferarum  
uiscera rimari refugit nec findere ranas.  
heu! tantam potuit doctrina afferre malorum!  
insequitur uictor bellis insignis, et olim  
Germanis clarus spoliis; nunc Marte Latinos  
consternat iuuenes uerbosaeque fulmina torquet.  
dein uideas Hebetem fallentem nomine circum;  
montiuagum et Murum, collectis laetum amaranthis.  
nec non Celsus adest, librorum pastus aceruis,  
et Sapiens noster, cui maxima cura deorum.  
incedit Stygios imitatus Caluus odores  
pugnantesque crepans atomos. uestigia cuius  
Concha premit, nulla, ut perhibent, non callidus arte,  
Herculeos referens—o dique deaeque—labores!  
clarus ab Hectoreis sequeris, Longinque, tropaeis,  
laudibus et multi sublatus ad aethera amici.  
proximus ille Alpes lustrat camposque iacentes,  
cui data templorum et ueterum custodia rerum.  
ultimus, at minime minimus, nuperque receptus  
diuorum in coetum, graditur non passibus aequis,  
qui dominos operasque docet socialia iura,  
dum studet—heu frustra—tristes componere lites.  
unus abest, doctus numeris, patriamque reuisens  
otia discipulis peperit gratamque quietem.

*H. D. Broadhead.*

## Iste Professor

---

### An Experiment in the Sapphic Metre.

---

Wordy Professor, whither art thou tending?  
Where, in the name of angels and of devils,  
Where, in the name of the palaces infernal—  
Where art thou tending?

Why dost thou ever, spouting like a kettle,  
Praising the things which thy predecessors praised,  
Carefully repressing all originality,  
Talk through thy headgear?

Tell me, Professor, dost thou think thou helpest  
Those who are placed beneath thy care paternal,  
Either to knowledge, or to get a B.A.,  
They meanwhile groaning?

Thou hast omitted the things which were thine to say,  
And thou hast said the things thou should'st not have said,  
Filling our time and our brains and our notes with  
Meaningless details.

Now, then, away with thee, voluminous Professor,  
I have enough of thy facts and thy chronology;  
I have enough of thy slow, solid movement,  
Plodding and powerful;

I tire of hearing thee defend the indefensible,  
Just because antiquated dons have defended it;  
I have a lot of it at home on my book-shelves—  
Get thee to blazes!



## “Ode to Infinity”

---

My heart sinks, and a weary languor seems  
To numb me, Sammy-Steele-wards slinking slow;  
To reckon out the strains in divers shafts  
(Given the load *P*)—if they stand or fall.  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
(Nor yet that I object to Sammy's lore),  
That, O ye “Art”-ful ones of Canty. Coll.,  
    In some nook-shotten spot  
Where Percy is not, nor stage 3 exists,  
Ye sing of toil—nor wot ye what toil means.

Infinity! Oh, how I shy at thee  
(Forced by hard fate to study thee most days),  
And devious are the ways that lead to thee!  
Mine the dull brain that cannot love thy ways.  
I'm always with thee! If I do my trig,  
Or else try working out hydraulic sums  
I still bump up against infinity  
    (And still I find no light),  
Save what mayhap old Pendlebury sheds  
In darkling rays on our devoted heads.

Oh, for a look at papers (not yet set),  
Born long ago of some Professor's brain,  
Smacking of musty tomes, examples weird  
(E'en snails that climb up poles for evermore)—  
For just one look at them, and having looked,  
Quick should I slip away as any cat,  
And quick swot up the questions printed there,  
    (Lest I forget)  
And write full swift, and leave the hall in glee—  
And escort beauteous damosels to tea.

*"ODE TO INFINITY"*

Rankling, I listen, and full many a time  
I am at sea to all that Percy saith;  
Call him sweet names in many a muttered rhyme  
For talking in the air, beneath my breath.  
I don't care now when my time comes to die,  
For I shall then be at infinity,  
And know its secrets (till now hid from me),  
    If it be "plus" or "minus"—  
Still he'll talk on, and others hear with pain  
What happens to good parallels when they die.

Thou wast not meant for mirth, Infinity!  
(Thou bourne of all good parallels—bad ones, too—)  
The examples set this blessed night were set  
Years since, and angry students took them down.  
Mayhap the self-same sum was one-time set  
To Prof. Gabbatt, who chuckled (wily man!)  
To think how simple was infinitude,  
    The same that oft since then  
Puzzled the "Pass" man, as he chews his pen,  
And asks with feeling—why he e'er was born?

Was born! That seems most strange, Infinity!  
No souls in thy dim, mystic clime are born;  
The ghosts of parallels lost inhabit thee  
(Lost, for they met too soon), binomials torn,  
Crushed by converging series that advance.  
Adieu! Adieu! I see them die away,  
The Gamma-functions meet them, wildly leap,  
    The Fourier series prance,  
They fiercely fight, the noise rolls from their fray  
And wakes me—Great Math! have I been asleep?

## The Song of the Sport

---

*After Walt Whitman.*

Who am I?

Who am I, you ask, the great, immaculate, infallible capital I?

I am me.

I am the sport.

I am not such a one as takes life seriously,  
I do not go to the earnest piety of the C.U.,  
Nor to the Dialectic, except perhaps to criticise,  
Nor to the irritating monologue of professors, if I can avoid it,  
Nor to the sane, everyday amusements of sensible people.  
I don't think.

Rather,

To loaf,

To be a nut, and yet more than a nut,

To know a thing or two,

To feel superior to the average run of people,

To put myself among the girls,

To use theological terms apart from their exact doctrinal  
significance,

Above all, to play football.

Football.

The bovine mutton-headedness of it,

The energy, the courage, the force,

The rush of the forwards and the quivering masculinity of the  
scrum,

The dashing policy of the backs,

The exclamations of the crowd,

Admonitions, objurgations, interjections,

The continuous roar of the barrackers,

The sounding kick of the ball;

A sound of the tearing of linen,



## THE SONG OF THE SPORT

The sudden sitting down of the kicker,  
The referee's whistle, the silent gathering round of the  
    players, the impossibility of the situation,  
The final production of another pair.

This is the sum of life,  
This is to live, to be a sport!  
Why do I do it?  
Everybody's doing it,  
Doing it.

See that ragtime couple over there.  
They do not think. Why should they?  
They have a higher opinion of themselves than of any thinkers,  
Plato, Aristotle, or Sir Robert Stout.  
They are above that.  
They are sufficient unto themselves.  
The world has nothing to offer them.  
That is my ideal.

Not to be enthusiastic.  
To go to the theatre, but in a critical mood.  
To go to the football match—and what follows after.  
To dress,  
To walk the streets,  
To have a drink,  
To indulge in a mild flirtation.

This is my convention.  
Not to dare to be different from the others,  
To compliment myself on my dashingness and my wickedness,  
To feel I am a devil of a fellow,  
To be a sport.  
Not 'alf.

*C.U.C. Review* (1913).

## Tea at College

---

At College Tea you will not find  
Old mellow wines, or silver shining,  
That novel-writers bring to mind  
When profiteers or peers are dining.  
Yet here is mellow content  
Than Burgundy or Port diffuses,  
And homely ware of Stoke-on-Trent,  
That wise economy excuses.  
Yet what wild cabaret can boast  
Of such delightful tea and toast?

But choicest feast of all, to lie  
With sense of genial elation,  
In comatose satiety  
From tea's benign intoxication.  
(The fat, phlegmatic cocoa-bean  
Could not aspire to leave a man in  
A state so tranquilly serene  
As does this blend of leaf and tannin,  
Fitting reward for him who dares  
Interminable flights of stairs).

And thus reclined, to see begun  
The fruitless search, (but still persistent)  
For currants in the currant-bun,  
Though time has proved them non-existent;  
To watch the pot-plant's verdure flee  
Through over-frequent irrigation  
With surplus saucerfuls of tea  
By way of gentle stimulation.  
(A policy that few expound  
As horticulturally sound.)

TEA AT COLLEGE

When gorged with mustier repast  
    (And less refreshing to the diner)  
With Greek declensions or the last  
    Two-hundred dynasties of China;  
Or if to literature inclined,  
    With plays of D'Avenant or Dekker,  
This tea-room seems to my tired mind  
    A sort of gastronomic Mecca,  
To which, like turbanned Moslem sage,  
I thankfully make pilgrimage.

1923.

*W. E. Thomson.*





## PART II





## The Passing of the Forest

---

All cannot fade that glorifies the hills;

Their strength remains, their aspect of command,  
Their flush of colour when calm evening stills

Day's clamour, and the sea-breeze cools the land.  
With shout of thunder and with voice of rills,  
Ancient of days in green old age they stand,  
In grandeur that can never know decay,  
Though from their flanks men strip the woods away.

But thin their vesture now—the restless grass,

Bending and dancing as the breeze goes by,  
Catching quick gleams and cloudy shades that pass,  
As shallow seas reflect a wind-stirred sky.

Ah! nobler far their forest raiment was,

From crown to feet that clothed them royally,  
Shielding their mysteries from the glare of day,  
Ere the dark woods were reft and torn away.

Well may these plundered and insulted kings,

Stripped of their robes, despoiled, uncloaked, discrowned,  
Draw down the clouds with white enfolding wings

And soft aerial fleece to wrap them round,  
To hide the scars that every season brings,

The fire's black smirch, the landslip's gaping wound;  
Well may they shroud their heads in mantle gray,  
Since from their brows the leaves were plucked away!

Gone is the forest world, its wealth of life,

Its jostling, crowding, thrusting, struggling race,  
Creeper with creeper, bush with bush at strife,  
Warring and wrestling for a breathing space;

## THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

Below, a realm with tangled rankness rife,  
Aloft, tree columns, shafts of stateliest grace:  
Gone is the forest nation. None might stay;  
Giant and dwarf alike have passed away.

Gone are the forest birds, arboreal things,  
Eaters of honey, honey-sweet of song,  
The tui, and the bell-bird—he who sings  
That brief rich music we would fain prolong.  
Gone the wood-pigeon's sudden whirr of wings;  
The daring robin, all unused to wrong.  
Wild, harmless, hamadryad creatures, they  
Lived with their trees, and died, and passed away.

And with the birds, the flowers, too, are gone,  
That bloomed aloft, ethereal, stars of light;  
The clematis, the kowhai like ripe corn,  
Russet, though all the hills in green were dight;  
The rata, draining from its tree forlorn  
Rich life-blood for its crimson blossoms bright,  
Red glory of the gorges,—well a-day!  
Fled is that splendour, dead and passed away.

Gone are the forest tracks, where oft we rode  
Under the silver fern-fronds climbing slow,  
In cool, green tunnels, though fierce noontide glowed  
And glittered on the tree-tops far below.  
There, 'mid the stillness of the mountain road,  
We just could hear the valley river flow,  
Whose voice through many a windless summer day  
Haunted the silent woods, now passed away.

Drinking fresh odours, spicy wafts that blew,  
We watched the glassy, quivering air asleep,  
Midway between tall cliffs that taller grew  
Above the unseen torrent calling deep;

## THE PASSING OF THE FOREST

Till, like a sword, cleaving the foliage through,  
The waterfall flashed foaming down the steep;  
White, living water, cooling with its spray  
Dense plumes of fragile fern, now scorched away.

Keen is the axe, the rushing fire streams bright;  
Clear, beautiful, and fierce it speeds for Man,  
The Master, set to change and stern to smite,  
Bronzed pioneer of nations. Ay, but scan  
The ruined beauty wasted in a night,  
The blackened wonder God alone could plan,  
And builds not twice! A bitter price to pay  
Is this for progress—beauty swept away.

*William Pember Reeves.*



## The Lawyer's Bride

---

OR, THE SUIT OF WILLIAM STYLES ("BILL"—FOR SHORT),  
Being the pleadings of a young legal practitioner to the fair  
Phyllis.

*Air: "Wait for the Waggon."*

Will you come with me, my Phyllis dear, and be a lawyer's  
bride?

Drawn up is my conveyance, so to the church let's ride:  
Oh, don't reserve your judgment, but say you'll marry me,  
And do not let your answer be merely C.A.V.

*Refrain:*

List to me, Phyllis, grant my petition,  
Come with me, Phyllis dear, and be a lawyer's bride.

The best man, Thomas Smiles, is a fellow that you know,  
And I shall have as groomsmen, John Doe and Richard Roe:  
Away you shall be given, if discover him we can,  
By the bonus pater familias or the average prudent man.

The jovial six carpenters shall build our house, I trow,  
And never fear a suit for trespass ab initio.  
Our goods the common carrier shall bring from divers places,  
And wedding presents many, packed in Smith's Leading Cases.

If you lack occupation, in my office you shall work,  
You'll find it most engrossing, so the task you needn't shirk,  
And when you're feeling thirsty, we'll both go to the bar,  
And there we'll take refreshers, that so customary are.

Be tenant of my heart for life, Oh maiden fair and chaste,  
And let my arm encircle your voluntary waste:  
Don't let me be nonsuited, but listen, pray, to reason—  
Oh, grant to me your hand in fee and let me have the seisin.

## THE LAWYER'S BRIDE

I ask for an attachment, distress is all I get—  
Sweet, enter satisfaction of Cupid's judgment debt:  
You'll drive me p'raps to murder, if you won't be my wife,  
And then an execution will terminate my life.

Your Bill you won't dishonour, accept him, do, at sight.  
"Protest for non-acceptance" must never be my plight:  
But to your sweet indorsement, Oh, let me have recourse,  
And let me take delivery as holder in due course.

Upon my skill in pleading you'll surely cast no slur,  
Then to my Declaration why do you thus demur?  
In Cupid's Court, my darling, be quick and prove your Will,  
And none with infidelity shall ever tax your Bill.

Allowing my appeal, you blushing answer "Yes,"  
And now I'm plainly guilty of embracery, I guess,  
But, as you know "Volenti injuria non fit,"  
You waive my tort, my Darling, when my kisses you permit.

*H. F. von Haast.*

## Two Pictures

---

Within:—a fire, neglected, dying fast;  
An untouched meal upon the table spread;  
A candle, flickering as each stormy blast  
Howls by; an infant in its little bed  
Asleep; a pair of slippers by the fire;  
A woman, kneeling by the infant's cot,  
In anguish breathing out her heart's desire  
With white drawn lips, for hope she feels is not.

Without:—the first few faint gray streaks of day;  
The waning moon by cloud-rack drifting past  
Half hid; white billows yearning for their prey,  
Churned into seething foam by every blast  
That shrieks and howls and leaps from sea to land;  
A sea-mew wheeling round with mournful cry;  
A shattered boat half-buried in the sand;  
A white, dead face turned to the cruel sky.

*T. W. Rowe.*



## Saturday Night

---

Saturday Night in the crowded town;  
Pleasure and pain going up and down.  
Murmuring low on the ear there beat  
Echoes unceasing of voice and feet.  
Withered age with its load of care,  
Come in this tumult of life to share,  
Childhood glad in its radiance brief,  
Happiest-hearted or bowed with grief,  
Meet alike, as the stars look down  
Week by week on the crowded town.

*And in a kingdom of mystery,  
Rapt from this weariful world to see  
Magic sights in the yellow glare,  
Breathing delight in the gas-lit air,  
Careless of sorrow, of grief, or pain,  
Two by two, again and again,  
Strephon and Chloe together move,  
Walking in Arcady, land of love!*

What are the meanings that burden all  
These murmuring voices that rise and fall?  
Tragedies whispered of, secrets told,  
Over the baskets of bought and sold;  
Joyous speech of the lately wed;  
Broken lamentings that name the dead:  
Endless runes of the gossip's rede;  
And, gathered home with the weekly need,  
Kindly greetings, as neighbours meet  
There in the stir of the busy street.

## SATURDAY NIGHT

Then is the glare of the gaslight ray  
Gifted with potency strange to-day.  
Records of time-written history  
Flash into sight as each face goes by.  
There as the hundreds slow-moving go,  
Each with his burden of joy or woe,  
Souls, in the meeting of strangers' eyes  
Startled this kinship to recognise,  
Meet and part, as the stars look down  
Week by week on the crowded town.

*And still, in the midst of the busy hum,  
Rapt in their dream of delight, they come.  
Heedless of sorrow, of grief, or care,  
Wandering on in enchanted air,  
Far from the haunting shadow of pain;  
Two by two, again and again,  
Strephon and Chloe together move,  
Walking in Arcady, land of love.*

Mary Colborne-Veel.

## The Grey Company

---

O the grey, grey company,  
Of the pallid dawn!  
O the ghostly faces  
Ashen-like and drawn!  
The Lord's lone sentinels  
Dotted down the years—  
The little grey company  
Before the pioneers!

Dreaming of Utopias  
Ere the time was ripe,  
They awoke to scorning,  
To jeering and to strife.  
Dreaming of millenniums  
In a world of wars,  
They awoke to shudder  
At a flaming Mars.

Never was a Luther  
But a Huss was first,—  
A fountain unregarded  
In the primal thirst.  
Never was a Newton  
Crowned and honoured well,  
But first a lone Galileo  
Wasted in a cell.

In each other's faces  
Looked the pioneers;—  
Drank the wine of courage  
All their battle years.



## THE GREY COMPANY

For their weary sowing  
Through the world wide  
Green they saw the harvest  
Ere the day they died.

But the grey grey company  
Stood every man alone  
In the chilly dawnlight:  
Scarcely had they known  
Ere the day they perished  
That their beacon star  
Was not glint of marshlight  
In the shadows far.

The brave white witnesses  
To the truth within  
Took the dart of folly,  
Took the jeer of sin.  
Crying "Follow, follow,  
Back to Eden gate!"  
They trod the Polar desert,  
Met a desert fate.

Be laurel to the victor,  
And roses to the fair,  
And asphodel Elysian  
Let the hero wear:  
But lay the maiden lilies  
Upon their narrow biers,  
The lone grey company  
Before the pioneers!

*Jessie Mackay.*

## Spring Fires

---

The running rings of fire on the Canterbury hills,—  
Running, ringing, dying at the border of the snow;—  
Mad, young, seeking as a young thing wills,  
The ever, ever living, ever buried Long Ago!

The soft running fire on the Canterbury hills,  
Swinging low the censer of a tender heathenesse  
To the dim Earth goddesses that quicken all the thrills  
When the heart's wine of August is dripping from the press!

The quiet bloom of haze on the Canterbury hills!  
The fire, it is the moth that is winging to the snow.  
O pure red moth, but the sweet white kills!  
And we thrill again to watch you, but we know, but we  
know!

The long yellow spurs on the Canterbury hills  
To a moon of maiden promise wake once in all the year,  
When the fires come again, and the little tui trills,  
And who will name or think on a January sere?

The lone large flower of the Canterbury hills  
On the slender ti-tree will hang her honeyed head,  
When the moon of fire has called her to the spurs and the rills,  
Dim and strong and typical of tintless river-bed.

The scent of burning tussock on the Canterbury hills!  
The richness and the mystery that wakens like a lyre,  
With the dearness of a dreaming that never yet fulfils!—  
And we know it, and we know it, but we love the moon  
of fire!

*Jessie Mackay.*

## Slumber Song

---

Neither to fight nor plead, my dear!  
Home to the low long nest  
On the holy sod of the plains of God!  
And it's only to rest, to rest!

Neither to sift nor weigh, my dear!  
Neither to sow nor reap!  
For the balance is true and the sickle is through,  
And it's only to sleep, to sleep!

Neither to will nor plan, my dear!  
Neither to smile nor sigh;  
For home is the fruit to the altar-foot,  
And it's only to die, to die!

*Jessie Mackay.*



## Onawe

---

Peaceful it is: the long light glows and glistens  
    On English grass;  
Sweet are the sounds upon the ear that listens;—  
    The winds that pass

Rustle the tussock, and the birds are calling;  
    The sea below  
Murmurs, upon its beaches rising, falling,  
    Soft, soft, and slow.—

All undisturbed the Pakeha's herds are creeping  
    Along the hill;  
On lazy tides the Pakeha's sails are sleeping,  
    And all is still.

Here once the mighty Atua had his dwelling  
    In mystery,  
And hence weird sounds were heard at midnight,  
    swelling  
    Across the sea.

Here once the Haka sounded; and din of battle  
    Shook the grey crags;  
Triumphant shout, and agonized death-rattle  
    Startled the shags.

And now such peace upon this isthmus narrow,  
    With Maori blood  
Once red!—these heaps of stones,—a greenstone arrow  
    Rough-hewn and rude!

ON AWE

Gone is the Atua, and the hillsides lonely,  
The warriors dead;  
No sight, no sound! the weird wild wailing only  
Of gull instead.

Come not the Rangatira hither roaming  
As once of yore,  
To dance a ghostly Haka in the gloaming,  
And feast once more?

Tena koe Pakeha! within this fortification  
Grows English grass—  
Tena koe! subtle conqueror of a nation  
Doomed, doomed to pass!

*Dora Wilcox.*

## When Lilac Blooms

---

When Lilac blooms, what gambolling  
In hawthorn boughs! what whirr of wing!  
And in sweet-peas and mignonette,  
On window-ledges quaintly set,  
What hum of bees! what murmuring!

And as the lindens sway and swing,  
This slow blood moves with everything;  
The pulses throb with fume and fret  
When Lilac blooms!

For old Love stirs and fain would sing,  
And revel with the lusty Spring,—  
Old Love who lingers with me yet  
In this, my Garden of Regret,—  
Ah Love! too late thy wakening  
When Lilac blooms!

*Dora Wilcox.*



## Mein Kind, Wir Waren Kinder.

(From the German of Heine.)

---

My child, we were children also,  
Two children small and gay.  
We often crept into the hen-house  
Where hid in the straw we lay.

We crowed aloud, and if people  
Were passing along the road,  
Kikereku! they fancied  
It was the cock that crowed.

The chest that stood in the courtyard  
We carpeted throughout:  
It made a splendid mansion,  
And we ruled in it turn about.

The old cat from the neighbour's  
Would come and visit us,  
And we used to bow and receive her  
With the politest fuss.

We'd ask her how she was keeping,  
As cosily down she sat—  
Since then I've put the same question  
To many an ancient cat.

We used to sit like the old folk,  
And talk in accents sad,  
Lamenting that since our young days  
The world had gone to the bad;

*MEIN KIND, WIR WAREN KINDER*

That love and faith and honour  
Had vanished from off the earth;  
The coffee—how expensive!  
Of money—what a dearth!

The childish play is long over,  
For naught can endure Time's scathe—  
Nor gold, nor world, nor seasons,  
Nor honour, nor love, nor faith.

*W. D. Andrews.*

## The True Immortals

“Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids.”

---

To rank among the immortal names,  
Touched with imperishable glory,  
Many a one puts forward claims  
Who never lived, yet lives in story.

The dame who wrought the woes of Troy,  
The men who perished by Scamander,  
As real to “Macaulay’s Boy”  
As Cæsar are or Alexander.

Orpheus, who from the dreary shades  
Eurydice would lead to light,  
Jason, who in gold fleeces trades,  
The King who robbed himself of sight,

Before our England came to birth  
Or found a place among the nations,  
Were famed among the sons of earth,  
Had pleased uncounted generations.

Who has not heard of Guinevere,  
Gawain, and Bors, and Lancelot,  
Of Galahad, the youth austere,  
And Arthur, King of Camelot?

Or coming to a later day  
When good Queen Bess the reins was holding,  
Who knows not Beatrice the gay,  
Sweet Rosalind, and Katharine scolding?



THE TRUE IMMORTALS

They press and throng upon the mind,  
They come from every clime and region,  
Good, bad, indifferent, cruel, kind,  
In every class their name is Legion.

Among them all a foremost place  
"My uncle Toby" claims, and "Yorick,"  
And honest "Trim" lifts up a face  
More real than many a phiz historic.

More real—for what mortal name  
Touched with its perishable glory  
May hope for the undying fame  
Of those who only live in story—

Who come from divers times and lands,  
Speaking the tongues of divers nations,  
And beckon with their shadowy hands  
To the successive generations?

W. D. Andrews.

## One by One

---

One by one, lover and friend must go,  
Tho' in the absence sorrow will linger on;  
One by one, as stars in the morning glow,  
Tremble, and fade, and are gone.

One by one, raindrops are falling fast;  
Sighs moan so low and so sad in the cold wet tree;  
One by one, tears fall for days that are past,  
Mourning, that parting must be.

One by one. Ah, and you too must go:  
You who have lingered so short and so sweet a while.  
One by one,—ah, that the heart must know  
Sorrow, for Pleasure's soft smile.

*Johannes C. Andersen.*

## Autumn

---

Autumn has come from o'er the seas,  
    With yellow hair;  
Autumn in the Antipodes,  
    Sweet here, as there.

The spear-head poplars' shafts of green  
    Are shafts of gold,  
Standing in aisles that run between  
    Firs, dark and cold.

With golden beaten barbs a-spring  
    The birches quiver,  
And icy-hearted dewdrops fling  
    Upon the river.

Ripe rounded globes on bending stems  
    Grow sweet and mellow,  
O'erload the drooping trees with gems  
    Of red and yellow.

Bluff Autumn fills his coffers now,  
    Till running o'er;  
The season of the golden bough,  
    And golden store.

Ah, Autumn from across the seas,  
    With yellow hair;  
Autumn in the Antipodes,—  
    Sad here, as there.

*Johannes C. Andersen.*



## Sonnet to Robert Browning

---

They played, I know not what,—I only know  
That straight I wander o'er a meadow, starred  
With asphodel and lily-cup gold-barred,  
And round my head the perfumed wind-breaths blow  
In gentle hushful touch—and on I go  
Into this poet land and gather nard,  
To crown triumphantly this prophet bard;  
This welder great of thoughts that seethe and glow.  
Then garland-wise I wove them well, then sought  
A moment's leave to place them round thy head—  
Thou victor in a thousand battles fought  
For man, too blind himself to fight—too dead.  
And now with lightning tipped thy pen has taught  
The world to strive anew for light—God-led.

*Dolce Cabot.*

## Rectius Vives

Horace, odes ii., 10.

---

Friend, steer not always for the deep,  
Nor shrink, when storms pursue,  
Too near false shores: so shalt thou keep  
Thy bearing true.

Who loves the golden mean, aloof  
From squalid hut abides,  
And wisely shuns the lordly roof,  
Where Envy hides.

Tall pines are tempest-tossed the worst,  
High towers crash most loud;  
Breaks on the mountain's summit first  
The thunder-cloud.

In ill, wise hearts hope better things,  
In weal, they fear for worse;  
The ugly snows one Father brings  
And will disperse.

And here and now though all be wrong,  
Not always lasts the woe,  
When Phœbus wakes the Muse to song  
And slacks his bow.

Be brave and strong in trouble's stress;  
Yet wisely have a care  
To reef thy sail before the press  
Of wind too fair.

*W. S. Marris.*

## Extremum Tanain

Horace, Odes iii., 10.

---

Though thou wert dwelling with a savage mate  
By distant Don, 'twould touch thee, Lyce, still  
To see me lying thus before thy gate,  
Exposed to wind so chill.

Hark! the door creaks, and round thy villa fair  
The trees are groaning with each gust that blows;  
And see, the magic of the icy air  
Freezes the fallen snows.

Doff this disdain that Venus hates, maybe  
Backward the wheel will spin and drag the rope;  
Thou, Tuscan bred, art no Penelope  
Forbidding swains to hope.

Though vows and presents move thee not at all,  
Nor the grey pallor of thy lover's face,  
Nor yon Greek girl who holds thy lord in thrall—  
O show us yet some grace!

Though knotted oaks were sooner bent by prayer,  
And Moorish snakes more pitiful to pain,  
Be warned! my bones will not for ever bear  
Thy door-step, and this rain.

*W. S. Marris.*



## The Casualty Lists 1915.

---

Our glory and our mourning is begun—  
    Forgive, great Mother, if for a little while  
    To us lone dwellers in this utmost isle  
Seemed very faint and far your thundering gun,  
Your war-cry, the vast legions of the Hun,  
    His boast, his evil threats, his cruel guile—  
    What time our youth, encamped by holy Nile,  
Hardened them in the sandstorm and the sun.

New bonds, in battle forged, in battle tried,  
And tempered with our sons' and brothers' blood,  
    Link us henceforth—our common joys and pangs;  
    Over ten thousand homes the dark hour hangs;  
Yet through the gloom and shadow of our mood  
Pierce the red rays of triumph and of pride.

*Arnold Wall.*

# A Time Will Come

1915.

---

A time will come, a time will come,  
(Though the world will never be quite the same),  
When the people sit in the summer sun,  
Watching, watching the beautiful game.

A time will come, a time will come,  
With fifteen stars in a green heaven,  
Two to be batting, and two to judge,  
And round about them the fair Eleven.

A time will come, a time will come,  
When the people sit with a peaceful heart,  
Watching the beautiful, beautiful game,  
That is battle and service and sport and art.

A time will come, a time will come,  
When the crowds will gaze on the game and the green,  
Soberly watching the beautiful game,  
Orderly, decent, calm, serene.

The easy figures go out and in,  
The click of the bat sounds clear and well,  
And over the studying, critical crowds  
Cricket will cast her witching spell.

Yet a time will come, a time will come,  
Come to us all as we watch, and seem  
To be heart and soul in the beautiful game,  
When we shall remember and wistfully dream—

Dream of the boys who never were here,  
Born in the days of evil chance,  
Who never knew sport or easy days,  
But played their game in the fields of France.

*Arnold Wall.*

## The Old Botanist's Farewell to the Southern Alps

---

Farewell to the moorlands, farewell to the mountains,  
Farewell to the dark cliff and deep-shadowed dingle!  
No more shall I drink from the icy cold fountains  
That gush in their glory from out the grey shingle.

No more shall I watch from the high windy ridges  
The cloud-shadows drifting with indolent motion,  
The bright silver rivers, the gossamer bridges,  
The far margin lit with the gleam of the ocean.

No more shall I climb in the pale dawn with passion,  
The dew from the snowgrass with eager feet shaking,  
And hear the nor'-west wind come charging and crashing  
And break on the sharp rocks with tumult and quaking.

No more shall I see on a day of still weather  
Far range upon range to infinity dwindle,  
Snow-crowned and ice-girdled, all slumbering together,  
Erebus and Arrowsmith, d'Archiac and Tyndall.

No more shall you charm me, dear dainty Ourisia,  
You broad fields of mountain-musk starred with white  
blossom,  
Euphrasia, Raoulia, Phyllachne, Celmisia,  
No more shall you strike the deep chord in my bosom.

No more shall I pore on the hard tawny grasses  
That colour the steep spurs and long level reaches,  
No more shall I haunt the high desolate passes  
Where the elfinwood sprawls on the fringe of the beeches.



## THE OLD BOTANIST'S FAREWELL

No more shall I see, as the high sun is westering,  
In the steep dusky valleys that look to his setting,  
Thin streams in the late light all twining and glistening,  
Like threads of fine silver the purple gloom fretting.

No more shall I hear the white mountain gull crying  
Among the bare rocks where the great gusts go booming,  
Six thousand feet up where in rough hollows lying  
The broody old tarns hang a-drowsing and glooming.

I shall see them far off in the magical distance,  
With bloom like a ripe plum, so fresh and so tender,  
They will beckon and woo me and call with insistence,  
The big shining Alps in their pomp and their splendour.

But I camp no more in the beech-wooded valleys,  
No more shall I sleep in the roar of the river,  
Or wander alone in the cool shady alleys,  
For my feet have come down to the lowlands for ever.

*Arnold Wall.*

## Pan

---

Down a west-sloping valley, by a pool  
O'er-gilded by the dying summer day,  
Piping alone among the sighing reeds,  
Mourning for Syrinx by the water-side,  
Sat Pan alone; soft on the evening breeze  
His low-blown music fluted down the vale.  
The trees, the rocks, all nature heard the sound,  
And guessed the words he dared not speak aloud:  
"Oh cruel nymph, why did'st thou flee from me,  
Who loved thee with the love thou did'st not know?  
Who love thee still, tho' thou hast gone from me!  
Long did I seek thee thro' the dark, sweet shades  
Where hidden violets, in the ancient wood,  
With sweet fresh fragrance fill the dewy air;  
Till last I found thee in the mournful reeds  
That shiver coldly round the woodland pool.  
And now I sit alone among the reeds  
And make me pipes to voice my sad complaint  
And think of thee departed." Here the strains  
Ceased, and the last notes floated down the vale  
Towards the pale-green west, and fresher blew  
Athwart the fragrance of that ancient wood  
The evening breeze, and stirred the hollow reeds,  
Making a rustling whisper through the air—  
Lost Syrinx' voice: "I prayed unto the gods  
To save me, and they saved me," and again,  
"Farewell!" At this uprose the woodland god,  
And passed away among the shadowy glades  
Down to the western plain. And the pale light  
Died in the west, and night fell on the pool.

*T. M. Curnow.*

## Pantoum of the Plug

---

O plug, whate'er material thou'rt made of,  
Whoe'er with privy paw thy sere leaves stole  
From wheresoe'er thy grew—I'm not afraid of  
Dry cabbage leaves or microbes, on the whole!

Whoe'er with privy paw thy sere leaves stole,  
Driven by autumn's wandering breeze maybe,  
Dry cabbage leaves or microbes on the whole  
Have not been found to grow on any tree.

Driven by autumn's wandering breeze maybe  
Along with other things, which, far from sweet,  
Have not been found to grow on any tree,  
I think I see thee taken from the street.

Along with other things, which, far from sweet,  
A more fastidious man might well detest,  
I think I see thee taken from the street—  
Like a Jack Tar in days of yore, and "pressed."

A more fastidious man might well detest  
Such gruesome compounds, hunted round about  
Like a Jack Tar, in days of yore, and pressed  
For service under fire, until knocked out.

Such gruesome compounds, hunted round about,  
And such that keep nerves cool and cares from pressing;  
For service under fire, until knocked out,  
Thou doest well—accept my heartfelt blessing!

And such that keep nerves cool and cares from pressing,  
From wheresoe'er they grew, I'm not afraid of;  
Thou doest well—accept my heartfelt blessing,  
O plug, whate'er material thou'rt made of!

*T. M. Curnow.*



## Two Voices

---

To the brilliant streets and bustle of a city full of Spring,  
To the soft, contented river, and the sleeping shining spires,  
From the distant hills disrobing there are messages a-wing,  
From the splendid dusks and dawnings, from the flaming  
sunset fires.

I have heard them through the clamour of the people, in the  
sun,  
And the winds that whine at midnight when the city is at  
rest;  
And the harp-strings of my heart are set a-trembling one by one  
Till the sweeping of their wide and keen harmonics calls  
me West.

Oh, the dew of darkling mornings on the grasses green and  
grey!

Oh! the flush before the saffron, and the blushes of the snow!  
Dark ratas stalking down the gorge (a-waiting for the day),  
To the sheen of rippling waters in the shingle sweep below.

The threads of fire on mountain-sides in purple of the night—  
The dusted gold of tussocks and the music of the fords—  
The gorse and wattle flame that sets the dusty road alight—  
The thin bright air—my harmony has all of these for chords.

But from eastward comes the call of glistening beaches,  
sleeping bays,  
And the pale, thin, shivering grasses in the land-wind set  
astir;  
And the lace of broken rollers, wove for us in summer days,  
When I sought my ocean mother with my love, and found  
her fair.

## TWO VOICES

Oh the beach, of worlds forsaken! Oh the pressure of soft  
hands,

In our lotus-land of ocean, lulled to mellow minor keys!  
Oh the kiss among the lupins, green among the grey of sands,  
When our swaying souls were shaken in the rush of roaring  
seas.

How golden were the evenings in that slumbrous summer  
weather,

When we plucked the scarlet poppies of delight and of  
desire!

How musical the mornings when we wandered forth together!  
All royal the sea-kingdom where our feet could never tire.

Rival chimings, murmuring still of mountain-pleasure, sea-  
delight,

Mocking melodies of memories of what I loved the most:  
When morning's golden promises have rolled away the night,  
It is cold in this my city, and the music all is lost.

*M. C. Keane.*

## Summer Longing

---

How well I know what I mean to do  
When the long, glad days shall dawn;  
When the fields drink deep of the morning dew,  
And the breeze at noon-tide wanders through  
A wealth of golden corn.

I'll take the easy vagrant way  
Along the laughing stream;  
For I know a reach where the ripples play,  
And the trout leap high on a summer's day  
The grassy banks between.

The willow leans to the calling stream  
That laves his mossy bole,  
Where fretted shadows love to dream  
At stress of noon; and the paled sunbeam  
Is wine to the panting soul.

In plashing shallows still I'll stand,  
With pliant rod and creel,  
And cast the lure with gentle hand,  
And draw the mottled prize to land  
With music of the reel.

When the stern old hills in the tender west  
Are bathed with flooding gold,  
And the gloaming casts beneath their crest  
Its purple shade, I'll leave the quest.  
Oh, summer joys of old!



## Upon the Hearth

---

Upon the hearth the wood lies piled aright,  
So that, if one but came  
And stooped, and touched its deadness with a light,  
Sudden, what glow and flame!

Even so, my hearth is swept, my fire is laid,  
Yet all is cold and dark;  
My spirit kneels before it, chill, dismayed,  
And cries, "Send, Love, thy spark."

## Laudabunt Alii

---

There are some that long for a limpid lake by a blue Italian  
shore,  
Or a palm grove out where the rollers break and the coral  
beaches roar;  
There are some for the land of the Japanee and the tea-girls'  
twinkling feet;  
And some for the isles of the summer sea, afloat in the dancing  
heat;  
And others are exiles all their days, 'midst black or white or  
brown,  
Who yearn for the clashing of crowded ways, and the lights of  
London town.

But always I would wish to be where the seasons gently fall  
On the further Isle of the Outer Sea, the last little isle of all,  
A fair green land of hill and plain, of rivers and watersprings,  
Where the sun still follows after the rain, and ever the hours  
have wings,  
With its bosomed valleys where men may find retreat from  
the rough world's way,  
Where the sea-wind kisses the mountain wind between the  
dark and the day.

The combers swing from the China Sea to the California coast,  
The North Atlantic takes toll and fee of the best of the Old  
World's boast,  
And the waves run high with the tearing crash that the Cape-  
bound steamers fear—  
But they're not so free as the waves that lash the rocks by  
Sumner pier,  
And wheresoever my body be, my heart remembers still  
The purple shadows upon the sea, low down from Sumner hill.

## LAUDABUNT ALII

The warm winds blow through Kuringai; the cool winds from  
the south

Drive little clouds across the sky by Sydney harbour-mouth;  
But Sydney Heads feel no such breeze as comes from nor'-west  
rain

And shakes the pines and the bue-gum trees by hill and gorge  
and plain,

And whistles down from Porter's Pass, over the fields of wheat,  
And brings a breath of tussock grass into a Christchurch street.

Or the East wind dropping its sea-born rain, or the South  
wind wild and loud

Comes up and over the waiting plain, with a banner of driving  
cloud;

And if dark clouds bend to the teeming earth, and the hills  
are dimmed with rain,

There is only to wait for a new day's birth and the hills stand  
out again.

For no less sure than the rising sun, and no less glad to see  
Is the lifting sky when the rain is done and the wet grass  
rustles free.

Some day we may drop the Farewell Light, and lose the winds  
of home—

But where shall we win to a land so bright, however far we  
roam?

We shall long for the fields of Maoriland, to pass as we used  
to pass

Knee-deep in the seeding tussock, and the long lush English  
grass;

And we may travel a weary way ere we come to a sight as  
grand

As the lingering flush of the sun's last ray on the peaks of  
Maoriland.

*A. E. Currie.*



## The Reformer

---

The harbour was a dreaming lake  
Of quiet water brimming,  
Where, all alone, a kittiwake  
Was delicately swimming.  
Her quick feet made a double fret,  
Dark threads upon a coverlet,  
Whose level blue was overset  
With points of silver trimming.

The blue eyes of the sleepy sea  
Smiled lazily.

The kittiwake swam here and there  
With purposeful endeavour;  
Her dainty consequential air  
Showed pride in being clever;  
Her breast, she knew without a doubt,  
Had rubbed the ocean wrinkles out,  
And all the waters round about  
Would now be smooth for ever.

The grey eyes of the watching sea  
Smiled thoughtfully.

The hurrying dawn was pale with pain.  
Wind-furies, harshly crying,  
Tossed on the pier a draggled skein  
Of feathers, slackly lying.  
Like a street hag whose hideous sleep  
Marks the drear end that high days reap,  
The kittiwake lay still—a heap  
Of brave dreams, drably dying.

The green eyes of the wanton sea  
Smiled carelessly.

*O. N. Gillespie.*

## Six-Thirty

---

The hilltop street lamp, suddenly in jest  
Flicks out the pale flame of the climbing moon,  
And twilight, dropping from a cloud balloon,  
Sets off as postman with a bag of rest.

And I'm on the ferry where neighbourly fun  
Is sign that the day's drab flurry is done.

The hill-dames round the harbour sit and smile,  
Green grannyhoods with earth-glee quivering;  
They gossip slyly on the one droll thing—  
That men must leave their ledgers for a while.

And both ferry funnels wave fat plumes of smoke,  
To show they have fathomed the hills' fine joke.

The fond Bay stretches out his warm brown arms,  
And from them slips that ready flirt, the pier.  
Coquettishly, as we draw slowly near,  
She stirs to make parade of all her charms.

And home thoughts like stars dance in everyone's face,  
As steamer and pier hug in shameless embrace.

Soon all the hill's awink with window eyes,  
Warm eyes that watch beside the waiting doors,  
That hide joy-brimmed, ecstatic pinafores.  
And so I'm singing, swinging up the rise!

I'll soon have one knuckle delightfully in  
The tiny cleft curve of my baby's chin.

*O. N. Gillespie.*

## Evensong

---

Sing a song of washing-up—shining clean plates  
Chattering together like a crowd of old mates:  
Buxom cups and saucers, and little white bowls  
Purely and demurely bright like little girl-souls.

Hear the hymn to cosiness  
The tinkling dishes chime,  
Ringing in the doziness  
Of evening time.

Mollie-of-the-wise-eyes leaves her hard sum,  
In important apron she is helping mum.  
All of us are washing up: big and small folks  
Sharing and comparing all the home-sweet jokes.

Hear the speech to cosiness  
The doting kettle speaks,  
Babbling of the rosiness  
Of maiden cheeks.

Lamplight on the busy hands that fold the teacloths  
Magically turns them into flitting gold moths.  
Round me all the comfortable gods of home things  
Flick away the fusses of the day with blithe wings.

Ring the chimes for cosiness  
And sweetly humdrum times,  
Passing-bells for prosiness  
And high-flown rhymes.

*O. N. Gillespie.*



## Arcady

---

Where grassy meadows skirt the way,  
Where daphne grows by hedge and tree;  
Where crickets sing the livelong day,  
And gaily hums the pilfering bee;  
Where pipes in old-world melody  
Sound sweet upon the broad, sweet wind,  
There lies the land of Arcady,  
Which I shall never find.

Sleeping or waking, night or day,  
That haunting dream comes back to me,  
Borne on the wings of some old lay,  
From ancient lands across the sea;  
And, fruitless tho' the vision be,  
There comes a longing to my mind  
For that sweet land of Arcady,  
Which I shall never find.

Where lies that land? I cannot say—  
Far, far, beyond Earth's boundary;  
And he must tread a weary way,  
Whoe'er its peaceful plains would see:  
By devious paths of mystery  
That thro' the realms of Nowhere wind,  
He'll reach that land of Arcady,  
Which I shall never find.

### *L'Envoi*

Far off, in realms of reverie,  
By slow, full, rivers meadow-lined,  
There lies that land of Arcady,  
Which I shall never find.

## Ecce Homo

---

Nay, what is this that I have seen to-day?  
My turn of duty done, I loitered towards  
The City gate that looks to Calvary,  
And there saw crowds, and marching men-at-arms.  
'Twas Casca's maniple, so I went to see.  
(They cannot equal mine—shields dull, greaves loose,  
Breastplates ill-fitted.) They were leading forth  
A criminal to crucifixion, one  
Who claimed, they said, to be a mighty King,  
Immortal. Now he paced behind them, bowed  
Beneath two cedar beams, whose weight he bore.  
Blood-stained his forehead from a wreath of thorns  
Placed there in jest by our rough lads:—his back  
Scarred with the scourge-wounds, and the swarthy face  
Darkened by many suns, but pale—and yet—  
I know not how—as full I met its gaze  
Was that that made me feel like a whipped boy:  
That glance did look into my inmost soul:  
All evil erewhile done rose to my mind.  
And then I looked again, and straightway thought  
Of her that bare me, loved me as her life,  
And of Crispinus, more than dear to me—  
More dear than fifty brothers, my one friend.  
My heart leapt: I would save this man—"Ho, Casca,  
Let the man—" Then the grip of discipline  
Did freeze my tongue, and Casca, turning, smiled,  
And mocked me. "What, Licomius, drunk ere noon!"  
And so the swarthy Galilean passed  
That claimed to be a King, yea, more—a God.

I've stood in the Prætorian Guard, and seen  
Augustus Cæsar of the race of Gods,  
In mail of burnished gold and purple robe:  
Yet this man, spite of shame, disgrace, nigh death,

*ECCE HOMO*

Bereft of all the ornaments of man,  
Was thirty-thousand times more like a God  
Than thirty Cæsars—Nay, I cannot rest;  
Strange longings and new fears oppress my soul:  
I cannot pray to Cæsar. “O great Jove,  
Aye, Zeus all-powerful—” All my words, alas,  
Are empty sounds. O mock me not, ye Gods:  
Stay, there is that man: Thou whose gaze I met—  
And something tells me that Thou dost know me—  
If in pale Orcus Thou art living still,  
No help in heaven and none in earth I find,  
Help, Galilean, for my heart believes.

*T. E. Currie.*



## Non Omnis Moriar

---

(Horace, Odes iii., 30.)

---

I've made a monument than bronze more lasting;  
Than regal pyramid more highly placed;  
By raging north-wind, flight of time, nor wasting  
Of showers, nor countless years, to be defaced.

I shall not wholly perish: part surviving  
Shall 'scape the deathful Goddess, and live still,  
In praise of future ages ever thriving,  
While priest and mute maid climb Jove's Holy Hill.

Where Daunus thirsts, his rustic kingdom ruling,  
Where rages Aufidus in angry foam,  
I shall be told, though low-born, first in schooling  
The strains of Greece to lend their tunes to Rome.

Take, Muse, as thine own due this proud renown,  
And grant me, of thy grace, Apollo's crown.

*T. E. Currie.*

## Light and Shade

---

After the sunshine, shadow,  
After the blue sea, grey,  
After the sunset, moonrise,  
And the sea a silvered way.

After the gay, the soft lights,  
Rose and lilac and blue;  
After the bright, the dark sky,  
And the white stars shining through.

After the voices, silence,  
After the work-time, dreams,  
After the task, the fireside,  
Embers and warmth and gleams.

After the mirth, the hush-fall,  
After the playing, rest,  
After the turmoil, quiet,  
But sleep, after all, is best.

*Irene Wilson.*

## My Pool

---

There stands a little, silent pool  
Deep-dwelling in my heart;  
Crystal its waters are, and cool.  
Shut-off from the world—apart  
It stands,  
My little pool—apart.

Tall, slender tree-trunks ring it round,  
Through them the sunbeams creep;  
Nor ever comes an alien sound  
To break upon its sleep,  
So still  
My pool is, and so deep.

Pale flowers look up, sweet and shy,  
Where rustling grasses grow:  
And fair white cloudlets, sailing high,  
Upon the waters throw  
Their shade  
And flock the deeps below.

Its waters rise with healing balm,  
Drawn from unmeasured springs;  
And there my soul is lapp'd in calm  
And joy of quiet things,  
And rests  
Beneath God's folded wings.

From dust and drought of weary days,  
From tasks that never cease,  
I still can travel hidden ways  
To instant, sure release,  
And find  
My pool,—my pool of Peace.

*Irene Wilson.*



## Autumn in Christchurch

---

Now from the taper-fingers of the trees,  
How thick are strewn the gaudy shapes of gold,  
Once summer leaves a-tremble in the breeze,  
Restoring now their treasure to the mould.  
Now the red berries revel on the hedge,  
And apple-cheeks are blushing as the rose;  
Purple and pale, the starry cosmea spreads  
Her tall bouquets within the garden-close.  
In graceful pride the rare chrysanthemums  
Their many-petalled crowns awhile shall wear;  
Beside the stream a fair procession comes  
Where toi-tois toss their silken hair;  
And songs of birds at eve too wistful thrill,  
When the spent sunshine pales upon the hill.

*Nellie Macleod.*

## Hougomont, 1815

---

"La plaine, la plaine,  
Immensément à perdre la haleine."

Emil Verhaeren.

The West wind rolls in riot from the sea  
Pouring grey air across the Belgian plain,  
The plain, enormous, dim, immense, inane,  
Like the wide ocean of eternity.

And by one plummy poplar I saw stand  
A blackened cottage on a little hill,  
No fire upon the hearth, and all things still,  
No patient peasant toiling at the land.

No windows glow: the bitter wind sweeps through;  
The earth is strewn with ashes grey and white.  
The posts hang charred; the quick red lines of light  
Slumber and smoulder, fall and glow anew.

So stands the ruin; and the winds roam by:  
The clouds gloom low: the sun is sinking fast;  
And on the hill of Hougomont a vast  
And towering phantom strikes against the sky.

"I prophesy a red apocalypse:  
There shall be doom on every pleasant thing,  
There shall be fear on emperor and king,  
And fear by sea upon all merchant ships.

"Seven times have I this little peaceful hill  
With scarlet surge of armies overdrown'd;  
And here stand I with fire and iron crown'd,  
Here on my holy hill I stand to kill.

## HOUGOMONT

"The glory of the fields is eaten away,  
The red fire creeps by cottage timbers old,  
It tops the minster with a crown of gold,  
And all in smoke and ashes shall decay."

There came a stir amid the growing dark,  
And a white figure rising in the gloom,  
Shadowy like a ghost in some old room  
When light is waned away to one dull spark.

"Alas; this is my holy hill of peace,  
This hut, my temple of the ancient years,  
And thou a brumal phantom that appears  
Only to fade away if light increase.

"The fire shall kindle on my hearth again,  
And the blue smoke drift up into the sky;  
But thou in all thy vanity shalt die,  
And men pass by who seek for thee in vain."

The sun blazed red upon the western rim,  
And threw upon the low and blackened sky  
Webs of blood-red, red phantoms floating by,  
And a red glare amid the valleys dim.

"Men never seek for me in vain," he cried,  
"My sons of blood spring upward from the soil,  
Destroy your work and slow laborious toil  
In one superb catastrophe of pride.

"Dig patiently, dear maid, the stubborn clay;  
For though you dig your furrows deep and sure,  
One thing there is that ever shall endure—  
The blood that I have poured thereon this day."



## HOUGOMONT

White in the gloaming her one light shone fair,  
Her one white flame, one spark or tiny star,  
As that which tells the mariner from afar  
That some black coast-line is not wholly bare.

“’Twas I,” she said, “who helped man’s infant race,  
Who carved him out a cave in dark despair,  
Who gave him fire, and bade him settle there  
Conquering a little colony of space.

“So by my arts he grew in his endeavour,  
He tamed the brutes, wrought out the whirring loom,  
Spread, as he went, my empire through the gloom,  
And that shall stand, O that shall stand for ever.

“Thine empire cannot stand: it falls away;  
It leaps and dies the moment it attains.  
The flame sucks back: death ends all bitter pains,  
So passes like a shadow all thy day.”

Only a tempest of black atmosphere  
With waning veins and ribbons of bright red  
Tossed in the stormy heavens overhead;  
But the invisible voice resounded clear.

“It shall not pass, the Day: it has not come:  
I prophesy a red apocalypse  
On every land, upon all seas and ships,  
When the Day shall come, and the Day shall come.

“For a darkness of night hath fallen down,  
An evil night upon city and town,  
When the Devil shall wax, and God shall wane,  
And men look up for the light in vain;  
Prophets of evil things shall come  
When the Day is come, when the Day is come.

## HOUGOMONT

"Oh sorrow and sin the darkness brings  
When kings and the ministers of kings  
Shall weave in a deep conspiracy  
Plots of evil by land and sea.  
And greed shall grow in iniquity,  
When the Day of the Lord is come

"Wars and the rumours of wars shall be,  
Fighting by land, and fighting by sea:  
Lands shall be stolen, and arms wax great,  
And a prince be killed by guile and by hate.  
Ha! Ha!  
I shall stamp my foot, and beat my drum:  
For the Day shall come, the Day shall come.

"Here shall I stand, and loud rejoice;  
And the nations all shall hear my voice.  
The Prussian Savage shall wake again,  
And his hosts roll down from the Baltic plain;  
He shall come with the Princes of Germany,  
And the Turk his comrade in arms shall be,  
When the Day of the Lord is come.

"I shall stamp my foot, and the Turk shall come  
And the Indian come, and the Arab come;  
I shall stamp my foot, and beat my drum,  
And men shall spring up from over the seas,  
From the furthest isles of tropic trees,  
When the day of the Lord is come.

"Blood in the earth, and blood in the air,  
And buried death as a hidden snare;  
Death in the sea, and under sea,  
And murder hid in mystery,  
When I stamp my foot, and beat my drum,  
And the Day is come, and the Day is come."

## HOUGOMONT

One spark but lit the darkness, and one sound,  
One sweet strong voice that sang a happy strain  
Of homely things returning once again,  
And holy rites again on holy ground.

“O bind the earth with iron bands,  
And hide the sun with dust;  
But God works in the darkness  
As all His children must.

“And though thy phantom armies  
Crowd all the sky above,  
Christ, praying in Gethsemane,  
Works still the law of love.

“Men shall arise in England,  
And a man in Italy,  
With a tossing sea of voices,  
Tumultuous to be free.

“Kings and their thrones shall totter,  
Sick with a mortal dread;  
And Liberty again in France  
Lift up her stricken head.

“And out of ancient Russia  
Shall be heard a voice of pain:  
And at the last a prophet  
Preach ancient things again.

“The men of the new universe  
Shall bow the knee to thee,  
But in the temple of the heart  
Shall worship only me.

“But they shall die, and I shall die  
In the ruin of thy Day:



## HOUGOMONT

This hill shall then be Calvary  
For ever and for aye.

“A million times I take my cross,  
And they shall follow me:  
A million times I die again  
Until I conquer thee.”

So spoke these spirits standing on the plain,  
One to another as the darkness grew,  
Till all the air was of so black a hue  
That power of human eye was but in vain.

Then came a sound confused of marching throngs,  
Armies and mobs; and evil wings brushed by.  
A thundering and whirl was in the sky,  
A sound of multitudinous battle songs.

What phantoms were they? Peace and War maybe,  
Or Right and Evil, yea, or Right and Might—  
I cannot tell; nor dare a name to write  
For those whose names the darkness hid from me.

I only know that at the last shall stand  
A timbered cottage on a little hill,  
A fire upon the hearth, a loom, a mill,  
And weapons for the tilling of the land.

The windows glow, the goodwife standing by—  
And coming home from mighty wars and great,  
The warrior watches, standing at the gate,  
The blue smoke drift into the windy sky.

*Philip Carrington.*

## Desire

---

My body walks in England  
By little village stiles:  
But my spirit goes a journey  
Of thirteen thousand miles.

For daily as I wander here  
In rain or fine or red,  
My spirit walks by Cashmere Hill,  
Or Kowai river-bed.

The tufted grass is yellow  
With silken silver gleams.  
And the tawny hills are high and steep  
In the country of my dreams.

Dry is the stony stream that once  
Tumultuously ran:  
But the reeds of flax along its bed  
Are tall as any man.

And out of pale green leaves of it,  
Clear in the golden light,  
The slender stems of pampas grass  
Wave tassels silken white.

Oh would that I with fleshly eyes  
Could gaze upon the plain,  
The silver-sliding river  
And ocean once again:

## DESIRE

See the great sun descend on it  
Behind the peaks of snow:  
And the hundred miles of mountain  
Blush in the afterglow.

But, oh, I walk in England,  
Under green English trees:  
And only send my spirit  
Across the seven seas.

*Philip Carrington.*

Salisbury, Easter, 1915.



## Rangiora

---

The land has no antiquity

(Said the little voice in my head.)

After all it has no history....

(No history, it said.)

I was riding along by Rangiora,

And considering how through endless blue August days

I had ridden from village to village

In the holy land of England;

And every fold in the ground,

And every turn in the road

Was full of remembrances and histories.

And that is why the voice said, No history,

No history it said.

But what is history?

So I looked at the sacred fields of harvest

Consecrated by the labour of man and the blessing of  
heaven,

And strove to see their story.

And I saw the swamp and the bush of long ago

And the wild brown marsh birds flying to and fro,

The bittern and the heron, and the owl,

And all the clutter of screaming river-fowl,

As man rides into the silent sanctuaries

And pools of the wood, paddling his own canoe,

To build his hut, and plant the kumara,

And little wild children playing in the trees.

So the Maori heads the procession,

That consecrates this land with labour and blood.

## RANGIORA

Then come the white men with the axe and gun,  
And the birds are killed, and the trees lie low in the sun,  
And the ground is cleared and stubbed and burned and  
drained;

And each descending day  
Is another chapter in history,  
And another acre gained.

And the long march goes on:

They come with harrow and plough: with pick and spade  
they come,

No music with their march, no bugle and no drum,  
No colours swinging high, no clapping, and no cry,  
No ribbons and streamers gay.

They march through glory of sunny summer days,  
Through streams of pouring rain,  
Through frosts that bind the plain.

With horse and dog they ride uneven ways;

By pain they attain,

And labour and agony.

This is the high procession that I saw  
(And would love to draw)

Wind round the paddocks by the gorse fence edge,  
Blessing the boundary hedge,

And consecrating it with sweat and blood.

Who made that poplar grove?

And drew those lines of oaks

That stiffly hide the little house of wood,

Whose hearthfire dimly smokes

A cloudy blue?

I crept up, too,

And peeped in at the window that I might see

What lovely mystery

Was planted there,

Worth so much agony

And guarded with such care.

## RANGIORA

And there I saw a mother mild,  
And in her lap a little child,  
With the loveliness that Mary wore  
In the stable of Bethlehem.  
And this most lowly mystery  
Is the end of every history  
That every man shall come to adore  
In the stable of Bethlehem.

*Philip Carrington.*



## Nocturne

---

The deep, quiet heart of night beats soft; dim stars,  
Faint with the beauty of the new-ris'n moon,  
Hang in the mystery of heaven. Streams  
Unheard by day, to whose most sweet music  
The night gives ear, hurry in quick laughter  
Down to the shore—to lose themselves in sand.  
Here little waves creep in by one and one,  
Subdued almost to silence, and yet ripple  
Like the low laugh of children's secret games.  
Quiet else the bay, untroubled, breathing peace;  
And far across the water, veiled in mists,  
The jewelled city sleeps, forgetting woe.  
The majesty of the encircling hills  
Falls like a blessing on shore, city, bay.  
Stillling the awakened heart in holy awe,  
So fair, so awful is it, so serene,  
The visible face of God—Yet must we forth,  
And may not linger idly, up and out,  
Out where the harbour opens, and the ships  
Pale in the blue immeasurable unknown;  
But not unarmed, for in our hearts we bear  
Unfading, all the glory of this night;  
That when the great world turns to us a face  
Unlovely, when all we see, women, men,  
Seem gross, and greedily seeking, find not,  
The cry of crowded cities racking nerves  
Stretched to the knowledge of old evil  
First seen, we may have vision and keep faith,  
And, scorning not, remember these are part—  
If noble in naught else, noble in this—  
Part of the same world, and their part ordained,  
With the pure heavens and the gracious hills.

*H.M.R.*

## “A Very Gallant Gentleman”

(On the Death of Captain Oates.)

---

Alone he went into the cold, white land,  
The calm face turning ever towards his goal.  
There was a patient glory in his eyes;  
There was the light of Life that never dies;  
There was a kindly love within his soul;  
And Resolution walked at his right hand.

Swiftly he strode; and the cold, glittering world  
Stretched snowy arms to beat him back; but yet  
Nor utter weariness, nor utter pain,  
Nor fear, nor death, could turn him back again;  
Still in the way his feet he firmly set  
And faced the winds that round about him hurled.

Ere the storm ceased, and the new day began  
His walk was ended, and the path he trod  
Was covered with the lightly-falling snow:  
A warrior had fought his fight—and lo!  
O'er the white world, straight to the Throne of God,  
There walked a very gallant gentleman.

## The Street

---

Long hours the asphalt, grimed, blistered, and old,  
A weary monotone of endless gray,  
Smoulders in dull hostility. The day  
Mocks, in a challenging splendour blue and gold,  
The humbled ugliness; and then the bold  
Vagabond wind flings in its face his stray  
Litter of insults; urchin dust-whirls play  
Their fitful games in the gutters....But, behold—  
The dusk falls, and along the purpling street  
Night strews her silence: cool and still, the air  
Enfolds the throbbing hours in a soft  
Forgetfulness. The kindly shadows meet  
In noiseless converse, and the lamps aloft  
Caress with silver pavements suddenly fair.

*J. H. E. Schroder.*



## Triolets

---

You ask me why I love, dear heart,  
Your lightest look, and word, and smile....  
I love you when with pretty art  
You ask me why. I love, dear heart,  
Your wide dark eyes, your lips apart,  
Your lissom grace's every wile.  
You ask me why? I love, dear heart,  
Your lightest look, and word, and smile.

Can it be love that makes the world go round?  
I read it in a book—and-so, I wonder!  
And is the riddle's answer really found?  
Can it be love? That makes the world go round?  
Suppose the theory true (it *might* be sound),  
Astronomy must have made a frightful blunder!  
*Can* it be love that makes the world go round?  
I read it in a book: and so I—wonder....

If all the water turned to beer,  
How very drunk we'd all become!  
Some people would be awful queer  
If all the water turned to beer!  
What jolly lectures we should hear  
From profs. (oh joy!) no longer glum....  
If all the water turned to beer,  
How very drunk we'd all become!

J. H. E. Schroder.

## “God the Invisible King”

---

The novel-reading world was stunned  
When Mr. Wells  
Invented sex. He writes about it still—  
Because it sells.  
More startling yet the book (three hundred  
pages odd)  
Whose purport seems to be that Wells has now  
Invented God.

## The Answer

---

Oh, they often talk about her of an evening in the tap-room,  
And they wonder where her bones are lying now,  
With her rigging and her cordage all a-rotting, all a-rotting,  
And the question still unanswered on her prow.

Oh, she once belonged to Smithson when he bartered round  
the Islands,  
And he plied her in the fruit and copra trade;  
But he sold her out to Jackson for a fortune back in '16,  
At the time when there were fortunes to be made.

Only Jackson he went crazy, for when freights were running  
high,  
Sure he painted out the name upon her bow;  
And he 'tended to her rigging and he ran her far away,  
With a little wriggly question on her prow.

And she never came to harbour as the other freighters come,  
But she questioned every corner of the blue;  
We would see her up in China, we would pass her in Malay,  
And we sensed her prying feelers in Peru.

Bless me, what's the use of questions if you've got a sea to sail,  
That is charted by the ones who sailed before;  
If your compass points to nor'-ward, and the stars are in the  
sky,  
And the lights are blinking out from every shore?

Oh, it's ages since we passed her in the twilight, on the ocean,  
And the tap-room now believes she's gone below;



## THE ANSWER

With her rigging and her cordage all a-rotting, all a-rotting,  
Down where every crazy questioner must go.

\* \* \* \* \*

Out beside a western islet, safe and sheltered, she is anchored;  
Where the palms come waving down to meet the tide,  
And the captain shakes with laughter as he joins the children's  
game,  
On the golden sand that stretches far and wide.

Oh, her long and weary wanderings are over now for ever,  
And the sea-birds come a-calling round her bow;  
And her precious human cargo has a-settled down to rest,  
For the question has been answered on her prow.

*H. C. D. Somerset.*

## Heathcote

---

A single row of solitary trees  
The valley shows, thro' whose dark giant trunks  
There sweeps a trail of thin autumnal mist,  
Wraith-like, their winding sheet; and, dark and cold  
They rear their heads in sharp outline against  
The tussock gold of round, receding hills,  
Along whose ridges steals a twilight shade  
To enwrap in purple pall the darkening plain.

*P. G. M. H.*

## Goblins

---

They are nearing, they are nearing,  
Little yellow-coated goblins  
    With deep eyes of gold;  
And in the nooks and crannies  
They are peering, peering,  
    Little crooked goblins with eyes so old.

They are coming, they are coming,  
Singing soft, singing low,  
    A song without change;  
And never in the world  
Was heard such humming  
    Of little crooked goblins with eyes so strange.

They are here, they are here,  
And their song is stealing  
    My life's breath,  
Softly, slowly,  
And in my heart—fear  
    Of little crooked goblins with eyes of Death.

1922.

*C. G. Drury.*



## To Timothy

---

Two wells of liquid amber are thine eyes,  
Set in the misty greyness of thy head,  
Filled with most perfect love and sympathy.  
Thy silent understanding passeth far  
The many-tongued condolences of men;  
The gentle rubbing of thy slender form  
Against my cheek, O Timothy, my cat,  
Far sweeter is than their compassionate stare.

---

## Eighteen

---

She is very young and stately,  
She has just grown up but lately,  
And she walks along sedately  
    With the haughtiest of airs;  
But in spite of homage paid her,  
And the long gowns they have made her,  
To-day, when I waylaid her—  
    She was sliding down the stairs!

1922.

*A. G. Smith.*

## Short Stop: Hagley Park, Christchurch

---

I cross through fog the tawdry park  
At night, and tread the grass dew-kissed;  
While all around through all the dark  
The trams seem wandering where they list.

---

## September

---

Voice of a bird clear calling sweet,  
A glint of lighter green among the trees,  
A flash of little twinkling feet—  
“Hush!” whispers the breeze—  
Lo, in the grasses,  
Young September passes!

“Wake, forest children from your dreams,”  
Calls the youngest, young daughter of the year;  
Echoing, laughing, sing the streams  
“Joy! She is here”—  
Swift through the grasses,  
Young September passes!

1922.

*Enid S. Bowie.*

## Joy

---

Think not that Joy, so fugitive, has fled  
For ever from your heart, her dwelling-place,  
Leaving the house bereft of her soft tread,  
And rooms no more made lovely by her face.

Arm you with faith : garnish and dust and sweep,  
And on each hearth let welcoming fires burn ;  
For, in the hour when you shall cease to weep,  
Swift, like a homing bird, she will return.

1923.

*Hilary Wall.*



## Tu Ne Quaesieris

---

Horace, Odes I., xi.

Never ask, 'tis lore unholy, whether Heaven to thee or me  
This or that day may have given for our last, Leuconœ:  
Never tempt Chaldean numbers; better bear whate'er befall;  
Jove may send thee many winters, this may be the last of all,  
This, which hurls the weary billows of the sea of Tuscany  
On the headlands: fill the wine cups; that's the true philosophy.  
But be sure you strain the ruby ere you drink, and with the  
thought  
That your days are few and numbered, cut your hopes of long  
life short;  
Even while these words are spoken many a grudging moment's  
past;  
Love to-day, nor trust to-morrow; think that this may be your  
last.

*F. W. Haslam.*

# NOTES

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## PART I.

CANTUARIENSIVM CARMEN ACADEMICVM. Page iv

Allusions in verse 1 to the Avon, the gardens so characteristic of Christchurch, the foresight of the pioneers and the connection, still maintained, with the Mother Country; in verse 4 to annual Revues and the activities of the Drama Society; in verse 5 to Rugby Football and Tennis.

LONG LIVE CANTERBURY COLLEGE. Page 1

By Heinrich von Haast: the first of the Diploma Day Songs and always printed at the head of the annual song sheet. Included as one of the "Anthems" of Colonial Colleges in "The Australasian Students' Song Book."

AD LYDIAM. Page 4

Ista (cui est nomen Linton). Mrs. Lynn-Linton, the novelist, pioneer of the "Feministe" movement is here apparently referred to.

REDEANT SATURNIA REGNA. Page 6

"Was the only Malet we knew." Mr. F. de C. Malet, Chairman of the Board of Governors of Canterbury College, 1885-1894.

"O we cared not a dam." Dam, a small Italian coin.

QUOT HOMINES, TOT SENTENTIAE. Page 8

Allusions to Cook, C. H. H., Professor of Mathematics, 1879-1908. Brown, J. Macmillan, Professor of English and History, 1879-1895; now Chancellor of the University (1922). Alpers, O. T. J., Assistant to Professor J. M. Brown, 1890-92; his *locum tenens*, 1892.

"Conic Sections." The printer's persistent version of this, in proof, was "comic sections," which the Editors corrected with reluctance. In many ways it expressed so admirably their view of this abstruse learning.

A COLLEGE-OF-WALES YOUNG MAN. Page 11

Professor Arnold Wall was at the College of Aberystwith before coming to New Zealand.

BICKY. Page 13

Professor A. W. Bickerton, Physics and Chemistry, 1879 to 1903.

## NOTES

### THE COLLEGE ENGINEERS.

Page 15

Verse 2. Students of the School of Engineering do their practical work at the Addington Railway Workshops, near Christchurch.

Verse 6. "The pale pink paper's sneers." An allusion to some criticism in Christchurch "Truth," printed for some years on pink paper.

### BULL FROGGIE.

Page 18

"The grim Georgie"—George R. Marriner, for many years Assistant to the Professor of Biology (Dr. Chilton).

### THE OTAGIAD.

Page 20

Last line: "res ad nihil redeunt omnes." The match (Canterbury College *versus* Otago University, 1886) ended in a draw.

### REGISTRAR JOYNT.

Page 28

First sung by the author at a dinner given by the Victoria College Graduates' Association, in honour of Mr. J. W. Joynt, Registrar of the University of New Zealand, on the eve of his departure for England to take up the post of University Agent in London, which he still holds.

"That Shield now historical." This is the trophy competed for in the Inter-College Debate in the annual University Tournament.

### ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF CANTERBURY COLLEGE.

Page 32

"Her demonstrative Page," Samuel Page, B.Sc., for 40 years Demonstrator in Chemistry. Retired this, Jubilee, year.

"Say, Father Amos." Amos was College Janitor for more than 20 years.

Verse 3. "The Cottage." This historical building disappeared with "the Old Tin Shed" to make way for the Library. The present Women's Common-room endeavours to supply its place, but fails.

### TWO MINIATURES.

Page 38

A. F. Morrison, Lecturer in Civil Engineering, P. G. Bamford, Lecturer and Demonstrator, School of Engineering, under Professor Robert Julian Scott, (1888-1923) the subject of the first "miniature."

### THE RHYME OF THE RECTOR.

Page 39

Some years ago the Board of Governors invited applications for the position of Professor of Education, who should also be Rector of the College. The advertisement was withdrawn, and it was maliciously thought at the time that the explanation given in the "Rhyme of the Rector" was the true one. The College has now both Rector and Professor of Education, in Dr. Charles Chilton and Professor James Shelley.



## NOTES

### SONG OF THE DISSOLUTE YOUNG MAN.

Page 41

"Henry Dan." H. D. Broadhead, Acting-Professor of Classics during Professor Stewart's absence at the War.

### LINES TO THE DRAMA SOCIETY.

Page 44

Professor Shelley, soon after taking up his duties as Professor of Education, founded the College Drama Society. Its ambitious programme has in large measure been successfully carried out.

### INTRANT ANIMALIA.

Page 46

Allusions, in order of their occurrence, are to Chilton ("rector"), Professor of Biology and Rector of the College; Stewart—Classics, Lieut.-Col. in the War; Blunt ("Hebetem"), Modern Languages; Wall ("Murum"), English Literature—an enthusiastic botanist; Hight ("Celsus"), History; Salmond ("Sapiens"), Philosophy; Evans ("Caluus"), Chemistry; Shelley ("Concha"), Education; Farr ("Longinquus"), Physics, Hector Medallist; Speight—Geology, Curator Canterbury Museum; Condliffe—Economics; Gabbatt—Mathematics.

### ODE TO INFINITY.

Page 48

"Sammy Steele." S. Steele, Professor of Mechanical Engineering, 1922. Previously, lecturer.

"Percy." Professor J. P. Gabbatt.

### SONG OF THE SPORT.

Page 50

"The C.U." The Students' Christian Union.

---

## PART II.

### THE PASSING OF THE FOREST.

Page 57

W. P. Reeves, N.Z. University Scholar, 1874. Published in conjunction with G. P. Williams in Christchurch, "Colonial Couplets" (1889), "In Double Harness" (1891), and "New Zealand and other Poems" (London, 1898).

### THE LAWYER'S BRIDE.

Page 60

These verses in "H.V.H.'s" best Tom Hood manner were first published in the Otago University Review—at a later date in "The Green Bag," the leading magazine of the American Bar. It was sung by the author on many occasions; in particular at a dinner given by the N.Z. Law Society in Wellington to the late Sir Joshua Williams, P.C. The verses are full of allusions, technical expressions, and "Terms of Art" in the legal profession—most of them reasonably familiar to laymen. Most business men, during the "slump" in prices, have learnt to their loss the meaning of "protest for non-acceptance"; a few, we fear, the more sinister significance of "attachment," "distress" and "execution," though the Chief

## NOTES

Editor hopes few of them have had occasion to "Tax the Bill" of their solicitor. It seems necessary, however, to explain to lay readers a few of the allusions:—"C.A.V." curiam advertere vult—"refer to the Court"—to be found at the end of the "argument" in every Law Report. "Six Carpenters" refers to the leading case (A.D. 1610. 8 Coke's Reports included in "Smith's Leading Cases") of the "Six Carpenters" whose "trespass" established once for all the doctrine of "trespass ab initio." "Refreshers" are the fees paid to Barristers for "extra days." "Voluntary Waste"—This bright pun is an allusion to the equitable doctrine of "voluntary" and "permissive" waste by a "tenant for life" or years. "Seisin"—possession. "Embracery"—the crime of attempting to bribe the Court.

### SATURDAY NIGHT.

Page 63

Mary Colborne-Veel from "Fairest of the Angels and other Poems." Published in England, 1894.

### SPRING FIRES.

Page 67

Jessie Mackay. "The Rangatira's Lament and Other Poems" (Melbourne, 1889), and "Poems" (Christchurch, 1891).

"The Grey Company" was included in "The Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes" (1900), and pronounced by the London "Spectator" the finest poem in that volume.

### ONAWA.

Page 69

Dora Wilcox, "Verses from Maoriland." (Geo. Allen, 1905).

The story of Onawe is thus told in the Rev. J. W. Stack's "Kaiapohia":—"A few days after the fall of Kaiapoi, Rauparaha set sail in his canoes for Akaroa Harbour. It was his intention to take the fortress Onawe and so complete the destruction of the Kinsfolk of Temaiharanui. The fortress, situated on the Peninsula that runs into the harbour near Duvauchelle's Bay, seemed well-nigh impregnable; but Rauparaha resorted to stratagem. Accompanied by the most distinguished of his Kaiapoi prisoners he approached the gate and invited the defenders to surrender, promising quarter and pointing to his Kaiapoi prisoners as proofs of his clemency. During the parley, the gates were opened to admit a band of warriors returning from an unsuccessful skirmish; a number of Rauparaha's men crept up unnoticed in the crowd and slipped in unrecognised. Once in, the work of killing began; the defenders were panic stricken and in a few minutes Onawe was a shambles."

### ONE BY ONE.

Page 76

Johannes C. Andersen, Librarian of the Turnbull Library, Wellington, "Songs Unsung" (Christchurch, 1905).

## NOTES

### RECTIUS VIVES.

Page 79

This and the next ode are from "The Odes of Horace in English Verse," by W. S. Marris (Oxford University Press, 1912). Marris was junior and senior scholar and graduated B.A. at Canterbury College in 1892. He afterwards entered the Indian Civil Service where he won distinction, and is now Sir William Marris, K.C.I.E., Governor of the United Provinces.

### A TIME WILL COME.

Page 82

Arnold Wall. "London Lost and other Poems" (Christchurch, 1922); has also published "Verses of a Colonial Professor," "A Century of Sonnets," etc.

### PANTOUM OF THE PLUG.

Page 86

It seems necessary to explain that a Pantoum is a Malay form of verse patented by Mr. Austin Dobson. In the four line stanza the first and third and the second and fourth lines rhyme. The second stanza repeats for its first and third lines, the second and fourth lines of the first; its own second and fourth are new; and these are in turn repeated as the first and third of the next stanza, and so on. The whole concludes by returning on itself, the first and third lines of the first stanza appearing as the fourth and second of the last.

### LAUDABUNT ALII.

Page 91

A. E. Currie. "Anthology of N.Z. Verse" (with W. F. Alexander), 1906. This poem is not included in the writer's own anthology, but has appeared in "The Call of the Homeland," "Collections of Australian Verse," and other anthologies.

### THE REFORMER.

Page 93

"On the Road to Muritai." O. N. Gillespie (Auckland, 1919). Most of Gillespie's work appeared first in the "Sydney Bulletin."

### NON OMNIS MORIAR.

Page 99

T. E. Currie died of wounds at Anzac, July 22nd, 1915.

### HOUGOMONT, 1815.

Page 103

For this fine poem the author, Philip Carrington, was awarded the Chancellor's Medal when at Cambridge University in 1915.

### SHORT STOP.

Page 124

"Short stop" is the name of a particular form of Chinese verse, of which this is an imitation.

### TU NE QUAESIERIS.

Page 126

F. W. Haslam, Professor of Classics, 1879 to 1912. The Editors regard it as a happy circumstance that they are able to end this anthology as they began it with a product of classical scholarship: omen, they hope, of the permanence of the classics—utilitarians notwithstanding—in the curriculum of the University.



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# A JUBILEE ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE AND PROSE

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College, 1873-1923.

With an Introductory Essay on the Literary and Dramatic Activities  
of Students of Canterbury College during its first half-century.

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CANTERBURY COLLEGE,

CHRISTCHURCH, MARCH 10TH, 1923.

Dear Sir,

Madam,

The Jubilee of Canterbury College is at hand. It will be celebrated, one hopes, with all the enthusiasm the occasion should call forth: gatherings of students, past and present, addresses by Dons and "Revues" by undergraduates, sports and pastimes, processions and "gaudies," will fill a happy and interesting week.

But the Jubilee must be marked also by something of more permanence. It is proposed therefore to publish an anthology—a selection of prose and verse written by members of Canterbury College in its first half-century.

To past students the volume will make a strong appeal, from the topical interest of some of the selections alone. In whatever year they were "Up" they will meet in the book something reminiscent; verse, literary *jeux d'esprit* of the Dialectic Society; echoes of the ambitious days of "legitimate" drama in the last century, or of witty "Revues" in this; incidents of University contests or happenings on the old clay court; here and there an episode recalled, a memory retouched.

But we dare to assert that most of the work in the volume will have a high literary value also. A goodly number of our students have attained a recognised place in Letters; one calls to mind the novels of H. B. M. Watson, Edith Howitt Searle, Alfred J. Buchanan; the verse of W. S. Marris, Johannes Andersen, Hugh Northcote. These names one recalls first because their volumes are on our shelves. But much, and some of the best work can be found only on loose sheets of Diploma Day Songs, in the pages of College Magazines, or in the "Olla Podrida" contributions still resting in MSS. in "The Old Tin Box" of the Dialectic Society.

The volume will open with an introductory essay dealing with the literary and dramatic activities of the College, not a "critical appreciation," still less a bibliography—rather a causerie in reminiscent vein. It has been decided that, save in exceptional cases, each writer will be represented by one selection only. If this lessen the literary standard of the volume it will add much to its topical and historical value, because so many more names will be included.

There will be a frontispiece, an etching of Canterbury College; we hope to be able to include other illustrations.

A Sub-committee of graduates has been appointed to edit and produce the anthology, Miss Herriott, Miss Wilson, Messrs. H. Von Haast, T. W. Cane, J. H. E. Schroder and O. T. J. Alpers. As the last acquired some special-experience on publication of his anthology, "The Jubilee Book of Canterbury Rhymes," in 1900, it has been decided to appoint him Editor-in-Chief.

The Editors deem it absolutely necessary to have the volume ready for circulation on the date fixed for the Jubilee, May 11th—15th, 1923; the work will necessarily be done under great pressure by Editors and publishers alike.

We appeal to you therefore to **send at once** to "The Editors, Jubilee Anthology, Canterbury College," anything you may have that you deem suitable for consideration by them, newspaper clippings, magazines, Diploma Day song-sheets or MSS. Send anything, your own or the work of an absent or too-modest friend, that you think interesting. It will be carefully read and considered. Write your name on each page sent and enclose a stamped and addressed envelope for return.

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**The whole profit will be handed over to the Committee engaged in collecting funds for the beautiful Memorial Window to be placed in the north wall of the College Hall to commemorate the students of the College who fell in the Great War.**

Messrs. Whitcombe and Tombs Ltd., the firm so closely associated with the College throughout its history, will be the publishers. They will take a very special interest in the production, and we may feel assured that the volume will be as to printing and binding an artistic memento of the Jubilee of the College.

This circular is sent not only to students of Canterbury College and to some graduates of sister Universities, but also to a limited number of men and women in Canterbury who, while not members of the College, regard its foundation and history as closely bound up with the story of Canterbury Settlement. We shall welcome their names on the list of subscribers as an earnest of their interest in our University.

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On behalf of the Joint-Editors, ~~etc., etc.~~

*H. J. L. Cooper.*

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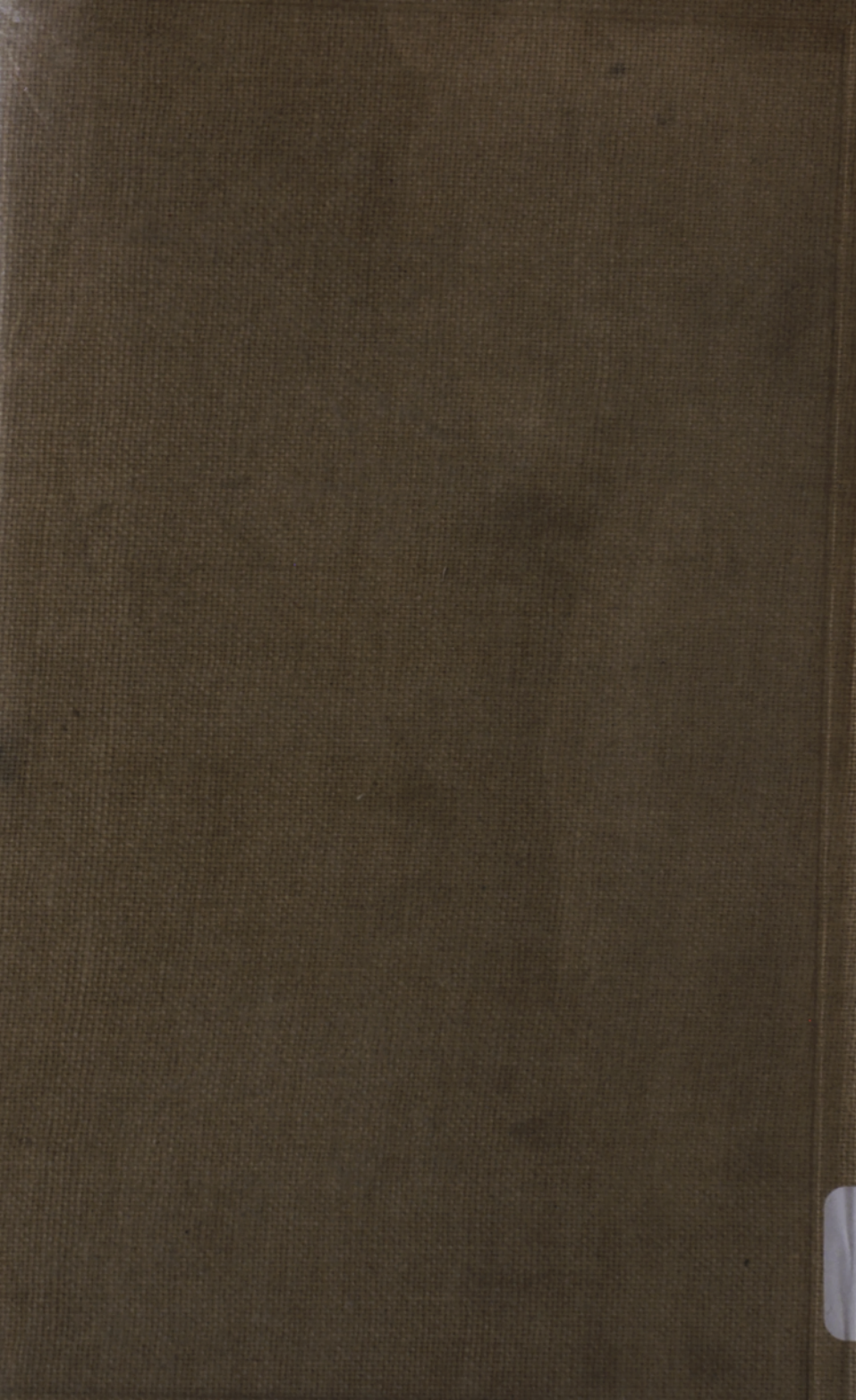
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Whitcombe & Toms Chels.

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