

when he recalls the tales he once believed of the inefficiency and cowardice of Tommy and Jean. But this new respect does not imply any abatement of those little exchanges of wit designed to irritate. Mr. Boyd Cable, in *Between the Lines*, has a very graphic chapter entitled "A Hymn of Hate." The Tower Bridge Rifles, mostly London Cockney, flings epithets in the direction of the German trenches forty yards away. The reply culminates in the singing of the

"Hymn of Hate," first in German, and then in English. But instead of aggravating it is welcomed with delight and adopted by the Rifles. No wonder a visiting French staff officer is astonished to hear this regiment, English to the backbone, marching to the roar of:

It of the 'eart and it of the 'and  
It by water and it by land;  
Oo do we ite to beat the band?  
*England!*

## DIVERSIONS OF THE RE-ECHO CLUB

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THE Re-Echo Club held a meeting in their pleasant club rooms at No. 4, Poetic Mews, and a mild discussion arose concerning the merits of the classic poem called "Tipperary." The President of the club opined that it was a long, long way from being poetry, but others demurred at this, and some held that it had a lyrical heart-interest that was just too sweet for anything. However, all agreed that the mechanism of the theme could be refurbished up a bit, and each was willing to have a stab at it.

It is with pleasure we are able to present our readers with the refurbished versions.

BY MR. A. SWINBURNE

Deep eyes, with long, lush lashes curling;  
Fair neck, like an ivory tower;  
White teeth, through the scarlet lips pearl-  
ing  
Like foam on a fire-flaming flower;  
On a high head held proud as a heron  
Red ringlets all riotous curl;  
Oh, slim, slender Siren of Erin,  
My Tip'rary Girl.

Oh, colleen of all colleens sweetest,  
Why art thou so far, far away?  
Though my feet flee of all feet the fleetest,  
To reach thee takes many a day.

For thee I desert Piccadilly,  
For thee, Leicester Square I give o'er;  
My lithe, lissome lass,—my love-lily,  
Mavourneen, asthore!

BY MR. R. L. STEVENSON

The Irish Girl, all red and white,  
I love with all my heart;  
She kisses me with all her might,  
I hate from her to part.

She wanders waiting, here and there,  
And so, I cannot stay,  
But gladly fly from Leicester Square  
Out Tipperary way.

BY MR. R. KIPLING

In the town of Tipperary,  
Lookin' pretty as can be,  
There's an Irish girl a-settin'  
And I'm 'fraid she's mad at me;  
For I seem to hear her calling  
And I seem to hear her say:  
"Come you back, you British soldier,  
Come back Tipperary way!"

So, of course, I cannot stay,  
I must fly right off to-day,  
It's a long, long way to travel, and I must  
be on my way.  
From Leicester Square I fly,  
Piccadilly, too, good-bye!  
For if I should fail to show up, I don't know  
what she would say!

BY MR. G. CHAUCER

A mayde ther ben, that fairer was to sene  
Thanne is the lilye on his stalké grene.  
Hir heer was rede and broyded in a tresse  
Bihynde hir bak, a yerdé long, I gesse.  
And shee was sweete! So sweete, that wit  
ye wel

Allas, I ne have no langage to telle.  
For hir, I wold aventure daye by daye  
To Tipperaraye, leag on leag away.  
To Pikadyllaye I bid fond farewel,  
Ne more in Leicystre Squére wold I to dwel.  
To hir I renne, with swifté fleeynge fete,  
Myn herte I hir biquethe, my quene so  
sweete!

BY MR. R. BROWNING

Is Tipperary far? Egregious sir!  
That same justificative query might  
Be put to twenty clericates! Gadzooks!  
Far! *far!* Ods bodikins! 'Tis far and far—  
A long, long way,—add a long way to  
that,—  
And all too short the scanty span you  
splash!  
Elaphion of the Persic dance might frisk  
Across the beggar world. Tut! Such an-  
other,—boh!  
Girl-golding slip of beauty! Love's own  
lure,—  
(The quintessential sweetness of the  
thought!)  
Glut, Piccadilly, on my gulped good-bye!  
And, Leicester Square, fondle my flung fare-  
well!  
While I, well willing, wend a winning way  
To Tipperary,—there's my waiting heart!

BY MR. O. WILDE

Oh, but the maid was fair to see,  
(Shamrock and peat and a bunch of  
snakes!)  
Sweet as pale honey of the bee,  
In Tipperary town dwelt she,  
(And I wail and I whoo with aches!)

The way is long and long to fare,  
(Och hone, potatoes and peat!)  
Boo! Piccadilly and Leicester Square!  
*Where* is my heart? Oh, yes, right there!  
(Whurroo! but the girl is sweet!)

BY MR. D. G. ROSSETTI

That Blessed Irish Girl leaned out  
From her father's bar in Erin;  
Her eyes were greener than the bit  
Of shamrock she was wearin'.  
She had three suitors for her hand,  
But little she was carin'!

The way to Tipperary's long,  
But I have got the fare;  
To Piccadilly I've said 'By,  
Farewell to Leicester Square.  
I'm headed Tipperary way,  
I'm off! (My heart's right there!)

BY MISS A. A. PROCTER

Seated one day at the station,  
Till my train should come in sight,  
I spied an Irish colleen  
Like a vision of pure delight.

She wasn't from Piccadilly,  
She wasn't from Leicester Square;  
But wherever she may have hailed from  
I know that my heart's right there!

I have sought, but I seek her vainly,  
That red-haired lass divine,  
Who came from the train at the junction  
And entered into mine.

She may have been some bright angel  
Beyond all earthly ken;  
And it may be in Tipperary  
I shall see that girl again!

BY MR. O. KHAYYAM

When you and I beyond the veil have  
passed,

A long, long time, the long, long way shall  
last;

Which of our coming and departure heeds  
As Milo's self should heed a plaster cast.

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who  
Before us went a long, long way to woo,

Not one returns to tell us of the road,  
Which to trip up on, we must travel too.

Ah, Love, could you and I conspire and dare  
To grasp this sorry scheme of things that  
are,

Would we not shatter Tipperary, then  
Rebuild it nearer, say, to Leicester Square?

BY LORD A. TENNYSON

Lady Clara Vere de Vere,  
 Of me you shall not win renown;  
 I love a little Irish girl  
 Who lives in Tipperary town.  
 Where'er she be's the place for me,  
 Though it's a long, long way to go;  
 Kind hearts are more than Leicester Square,  
 And simple joy than Norman's woe.

BY MR. J. W. RILEY

There, little girl, don't cry!  
 For I have got leave to go;  
 Though they all do say  
 It's a long, long way  
 To the sweetest girl I know.  
 But I've bid London Town good-bye,  
 There, little girl, don't cry, don't cry!

BY MR. A. DOBSON

It's a long, long way  
 To Tipperary;  
 Yes, as they say,  
 It's a long, long way.  
 I'll start to-day,  
 My Irish fairy!

It's a long, long way  
 To Tipperary.

BY MR. E. A. POË

Once upon a midnight dreary, I was very  
 tired and weary,  
 On account of social circles going on the  
 night before;  
 I was sleeping soundly, very, when there  
 came an airy fairy  
 Straight from county Tipperary, tapping at  
 my chamber door.  
 "'Tis *some* vision!" then I muttered; tap-  
 ping at my chamber door.  
 So it was, and nothing more.

Now, my footsteps, never slowing, still are  
 going, still are going,  
 That long way to Tipperary, to the sweetest  
 girl I know;  
 I've no use for Piccadilly; Leicester Square  
 to me seems silly;  
 And I hasten, willy-nilly (it's a long, long  
 way to go!)  
 To that rare and radiant maiden, but I want  
 to be her beau,—  
 And I've *got* to tell her so!

## THE UNCOLLECTED POEMS OF H. C. BUNNER\*

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

THE late H. C. Bunner published two volumes of poetry, *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen: Second-Crop Songs*. But only a small proportion of his verse, comic and serious, is contained in these two little books. He was always modest in discussing his own work, in prose or in verse, yet he was ambitious also; and when he came to choose out those of his writings which he was willing to reprint in book form, he held up a high standard for himself. When his first volume of short stories, *In Partnership*, was ready for the printer he became dissatisfied with one of his stories, and he

\*Reprinted from THE BOOKMAN for August, 1896.

withdrew it, writing in its stead the vigorous and pathetic tale called "A Letter and a Paragraph." There is also a long serial story, contributed to a weekly paper, which he refused always to reprint as a book, although it was an absorbingly dramatic narrative. In selecting from his own verse he was even more particular. Perhaps this was due to the fact that he was widely known as the editor of *Puck*, and that if he had reprinted all of even the best of his humorous verse he would have been accepted only as a comic poet. He was unwilling to have the graceful and imaginative lyrics which give distinction to *Airs from Arcady* and *Rowen*