

# ***Some of my Effusions 1897-1905***

**Edwin Browning Owen (1876-1914)**

This collection of poems comes from an octavo booklet bound in black leatherette which has been passed down in the family. The poems provide an insight into social activities during the period of the Raj. Many names are mentioned, particularly women friends he wrote poems to or about. Topics include love, humour, racism, events of the day and acrostics. Places mentioned are Simla, Calcutta, Bombay, Lucknow and Aden.

The poems have been reordered by date as they appear to have been copied into the notebook from loose sheets in no particular order. Some have also been given titles (marked by an \*) where none existed. Punctuation and capitals have not been changed except where essential for understanding. Poems and quotations from printed works have not been included. Several poems by friends have been marked as such. Comments in [ ] were added to explain unusual words or to provide context.

A number of poems written by Owen were published in local papers including: *Jubb Times* (Jubbulpore), *Aden Gazette* and the *Times of India*. He usually signed his work E.B. Owen or E.B.O, but from February 1903 he used the initials E.B.O.N. Where the initials O.N. play phonetically on his surname.

## **Names of people mentioned in the poems:**

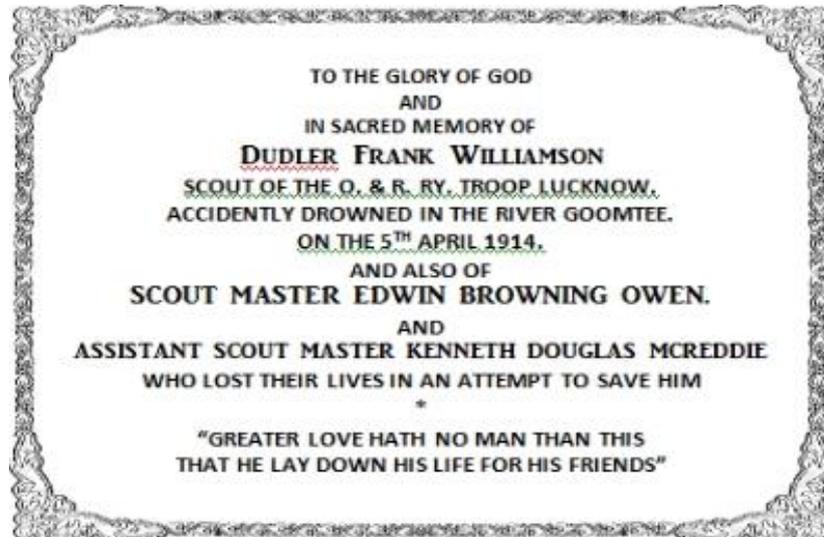
**Couples:** Hoffs, Shilstones, Shaw, Paxton, Rogers.

**Male Friends:** Walter Charles Oram, Thomas Michael Shaw, E.C. Shaw, Jack Amesley, H.S. Bull, Charles Arthur Owen (Brother), Arthur Owen (Father), Captain Kirkpatrick, Sergt Hargreaves, James, Jack, Ernie, Bell, Devine, Peters, D'Silva, Browne, Mac (possibly accountants).

**Women Friends:** Mrs Shaw, Alice Cornish, Minnie Heseltine, Nora Olive Shaw, Mrs Steel, Miss G. Miss Grant, Amy Delatoyoes, Maud Sullivan, Kate Wiseman, Gladys Oakley, R. Maud Slane, Edie, Mona, Nora, Nora Sargent, Constance, Queenie, Trixy, Eva, Blanche.

**Public Figures:** Field Marshall Frederick Sleigh Roberts, Queen Victoria, Cecil Rhodes, Sir Hector MacDonald, Russian General Anatoly Stessel, Sir Henry Havelock, Viceroy Lord George Curzon, President of the Transvaal Stephanus 'Paul' Kruger, Pragwell, Alfred Ainger, King Edward VII, Alfred Dreyfus.

**Edwin Browning Owen** was born in 1876 in Lucknow, one of 10 children. He was the son of Arthur and Clementina Owen. His father was a veteran of the Lucknow mutiny (1857). Edwin was an accountant and at the time of his death worked in the Accounts Branch of the Secretariat of the Government of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh. From his poetry book, it appears he received a new posting every two years. He married Emma Heron *nee* Lawrence in 1907 in Calcutta. In 1914, at the time of his death he was stationed in Lucknow and was Scout Master of a local scout troop. He drowned, along with boy scout, Dudler Williamson, and Assistant Leader Kenneth McCreddie. There is a plaque in St Peter's Church in Lucknow commemorating the event.



## **Titles**

Acrostic – Edwin B. Owen (by Walter Charles Oram)  
*Pour Prendre Conge* with Compliments to \_\_\_\_\_  
 \*The Acceptance  
 The Party  
 \*The Viceroy  
 \*Presented to a Lady on her Birthday  
 Acrostic – Alice Cornish  
 Acrostic – Minnie Heseltine  
 Acrostic – Edie  
 Acrostic – Nora Olive Shaw  
 Our After Dinner Strolls  
 Viceregal Hospitality  
 Epigram on a Bull (H.S.) with profuse apologies  
 \*Joking  
 The Accounts Branch Ladder  
 The Ticking Clocks  
 On Being Asked by a Lady My Reasons for being a Misogynist  
 Vale  
 Told in the Moonlight  
 United Club  
 \*The Chinaman  
 Limerick  
 \*Boer War  
 Club Land  
 Besides the Rapids  
 \*Pansies  
*Requiescat in Pace*  
 To My Mona  
 A Woman's Answer (by Mary T. Lathrap)  
 A Man's Answer  
 Cruel Maud  
 My reply to the author of '*The Islanders*'  
 Written after Witnessing a Funeral and a Wedding on the same Evening  
 Cecil Rhodes  
 Constance  
 Acrostic – Nora Sargent

Lines on a tie given me by Miss...  
Rose  
Elegy Written in an Aden church yard  
Coronation Ode  
I Love You – To Queenie  
Aden from the Land and Sea  
'Kate Wiseman' a horoscope  
Acrostic – Kate Wiseman  
A walk to the Second Gold Mohur Valley  
Queenie I am Coming to Simla for Your Birthday  
To Constance from Aden  
Sir Hector MacDonald  
Acrostic – Gladys Oakley  
A Wail from Aden  
Farewell Royal Dublin Fusiliers  
Two (sent by Queenie)  
\*Death  
In Memoriam Obit 11.6.03 Mona  
To Queenie. At Last!  
Trixy's Meteoric Flight  
Come up to Simla  
Queenie  
The Old Maid's Lament  
From Simla  
My Wish  
Voices  
Exiles River  
Riding up from Kalka  
Witnessed on the Ridge  
On My 28<sup>th</sup> Birthday  
\*Twelve Little Maids  
The Bugle Call  
Farewell!  
To Eva  
Change  
The Vanquished  
Night Time  
The Love of a Woman  
\*Simla Hills  
\*Loss  
\*One Man, One Maid  
To \_\_\_\_\_  
Sonnet and a Criticism (Probably by – R. Maud Slane)  
Life  
\*The Sunset  
\*Browne's Downfall  
\*Landscape  
\*Picnic  
Havelock

Acrostic - Edwin B. Owen

Ever more it shall be said  
Down for father to the son  
When the world was dull as lead  
Into it a boy was born  
Now he learns in Martins School  
Bound a scholarship to take

Or if he is not a fool  
Will a poet-laureate make  
E'en now he makes verses prim  
Now shut up we've had enough of him.

*Walter Charles Oram 1892.* This acrostic was composed by a great school friend of mine and one who possessed very promising poetic talents.

Pour Prendre Congé with Compliments to \_\_\_\_\_

[French - leave taking]

The winter's approaching and summer has fled  
The Viceroy to Burmah's departing  
The holly trees glisten, the roses are dead  
And folks for Calcutta are starting  
Dear friends ere we leave this our highland abode  
Ere we rattle along the dusty cart road  
We ask you once more a gay evening to spend  
In Bellevue's apartments familiar  
To dance, sing and play old friend with old friend  
(No excuses mind, unless really illy' are)

Tuesday night's fixed for our final great spree  
The 26<sup>th</sup> October, the great day will be  
At 8.30 pm we hope we shall see  
You arrive to partake of the fun and the tea  
Now don't disappoint and R.S.V.P.  
And we ever remain  
Yours ever so true  
The Hoffs, Kirkpatricks and Shilstones  
Of Old South Bellevue

*Capt Kirkpatrick October 1897.*

\*The Acceptance

Your kind invitation with thanks we accept  
And feel sure as you make your adieu  
The charms of your company we ne'er shall forget  
For Highland hearts are ever true.

Together we've shared for 10 months or more  
The ups and down of Bellevue  
And when you return we'll be to the fore  
In expressing our welcome most true.

Then expect us at 8.30 pm precise  
In the spacious apartments below

And we'll strive to combine with heart and with voice  
To bid you god speed ere you go.

Thus we beg to remain in terms sincere and true  
E.C. Shaw, E.B. Owen, The boys of Bellevue

*E.B. Owen 22<sup>nd</sup> October 1897* [The above was written by Owen in answer to the invitation *Pour Prendre Congé*].

### *The Party*

The day arrives the fearful day and Bellevue is a tremble  
The rooms with holly glisten gay, the guest 'gin to assemble  
But first is rumble, tumble mess, and first is chaos fearful  
With shifting tables changing dress, the girls are almost tearful  
But tables laid and rooms arranged, the teacups washed and ready  
The fringes curled, the costumes changed, the nerves become more steady.

Tis half past eight! Why are they late?  
There's not a soul arriving!  
It's wrong of them to make us wait  
How slow old time is driving!  
A knock! A rustle! Here they are  
And now there's wild excitement.  
The guests arrive from near and far  
There's greeting and delightment.  
There's Mrs Shaw, who lives upstairs  
with Shaw and Owen after  
Paxton and Rogers come in pairs  
And then with hearty laughter.

*Written by Capt Kirkpatrick.* [The page following this poem was blank and the poem appears to be unfinished].

### *\*The Viceroy*

Again and yet again peels forth  
The cannons deafening roar  
Methinks some direful carnage is in sway  
With the British to the fore  
And yet in peaceful Simla can it be  
That men will shed their gore.

A voice from out the tumult doth proclaim  
In accents sad yet stern  
It is no mighty contest between foes  
The truth thou now shall learn  
It is thus that we welcome our Viceroy  
To this city of flower and fern.

*Unsigned April 1898.* The Viceroy [Lord George Curzon] and staff arrive at Simla at 2 p.m. on the 28<sup>th</sup> April 1898' – *Simla Times*. It may be interesting to know that this poem was composed during the firing of the salute, the last word being penned just as the last gun broke the stillness.

### *\*Presented to a Lady on her Birthday*

Read Browning once, then can't thou say with pride

The deepest Love of Youth can never, never die  
Nature's truest phases here are side by side  
And on thy memory everlasting lie.

Seekest thou to learn the language of the flowers  
Seekest thou the varying passions of mankind  
All go to prove that even a thousand princely dowers [a gift as in a dowry]  
Equal not the poetic soul of womankind.

Seekest Thou the Heavenly purity of truth  
The pessimist swears such things are not on earth  
Seekest thou the happiness of youth  
All, all, are found within the precincts of the hearth.

*Unsigned. 12<sup>th</sup> August 1898.* Written on the fly leaf of a copy of Mrs Browning's Works. Presented to a Lady on her birthday.

*Acrostic - Alice Cornish*

Although fierce storms may blow love  
Life's fleeting Journey through  
I know more blissful days will come  
Calming the past like midnight dew  
Enlivening life with thoughts of you.

Calm may thy future be  
On through life roaming  
Rest be thy future lot  
Ne'er a care knowing  
I'll be far from thee  
Sunshine all glowing  
Heaven great happiness on you bestowing.

*E.B.O. 13.10.98*

*Acrostic - Minnie Heseltine*

Many and oft are the times I have met thee  
Insouciantly strolling the Mall  
Ne'er did thy charms so wholly become thee  
Ne'er did eyes so intently observe thee  
I who admired could not fail to love thee  
Entering the hall for the fancy-dress ball.

Heaven send you happy days  
Earth always sing your praise  
Showers of blessing upon your downpour  
Elegant in style and grace  
Lovely in form and face  
Thine be the Haven when clouds darkly lower  
I who admired thee  
Now find I love thee  
Earth would be Hell if I saw thee no more.

*E.B.Owen October 1898* Written after the A.H.Q. Amusement Club fancy dress ball.

Acrostic - Edie

Eden's gardens smiled not on  
Daintier charms than you possess  
Iris' do droop and fade  
Envious of your loveliness.

*E.B. Owen Simla 2.6.99*

Acrostic - Nora 'Creina' Shaw

Neatly sweetly may your life  
On wings of glee fly gaily by  
Raised above all sordid strife  
All your life o'er flowing with joy

Creina should be thy second name  
Raising thee to higher fame  
Even than the one who bore  
In the past your name before  
Now thou art a little miss  
Alien to the word called 'kiss'

Soon when thou art older grown  
Having charms to call thy own  
All the world from Aix to Rhine  
Will come to worship at your shrine.

*Edwin B. Owen 15.6.99* Dedicated to Nora Olive Shaw. [*Nora Creina* was a novel by Margaret Wolfe Argles Hungerford, 1893]

Our After Dinner Strolls

Put on your caps gentlemen, get out your sticks so stout  
For we are going for a moonlight stroll, the quartet are going out.

We'll talk after-dinner politics, we'll tell all our spicy tales;  
Bull is not very particular; he first eases himself on the rails.

He knows it's a catching disease, and of course we all follow suit  
Should anyone turn the corner, we wax hot in an imaginary dispute

Bull is the man for luck, you've only to twist his tail  
Start the topic of girls, you'll find the ruse will not fail.

His experiences are so thrilling if they are only true  
You bet at the great last day, he won't be among the chosen few.

Jack's bachelor adventures are many, told in a tone so gay  
One can't help thinking he must have been a sad dog in his day.

Ernie's experiences are few, savouring of the follies of youth  
But he is such a rascal, they must be founded on truth.

Bull's remarks are original and should a pretty girl pass  
He gives us his unbiased opinion, quite as good as a farce.

Jack he jumps to conclusions, but sticks to his opinions tight  
While Bull is aye on the alert, ready to set him right.

Jack he thought that 'playing with balls', were only connected with green baize  
But Bull's experienced ideas, took quite a different phase.

Then here's to our Evening walks, here's to our tales merrily told  
Let's sip it while we're young, we can't do it when we're old.

*Unsigned 15.6.99* Jack, Bull, Ernie and myself were in the habit of going for walks after dinner and the conversation would, I think, have shocked Oscar Wilde.

### *Viceregal Hospitality*

Surrounded by three hills in season crowned with flowers  
Where Simla with pride surveys its rising towers,  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from our noble Viceroy takes its name.  
Hither the pick of fashion of the town resort  
To levees, [formal reception] parties, balls and such like sport  
The chaperones to discuss the scandal last  
The maids to dance and flirt, but not too fast  
One tells the latest news of Mrs So and So  
Another in a *Kala Jagah* [arbor, bower] sits with a favoured beau  
While love and merriment is flashing from all eyes  
At every word outspoken a reputation dies  
And then at length comes supper the chaperone's delight  
For this is the only ruse that lures them out at night  
For lo the boards with every dainty soon is crowned  
With merry jest and laughter the conversation mill turns round  
The opening of the champagne corks are heard on every side  
The men seem quite to forget they must again home ride  
The pretty toilets get due praise the dowdy ones derided  
While music by the pick of Regiments is cleverly provided  
And thus the night it passes bye until the break of day  
And the guests with great effusion their *au revoirs* do say.

*E.B. Owen 4<sup>th</sup> July 99*

### *Epigram on a Bull (H.S.) with profuse apologies*

It is said thou art made of Gimples  
[German/Jewish - someone easily taken advantage of]  
Quite a contrast to thy name,  
If for silver or for gold  
Love, honour or for fame,  
You could melt your many pimples  
Into half a dozen dimples  
Then your face we might behold  
Looking doubtless much more smugly  
Yet even then 'twould be damned ugly.

*E.B. Owen 13.7.99*

### *\*Joking*

Say not that, 'Pat doth call the kettle black'

For then thou wouldst the point in joking lack  
Infer not that a particle of it is true  
I evolved it 'cause I'd nothing else to do.

*E.B.O. 13.7.99*

*The Accounts Branch Ladder*

(Dedicated to my brother Accountants)  
The 'Bard of Avon' has said and sung  
For mankind there are seven ages  
So in our profession rung by rung  
We must mount our seven stages.

We must mount them one by one  
Ere we reach the heights of fame  
We can't take them at a run  
Price put a stop to that little game.

Like the youth of Alpine fame.  
Who strove to climb the alpine height  
We must try the goal to gain  
And his motto [Excelsior] keep in sight.

Well we know the way is long  
Well we know it's not all jam  
Success's not got for a mere song  
But by many a tough exam.

When the exams have all been past  
Promotion comes to him who waits  
And the first are sometimes last  
For Service counts (So the D.G. states).

Lives of 1<sup>st</sup> Grades all remind us  
We can live our lives as well  
They have all been youngsters like us  
*Exempli gratia* just take Bell.

Though he's only thirty three  
Still a first grade he's become  
His name is on the Viceregal list  
He thinks himself a mighty gun.

Now I don't mean to advise  
For to advice no heed is paid  
But if you've no surplus price  
Don't marry 'til a II Grade.

And to you who have reached the top  
I would ask to look below  
And help the youngsters climbing up  
For the hardships you all know.

*Edwin Browning Owen 19<sup>th</sup> July 1899*

## *The Ticking Clocks*

Go forth my muse let not the rhyme be long  
Since ticking is my theme, let accountants be my song.

The man who superintends the working of this most intricate clock  
Is a grey haired lothario, the 'Big Ben' of our flock  
Given a paper and pencil, you will see him run  
From room to room noting accounts remaining to be done.

The greatest of our tickers is a man with lots of brass  
Who hails from the land which aptly rhymes with ass  
He's an authority on everything, and makes us all feel small  
So the Office Wag nicknamed him 'Brother Know All.'

Then comes our brassy, bombastic, brilliant, Bell  
With his 'What I mean to say' and his frequent 'Go to Hell'  
At the early age of thirty one an Honorary he's become  
And thinks himself in consequence a veritable gun.

Next comes the laborious and painstaking Devine  
Such a man for ticking, I'm sure you've never seen  
He makes mountains out of molehills and wastes his precious time  
Rechecking work that has already been correctly checked by nine.

Fifth comes the 'Lord of Dhapa' [location east of Calcutta] slovenly and slow,  
Bearing traces of his bed no matter where he go  
Among the many tickers in talents he comes last  
And the general opinion is he's 'fearfully outclassed.'

Then comes the sunny side to our great ticking clock  
Amongst the various tickers he takes the cake for talk  
Has a laugh for everyone, and possesses heaps of jaw  
And he bears the Oriental appellation of Thomas Michael Shaw

We also have a sporting side to this marvellous clock  
Peters in his riding togs looks every inch a Jock  
He's the man for riding, he's a masher and a swell  
But of course he's not in it beside the famous horseman Buji [wears expensive clothes] Bell

The man responsible for the oiling of this interesting Clock  
Is the H.C. of the Dept., he also aspires to be a Jock  
He's effeminate by nature, and at naughty sayings will blush  
So I concur with the Examr [Examiner] 'he ought to use a brush.'

Now among the minor tickers there's a rundown rheumatic clock  
Whose pendulum somehow impedes the erect carriage of his walk  
We've to keep him from all draughts and the chilly winter blast  
So as to stop his chronic grumbings and try to make him last

We've a hot blooded little Irishman a boy game for any lark  
Who has passed his exams at an early age and is sure to make his mark  
He's our Railway Regulator and possesses lots of cheek

But when he tries to grow a beard you'd take him for a freak.

Next comes the Lordly James who lives always in the past  
Ticks oft upon the blind, does his work by fits and starts  
Thinks because his great grand Uncle was an Examiner of fame  
He'll shine with the reflected glory of his ancient Uncle's name

Then comes the great D'Silva an intelligent little chap  
Who is eminently fitted to fill up any gap  
He's a thorough Waterbury [watch] working both early and late  
But the Examiners only fear is 'he'll enter the married state'.

Now comes the philosophic Dissent, who poses like a crow.  
He always looks into a vacancy and is abominably slow  
He needs a lot of winding to make a decent clock  
You feel inclined to stir him up with an electric shock

The author of the above should be called the Kukoo clock  
Since he sings about the remainder is the tune of the Rape of the Lock  
He's hardworking and intelligent, for so the Examiner said  
But then this is no verdict for he's very easily led

Take them all together, they are an all round good lot  
Hellish chaps for Derby sweeps, but fortune favours them not  
They are lacking in Unity, but this prolongs their lives  
It's very, very seldom that a young accountant dies.

*Unsigned 21.7.99*

*On Being Asked by a Lady My Reasons for being a Misogynist*

You ask me why I hate your sex  
Why I don't choose to mix with you  
The event it happened years ago  
I've confided it to just a few  
My heart is weary with its load  
The world to me seems quite a blank  
But you have softened life's rough road  
So to you I must be frank.

I was a youth with youthful hopes  
My ambitions soared to heights unknown  
I looked on women and my heart  
Saw in them purity alone  
There came a time and I too loved  
A creature with an angel's face  
Me thought she had an angel's heart  
But times rude hand revealed it base.

I wish I could forget her face  
I wish I could forget her name  
I was a child in thought and years  
I did not dream of doubt or shame  
A child's brave love sees nothing base

It sees the soul and form devine  
It only sees the outward face  
But I must strive and not repine.

I loved her so and she proved false  
But I remember love's great joy  
And I remember love's long pain  
The pain of an abandoned toy  
But memory has taught me this  
To see the heart beyond the face  
Now wonder not that I don't kiss  
I kissed her, and she proved base.

So I've forgotten how to love  
I lost the art so long ago  
(It seems but only yesterday)  
And now I wander to and fro  
Seeking if there be happiness  
Beyond the portals men call love  
But on earth I've searched in vain  
I wonder if it is above.

*Edwin B. Owen 29<sup>th</sup> July 1899*

### Vale

My tonga is at the door  
And a seat is booked for me,  
But before I go Tom Shaw,  
Here's a double health to thee.

Here's a sigh to those who love me  
And a smile to those who hate  
For if ever I return to thee  
T'will be in the same state (i.e. single)

I know not what's before me  
For the future we can't tell  
Still I shall ne'er forget thee  
For I have loved thee well.

It is thus to thee and thine  
With regret I make my adieu  
Praying may ever shine  
Bringing happiness to you.

Were't the last drop in the well  
As I gasp'd upon the brink  
Ere my shattered spirit fell  
'Tis to thee that I would drink

For with water and with wine  
This libation I would pour  
Happy days to thee thine

And a health to thee Tom Shaw

For my short comings thou hast known  
And with a smile passed o'er  
And on my journey ere I go  
I my thanks to you outpour.

*Unsigned* Under orders for transfer to Jubbulpore 17.8.99

### *Told in the Moonlight*

Once upon a midnight cheery, ere December winds grow weary  
I was strolling round Elysium, feeling in my heart quite sore  
Vainly then I had been trying with regrets and heartfelt sighing  
And my soul was almost dying for my heart had just been tore  
By a pretty little creature, whom I had sought to call Lenore  
Only this and nothing more.

Ah, distinctly I remember, it was in the bleak December  
When a voice from out the shadows broke the calm that reigned before  
It was the story old and hoary, and I waited for some more  
Just a little kiss my darling this he pleaded o'er and o'er  
But she answered 'How many more'?

Backward to my home returning, all my soul, within me burning  
Thoughts came crowding o'er me shrouding of my beautiful Lenore  
How my envious heart was beating, as I kept on repeating  
Words I had heard an hour before –  
Again I saw them, 'twas in a carriage going gaily to their marriage –  
And he bending forward whispered 'Only once I'll ask no more'  
And they kissed behind the door.

Oh ye gods! And fiends of Hades, may I never again woo ladies  
For I saw the unhappy ending of the story told before  
Often have I on the Mall, seen her with a *beau vous* [beautiful you] pal  
While he gaily rides round Jakoo [Hill] with some other fellow's store  
And the thought doth make me sore, had it been thus with Lenore  
And I swear an awful Swore  
Only this and nothing more.

*E.B. Owen 26.12.99 Simla* Written after returning from a walk round Elysium Hill, after over-hearing the cooings of two lovers sitting on a bench.

### *United Club*

The United Club were all *en fête*  
[French - preparations for a celebration]  
On New Year's night the Lord's kept state,  
And to a scene of fairyland  
With music supplied by the S.L. band  
A goodly crush from far and near  
Came to see, be seen, to talk and hear.

Flags, flowers, buntings decked the hall  
The occasion was a fancy ball  
And one and all in costumes came

To be admired and reap a name  
For they knew in the next issue of the *Jubb: Times*  
The irrepressible Editor would devote a few lines  
To praising the successes in his own clever way  
For he sees through everything just like the X-ray.

The Grand March took place at 10.30 by the clock  
And showed to advantage a 'Unique Shamrock'  
The emblem of Ireland one could not mistake  
And the general opinion was she took the cake.  
To find the next belle you hadn't to go far  
'Twas the Queen of the Masons or Knight Templar  
Descended from the lady who hid in a clock  
And was only mitigated to save for public talk.  
Next with bonnet and Chusney and Bib complete  
Came the dearest of Babies looking charmingly sweet  
Some said that her dress should have been a bit higher  
But this was no doubt the fault of the Ayah.

'The Runaway Girl' was a conquest of art  
And to all appearances she kept up her part  
Then came the others in natural gradation  
Espanita, Dairy maid, Greek, Pink Carnation.  
Also following closely one tall bright and gay.  
'Lady of Venice', 'Transvaal Nurse' and Padre  
Others worthy of mention were Bride, Gypsy and Tenor  
Include a couple of gents and my list is complete Sir.

The numbers of gay uniforms seen in the stall  
Would have struck moral terror to the heart of Oom [Uncle] Paul  
While the Martyr of France at the end made a fuss  
Thus fully representing the 'Noble Dreyfus'  
Then came comical 'Dan Lono' and a clown with the jumps  
Stamped with the curious quotation 'What oh! She bumps'  
Next in airy garments with Pigtail and fan  
And the squeakiest of voices came John Chinaman  
A *Louave* In full uniform, a little boy blue  
A Sowar (mounted police) and a Policeman too  
A Boer and a Cowboy looking very much alike  
A bold Domino and a King of the bike  
All happy and gay danced 'til break of day  
And with 'A Happy New Year' their *au revoirs* did say.

*Unsigned 1.1.1900* When I was honorary Secretary of the above Club in Jubbulpore we got up a most successful New Years Fancy Dress Dance and gave half proceeds to the 'Transvaal Fund'.

### \*The Chinaman

Some local verses on 'The Chinaman'

Me a likee Chinaman, come from a Chin Chin  
Comee way to India the putty girls to see  
When me ask a officer where the girls with tin tin  
He say plentee in the C.P.

Chorus

Yah, yah,yah. Chin, Chin, Chin  
Chinaman he very good he singee plente singee singee  
Same by and by, Chinaman he very good he laugh  
Ha! Ha!

Then me come to Jubb, Jubb jn a bigee Thuk Thuk  
Takee lickle housee by the road you call the Mall  
When me take a walkee just to have a look look  
See that the pitty girls all got a pal.

When me ask pitty girl for a like kissee  
Muchee fattee father bringee big bamboo  
Muchee biggee bull-dog catchee holdee pigtail  
Me very frightened no know what to do.

Then me say Chinaman pitty girl no marry you  
Better become soldier off to Transvaal  
Killee muchee Boer and getee big VC  
Then go back to Chin Chin and marry Ukisan.

If the Boer bullet killee poor Chinaman  
Then likee Ukisan makee muchee cry  
And all the powers kickee up a fuss fuss  
Same they did in the case of Dreyfus.

*E.B. Owen Jubbulpore 14.1.1900*

Limerick

There is a Nurse in Old Jubb:  
Who has developed the bump of Lubb:  
Four times at the Altar did she kneel  
And her 'last' the Angels did Steel  
But still on love this Nurse raves  
For to-day she marries Hargreaves

*E.B. Owen 21.2.1900* Mrs Steel a 'treble' widow married on the 21<sup>st</sup> Feb 1900 Sergt Hargreaves 2<sup>nd</sup> Batt S.L. Regiment [Staffordshire Line Infantry?]. She was a nurse in the Station Hospital and had closed the eyes of 3 husbands, the last one's name being Steel.

\*Boer War

Pass the word around the city, which tells of victory won  
Robert's the World's own Hero, bravely the task hath one  
Ever and Aye advancing with Pretoria's goal in sight  
To the cause of British freedom, ever the cause of right  
Onwards with foes around him, traitors in his camp  
Right royally hath he lighted victories brilliant lamp  
Into that goal at noon-day triumphantly he went  
At the head of a glorious army the Boer cause he went.

*E.B. Owen 5.6.1900* Written for the *Jubb Times*. [Field Marshal Frederick Sleigh Roberts successfully led the British Forces to success in the Second Boer War]

### Club Land

Go forth my muse let not the rhyme be long  
Since 'Unsocialism' is my theme let 'Clubland' be my song.

There is a place of passing fair renown  
Known in the C.P. as an interesting town  
Here amorous youth and maids of Ind resort  
For honeymoons, picnics, and such like sport.

Immortal scandal here doth reign supreme  
While here fair maids their love dreams do dream  
And here so free of quaint prose and quainter rhymes  
Is exiled that famous Chatterer '*The Times*'

Jubb: long famous for its rocks so fair  
Whither the newly married do repair  
Famous also for its band and juvenile subs  
But doubly famous for its numerous clubs.

First comes the Nerbudda, which takes its name  
From the district so well known to fame  
Hither the pick and fashion of the town resort  
To discuss the weather, spoon, dance and sport.

Then comes 'the social' or intermediate fifteen  
Such a club for 'unsocialism' never yet was seen  
It was organised by ladies, who now also boss the show  
And brook no interference from friend or foe.

Next comes another misnomer The United Club by name  
Which alas has seen its day this is more the shame  
For if there were more Unity allowed the second class  
This would be an ideal club for man and boy and lass.

An offshoot of the last named is the local Tradesmen's club  
Situated in The Centre of this famous town of Jubb:  
It goes under the name of Central but is better known to fame  
As the Club of the *Mutlubiyas* an oriental nickname.

An offshoot of the social call themselves the Wranglers?  
They meet on a private tennis court and consist of a few daughters  
They don't know much mathematics, but can run up a score  
And in the local papers have brought their grievances to the fore.

Take them all together they are a disunited lot  
Mighty ones for scandal for bickerings and what not  
They are lacking in Unity and try each other to outshine  
And this state of things will continue to the end of time

*E.B. Owen 12.7.00* Published in the *Jubb: Times* 26.6.1900

### Besides the Rapids

'Twas one brief hour true love

Hands clasped in hands together we  
Besides the silvery rapids bright  
Did list to their sweet melody  
And in the years to come sweet  
Deep shrined will it remain  
And ever will I long to hear  
Its music once again  
That one sweet hour  
Will be to me  
Earth's sweetest paradise  
Spent with thee.

The lambent moon shone bright above  
The waters they rolled by  
When you and I together love  
Anew our vows did tie  
'Twas sweet to sit and talk to thee  
Through one pure hour of joy  
And in my memory everlastingly  
Will live without alloy  
That one fond hour  
When you and I  
In blissful joy  
Our vows did tie.

*E.B. Owen 12.12.00* Written for Miss G. after a visit to the marble rocks of Jubb, where we had sat on a moonlight night, watching the waters of the lake surge over the rocks.

*\*Pansies*

Pansies for thoughts, emblems of peace  
Arrayed in their glory and beauty sublime  
Nightly their watches they keep without cease  
Sorrow they banish and bring shine  
In thy sweet life may their radiance be found  
E'er and Aye may they bloom in thy path  
So to the end will peace with you abound.

*E.B. Owen 10.1.01* Written for Miss Grant on Amy Delatoyoes Scrap Book.

*Requiescat in Pace*

It was seen in the faces of passers by  
It was evident in sorrowing eyes  
That a great and fearful calamity  
Had befallen a nation so proud and wise  
Had come in an awful and ominous guise  
*The guise of the Angel of Death*  
And to heartfelt sorrow it had given rise  
For such sorrow is felt when a Good Queen dies.

We heard death's wings beat for three long days  
And we hoped and we prayed that he'd pass us by  
But closer and closer he draw his maize  
And we felt that the end was drawing nigh  
And millions of hearts drew a long sigh

*While Nations held their breath.*  
But shortly was severed Love's dearest tie  
And we pleaded in vain for our Queen did die.

In silent sympathy uncovered we stand  
Brito, Mussilman, Hindoo side by side  
Fellow mourners are we for the great white Hand  
Who ruled us wisely and was our guide  
Who ruled with justice and never lied  
*With justice and might and strength.*  
For to keep her with us we vainly strived  
And a nation prayed yet our good Queen died.

The Empire's grief was a burst of tears  
From sorrowing hearts for the dead  
She had ruled us wisely for 63 years  
And gladly would millions have died in her stead  
But the fiat went forth and with gentle tread  
*Came the Angel of Death.*  
And summoned her forth from her earthly bed.  
To Realms above – Our Queen is dead.

Oh mother and friend our ruler and Queen  
The allurements of death were sweet indeed  
When they took you from us to the great unseen  
For we asked you to stay and you did not heed  
*But went through the portals of Death.*  
Noblest of women in thought and deed  
Why didst thou leave us in our hour of need?

In peace may you rest and from Heaven above  
Watch and protect thy people below  
For we miss the great sympathy and fervent love  
Which thou on thy subjects didst always bestow  
And thy nation is surrounded by many a foe  
Eager to cause its death  
But we've taught them before and ere this they know  
That under God's guidance England will grow.

*Written by E.B. Owen* Published in the *Jubb Times* 26.1.1901 under the name 'Crichope Lynn' [a waterfall in southern Scotland].

### *To My Mona*

At the calm of day when the world is still  
And the clouds from the hill roll away and away  
I think of you and softly say –  
Do you think of me at this calm of day,  
When the world is still?

At the quiet of night when the world is still  
And the moon shines brightly above the hill  
When the stars and you seem far away  
I think to myself and I softly say

Do you think of me at the close of the day  
When the world is still?

*E.B. Owen. Lucknow 14.7.01*

*A Woman's Answer*

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing  
Ever made by the hand above  
A woman's heart and a woman's life  
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing  
As a child might ask for a toy –  
Demanding what others have died to win  
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out  
Man-like you have questioned me  
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul  
Until I have questioned thee

You require your mutton should always be hot  
Your socks and your shirts be whole  
I require your heart to be true as God's stars  
And as pure as heaven your soul

You require a cook for your mutton and beef  
I require a far greater thing  
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts  
I look for a man and a king

A king for a beautiful realm called home  
A man that the maker, God  
Shall look upon as he did the first  
And say 'It is very good'.

I am fair and young but the roses will fade  
From my soft young cheek some day  
Will you love me then mid the falling leaves  
As you did mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep  
I may launch my all on its tide  
A loving woman finds heaven or hell  
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true  
All things that a man should be  
If you all this give I will stake my life  
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot be this, a laundress and cook  
You can lure with little to pay

But a woman's heart and a woman's life  
Are not be won that way.

*Mary T. Lathrap (1838-1895)* [This poem frequently appeared in C19 newspapers].

*A Man's Answer* [to the above poem]

Do you know:  
You have gained God's noblest gift  
The deep strong love of a man  
Do you know:  
You are starving this love to death  
As only a woman can.

Starving it to death for want of a smile  
A word or kiss when it's craved  
Do you know you are sending a soul to Hell  
A soul you might have saved.

A man's strong Love needs all in all  
It cannot last for aye  
Do you know you should keep it while you can  
And cherish it while you may.  
Loves turbulent stream is swift and deep  
It has resulted in many a wreck  
And a kiss ungiven is lost for aye  
It cannot come at your beck

A man can get other lasses to love  
And if he has chosen thee  
To crown his life and to guard his soul  
What nobler Love can there be.

Do you know:  
You tempt him to wander the path  
Of virtue and truth and Love  
Do you know:  
You deny him a lover's right  
For which you must answer above

Then stand at the bar of my manhood's soul  
And do not my anger rouse  
If a girl cannot give me a lover's right  
I'll have no girl for my spouse.

*E.B. Owen Jubb: Times 21.3.01*

*Cruel Maud* (Maud Sullivan)

Met her first – at a dance  
Had a waltz – at first chance  
Thought her sweet – danced divine  
Swore that she - should be mine  
Saw her next – at the band  
Charming frock – figure grand  
Made eyes for a spell

Thus so far all goes well.

But alas! – end has come  
She doth love – another one  
In the world – I must see  
Her I love – Loved by He  
Our H.D. – has cast a spell  
Lost forever – Fare-thee-well.

*E.B.O. Simla 20.8.01*

*My reply to the author of 'The Islanders'*

Kipling I like your rhyming  
Truly it is very fine  
In a word I don't mind saying  
It is better far than mine.  
But before you slang a nation  
Beware and take precautions great  
That your writings e'en though clever  
Do not meet with a just fate.

You would have a well-trained army  
This you know is nothing new  
You would have compulsory service  
This is the cry of not a few  
Do you know the British Nation  
From the dawning of its birth  
Has done well without conscription  
And is now the first on earth.

When the clarion war note sounded  
Over England's wave lapped shore  
Did her people stand, astounded  
Did they shrink at sight of foe  
No! from farmhouse, street and castle  
Came her brave sons to the call  
Left their wives and little children  
And took up arms against Oom [Uncle] Paul.

What has made the British Soldier  
Bravely thus to dare and do  
What no other nation's soldier  
Could have done so well and true  
'Tis his sportsman's noble nature  
Ready both to take and give  
Be it at the goal or wicket  
Be it to die or live.

In the noble game of cricket  
Men learn courage, dare and dash  
In the sterner game of football  
They learn how to bear a smash.  
What is war, a game of cricket

On a bloodier, wider, field  
Where men learn to strive and conquer  
And their nations honour shield.

If your kinsmen were in danger  
Would you Kipling, stand aloof  
Would you see them lose their prestige  
No you're not a muddled oaf.  
So when Briton's blood bought kinsmen  
Heard their Mother Country's cry  
Thousands flocked around her standard  
Thousands came to do and die.

England's foes are great and many  
They would gloat to see her fall  
Would you have her kinsmen falter?  
When they hear their country's call  
Do you call a nation fawning?  
That has given you name and birth  
Would you help old England foemen  
In their immoral slanderous mirth.

There's no doubt but you're the Jonah  
And England your Nineveh  
There's no doubt but you're the poet  
Who will keep his country free  
There's no doubt but you're the preacher  
Who can spout when all is o'er  
There's no doubt, but wisdom's in you  
But why didn't you preach before?

Pragwell may endorse your verses  
Alfred Ainger bless his name  
Think the effusion you have written  
Should go down to deathless fame  
But I'm only just a Tommy  
One you've often writ about  
And I give you 'our' opinion  
Shout when you've got cause to shout.

*Edwin B. Owen. Aden 25.1.1902* This poem was published in the *Aden Gazette* 4.2.02 in reply to: 'I would burn all the rhymes I ever wrote, if I thought they would survive the honour of my country'. Note: the last two verses were omitted from the paper. [Stephanus 'Paul' Kruger was President of the Transvaal 1883-1900]

*Written after Witnessing a Funeral  
and a Wedding on the Same Evening*

Which is harder, life or death?  
Life with its incessant pain  
Sordid customs, hollow shows  
Shallower as it older grows  
Like a troubled, restless sea  
Naught in it but vanity

Ever full of toil and strife  
Which is harder, death or life?

Which is harder, death or life?  
Death which snaps life's tender chain  
Freeing it from every pain  
Death which briefs instant relief  
To the soul tied down by grief  
Death which sets life's flickering Sun  
To rise again when Life is done  
Death which stops life's very breath  
Which is harder, life or death?

Me thought I heard a voice reply  
Borne from out an azure sky  
Life's the training of the soul  
To fit it for a heavenly goal  
It was bought on Calvary  
Live it aye in purity.

From the darkness and the gloom  
Came a voice from out the tomb.

*Unsigned Aden 10.2.02*

*Cecil Rhodes* Buried 10.4.02

Thou who art gone: can never come again  
The expansive veldt shall see thy face no more  
All impassioned pleadings are in vain  
No answer cometh from that far off shore  
Where all in darkness and in gloom  
Thou sleepest in thy vault – a rock hewn tomb.

Upon those hills, that saw thy rise to fame.  
My body rests, thy soul hath ta'en its flight  
To unknown regions when all earthly gain  
Fade 'neath the glory of a heavenly light  
Where, now thy fitful life being done  
A glorious Kingdom thou hast won.

Advancement was thy watchword, wealth thy God  
(So much to do, so much remained undone)  
The first doth rest thee 'neath its soil won sod  
The last will let thee keep what thou hast won.  
And other feet will tread the path you trod  
And other hands will reap the fruit you sowed.

But green will be thy memory for all time  
On 'Isis Banks' thy praises will be sung  
Three empires through thee will intertwine  
And on one footing lean one Mother tongue  
Customs and creeds may fade, and also modes  
But patiently will aye remember Rhodes.

Then rest in peace up thine vion hills  
Mid many tinted foliage bright and green  
The music of the torrents and the rills  
And think not of the might have been  
Content to know Thou hast done all things well  
And leave the rest for God and time to tell.

*E.B. Owen 26.4.02 Published in the Aden Gazette 29.4.02*

To Constance

I thought I had forgotten – buried deep  
Old joys: old memories and newer pain  
I thought that I should never feel again  
My heart throb nor my startled pulses leap  
To hear your step nor wake from hard won sleep  
To knowledge of your look and voice as plain  
As in the hours they doled me loss or gain  
I thought love died when trust I could not keep.

But when once more I chanced to see your face  
I knew I reckoned falsely, everything  
That I thought done with hurried back to rout  
My fancied peace. Ah fate! Are times and space  
And broken faith no barriers? Must I bring  
My very life to blot this loving out.

*Unsigned Aden 13<sup>th</sup> May 1902*

Constance

Constance, ne'er shall I forget thy face e'en in endless sleep  
For my love has only died when its trust it could not keep.

*E.B.O. Aden 26<sup>th</sup> June 1902*

Acrostic - Nora Sargent

None knew thee but to love thee  
Or named thee but to praise  
Round thee my thoughts still linger  
A ray of happier days.

Still do I oft times think of thee  
And sigh for days gone by  
Ravishing in thy loveliness  
Glorious to the eye  
Ever will I love thee  
Nora my own pet  
Ta Ta little Amy, ta ta gay cigarette.

*Unsigned Aden 3.7.02*

Lines on a tie given me by Miss .....

Thou art not pretty, neither new  
But its memories date from you  
When Love was kind and you were true

My Constance.  
*Unsigned and undated*

Rose

Upon her grave there grows a rose  
It blooms with fragrance and is white  
Its colours doth her life disclose  
A Life, fame, ideal, bright.

*Unsigned and undated.*

Elegy Written in an Aden Churchyard

Golden sets the setting sun  
O'er the sea its crest I scan  
Now the worker's task is done  
Lonesome are the thoughts of man.

In a churchyard brown and bare  
Saunter I with feelings awed  
Nought of nature see I there  
Nought speaks of the hand of God.

Save a whited sepulchre  
Peeping o'er the scanty wall  
And my thoughts revert to her  
Beautiful in Home and Hall.  
Sent an exile to this land  
Forced two weary years to stay  
Death hath claimed her youthful hand  
Exiled ever she doth lay.

Here rests a youth whose longing eye  
Eager sought the cliffs of Home  
Alas! They left him here to die  
A mound to mark his lasting carne.

Mark that cross with angels wings  
Sleeps a little babe beneath  
Round the Heavenly throne she sings  
Treads she now the golden street.

Read those words upon that stone  
O'er a youth who sought for fame  
Death hath claimed him for her own  
Death hath ended all his pain.

Here's a grave but newly made  
O'er a youth but lately wed  
Unwept unknown was he laid  
His wedded life was sad they said.

See that little cross of wood  
Raised above a soldier bold

On Afric's soil he fought and stood  
Rests he now within the fold.

A sailor bound for his loved home  
After absence long and drear  
Lies beneath that marble dome  
Far from all his loved ones dear.

Darkness now broods o'er the land  
Has long sunk in the west  
Life and death are in God's hand  
In 'His Acre' let them rest.

*E.B. Owen Aden 3.8.1902*

### Coronation Ode

Daughter of a proud nation, pause today.  
Your traffic cease, let all make holiday  
Today great England crowns her noble King  
Though we can't join her pageant, we can sing  
Our praises of thanksgiving for the life  
Returned to health from the grim Surgeon's knife  
Today with Britain we are one in heart  
Though seas divide us we are not apart.

Our sons beside her sons their lives have given  
And in a noble cause have lately striven  
But now the war notes stilled, the strife doth cease  
And over England breathes a restful peace.  
What fitter moment to ascend a nation's throne  
When all her colonies are knit bone to her bone  
We helped her with our strength, now with our grace  
We show how proudly we uphold our English race.

Today our eyes are cast to that great Abbey grey  
Where pageant pomp holds its imperial sway  
Where nations gather to pay homage to a King  
Round whom our highest hopes and memories cling  
Oh! Royal Steward? we do greet thee as our Lord  
Thine are our hearts, thine is each trusty sword  
Today as King we do thee proudly claim  
And soon as Royal Emperor we will thee proclaim.

From dusky Ind a thousand prayers ascend  
And in one chorus all their voices blend  
As from one throat their earnest prayers arise  
Up to that heavenly throne beyond the skies  
A thousand mosques and churches anthems sing  
God bless our Queen, God Save the King  
Heavens true Vice regent above all earthly stain  
God bless our King, long may he reign.

*E.B. Owen. Aden 4<sup>th</sup> August 1902 Coronation Day 9<sup>th</sup> August 1902, India – King Edward VII*

*I Love You – To Queenie*

I had a message to send her  
So tender, so true and so sweet  
I longed for an angel to bear it  
And lay it down at her feet  
I placed it one summer's evening  
On a cloud's white feathered breast  
But it faded in golden splendour  
And died in the crimson west.

'Twas years after I found it  
When exiles grim term had run  
In a garden all covered with roses  
In the dying light of  
With her head close to mine I whispered  
The message in the waning twilight  
She answered I know it my darling  
The winds told me so one night.

*E.B. Owen. Aden 24<sup>th</sup> September 02*

*Aden from the Land and Sea*

Compact, serene rock upon rock  
Remnant of an earthquake shock.

Barren and bare its hill and dell  
No verdure the Creator's hand to tell.

Guarded by forts and battery and gun  
Scorched by a fearful tropical sun.

Famous for heat, for sand and for thirst  
Once Eden's gardens, now doubly cursed

Bare are its hills, compact and grand  
As if thrown by some ruthless giant hand

Viewed by moonlight from a ship at sea  
It looks like the land of the elf and banshee

What are its people? An arrogant race  
Unskilled, unyoked. Proud of mien and of face.

What is their food? Chiefly dates and sea fish  
Their language one word, 'tis called 'mafish'  
[Arabic -*mafeesh* I have nothing, or no problem]

What are their habits? Pleasure and vice  
Labour they know not: at any price

This is the land where we're forced to stay  
Thank God! 'tis only for two years and a day.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 2.2.03*

*Kate Wiseman: A Horoscope*

She is scarcely yet a woman  
You could scarcely call her human  
For the devil has his share in her  
A lively share at that  
And he lurks in every dimple  
Of her face so wise and simple  
While her eyes are courting mischief  
Underneath her Picture Hat.

She's demure and sometimes witty  
Though she's not exactly pretty  
She's interesting – and her spirits  
Are as lively as a cat  
When she smiles and calls you John  
Shines the world upon  
But beware, those eyes are twinkling  
Underneath her Picture Hat.

She has faults and follies many  
Virtues very few – if any  
She will sigh when you are merry  
Hit you with a tennis bat  
Swears she'll never marry – never  
Oh! In fact she is so clever  
That you feel another Joey\*  
Is beneath that Picture Hat.  
(\*Joe Chamberlain my knick name for her)

She will often spend an hour  
Making use of her great power  
Wheedling you into a pic-nic.  
Or a boat row – this and that  
And when weakly you've consented  
And your folly have repented  
A voice 'Do let us go to Gold Mohur [Valley]'  
Is heard from 'neath that Picture Hat.

Oh I sketch her so that others  
Unsuspecting men and brothers  
May profit by this portrait  
Of Miss Cookey and her hat  
It is brimmed with blue and white  
And it is a pleasing sight  
But there lurks a spark of tinder  
Beneath that dainty Picture Hat.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 21.2.03*

*Acrostic – Kate Wiseman*

Katie Kate, may dear old fate  
As he weaves your thread of life  
Tenderly lay each silken thread

Ever out of reach of strife

What more would you have me say  
Is there ought else I can wish  
Sincerity is the purest ray  
Evolved out of Earthly bliss  
May your friends prove all sincere  
And as on life's way you go  
No pain or sorrow may you know.

*Unsigned and undated*

*A walk to the Second Gold Mohur Valley*

Alone I walked the ocean strand.  
A pearly shell was in my hand  
I stooped and wrote upon the sand  
My name, the year, the day.  
As onward from the spot I passed  
One lingering look behind I cast  
A wave came rolling high and fast  
And washed my lines away.  
Tis ever thus on life's rough strand  
Our good resolves are writ in sand  
At first they look so big and grand  
But then there comes a day  
When as on life's long way we pass  
Grim fate appears a seething mass  
And all our good resolves, alas!  
Are washed quite clean away.

*Unsigned Aden 24<sup>th</sup> November 1902*

*Queenie I am Coming to Simla for Your Birthday*

In softened lights they come to me  
From out the crypts of time  
Breathing a sweet toned melody  
In faintly falling rhyme  
And here and there, their trace is lost  
A missing word or phrase  
A weary blank – a chilling frost  
Has killed those youthful days.

But once again sweet thought is clear  
'Tis a cloudless moonlit night  
Upon her cheek glistens a tear  
His face is drawn and white  
They stand beside the railings green  
The stars seem in a haze  
The moon has lost her golden sheen  
For tomorrow ends those days.

The morrow takes him far away  
To exiles distant shore  
They needs must part at break of day

With hearts bound down and sore  
But HOPE bright elixir of LOVE  
Whispers in tuneful lays  
Time soon will pass, and again will come  
Those happy joyous days.

Yes, time has passed into feeble steps  
Have slowly crept along  
And once again as in the past  
He hopes to hear her song.  
Will time have proved that other ears  
And other voices praise?  
Or are his fancies only fears  
Fears for those bygone days?

*E.B.O.N. Aden 17.3.03*

### *To Constance from Aden*

My love if it were possible that thou  
From where thou art, secure from grief and pain  
(And yet I made thee happy once I know)  
Could'st see less waste before me set  
That I must traverse ere I see those eyes  
That form – those lips that seem'd perfection there  
Thy prayer would wrest from Heav'n the bom  
[Portuguese bom – good]  
I ask Methinks such prayer worthier would appear  
From thy pure spirit than from mine the weak.  
What must be must – for me not but to bow  
To the Will fulfilling what of old it plann'd  
Altho: fulfilment means a broken heart  
'The weak' say I, dear heart, some day 'the strong'.  
Be it mine to say when this dull aching pain  
Is sooth'd beneath the reconciling hand  
Of time, who soothes, heals? Nay that spells 'forget',  
And never be it said that I to thee  
My better self was false; my lips shall say  
Those very lips that I was true – some day.

*E.B.O.N. 20.3.03* Published in *Times of India* under OXON.

### *Sir Hector MacDonal'd*

Mourn not for his death, but for his life rejoice  
Who was once the nation's heart, the nation's voice.  
Living he honoured and kept up the nation's fame  
Dying he hath expiated what there be of shame  
Dauntless in battle – shall one impetuous act condemn  
A life of bravery, unsurpassed by mortal men?  
Keen in the strife – a soldier born and true  
He rose to heights of fame attained by few  
Whether on Egypt's burning plains or Africa's veldt  
The staunch right hand of 'Fighting Mac' was felt  
Where're he led his soldiers, followed to a man  
Lowlander or Highlander fought as of one clan

Then shall his memory fade, while Scotchmen live to tell  
The fame of one they loved in life so well?  
Forget his faults, and let his virtues speak  
For all men are human, all men are weak.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 26.3.03* [MacDonald was a distinguished British Army general, knighted for service in the Second Boer War. He committed suicide following accusations of homosexual activity.]

*Acrostic – Gladys Oakley*

Gladys now the summer time  
Lures my fancy into rhyme  
As I daily think of you  
Dreaming of your Love so true  
Yearns my soul to call you mine  
Sighed my heart for you, 'Sunshine'

Others feign must love you too  
And pretend their love is true  
Kindly then remember this  
Little gentle pretty miss  
Earth brings forth no love like mine  
You are ever my 'Sunshine'

*E.B.O.N. Aden 13.5.03*

*A Wail from Aden*

There's a voice that calls from exile,  
It is plaintive, it is sad  
There's a weary look from exile  
A heart that is not glad.  
It speaks of years of waiting  
And is always, always sad.

There's a voice that calls from exile  
Over wide expanse of sea,  
It thinks of home and kindred  
'Tis the voice of memory.  
And it longs for love and friendship  
And it pines eternally.

There's a voice goes up from exile  
How long, Oh! Lord how long?  
'Tis borne upon the evening air  
In voice of plaintive song  
And it tells of many vanished hopes  
Of suffering and of wrong.

There's a voice went up from exile  
Borne over dell and hill.  
It prayed for home and freedom  
For courage health and will –  
But we buried it in exile  
'Tis eternally still.

*E.B. Owen Aden 6<sup>th</sup> November 1902*

*Farewell Royal Dublin Fusiliers*

We lay together for 12 months and more  
In a barren and dreary land  
We have seen the waves wash Aden's shore  
In tons we've swallowed its sand.  
We've felt its thirst, the unquenchable thirst  
That is never satisfied  
We have swam at its heat and loudly cursed  
With our energies fairly tried  
We've seen friends depart and others come in  
And we've longed for our time to come  
Together we've spent our hard earned tin  
Together we've had our fun  
But the time has come when you too must leave  
To travel across the foam  
We will miss you much but we will not grieve  
For you are going Home  
To the land where first you saw the light  
To the land of your kith and kin  
We feel t'will be a glorious sight  
The day your ship steams in  
When husbands and wives meet once more  
And parents and sons embrace  
When long parted lovers kiss o'er and o'er  
And beam with happy face  
When you tread once more the dear old isle  
The land you love so well  
When with lads and lasses you the time beguile  
And the stories you have to tell  
Of the glory and fame so and nobly earned  
On Africa's sun scorched veldt  
Of the many experiences dearly learned  
And the hunger and privations felt.  
Then your thoughts may revert to this distant spot  
Whose exiled you were forced to stay  
Where you hap'ly threw in your lot with our lot  
And helped us to pass time away  
We will heartily give three cheers  
To the men who are ready to face any foe  
'Bon Voyage' Royal Dublin Fusiliers.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 4.2.03 The night of our Farewell Ball.* The Dublin Fusiliers embark for Ireland on 13.2.03.

*Two* (sent by Queenie)

I am two women, though the world at large  
Knows me for one – the woman you see here  
Impulsive, thoughtless, thoughtful, weak and strong;  
Impatient, faulty – yet by some held dear  
Because she loves them and because her ways  
Have grown familiar to their blame or praise.

The other woman wears a diadem

She dwelleth only in her lover's eyes  
No others see her crown – 'tis not for them  
She is a Queen, all beautiful and wise  
The woman he believes me! On my knee  
Pray that I may yet that woman be.

*Copied by E.B.O.N. Aden 6.3.03*

*\*Death*

Death lies on her like an untimely frost  
Upon the fairest flower in all the field.

*Unsigned* Mona died on 11.6.03. Thursday.

*In Memoriam Obit 11.6.03 Mona*

I left thee for a foreign shore  
I left behind light too  
The grass was wet with morning dew  
Thy face tears traces plainly bore.

I passed the woods where oft we stray'd  
And plucked the flowers as we pass'd  
Such happiness could never last  
I pass'd the court where oft we play'd

I read the missive that you gave  
The last loved words your hand did pen  
I read and read and read again  
The hopes that ended in a grave.

Light went from out my life  
And left behind dark chaos grim  
I drank my cup filled to the brim  
With sorrow, pain, and earthly strife.

And when upon the ocean deep  
I watched the waves in surges roll  
And thought I heard their moaning toll  
The knell that ended in your sleep.

And when on exile's distant shore  
I heard your voice, Be true! Be true!  
'Twas only then I felt and knew  
That I would never see thee more.

That fate resistless as the sea  
Submerges all that comes before  
Its mighty swell – and evermore  
Would hide thee for eternity.

'Tis ever thus, earth's fairest flower  
Is early plucked, when needed most  
We never know what can be lost  
Until we realize death's power.

*Unsigned 11.6.03*

To Queenie. At Last!

I dreamed last night that thou didst fly to me  
With outstretched hands crying 'At last, at last!  
Then time and space were not. The happy past  
Came flying back as if on wings of glee.  
No barrier unsurpassable stood twixt thee and me  
And thou went here! Thy lips were warm on mine  
Thy sweet eyes shone and those white arms of Thine  
Were round my neck, and all was blissful ecstasy –

O love, fond love, we have been parted long  
The fates of God and man have borne us far  
But now we gaze together on one star  
The heavenly star of Love that knows no wrong.  
Now nought in heaven and earth this Love can mar  
Nor fates nor barriers place across their bar  
For thou art mine and I am thine  
And in unseverable Love our hearts entwine  
And will as one remain for evermore –

*E.B.O.N. Aden 29.6.1903*

Trixy's Meteoric Flight

Trixy lived in Delhi – Ever been in Delhi?  
Where was celebrated the mighty Durbar Show  
Full of ancient places, teeming with all races  
Where a pretty girl can always find a beau  
Trixy captured one, with him had some fun  
(But I failed to mention that his name was Browne)  
Used a little trick or two, got presents not a few  
Broke his little heart in pieces – then left town.

Trixy moved to Lucknow – Ever been in Lucknow?  
With its glorious palaces, its gardens, towers and halls  
Famous for its places, 'Army Cup' and races  
Likewise its clubs and 'Chutter Munzil' [Umbrella Palaces] balls  
Here she met Jack Amesley, flirted with him very madly  
Turned him inside out, likewise upside down  
Didn't care a jotty, drove him quite dotty  
Left him head and ears in debt – and left town.

Trixy went to Simla – Ever been in Simla?  
Where you breathe untarnished the pure Viceregal air  
Blissful spot empyrean, in this land Utopian  
Famous for its gaiety also its 'Sipi fair'  
Trixy met an A.D.C. to our famous C in C  
Flattered him and danced with him in a Paris gown  
Took him to Pellitis, made him stand her sweeties  
Got him in a jolly mess – then left town.

Trixy railed to Calcutta – Ever been in Calcutta?  
Where the elect of Ind in winter time resort  
Full of fishy smells, famous for its belles

Also for its virtue(?) frolic, fun and sport  
Here she met a doctor, but his ardour shocked her  
And he got his '*Coup de grâce*' with an angry frown  
But unlike the others – all her new made brothers  
He committed suicide – and she left town.

Trixy shipped to Bombay. Ever been in Bombay?  
That glorious land of promise. That overlooks the sea  
Famous for its ices, also for its vices  
Where a jolly girl, can have a jolly spree  
Here she met a solicitor, who was learned in the law  
But his reign was 'brief', though he possess'd renown  
He said he'd like to marry – but Trixy did not tarry  
'Breach of promise' was his *forte* – So she left town

Trixy's back in Delhi – hot and dusty Delhi  
And she haunts the band stand left solely alone  
For her flight meteoric, into regions platonic  
Gained her a reputation of 'a heart of stone'  
Though she airs her graces, Paris gowns and laces  
She is now a Queen with a tinsel crown  
So learn a little moral – with it do not quarrel  
If you've got a beau at home – Don't leave town.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 3.8.1903*

### *Come up to Simla*

I dreamt a dream whilst sleeping  
Of a leafy, flowery, bower  
I heard a loved voice calling  
And it never seemed to tire  
I saw a dear hand beckoning  
'Come up higher, come up higher'  
I have waited for you long  
And the burden of my song  
Has been sung for two long years  
Both in laughter and in tears  
Now it whispers its desire  
'Come up higher, come up higher.'

I saw a mountain stand  
Silent, wonderful and grand  
Looking out across the land  
When the golden light was falling  
On distant hill and spire  
And I heard that low voice calling  
'Come up higher, come up higher'  
From the lowland and the mire  
Up to your heart's desire  
From your barren land of Exile  
'Come up Higher, Come up Higher.'

*Unsigned Aden 13.9.03*

Queenie

Since I have loved you, how the darkness flies  
How sweet is life, how cloudless clear the skies  
For now the aching heart fraught with dull pain  
Has ceased to ache, will never ache again  
And the weary days of waiting have seemed few  
Since I have loved you.

Since I have loved you, all the past regret  
Has vanished like a morning's mists  
Where God's good sun has set  
Then to rine and drift and twist  
Up to heaven and thus my heart.

*Unsigned and undated*

The Old Maid's Lament

To thou who art my consonance  
My pre-ordained mate  
I'd ask you please to hurry up  
For I can't wait.

You know I'm getting on in years  
And on in life  
I'd dearly like before I die to  
Become a wife.

I do not want you to be rich  
Or young and gay  
I want an ordinary man  
On ordinary pay.

Life holds not many charms for me  
I'm getting old  
I want to feel the soft arm of a child  
My neck enfold.

Within the guest chamber of my heart  
There's place for Thee  
When once you come I'll lock you safely in  
And keep the key.

Tonight a pillow dimples on your cheek  
If you but knew.  
I'd give the world to rest beside you love  
There's room for two.

Oh hasten, hasten, find the path to me  
Come not too late  
For fear lest when you come you find  
Padlocked the gate.

And if through tarrying long, the debt



Heralding an earthly peace – making dark hearts light  
Illuming life's pathway with a glorious peace  
Giving unto Life a new and joyful lease.

Listen to the voices – follow where they lead  
Reap the plenteous harvest of a youthful seed  
For those voices calling – calling from above  
Will lead you to your heart's desires – and to Love.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 16.8.1903 Sunday.* Written after reading a story called 'Voices'.

### *Exiles River*

Have you trod the exiles' shores?  
Have you felt the wondrous pain  
And the ever ceaseless longing  
Just to hear one voice again  
Just to see a loved face smiling  
Through the years of mist and rain?

Have you sailed the exiles' river?  
Seen the 'ships pass in the night',  
Dreamt the dreams of happy union  
Filling life so full of light  
Then awakening to the heart pangs  
And the days of endless night?

Have you heard the mystic voices?  
Trembling on the silent air  
Calling you to home and kindred  
Scenes of childhood, bright and fair,  
Calling, calling, 'till your heart breaks  
With its longing and its prayer.

*E.B.O.N. Aden 23 August 03*

### *Riding up from Kalka*

(Air – Riding down from Bangor)

Riding up from Kalka  
In a Simla train  
Sitting in a first class  
By a favoured swain  
Maiden fair to look on  
Mother sitting near  
Not a chance of spooning  
Very bad, I fear.

Onward glides the *Jhuk Jhuk*  
Precious moments fly  
Nothing but to look look  
Into each other's eye  
Talk about the scenery  
Isn't it quite grand  
Then the horrid fellow  
Tries to squeeze her hand.

Refreshment rooms approaching  
Fellow's head pops out  
And the pretty maiden  
Does a pretty pout  
Train is going faster  
Tunnels very nigh  
And the nasty fellow  
Gets something in his eye

Mother offers services  
Politely refused  
Maiden likewise offers  
Hers are not refused.  
Then the lucky fellow  
Feels a gentle touch  
Hears a gentle whisper  
Does it hurt you much.

Whiz – Bang into tunnel  
Dashes thro: that train  
Electric light not working  
Due, perhaps to rain  
Then a little scuffle  
And a little scream  
While the light discloses  
Funny little scene.

Maiden very sulky  
Mother blushing red  
Horrid fellow in dismay  
Scratching at his head  
For he has discovered  
In his eagerness  
He has kissed the Mother  
Got into a mess.

*Unsigned Simla 1.8.04* Written for Miss Maud Slane.

*Witnessed on the Ridge*

We met 'twas in a mist  
Within his hands he held my wrist  
And very gently whispered 'hist!'  
We were alone  
And then my lips he sweetly kissed  
A kiss I never would have missed  
Altho 'twas given in a mist  
I was alone  
And if you'd like to know the gist  
Of this kissing in the mist.  
You'd better ask a lantern dim  
Whose eye alone saw 'the Him'  
Who kissed me in the mist.

*Unsigned Simla 4.8.1904*

On my 28<sup>th</sup> Birthday

Through Life's dull road, crushed by fate  
I have dragged to twenty eight  
What have these years brought me  
Sorrows early, sorrows late  
Love, ambition, killed by fate  
Oh! God if I were free –

*E.B.O.N. 12.8.04*

\*Twelve Little Maids

Twelve little maids in Simla are we  
Fair of face and fancy free  
Fond of fun and gaiety  
Gay little maids in Simla.

Twelve little maids demure and dear  
Of singleness we live in fear  
And we want to leap this year  
Leap to fame in Simla.

We can flirt and we can talk  
We can do the French cake walk  
We can even darn a sock  
Try these maids of Simla.

*Unsigned 16.8.1904* Twelve little maids gave a dance in the Town Hall as a return to the Bachelors on the 16.8.1904.

The Bugle Call

O curfew of the dying day! O Bugle Call!  
Resounding from the rocks so grey, in tuneful call  
I hear thy blithesome tones and say  
'Tis Nine – The close of another day'

Thank God!

Each night as on the evening air, O Bugle Call!  
Reclining in my old arm chair, thy tuneful call  
Is echoed back from rocks so bare  
My soul sends up its heart felt prayer.

Thank God!

*E.B.O.N. Aden 24.8.03* Every night at 9pm the men-of-war in the harbour sound the Last Post.

Farewell!

Calm on the waters  
Calm on the horizon afar  
Peace within the heart  
And – a good cigar.

Calm on the waters  
Moonlight and one feint star  
Content breathing round  
And – a good cigar.

So doth life seem  
When we have crossed the bar  
Strife left behind  
Smoking a good cigar.

Calm on the waters  
Aden looming afar  
Thank God! 'Tis over  
Now – a good cigar.

If some vain regrets  
Rise up my peace to mar  
Let them all vanish in smoke  
Smoke of a good cigar.

Farewell! Land of my exile  
Farewell! Ye hills and dell  
Farewell! Friends of my exile  
Farewell! A fond farewell.

*E.B.O.N. 4.10.03 9.30 PM leaving Aden for Simla, S.S. Pennisular.*

### To Eva

You know you're not a woman  
A woman has a heart  
In the noble art of sympathy  
She plays a noble part  
She shares man's griefs and sorrows  
And smooths his path thro' life  
But you are not a woman  
You're an imperfect wife.

You know you're not a woman  
A woman's mould is such  
That wheresoever there's a wound  
Hers is the healing touch.  
Hers is the fond remembrance  
For parent, friend, or brother  
But you are not a woman  
You're an imperfect mother.

A woman's realm is her Home  
Her husband is her King.  
She weeps when he is sorrowful  
She's glad when he doth sing.  
Her soul is pure as driven snow  
Her actions clear as water  
But you are not a woman  
You're an imperfect daughter.

*Unsigned 22.9.04*

### Change

But we who seek the change must watch with tearful eyes

Waiting for the transcendent, change to such great liberties.  
*Unsigned Simla 2.9.04*

### *The Vanquished*

When you've praised the little Jap, and applauded Nofis' might?  
And toasted the brave victors in Port Arthur's bloody fight  
Here's another toast to drink to in blood that's deep and red  
'Tis the toast to those who fought and lost the Russian vanquished.

Tho their cause was not a just one, yet still the fact remains  
That bravery such as theirs help to wipe out a nation's stains  
They face their best for their country's sake and when all is done and said  
Theirs is the fame that outlasts time tho: they were vanquished.

There are battles England's won, there are battles she has lost  
There are lessons she has learned at a fearful bloody cost  
But she always pays a tribute to the brave untimely dead  
And raises up a monument to the noble vanquished.

Then fill your glasses to the brim, rise up and let us drink  
A toast from which each true Briton will not shrink  
Stessel's surrender is condemned but it saved a lot of dead  
Then stand up all, drink deep the toast to those who were vanquished.

*E.B.O.N. 21.1.05* [Anatoly Stessel, Russian general, responsible for the fall of Port Arthur, Manchuria, to the Japanese 2.1.1905. He was court martialled and received 10 years imprisonment.]

### *Night Time*

I have sailed life's barge at night time  
Through the darkened shadow-land  
Felt the pain and weary anguish  
Only dark hearts understand.

I have heard the bittern weeping  
From its darkened shadow-tree  
In my heart it wail repeating  
Like the wail of the Banshee.

And the crying from the marshes  
And the ceaseless hum of life  
Like the wail of banished spirits  
Wailing at the world's keen strife

I have watched the morn awakening  
Tipped with floods of living fire  
But it has not filled the longing  
In the heart of my desire.

*E.B.O.N. 24.2.05 Sprained ankle*

### *The Love of a Women*

I think on the love of a woman  
I muse on the days that are past

Her love is like the nightingale's song  
It lasts while the summer doth last.

I think on the love of a woman  
It brings only sorrow and pain  
It resembled the flow of a meadow brook  
That flows only when falls the rain.

*E.B. Owen. Undated*

*\*Simla Hills*

Oh Simla how I love thy hills  
Thy hills, thy rocks, thy leaping rills  
And how my heart with rapture swells  
As I gaze on thy low vales and dells.

On Simla's hills still let me rove  
And view the scenes I've learned to love  
I envy not those luckless swains  
Who live on India's sun scorched plains  
Thy oaks and pines whose lordly heights  
Furnish broad shade and my delights  
With chosen book in some loved spot  
The world forgetting, by the world forgot.

I love to roam thy woods and glades  
Where all seems perfect: nothing fades  
By waterfalls I love to sit  
And hear the birds midst branches twit  
Their songs of Love unto their mate  
Or chide the spring for coming late.

At eventide I love to view  
Thy western sky with changeful hue  
First azure then a purple screen  
Next blue and then a golden sheen  
While here and there dark clouds enfold  
And Sol declines, a sea of gold.

*Unsigned and undated*

*\*Loss*

But why sing I in such a strain  
When death itself binds strong the chain  
And She – must bear his name.

*E.B.O. Undated*

*\*One Man, One Maid*

Youths and maids on pleasure bent  
Here we live in calm content  
All our life is one glad song  
Dreaming love dreams all day long.

Basking in the shade, one man and one maid  
What care we for joy or sorrow  
We from life contentment borrow  
Basking in the shade  
Quite demure and staid  
One man and one maid.

If bowed down with care or grief  
If from work you seek relief  
Seek some shady sylvan glade  
Just you and a pretty maid  
Basking in the shade  
One man and one maid etc.

We are quite demure and shy  
When there's no one very nigh  
But when night's grim shadows fade  
And shines through the glade  
We go basking in the shade  
One man and one maid.

If you're getting married soon  
And going on your Honeymoon  
Quit at once the busy throng  
Folks will say there is no wrong  
In basking in the shade, you and your sweet maid etc.

*Unsigned and undated*

To \_\_\_\_\_  
Could you forgive, could I forget  
We might perchance be happy yet,  
And bygone years of barren grain  
Might ripen into love again.  
Oh what a harvest then were ours  
Could time but glean the wasted hours  
We might perchance be happy yet  
Could you forgive. Could I forget.

Must all the web of love and life  
Be woven into strands of strife  
Can ne'er a thread of silver gleam  
Across its dark and tangled seam?  
Ah! No it cannot be too late  
When hope stands trembling at the gate  
Oh! Love, we may be happy yet,  
If you forgive. I will forget.

*Unsigned 1.8.04* Extracted

A Sonnet and a Criticism R.M. Slane  
He strives with family ties and men in equal mood  
Of nervous temperament: and digestion bad:  
He fights imaginary ills in constant fear

Of grim King death who is always lurking near.  
He feels that Fate has set on him a ban  
And lives, a nervous, heartless, discontented man.  
His life a curse unto himself; and to his friends  
Scant courtesy he gives: while to those near and dear  
He is a constant tenor and a fear.  
A figure slight, a jerky walk, a face quite thin and wan  
The scroll of his poor life is writ: imperfect father, imperfect man.  
How can our faith discern the truths he seeks?  
How can we close our eyes to faults so plain  
We can but judge him by his actions here  
Those actions which have brought forth many a tear  
From those who living in his name on Earth  
Have lived to curse the day that gave them birth  
Perchance times hand will turn him from his path  
And he will see the fruitless error of his way  
Perchance some star will lead him to the goal  
And light the plutonian darkness of his soul.

*Unsigned and undated* [This appears to be the work of Maude Slane.]

Life

'Tis youth that stirs our pulse and thrice steels strong limbs to fight  
And fend along life's ways.

'Tis love that quickens heart and Atlas like lifts mounts of drudge  
And hastens on our days.

'Tis age that bitter drug of once sweet cup that turns both youth  
And love from us away.

'Tis God, like aged wine sweeps through hearts and souls and  
Given us happy thought that we'll be his some day.

*Unsigned and undated*

\*The Sunset

I looked out over the Harbour  
Vast and wide and free  
I discerned from my secluded arbour  
The death of one dear to me  
His head slowly sank on a bosom  
Glittering and golden hued

This life blood the colour of crimson  
Spattered the clouds that were nude.  
Rest at last has he earned  
His work for the day is done  
Were he not to return on the morrow  
The pleasures of life would be gone.

*Unsigned and undated*

\*Browne's Downfall

There is a fellow called Browne

At dancing he's great in renown  
So at Simla that very gay station  
He danced at the rink  
With a girl dressed in pink  
And very soon gave the inclination.

Result

Darkened stains  
Very blue  
Husband came  
In a stew  
Girl pink                      Girl pink  
Brownie brown              Kissy Kiss  
Landed downstairs        Landed downstairs  
Upside down                ekil siht.

*Unsigned and undated*

\*Landscape

At night, the glory of the sunset gone  
Thy trees stand silent and alone  
But they their vigil strictly keep  
Whilst all the land is wrapped in sleep.  
On moon lit nights thy hills so blue  
Silhouetted against the skyline true  
Like mighty creatures seem to stand  
As sentinels to guard the land.  
My distant snows seem far away  
Like angels dressed in white at play  
While thy sweet vales so low and deep  
Unwrapped in perfect calm do sleep  
Away from man's inventing mind  
Away from things unjust, unkind.  
Oh if it were my lot to stay  
And through thy woods at leisure play  
I would ask nothing more of life  
I'd rest content come pain or strife.

*Unsigned and undated*

\*Picnic

The day was fine, the last fair day  
Of a happy joyous week  
As with hearts as light as the birds in May  
And souls refreshed with sleep  
We at the Trysting did assemble  
While our hearts with tumult did atremble  
For we knew that the day was drawing nigh  
When some would have to say goodbye.

A picnic was the chosen theme  
To close a week so gay  
And I for one will ever dream  
Of that joyous Saturday

When with hearts as light as the mountain air  
One and all to Juniper Lodge did repair  
For our journey down the hill  
And with laugh and talk and joke and smile  
We the long journey did beguile  
And thought not of harm or ill.

And then we reached the place at last  
Where we could merrily break our fast  
For in the thickest cover of the shade  
There was a pleasant arbour not of art  
But of trees own inclination made  
By knitting their branches part to part  
And there as in a fairy dell  
We talked and laughed and ate right well.

The Dalshai Pipe line flowed by the spot  
And proved what makes great, mind had wrought  
While further down the rippling stream  
Formed scenery fit for a poet's dream  
Higher up mid trees and grass  
We gathered flowers each with a lass  
And then a game of skill we tried  
With revolver practise the time beguiled

When suddenly as if by magic spell  
We disappeared to roam the dell  
In twos and threes we roamed afar  
And there was nought our souls to mar  
I know not of the others but this I swear  
The romp among the Bhoota fields was fun most rare  
And helping ladies down a high stone wall  
Is better than playing football

So thus with thee the time did flee  
Till we came back to make the tea  
And after tea we round once more  
Nights we could hear the torrents roar  
And there Mac and I saw a sight  
Which filled our hearts with fond delight  
Amid the rocks a water nymph roamed  
And splashed the water as she passed.  
Her figure was so trim and neat  
And oh she had tiny feet  
But when she raised her spirit with a laugh  
She showed to advantage such a lovely calf  
A Venus might have envied.

Her attendant stood not far away  
To keep prying eyes from off this maid  
But Mac and I crept from ridge to ridge  
Until we landed 'neath the bridge  
And there we saw a sight devine

'Twill live in our hearts to end of time  
We watched till she was fully dressed  
And then joined this pretty maid.

And walked home with her through woods and glade  
While on the way we had such fun  
Our hearts were sad when the walk we done  
And then we left to go to sleep  
And I thanked the Gods for the dople?week  
But ever in my mind will stay  
The sight I saw that Saturday.

*Unsigned and undated on a loose page*

### HAVELOCK

He sleeps the sleep of death, and for him  
Stern hearts are sad and manly eyes grow dim.  
What though the tardy titles that they gave to grace this warrior found him in his grave.  
The loss was ours not his.  
Our Havelock needs no vulgar blazon for his deathless deeds,  
No plaudits loud or feint praise trimly turned could make or mar the glory he had earned.  
For England's grief a statelier monument than earth can build or heraldry invent.  
The love of England is a nobler prize than sheriffs can decree or kings devise,  
Yes England loved this warrior for she felt that in his heart true English virtue dwelt  
Steadfast yet ardent prompt unwary brave to height of daring, yet not daring's slave,  
Alike in peace and war one path he trod his watchword was duty and his guide was God.  
He could not match in praise with carpet lords, of purchased epaulettes or baubled swords, these  
merit not wealth.

But when manhood's prime was past they raised this born leader to command at last and with  
Command came glory, but why recall that lives and burns within the hearts of all,  
You all remembered how he raised a star o'er the midnight of that dreadful war,  
Raised back the tide of ruin and restored the prize of Empire with his single sword,  
You all remember how through India's plains scorched by fierce guns and drenched by tropic rains,  
'Neath torrid skies or steamy swamps o'er arched dauntless yet daring this heroic handful marched.  
To count their trials none can tell of cursed Cawnpore and its hideous well,  
Of Lucknow's fate that trembled on a thread of the fierce carnage and the glorious dead,  
Of the tempest batteries that surged and swung, amid a lane of fire the avengers sprung,  
Spent but victorious and the glorious shout for Lucknow's rescue  
Scared the miscreants rout –  
He saved and having saved bound down amid the glory of that great renown  
Leaving to us the pleasure of his fame  
A Glorious memory and a stainless name.

*Copied by E.B. Owen 16.10.99* Composed by Charles Arthur Owen [Edwin's eldest brother] and a private (Edwin's father Arthur Owen) in 'Hell Fire Jacksons' Brigade during the Mutiny of 1857. [Sir Henry Havelock hero of the Lucknow siege died of dysentery a few days after the siege was lifted. In 1911 at the Delhi Durbar, Arthur Owen met King George V and Queen Mary, and participated in the Mutiny Veterans dinner there, where Arthur recited this poem *Havelock*].