

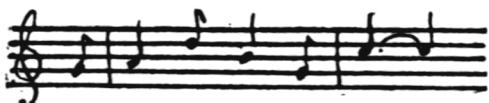
# THE FOUR MEN FEAST

*An ancient custom,  
and one well approved by time...*



**T**he Southern Hills and the South Sea  
 They blow such gladness into me,  
 That when I get to Burton Sands  
 And smell the smell of the Home Lands,  
 My heart is all renewed and fills  
 With the Southern Sea and the South Hill.

H. B. Chor.



And I will sing Gol = ier!



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*- EPIMENIDES*

# Programme

**THE FEAST.** “*It is determined that we make a feast....*”

**THE MEMENTO MORI.** “I remembered... what this time was... It was the Day of the Dead.”

**A FIRE.** "By another fire we will sing yet louder songs..."

**A SONG.** “*The Sailor suddenly began to sing...*”

## **THE TOASTS.** “*Oyez! Le Roi le veult!*”

**ANOTHER SONG.** “*This song I am proposing to sing is of a good loud roaring sort...*”

**THE DRINKING.** “*The drinking of ale, which is a kind of prayer...*”

**THE RELATING.** *"I will go on and on, and relate unendingly..."*

**THE LEAVE TAKING.** “Greatly relieved... I went, through the gathering darkness... home...”



# The Menu

**Myself.** "Well, anyhow, it is determined that we make a feast, and I say for my part that there must be in this feast bacon and eggs fried together in one pan, and making a great commonalty in one dish."

**The Sailor.** "Excellent; and the drink shall be beer."

**The Poet.** "Besides this, what we need is two large cottage loaves of new bread, and butter, and some kind of cheese."

**Myself.** "Poet, did you not tell me that you were of this County and of this land?"

**The Poet.** "I did."

**Myself.** "I think you lied. Who in Sussex ever heard of '*some kind of cheese*'? You might as well talk in Hereford of '*some kind of cider*,' or in Kent of '*some kind of foreigner*' coming over by their boats from the foreign lands. I think you must have been out of Sussex, Poet, for many years of your life, and at the wrong time."

**The Poet.** "Why, that is true."

**Myself.** "And, undoubtedly, Poet, you acquired in other counties a habit of eating that *Gorgonzola* cheese, which is made of soap in Connecticut; and *Stilton*, which is not made at Stilton; and

*Camembert*, and other outlandish things. But in Sussex, let me tell you, we have but one cheese, the name of which is *Cheese*. It is One; and undivided, though divided into a thousand fragments, and unchanging, though changing in place and consumption. There is in Sussex no Cheese but Cheese, and it is the same true Cheese from the head of the Eastern Rother to Harting Hill, and from the sea-beach to that part of Surrey which we gat from the Marches with sword and with bow. In colour it is yellow, which is the right colour of Cheese. It is neither young nor old. Its taste is that of Cheese, and nothing more. A man may live upon it all the days of his life."

**Grizzlebeard.** "Well, then, there is to be bacon and eggs and bread and cheese and beer, and after that—"

**Myself.** "After that every man shall call for his own, and the Poet shall drink cold water. But I will drink port, and if I taste in it the jolly currant wine of my county, black currants from the little bushes which I know so well, then I shall give praise to God. For I would rather drink that kind of port which is all Sussex from vine to vat, and brewed as the Sussex Men brew, than any of your concoctions of the Portuguese, which are but elderberry, liquorice, and boiled wine."

A handwritten signature in ink, appearing to read "H. B. Charlton".

# Memento Mori



He does not die that can bequeath  
Some influence to the land he knows,  
Or dares, persistent, interwreath  
Love permanent with the hedgerows;  
He does not die, but still remains  
Substantiate with his darling plains.

The spring's superb adventure calls  
His dust athwart the woods to flame;  
His boundary river's secret falls  
Perpetuate and repeat his name.

He rides his loud October sky:  
He does not die. He does not die.

The beeches know the accustomed head  
Which loved them, and a peopled air  
Beneath their benediction spread  
Comforts the silence everywhere;

For native ghosts return and these  
Perfect the mystery in the trees.

So, therefore, though myself be crosst  
The shuddering of that dreadful day  
When friend and fire and home ae lost  
And even children drawn away—

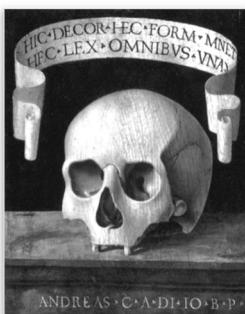
The passer-by shall hear me still,  
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill.

W.B. Yeats

*'I know very well in my mind that a day will come when the holy place shall perish and all the people of it and never more be what they were. But before that day comes, Sussex, may your earth cover me, and may some loud-voiced priest from Arundel, or Grinstead, or Crawley, or Storrington, but best of all from home, have sung Do Mi Fa Sol above my bones.'*

Ant. 7.

I N pa-ra-dí-sum: dedúcant te Ange-li: in tu-o  
 advéntu suscí-pi- ant te Mártý-res, et perdúcant  
 te in ci-vi-tá-tem sanctam Je-rú-sa-lem. Cho-rus  
 Ange-ló-rum te su- scí-pi- at, et cum Lá-za-ro  
 quondam páupe-re ætérmam hábe- as réqui- em.



*"May the Angels lead thee into Paradise:  
 On your arrival, may the Martyrs take thee up,  
 And lead thee through into the holy city  
 Jerusalem."*

*"May the choirs of Angels receive thee,  
 And, with Lazarus, who once was a pauper,  
 May thou have eternal rest."*

# The Four Men Toasts



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Wherever the Catholic sun doth shine,  
There's always laughter and good red wine.  
At least, I've always found it so.

*Benedicamus Domino!*



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**I**t is customary, when Christian men gather together and drink, to propose **toasts**: to one another; to fellowship; to occasions; and, often, to absent friends. At this Feast, therefore, ***we raise our glasses and honor...***

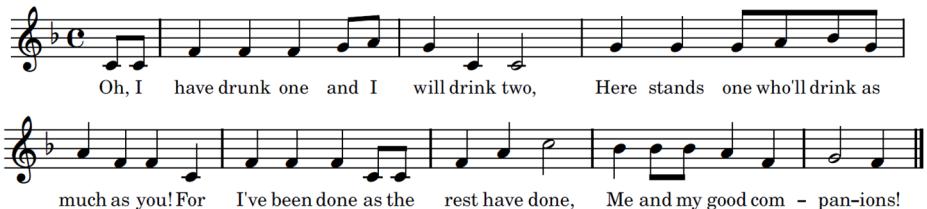
**... THE MEN OF THE HOUR, CHESTERTON AND BELLOC!**

**... THE MEN GONE BEFORE US, SAINTS AND SUFFERING!**

**... THE MEN PRESENT AND THE FEAST THAT GATHERS US!**

**... THE MEN WHO, ALAS, PROVE THEMSELVES UNWORTHY  
TO BE CALLED MEN, BY REFUSING GRACE, OR BEER, OR  
GOOD MEAT: THAT THEY MAY BE CONVERTED AND FEAST  
WITH US IN THE END!**

# A Sussex Toast



Oh, I have drunk one and I will drink two,  
Here stands one who'll drink as  
much as you! For I've been done as the rest have done,  
Me and my good com - pan-ions!

Oh, I have drunk two and I will drink three:  
There sits one who'll drink as much as me...

Oh, I have drunk three and I will drink four:  
There stands one who'll drink a lil' bit more...

Oh, I have drunk four and I will drink five:  
There's one who'll drink with anyone alive...

Oh, I have drunk five and I will drink six:  
There sits one who's in a right old fix...

Oh, I have drunk six and I will drink seven:  
There sits one who thinks he's goin' to heaven...

Oh, I have drunk seven and I will drink eight:  
There sits one who'll drink from early to late...

Oh, I have drunk eight and I will drink nine:  
The landlord says we're drinking overtime...

Now, I have drunk nine and I will drink ten:  
So I think it's my turn to have a drink again!



# How About Hair?

Wordsworth, or some such fellow

In 'The Tenore Stridente,' called by the English 'a Hearty Stave'

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are integrated into the music, with each staff containing a line of text corresponding to the notes. The score includes measure numbers 1 through 18, section markers '1.' and '2.', and a dynamic marking 'Oh,'.

1. The dog is a faith - ful in - tell - i - gent - friend But his  
hide is cov - ered with hair; The cat will in - hab - it the  
house to the end, But her hide is cov - ered with hair. The I  
hide of the mam - moth was cov - ered with the wool, The  
thank my God for this at\_\_\_\_\_ the least, I was  
hide born in the por - poise is sleek and cool, But you'll He  
find, if you look at that gam - bol - ling fool, That his hide is cov-ered with  
made me aa hu - man in

18. hair. (Oh,) stead of a beast, Whose hide is cov-ered with hair!

## II.

The cow in the pasture that chews the cud,  
Her hide is covered with hair.  
And even a horse of the Barbary blood,  
His hide is covered with hair.

The camel excels in a number of ways,  
And travelers give him unlimited praise –  
He can go without drinking for several days –  
But his hide is covered with hair.

(Chorus)

Oh. I thank my God... etc.

## III.

The bear of the forest that lives in a pit,  
His hide is covered with hair;  
The laughing hyena in spite of his wit,  
His hide is covered with hair!

The Barbary ape and the chimpanzee,  
And the lion of Africa, verily he,  
With his head like a wig,  
and the tuft on his knee,  
His hide is covered with hair.

(Chorus)

*H. B. C. L. O. R.*

*The curing of Hog Flesh till it become bacon is a sure  
evidence of the creed.... [In the beginning, when  
grandfather and grandmother were turned out of Eden, and  
were compelled by some Order in Council or other to leave  
this County (but we are now returned), they were very  
kindly presented by the authorities with the following:*

## Order in Council

These two shall have:

- \* One tool-box.
- \* A cock and six hens.
- \* Some paint and brushes and  
a tube of sepia.
- \* Six pencils, running from BB. to 4H.
- \* Tobacco in a tin.
- \* A Greek Grammar and Lexicon.

- \* Half-hours with the best writers of  
English verse and prose, excluding  
thing-um-boh.
- \* A little printing-press.
- \* A Bible.
- \* The Elements of Jurisprudence.
- \* A compact travelling medicine chest.
- \* A collection of seeds, with
- \* A pamphlet that should  
accompany these, and
- \* Two Pigs.



# Song of the Pelagian Heresy

For the Strengthening of Men's Backs and the very Robust Outthrusting  
of Doubtful Doctrine and the Uncertain Intellectual.

Tenor    1. Pel - a - gius lived in Kar - da - no - el And taught a doct - rine

T.    there — How wheth - er you went to Heav - en or Hell, It

T.    was your own af - fair. — How, wheth - er you found e - tern - al joy Or

T.    sank for - ev - er to burn, — It had no - thing to do with the

T.    Church, my boy, But was your own con - cern. — Oh, he

T.    did -n't be -lieve In A - dam and Eve, He put no faith there - in! — His

T.    doubts be - gan With the fall of man, And he laugh'd at o - ri - gin-al

T.    sin! — With my row - ti - tow, ti - ood-d'l - ly ow, He laugh'd at o - ri - gin-al sin! —

## II.

Whereat the Bishop of old Auxerre  
(Germanus was his name),  
He tore great handfuls out of his hair,  
And he called Pelagius Shame :  
And then with his stout Episcopal staff  
So thoroughly thwacked and banged  
The heretics all, both short and tall,  
They rather had been hanged.

Oh, he thwacked them hard,  
And he banged them long,  
Upon each and all occasions,  
Till they bellowed in chorus,  
Loud and strong,  
Their orthodox persuasions!

(Chorus)

With my row-ti-tow, ti-oodly-ow,  
Their orthodox persua-a-a-sions!

## III.

Now the Faith is old and the Devil is bold,  
Exceedingly bold indeed;  
And the masses of doubt that are floating about  
Would smother a mortal creed.  
But we that sit in a sturdy youth,  
And still can drink strong ale,  
Oh – let us put it away to infallible truth,  
Which always shall prevail!

And thank the Lord  
For the temporal sword,  
And howling heretics too ;  
And whatever good things  
Our Christendom brings,  
But especially barley brew!

(Chorus)

With my row-ti-tow, ti-oodly-ow,  
Especially barley brew!

H. B. C. H.

## THE SEVEN QUALITIES OF ALE

א ALEPH = CLARITY,

ב BETH = SAVOUR,

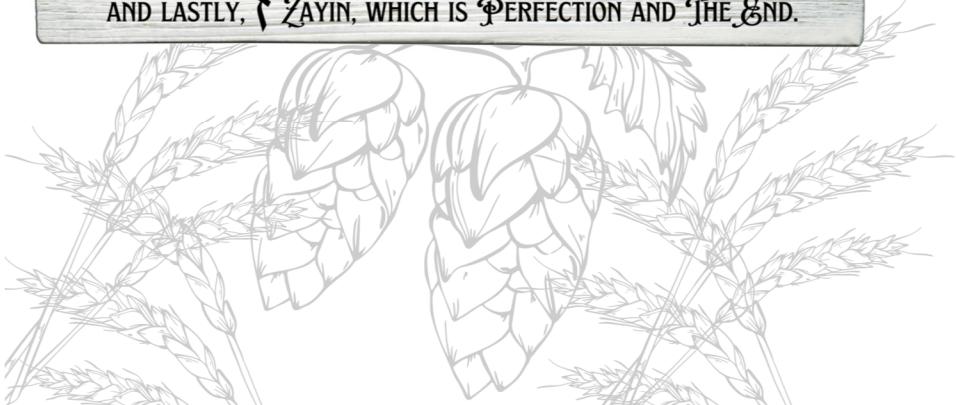
ג GIMEL = A LIVELY HUE,

ד DALETH = LIGHTNESS,

ה HE = PROFUNDITY,

ו VAU = STRENGTH RETAINED,

AND LASTLY, ז ZAYIN, WHICH IS PERFECTION AND THE END.



# Noel

Judge when you have heard. It is a card.

A musical score for 'Noel' in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is in soprano voice, accompanied by a piano. The lyrics are: "No - el! No - el! No - el! No - el! A Cath' - lic tale have I to tell! And a". The piano part consists of a steady eighth-note bass line and harmonic chords.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of quarter notes and eighth notes, primarily on the G, B, and D strings. The lyrics are written below the staff: "Chris - tian song have I to sing While all the bells in A - run - del ring." The vocal range is relatively low, mostly between the first and third frets.

A musical score for a single melodic line. The key signature is one sharp, indicating G major. The time signature is common time (indicated by a 'C'). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lyrics are: "I pray good beef and I pray good beer This ho - ly night of May all good fel - lows that here a - gree Drink Au - dit Ale in". The music starts with a half note, followed by a quarter note, then a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns.

13

all the year, But I pray de - test - a - ble  
heav'n with me, And may all my e - ne - mies

Musical score for 'Bethlehem' showing measures 15-18. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'drink for them That give no ho-nor to Beth - le - hem.' The piano accompaniment features eighth-note chords. Measure 18 begins with a forte dynamic.

A musical score for piano, page 19, featuring ten measures of music. The key signature is one sharp (F# major). The melody consists of eighth and sixteenth-note patterns primarily in the right hand, while the left hand provides harmonic support with sustained notes and chords.

el! No-el! May all my e - ne-mies go to hell! No - el! No - el! \_\_\_\_\_

H Ballow

# A Song Native to Sussex

1. On Sus- sex hills where I was bred, When lanes in au- tumn rains are red, When  
 2. When branch is bare in Bur-ton Glen And Bu- ry Hill is whi- tning, then, I

1.

A- run tum- bles in his bed, And bu- sy great gusts go by;  
 drink strong ale with

2.

gen- tle- men; Which no- bo- dy can de- ny, de- ny, De- ny, de- ny, de- ny, de- ny,

Which no- bo- dy can de- ny!

## II

In half-November off I go,  
 To push my face against the snow,  
 And watch the winds wherever they blow,  
 Because my heart is high:  
 Till I settle me down in Steyning to sing  
 Of the women I met in my wandering,  
 And of all that I mean to do in the spring.  
 Which nobody can deny, deny,  
 Deny, deny, deny, deny,  
 Which nobody can deny!

## III

The times be rude and weather be rough,  
 And ways be foul and fortune tough,  
 We are of the stout South Country stuff,  
 That never can have good ale enough,\*

And do this chorus cry!  
 From Crowboro' Top to Ditchling Down,  
 From Hurtspierpoint to Arundel town,  
 The girls are plump and the ale is brown:  
 Which nobody can deny, deny,  
 Deny, deny, deny, deny,  
 Which nobody can deny!

\*Variance: repeat two measures.



## ON THE GIFT OF A BOOK TO A CHILD

Child! do not throw  
this book about!

Refrain from the  
unholy pleasure  
Of cutting all the  
pictures out!

Preserve it as your  
chiefest treasure.

Child, have you never heard it said  
That you are heir to all the ages?  
Why, then, your hands were never made  
To tear these beautiful thick pages!

Your little hands were made to take  
The better things and leave the worse  
ones:  
They also may be used to shake  
The Massive Paws of Elder Persons.

And when your prayers complete the day,  
Darling, your little tiny hands  
Were also made, I think, to pray  
For men that lose their fairylands.

HBDillor