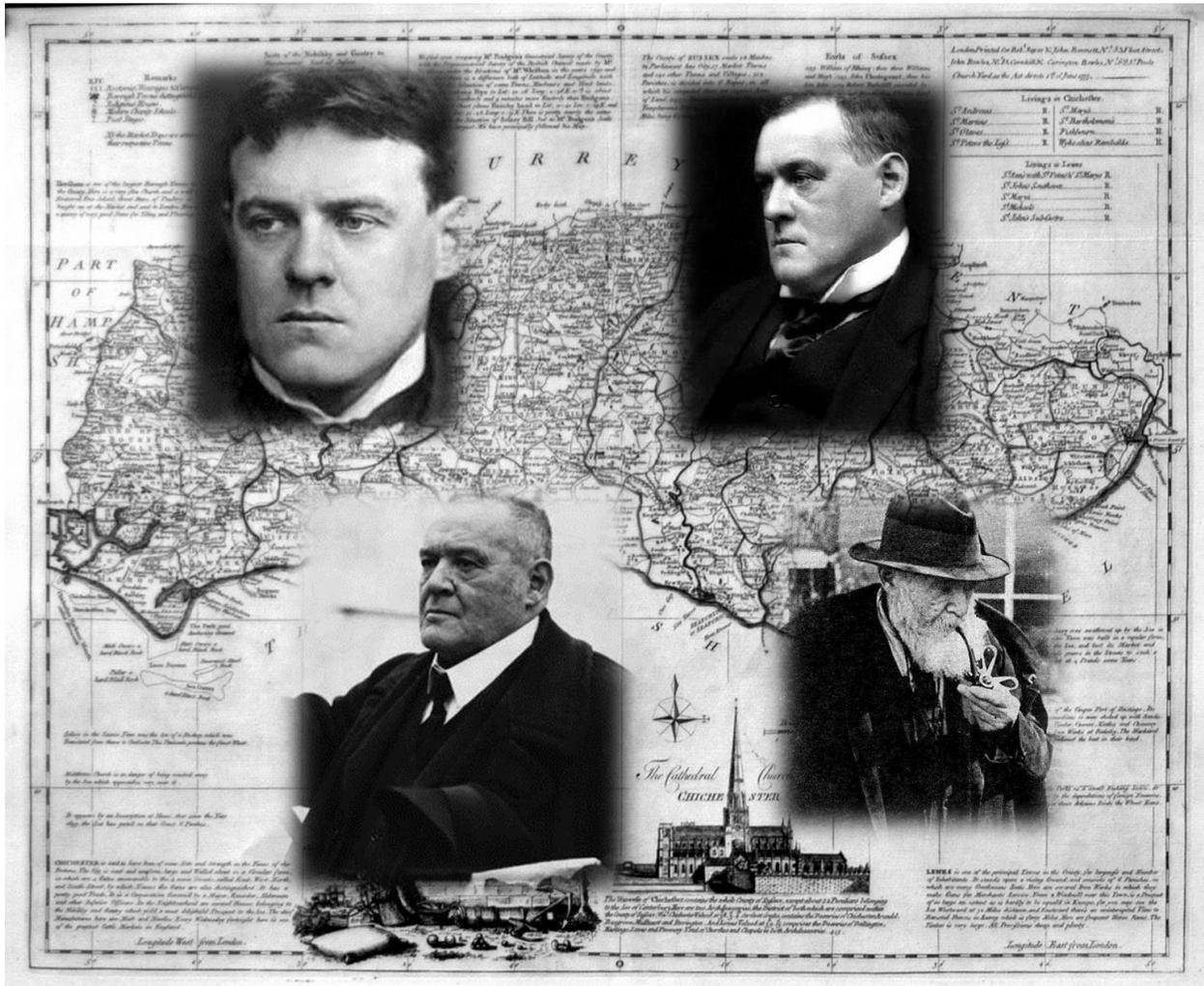


THE ANNUAL GREATER PHILADELPHIA

# Four Men Feast

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



**OVERBROOK FARMS, PENNA.**

✠  
J. M. J.

*"He does not die," (I wrote) "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 are lost  
And even children drawn away—  
The passer-by shall hear me still,  
A boy that sings on Duncton Hill."*

*W. B. Miller.*



# THE FOUR MEN - AND FEASTING!

By: Sean P. Dailey

By the time you read this it may already be November, but it is still not too late. “Not too late for what?” Glad you asked.

In 1911 Hilaire Belloc wrote a novel, *The Four Men*, which was loosely based on a walk he took across Sussex in 1902. The book is about four men traversing Sussex. None of the four has an actual name, but are called Grizzlebeard, the Poet, and the Sailor; and the story is narrated by Myself. Each of these characters is generally seen as an aspect of Belloc’s own personality. In other words, all are him.

Humorous, thought-provoking, evoking friendship, tradition, good beer and song, and recovering, “while they yet could be recovered, the principal joys of the soul,” *The Four Men* is one of Belloc’s most delightful literary works, right up there with *The Path to Rome* and *The Battleground*.

On the last night of their journey, November 1, the men, knowing they were to part company the next day, determined to hold a feast, “An ancient custom, and one well approved by time.”

So, late October or early November is when fans of Belloc and this book hold our own feasts, dubbed **Four Men Feasts**. The feast is simple: it’s men only (sorry ladies, but it is The Four MEN), and as for food, we eat and drink what they ate and drank in the book: “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.”

Also served are bread, butter, and cheese. But not just any cheese. “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.”

Oh, “And the drink shall be beer.”

Bellies full, we recite Belloc’s poetry, sing his songs, and read from his books—especially *The Four Men*, of course. Afterward, we repair to the outside for port and tobacco.

A Four Men Feast requires very little effort, and yet the rewards are immeasurable. I urge you all, if you would recover the principal joys of your souls, to bang your hand on the table, and declare out loud, “I will go from this place to my home!” and have a Four Men Feast.

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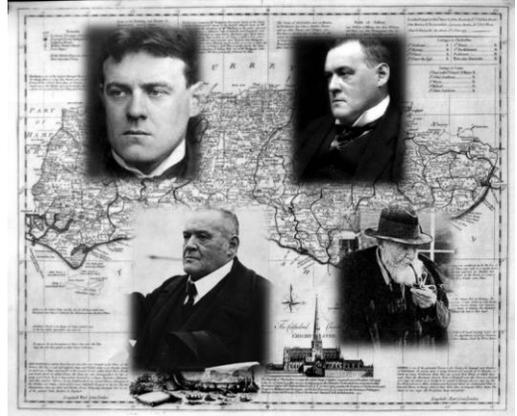
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# Some Vintage Belloc

## *Preface to The Four Men*

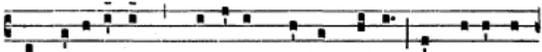
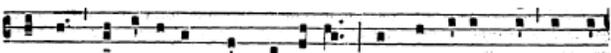
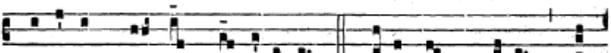
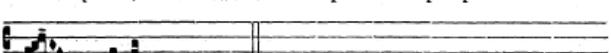
My County, it has been proved in the life of every man that though his loves are human, and therefore changeable, yet in proportion as he attaches them to things unchangeable, so they mature and broaden.

On this account, Dear Sussex, are those women chiefly dear to men who, as the seasons pass, do but continue to be more and more themselves, attain balance, and abandon or forget vicissitude. And on this account, Sussex, does a man love an old house, which was his father's, and on this account does a man come to love with all his heart, that part of earth which nourished his boyhood. For it does not change, or if it changes, it changes very little, and he finds in it the character of enduring things.



In this love he remains content until, perhaps, some sort of warning reaches him, that even his own County is approaching its doom. Then, believe me, Sussex, he is anxious in a very different way; he would, if he could, preserve his land in the flesh, and keep it there as it is, forever. But since he knows he cannot do that, "At least," he says, "I will keep her image, and that shall remain."

And as a man will paint with a peculiar passion a face which he is only permitted to see for a little time, so will one passionately set down one's own horizon and one's fields before they are forgotten and have become a different thing. Therefore it is that I have put down in writing what happened to me now so

7.   
I N paradí-sum : dedúcant te Ange-li : in tú-o ad-  
  
véntu suscí-pi- ant te Márty-res, et perdúcant te in ci-  
  
vi-tá-tem sánctam Je-rúsa-lem. Chórus Ange-lórum te  
  
su- scí-pi- at, et cum Lázaro quondam páupe-re aetér-  
  
nam hábe-as réqui-em.

many years ago, when I met first one man and then another, and we four bound ourselves together and walked through all your land, Sussex, from end to end. For many years I have meant to write it down and have not; nor would I write it down now, or issue this book at all, Sussex, did I not know that you, who must like all created things decay, might with the rest of us be very near your ending. For 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.



# Some (More) Vintage Belloc

## *Why to Study History (excerpted from **The Old Road**)*

To study something of great age until one grows familiar with it and almost to live in its time, is not merely to satisfy a curiosity or to establish aimless truths: it is rather to fulfill a function whose appetite has always rendered History a necessity. By the recovery of the Past, stuff and being are added to us; our lives which, lived in the present only, are a film or surface, take on body—are lifted into one dimension more. The soul is fed. Reverence and knowledge and security and the love of a good land—all these are increased or given by the pursuit of this kind of learning. Visions or intimations are confirmed. It is excellent to see perpetual agony and failure perpetually breeding the only enduring things; it is excellent to see the crimes we know ground under the slow wheels whose ponderous advance we can hardly note during the flash of one human life. One may say that historical learning grants men glimpses of life completed and a whole; and such a vision should be the chief solace of whatever is mortal and cut off imperfectly from fulfillment.



Now of all that study the chief charm lies in mere antiquity. No one truly loves history who is not more exalted according to the greater age of the new things he finds. Though things are less observable as they are farther away, yet their appeal is directly increased by such a distance in a manner which all know though none can define it. It is not illusion; perhaps an ultimate reality stands out when the details are obscured. At any rate it is the appeal which increases as we pass further from the memories of childhood, or from the backward vision of those groups of mountain which seem to rise higher and more awfully into the air as we abandon them across the plains. Antiquity of that degree conveys—I cannot pretend to say how—echoes which are exactly attuned to whatever is least perishable in us. After the present and manifold voice of Religion to which these echoes lead, and with which in a sense they merge, I know of nothing more nobly answering the perpetual questioning of a man. Nor of all the vulgar follies about us is any more despicable than that which regards the future with complacency, and finds nothing but imperfection in that innocent, creative, and wondering past which the antiquaries and geologists have revealed to us.

# The Four Men Toasts

*“When I am dead,  
I hope it may be said:  
His sins were scarlet,  
but his books were read.”  
~ H. Belloc*



*Belloc's four men were, in many ways, he himself. They are, in many ways, we ourselves. But the ability of an author to create a character with whom a reader can identify is a small and paltry “trick” compared to God's design whereby we really do find identity through, with, and in Christ, as members of His body: we are, truly, though many, one. This is the ‘Communion of Saints,’ and this is what Belloc honors in his book and what we honor at this Feast.*

*Therefore, we take a moment to raise a glass to our brothers united with us here, either physically or mystically, and also to our brothers with whom we can only hope to be finally united in the last reckoning. A toast, therefore...*

***... To the Men of the Hour, Chesterton and Belloc!***

***... To the Men gone before us, those Saints and Suffering!***

***... To the Men here gathered, and to the Feast that gathers us!***

***... To the Men who prove themselves unworthy of that name, by refusing to Grace, beer, and good meat, that they may be converted and feast with us in the end!***

# Music and The Four Men

By Joseph GRABOWSKI

Belloc's lovely novel, while full of light-hearted fun and richly humorous and joyful, does at times sound a knell of memento mori fitting to the time of year in which the novel is set. Indeed, the "Feast" itself takes place on the Solemnity of All Saints and upon the Vigil of the Feast of All Souls.

Around the time of Halloween and the beginning of November, it is fitting to remember those who have gone before us in the final journey, the final trip to rediscover our true homeland. In fact, the entire month of November is dedicated to the remembrance of the dead, the poor souls of the Church Suffering in Purgatory.

One might even argue that this theme of passing and death is the very central motif and reflection of the book, as tellingly indicated by Belloc's foreword:

*As a man will paint with a peculiar passion a face which he is only permitted to see for a little time, so will one passionately set down one's own horizon and one's fields before they are forgotten and have become a different thing. Therefore it is that I have put down in writing what happened to me now so many years ago, when I met first one man and then another, and we four bound ourselves together and walked through all your land, Sussex, from end to end. For many years I have meant to write it down and have not; nor would I write it down now, or issue this book at all, Sussex, did I not know that you, who must like all created things decay, might with the rest of us be very near your ending. For 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.*

As you will find in the following pages, Belloc knew a thing or two about music. He knew, for example, that during the Medieval period a practice arose for the teaching of Gregorian chant which became known as *solmisatio*.

*Solmisatio* consisted of the use of syllables representing notes on the tonal scale - which eventually became the **Do Re Mi Fa Sol La Ti Do** that everyone knows so well (especially from *The Sound of Music*). In fact, *solmisatio's* first two syllables are the "Sol" and "Mi" of this syllabic scale.

But Belloc here had one particular Gregorian chant in mind: the *In Paradisum*, traditionally sung at Requiems and on the Feast of All Souls, to memorialize the dead. It is given here below, and translated.

So at your Four Men Feast, make sure you raise a glass - and your voice - in this special prayer for angelic and saintly assistance to the dead and dying in their final journey to the home of which Belloc's home Sussex - and your home and my home too - are but faint images, and where the Feast continues without end.

7.  The image shows a musical score for a Gregorian chant. It consists of five staves of music with square neumes on a four-line staff. The lyrics are written below the staves. The first staff begins with a large initial 'I' and the number '7.' to its left. The lyrics are: 'N paradí-sum : dedúcant te Ange-li : in tú-o ad- véntu suscí-pi- ant te Mártý-res, et perdúcant te in ci- vi-tá-tem sánctam Je-rúsa-lem. Chórus Ange-lórum te su- scí-pi- at, et cum Lázaro quondam páupe-re aetér- nam hábe-as réqui-em.'

**M**ay the **A**NGELS lead thee INTO **P**ARADISE:  
**O**N YOUR ARRIVAL, may the **M**ARTYRS take thee up,  
**A**ND lead thee THROUGH INTO the the holy city JERUSALEM.  
**M**ay the choirs of **A**NGELS receive thee,  
**A**ND, with LAZARUS, who ONCE was a pauper,  
**M**ay thou have ETERNAL REST.

# Song of the Pelagian Heresy

for the Strengthening of Men's Backs and the Very Robust Out-thrusting of Doubtful Doctrine and the Uncertain Intellectual

Tenor



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

T.



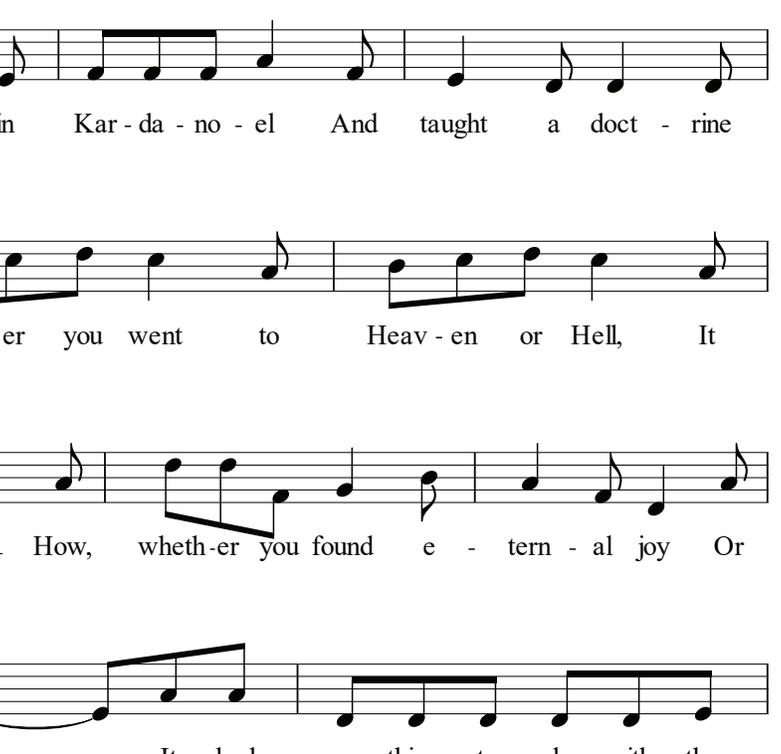
8 there \_\_\_\_\_ How wheth - er you went to Heav - en or Hell, It

T.



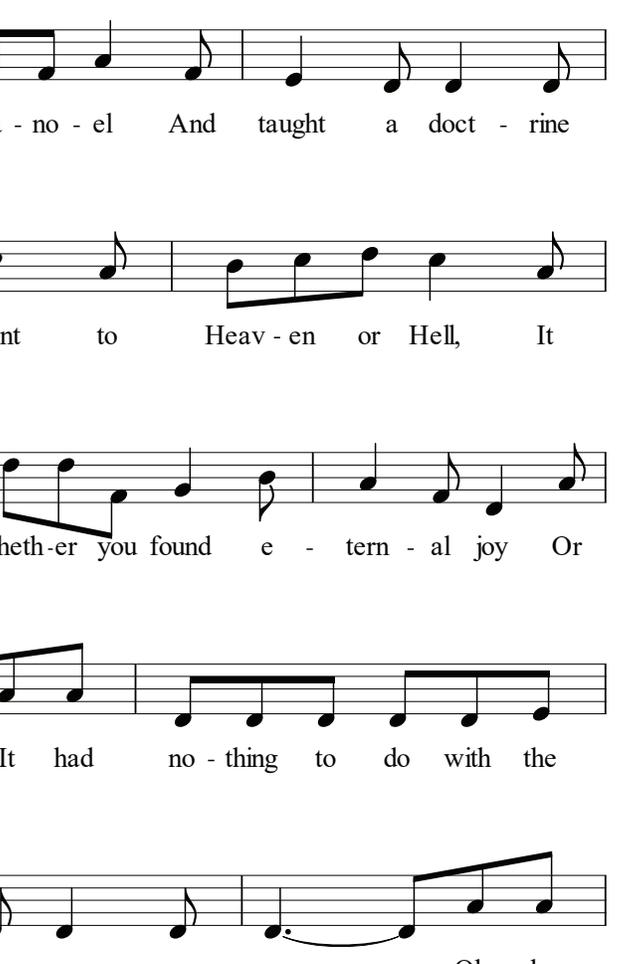
8 was your own af - fair. \_\_\_\_\_ How, wheth - er you found e - tern - al joy Or

T.



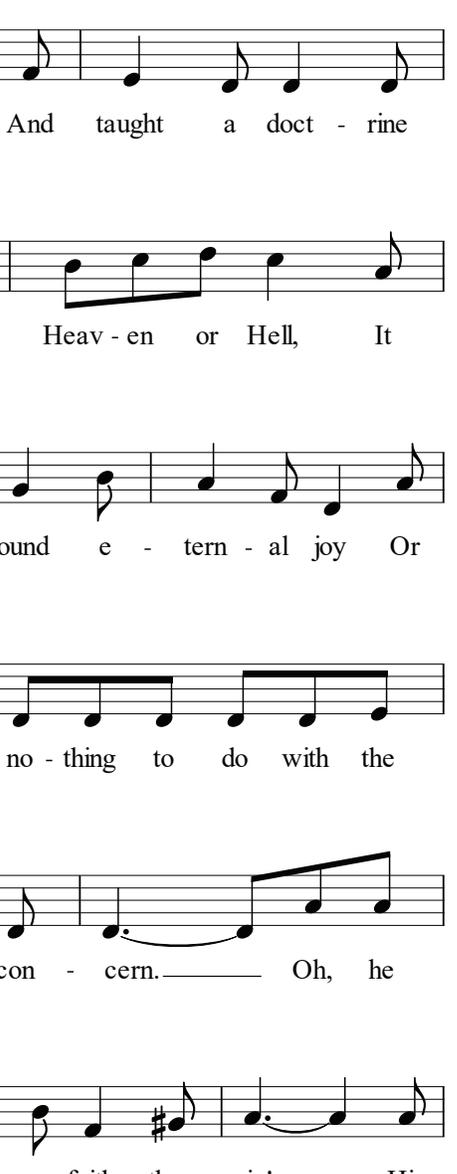
8 sank for - ev - er to burn, \_\_\_\_\_ It had no - thing to do with the

T.



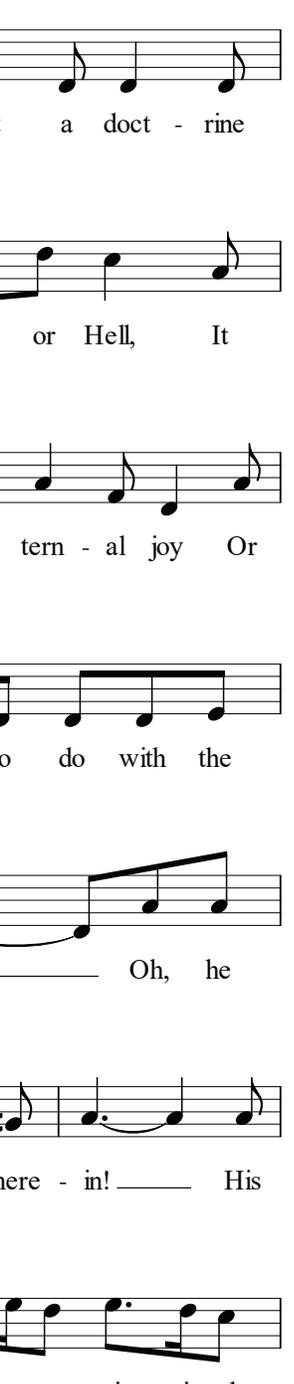
8 Church, my boy, But was your own con - cern. \_\_\_\_\_ Oh, he

T.



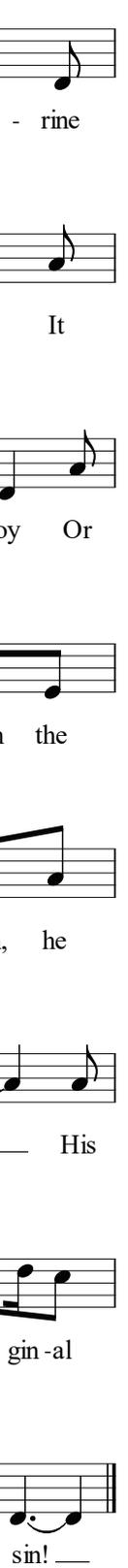
8 did - nt't be - lieve In A - dam and Eve, He put no faith there - in! \_\_\_\_\_ His

T.



8 doubts be - gan With the fall of man, And he laugh'd at o - ri - gin - al

T.



8 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!

The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major (one sharp) and 8/8 time. The first staff is the main melody, starting at measure 8. The second staff is a tenor part (T.) starting at measure 7. The third staff is another tenor part (T.) starting at measure 14. The fourth staff is a tenor part (T.) starting at measure 21. The fifth staff is a tenor part (T.) starting at measure 27. The music is written in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 8/8.

# How About Hair?

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

Wordsworth, or Some Such Fellow

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 wool, The  
thank my God for this at the least, I was  
hide of the por - poise is sleek and cool, But you'll  
born in the West and not in the East, and He  
1. find, if you look at that gam - bol - ling fool, That his hide is cov - ered with  
made me aa hu - man in  
2. 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)



# Sussex Drinking Song



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- t'ning, then, I



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



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.

# Noel

## A Christmas Song

Hilaire Belloc



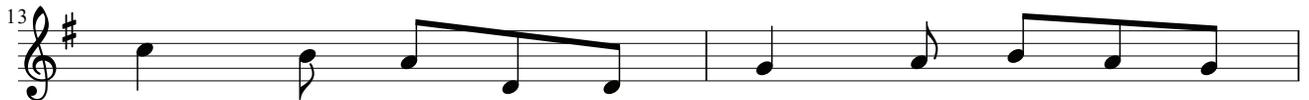
No - el! No-el! No - el! No-el! A Cath' - lic tale have I to tell! And a



Chris - tian song have I to sing While all the bells in A - run - del ring.



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



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



drink for them That give no ho - nor to Beth - le - hem.  
go to hell! No - el! No-el! No -



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

**BELLOC & CHESTERTON: by G. BERNARD SHAW.**

# THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART  
Edited by A. R. Orage.

No. 701 [NEW SERIES. Vol. II. No. 16] SATURDAY, FEB. 15, 1908. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper] ONE PENNY

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*“And now, what has the Chesterbelloc (or either of its two pairs of legs) to say in its defense? But it is from the hind legs that I particularly want to hear; because South Salford will very soon cure Hilaire Forelegs of his fancy for the ideals of the Catholic peasant proprietor. He is up against his problems in Parliament: it is in Battersea that a great force is in danger of being wasted.” – G.B. Shaw*



*“When I first met Belloc he remarked to the friend who introduced us that he was in low spirits. His low spirits were and are much more uproarious and enlivening than anybody else's high spirits.” – G.K. Chesterton*

*“All men one may say, or very nearly all men, have one leading moral defect. Few have one leading Christian virtue. That of Gilbert Chesterton was unmistakably the virtue of Christian charity.” – Hilaire Belloc*

# Lepanto

G.K.Chesterton, 1915

White founts falling in the Courts of the sun,  
And the Soldan of Byzantium is smiling as they run;  
There is laughter like the fountains in that face of all men feared,  
It stirs the forest darkness, the darkness of his beard;  
It curls the blood-red crescent, the crescent of his lips;  
For the inmost sea of all the earth is shaken with his ships.  
They have dared the white republics up the capes of Italy,  
They have dashed the Adriatic round the Lion of the Sea,  
And the Pope has cast his arms abroad for agony and loss,  
And called the kings of Christendom for  
swords about the Cross.  
The cold queen of England is looking in  
the glass;  
The shadow of the Valois is yawning at  
the Mass;  
From evening isles fantastical rings faint  
the Spanish gun,  
And the Lord upon the Golden Horn  
is laughing in the sun.



Dim drums throbbing, in the hills half heard,  
Where only on a nameless throne a crownless prince has stirred,  
Where, risen from a doubtful seat and half attainted stall,  
The last knight of Europe takes weapons from the wall,  
The last and lingering troubadour to whom the bird has sung,  
That once went singing southward when all the world was young.  
In that enormous silence, tiny and unafraid,  
Comes up along a winding road the noise of the Crusade.  
Strong gongs groaning as the guns boom far,  
Don John of Austria is going to the war,  
Stiff flags straining in the night-blasts cold  
In the gloom black-purple, in the glint old-gold,  
Torchlight crimson on the copper kettle-drums,  
Then the tuckets, then the trumpets, then the cannon, and he comes.  
Don John laughing in the brave beard curled,  
Spurning of his stirrups like the thrones of all the world,  
Holding his head up for a flag of all the free.  
Love-light of Spain—hurrah!  
Death-light of Africa!  
Don John of Austria  
Is riding to the sea.

Mahound is in his paradise above the evening star,  
(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)  
He moves a mighty turban on the timeless houri's knees,  
His turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas.  
He shakes the peacock gardens as he rises from his ease,  
And he strides among the tree-tops and is taller than the trees;  
And his voice through all the garden is a thunder sent to bring  
Black Azrael and Ariel and Ammon on the wing.  
Giants and the Genii,  
Multiplex of wing and eye,  
Whose strong obedience broke the sky  
When Solomon was king.



(Cont. from left column)  
They rush in red and purple from the red clouds of the morn,  
From the temples where the yellow gods shut up their eyes in scorn;  
They rise in green robes roaring from the green hells of the sea  
Where fallen skies and evil hues and eyeless creatures be,  
On them the sea-valves cluster and the grey sea-forests curl,  
Splashed with a splendid sickness, the sickness of the pearl;  
They swell in sapphire smoke out of the blue cracks of the ground,—  
They gather and they wonder and give worship to Mahound.

And he saith, “Break up the mountains where the hermit-folk can hide,  
And sift the red and silver sands lest bone of saint abide,  
And chase the Giaours flying night and day, not giving rest,  
For that which was our trouble comes again out of the west.  
We have set the seal of Solomon on all things under sun,  
Of knowledge and of sorrow and endurance of things done.



But a noise is in the mountains, in the mountains, and I know  
The voice that shook our palaces—four hundred years ago:  
It is he that saith not ‘Kismet’; it is he that knows not Fate;  
It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey at the gate!  
It is he whose loss is laughter when he counts the wager worth,  
Put down your feet upon him, that our peace be on the earth.”  
For he heard drums groaning and he heard guns jar,  
(Don John of Austria is going to the war.)  
Sudden and still—hurrah!  
Bolt from Iberia!  
Don John of Austria  
Is gone by Alcalar.



St. Michael's on his Mountain in the sea-roads of the north  
(Don John of Austria is girt and going forth.)  
Where the grey seas glitter and the sharp tides shift  
And the sea-folk labour and the red sails lift.  
He shakes his lance of iron and he claps his wings of stone;  
The noise is gone through Normandy; the noise is gone alone;  
The North is full of tangled things and texts and aching eyes,  
And dead is all the innocence of anger and surprise,  
And Christian killeth Christian in a narrow dusty room,  
And Christian dreadeth Christ that hath a newer face of doom,  
And Christian hateth Mary that God kissed in Galilee,—  
But Don John of Austria is riding to the sea.  
Don John calling through the blast and the eclipse  
Crying with the trumpet, with the trumpet of his lips,  
Trumpet that sayeth ha!  
*Domino gloria!*  
Don John of Austria  
Is shouting to the ships.

King Philip's in his closet with the Fleece about his neck  
 (Don John of Austria is armed upon the deck.)  
 The walls are hung with velvet that is black and soft as sin,  
 And little dwarfs creep out of it and little dwarfs creep in.  
 He holds a crystal phial that has colours like the moon,  
 He touches, and it tingles, and he trembles very soon,  
 And his face is as a fungus of a leprous white and grey  
 Like plants in the high houses that are shuttered from the day,  
 And death is in the phial and the end of noble work,  
 But Don John of Austria has fired upon the Turk.  
 Don John's hunting, and his hounds have bayed—  
 Booms away past Italy the rumour of his raid.  
 Gun upon gun, ha! ha!  
 Gun upon gun, hurrah!  
 Don John of Austria  
 Has loosed the cannonade.



The Pope was in his chapel before day or battle broke,  
 (Don John of Austria is hidden in the smoke.)  
 The hidden room in man's house where God sits all the year,  
 The secret window whence the world looks small and very dear.  
 He sees as in a mirror on the monstrous twilight sea  
 The crescent of his cruel ships whose name is mystery;  
 They fling great shadows foe-wards, making Cross and Castle dark,  
 They veil the plumèd lions on the galleys of St. Mark;  
 And above the ships are palaces of brown, black-bearded chiefs,  
 And below the ships are prisons, where with multitudinous griefs,  
 Christian captives sick and sunless, all a labouring race repines  
 Like a race in sunken cities, like a nation in the mines.  
 They are lost like slaves that sweat, and in the skies of morning hung  
 The stair-ways of the tallest gods when tyranny was young.  
 They are countless, voiceless, hopeless as those fallen or fleeing on  
 Before the high Kings' horses in the granite of Babylon.  
 And many a one grows witless in his quiet room in hell  
 Where a yellow face looks inward through the lattice of his cell,  
 And he finds his God forgotten, and he seeks no more a sign--  
 (But Don John of Austria has burst the battle-line!)  
 Don John pounding from the slaughter-painted poop,  
 Purpling all the ocean like a bloody pirate's sloop,  
 Scarlet running over on the silvers and the golds,  
 Breaking of the hatches up and bursting of the holds,  
 Thronging of the thousands up that labour under sea  
 White for bliss and blind for sun and stunned for liberty.  
*Vivat Hispania!*  
*Domino Gloria!*  
 Don John of Austria  
 Has set his people free!



Cervantes on his galley sets the sword back in the sheath  
 (Don John of Austria rides homeward with a wreath.)  
 And he sees across a weary land a straggling road in Spain,  
 Up which a lean and foolish knight for ever rides in vain,  
 And he smiles, but not as Sultans smile, and settles back the blade...  
 (But Don John of Austria rides home from the Crusade.)

**Santa Maria,  
 Regina Sanctissimi Rosarii,  
 ora pro nobis.**

✠ *A.M.D.G.*

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