

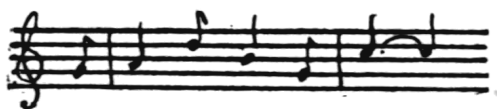


THE FOUR MEN FEAST *of* GREATER PHILADELPHIA



The 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.

HP Belloc



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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 veut!*"

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."

H. Baller

Memento Mori



He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interweath
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.

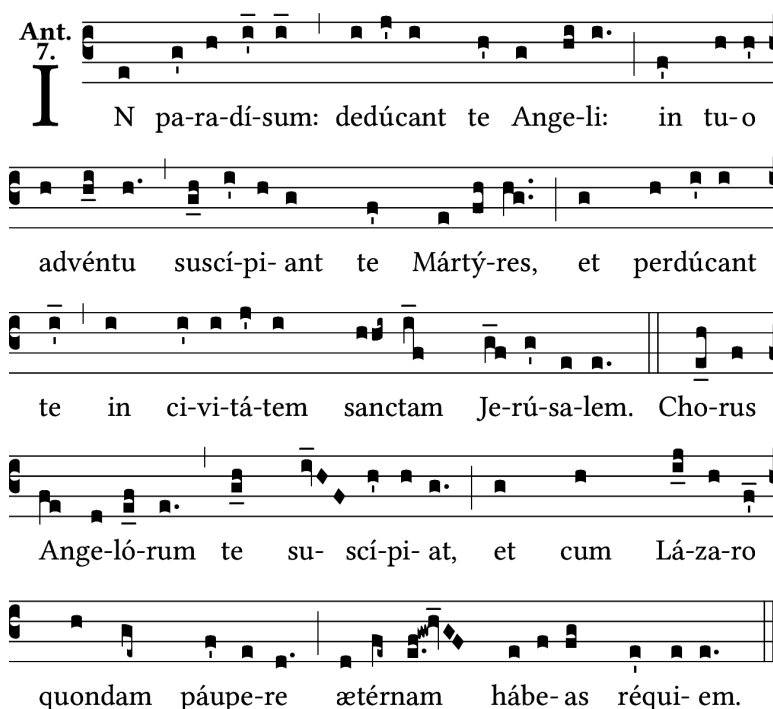
The beeches know the accustomed head
Which loved them, and a peopled air
Beneath their benediction spread
Comforts the silence everywhere;
 For native ghosts return and these
 Perfect the mystery in the trees.

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.

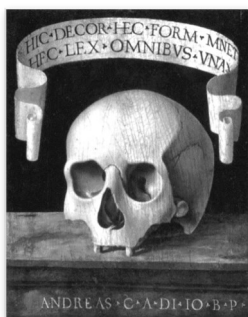
HP Salter

*"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 páu-pe-re æté-rnam há-be- as ré-qui- 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



Wherever the Catholic sun doth shine,
There's always laughter and good red wine.

At least, I've always found it so.

Benedicamus Domino!

H.B. Belloc

It 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...***

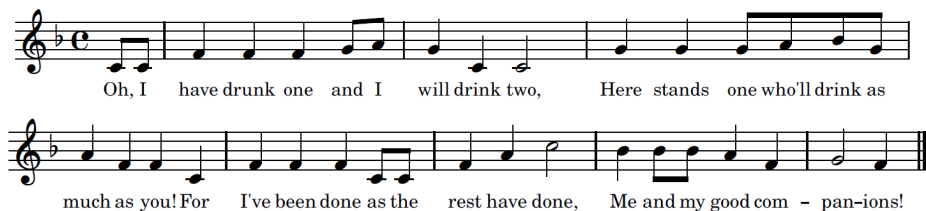
... THE MEN OF THE HOUR, CHESTERTON AND BELLOC!

... 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 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 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.
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)

HBellor



The curing of Hog Flesh till it become bacon is a sure evidence of the creed.... [I]n 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-bob.
- * 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 - nt'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!

HBelloz

THE SEVEN QUALITIES OF ALE

𐤀 ALEPH = CLARITY,

𐤅 DALETH = LIGHTNESS,

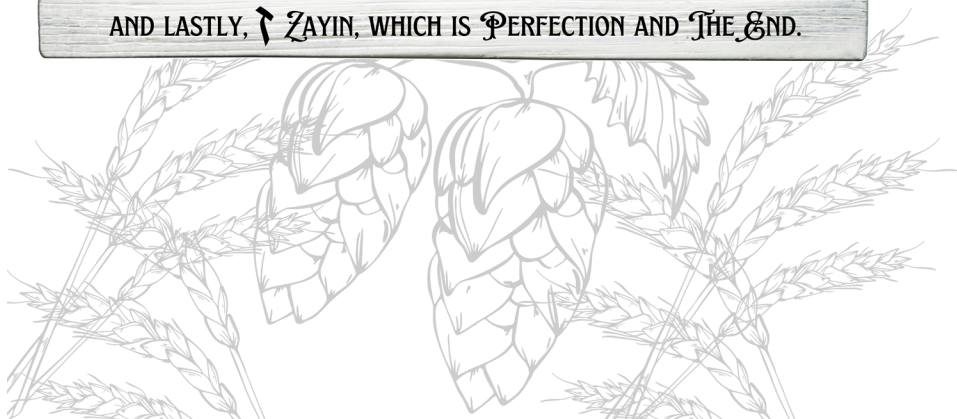
𐤁 BETH = SAVOUR,

𐤄 HE = PROFUNDITY,

𐤌 GIMEL = A LIVELY HUE,

𐤅 VAU = STRENGTH RETAINED,

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



Noel

Judge when you have heard. It is a card.



HB Scholz

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- t'ning, 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

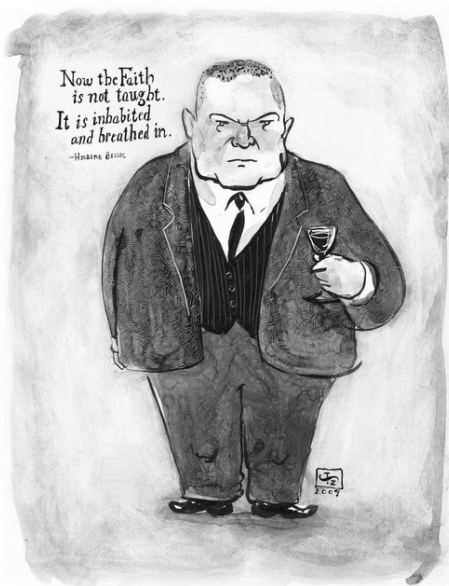
In half-November off I go,
 To push my face against the snow,
 And watch the winds wherever they blow,
 Because my heart is high:
 Till I settle me down in Steyning to sing
 Of the women I met in my wandering,
 And of all that I mean to do in the spring.
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Deny, deny, deny,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

HBellor



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.

JL Bellor