

## **THE CONVERT**

After one moment when I bowed my head    And the whole world turned over  
and came upright,    And I came out where the old road shone white,    I walked  
the ways and heard what all men said,    Forests of tongues, like autumn leaves  
unshed,    Being not unlovable but strange and light;    Old riddles and new  
creeds, not in despite    But softly, as men smile about the dead.

The sages have a hundred maps to give    That trace their crawling cosmos  
like a tree,    They rattle reason out through many a sieve    That stores the sand  
and lets the gold go free:    And all these things are less than dust to me  
Because my name is Lazarus and I live.

## **SONGS OF EDUCATION:**

### **I. HISTORY**

Form 991785, Sub-Section D

The Roman threw us a road, a road, And sighed and strolled away: The Saxon gave us a raid, a raid, A raid that came to stay; The Dane went west, but the Dane confessed That he went a bit too far; And we all became, by another name, The Imperial race we are.

Chorus

The Imperial race, the inscrutable race, The invincible race we are.

Though Sussex hills are bare, are bare, And Sussex weald is wide, From Chichester to Chester Men saw the Norman ride; He threw his sword in the air and sang To a sort of a light guitar; It was all the same, for we all became The identical nobs we are.

Chorus

The identical nobs, individual nobs Unmistakable nobs we are.

The people lived on the land, the land, They potted about and prayed; They built a cathedral here and there Or went on a small crusade: Till the bones of Becket were bundled out For the fun of a fat White Czar, And we all became, in spoil and flame, The intelligent lot we are.

Chorus

The intelligent lot, the intuitive lot, The infallible lot we are.

O Warwick woods are green, are green, But Warwick trees can fall: And Birmingham grew so big, so big, And Stratford stayed so small. Till the hooter howled to the morning lark That sang to the morning star; And we all became, in freedom's name, The fortunate chaps we are.

Chorus

The fortunate chaps, felicitous chaps,    The fairy-like chaps we are.

The people they left the land, the land,    But they went on working hard;  
And the village green that had got mislaid    Turned up in the squire's back-yard:  
But twenty men of us all got work    On a bit of his motor car;    And we all  
became, with the world's acclaim,    The marvellous mugs we are:

Chorus

The marvellous mugs, miraculous mugs,    The mystical mugs we are.

SONGS OF EDUCATION:

## II. GEOGRAPHY

Form 17955301, Sub-Section Z

The earth is a place on which England is found, And you find it however you twirl the globe round; For the spots are all red and the rest is all grey, And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Gibraltar's a rock that you see very plain, And attached to its base is the district of Spain. And the island of Malta is marked further on, Where some natives were known as the Knights of St. John. Then Cyprus, and east to the Suez Canal, That was conquered by Dizzy and Rothschild his pal With the Sword of the Lord in the old English way; And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Our principal imports come far as Cape Horn; For necessities, cocoa; for luxuries, corn; Thus Brahmins are born for the rice-field, and thus, The Gods made the Greeks to grow currants for us; Tobacco and petrol and Jazzing and Jews: The Jazzing will pass but the Jews they will stay; And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

Our principal exports, all labelled and packed, At the ends of the earth are delivered intact: Our soap or our salmon can travel in tins Between the two poles and as like as two pins; So that Lancashire merchants whenever they like Can water the beer of a man in Klondike Or poison the meat of a man in Bombay; And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

The day of St. George is a musty affair Which Russians and Greeks are permitted to share; The day of Trafalgar is Spanish in name And the Spaniards refuse to pronounce it the same; But the Day of the Empire from Canada came With Morden and Borden and Beaverbrook's fame And saintly seraphical souls such as they: And that is the meaning of Empire Day.

### III. FOR THE CRËCHE

Form 8277059, Sub-Section K

I remember my mother, the day that we met,    A thing I shall never entirely forget;  
And I toy with the fancy that, young as I am,    I should know her again if we met in a tram.  
But mother is happy in turning a crank    That increases the balance at somebody's bank;  
And I feel satisfaction that mother is free    From the sinister task of attending to me.

They have brightened our room, that is spacious and cool,    With diagrams used in the Idiot School,  
And Books for the Blind that will teach us to see;  
But mother is happy, for mother is free.    For mother is dancing up forty-eight floors,  
For love of the Leeds International Stores,    And the flame of that faith might perhaps have grown cold,  
With the care of a baby of seven weeks old.

For mother is happy in greasing a wheel    For somebody else, who is cornering Steel;  
And though our one meeting was not very long,    She took the occasion to sing me this song:  
"O, hush thee, my baby, the time soon will come    When thy sleep will be broken with hooting and hum;  
There are handles want turning and turning all day,    And knobs to be pressed in the usual way;

O, hush thee, my baby, take rest while I croon,    For Progress comes early, and Freedom too soon."

#### IV. CITIZENSHIP

Form 8889512, Sub-Section Q

How slowly learns the child at school    The names of all the nobbs that rule  
From Ponsonby to Pennant;    Ere his bewildered mind find rest,    Knowing his  
host can be a Guest,    His landlord is a Tennant.

He knew not, at the age of three,    What Lord St. Leger next will be    Or what  
he was before;    A Primrose in the social swim    A Mr. Primrose is to him,  
And he is nothing more.

But soon, about the age of ten,    He finds he is a Citizen,    And knows his  
way about;    Can pause within, or just beyond,    The line 'twixt Mond and  
Demi-Mond,    'Twixt Getting On—or Out.

The Citizen will take his share    (In every sense) as bull and bear;    Nor need  
this oral ditty    Invoke the philologic pen    To show you that a Citizen    Means  
Something in the City.

Thus gains he, with the virile gown,    The fasces and the civic crown,    The  
forum of the free;    Not more to Rome's high law allied    Is Devonport in all his  
pride    Or Lipton's self than he.

For he will learn, if he will try,    The deep interior truths whereby    We rule  
the Commonwealth;    What is the Food-Controller's fee    And whether the  
Health Ministry    Are in it for their health.

## V. THE HIGHER MATHEMATICS

Form 339125, Sub-Section M

Twice one is two,                      Twice two is four,      But twice two is ninety-six  
if you know the way to score.                      Half of two is one,                      Half of four is  
two,      But half of four is forty per cent. if your name is Montagu:      For  
everything else is on the square                      If done by the best quadratics;      And  
nothing is low in High Finance                      Or the Higher Mathematics.

A straight line is straight                      And a square mile is flat:      But you  
learn in trigonometrics a trick worth two of that.                      Two straight lines  
Can't enclose a Space,      But they can enclose a Corner to support the Chosen  
Race:      For you never know what Dynamics do                      With the lower truths of  
Statics;      And half of two is a touring car                      In the Higher Mathematics.

There is a place apart                      Beyond the solar ray,      Where parallel  
straight lines can meet in an unofficial way.                      There is a room that holds  
The examiner or his clerks,      Where you can square the circle or the man that  
gives the marks.      Where you hide in the cellar and then look down                      On the  
poets that live in the attics;      For the whole of the house is upside down                      In  
the Higher Mathematics.

## VI. HYGIENE

Form 394411102, Sub-Section X

“All practical Eugenists are agreed on the importance of sleep.”—The Eugenic Congress.

When Science taught mankind to breathe    A little while ago,    Only a wise  
and thoughtful few    Were really in the know:    Nor could the Youth his  
features wreath,    Puffing from all the lungs beneath:    When Duty whispered  
softly “Breathe!”    The Youth would answer “Blow!”

When Science proved with lucid care    The need of Exercise,    Our  
thoughtless Youth was climbing trees    Or lightly blacking eyes:    To reckless  
idlers breaking bounds    For football or for hare-and-hounds,    Or fighting hard  
for fourteen rounds,    It came as a surprise.

But when she boldly counsels Sleep    To persons when in bed,    Then, then  
indeed men blush to see    The daybreak blushing red:    The early risers whom  
we term    Healthy, grow sickly and infirm;    The Early Bird who caught the  
Worm    Will catch the Germ instead.

For this at least be Science praised    If all the rest be rot,    That now she  
snubs the priggish child    That quits too soon his cot:    The pharisaic  
pachyderm    Of spiritual pride shall squirm:    The Early Bird catches the  
worm,    The Worm that dieth not. [www.freeclassicebooks.com](http://www.freeclassicebooks.com)