

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:

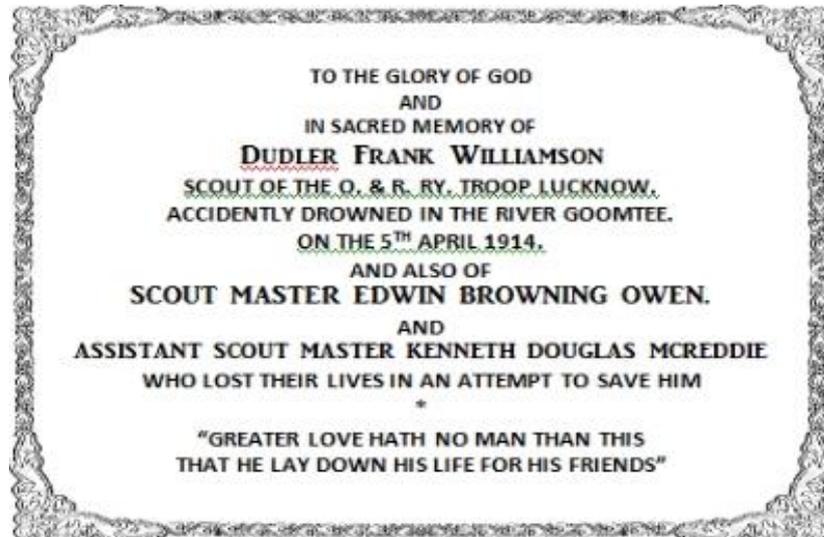
Couples: Hoffs, Shilstones, Shaw, Paxton, Rogers.

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 McCredie. 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 28th 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 26th 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 22nd 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 28th 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. 12th 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 4th 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 1st 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 19th 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 divine
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 29th 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 pittie girls all got a pal.

When me ask pittie 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 pittie 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 21st Feb 1900 Sergt Hargreaves 2nd 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 13th 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 26th 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 4th August 1902 Coronation Day 9th 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 24th 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 24th 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 6th 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 28th 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*].