

Robert  
Browning.

Publ. The English Review Aug 1914

4.

Non volumus pugnare - that we don't.

Out with you hand, boy, volumus,  
whack, whack!

Nolumus - now go on - pugnare -

<sup>we</sup>  
Don't want to fight. Sed, but.  
Smith septimus,

~~There is a~~

Your collar's crumpled. How comes  
that? You fright?

Well, you are no true Briton.

Sed - but - si

Volumus - if we do - sit down!

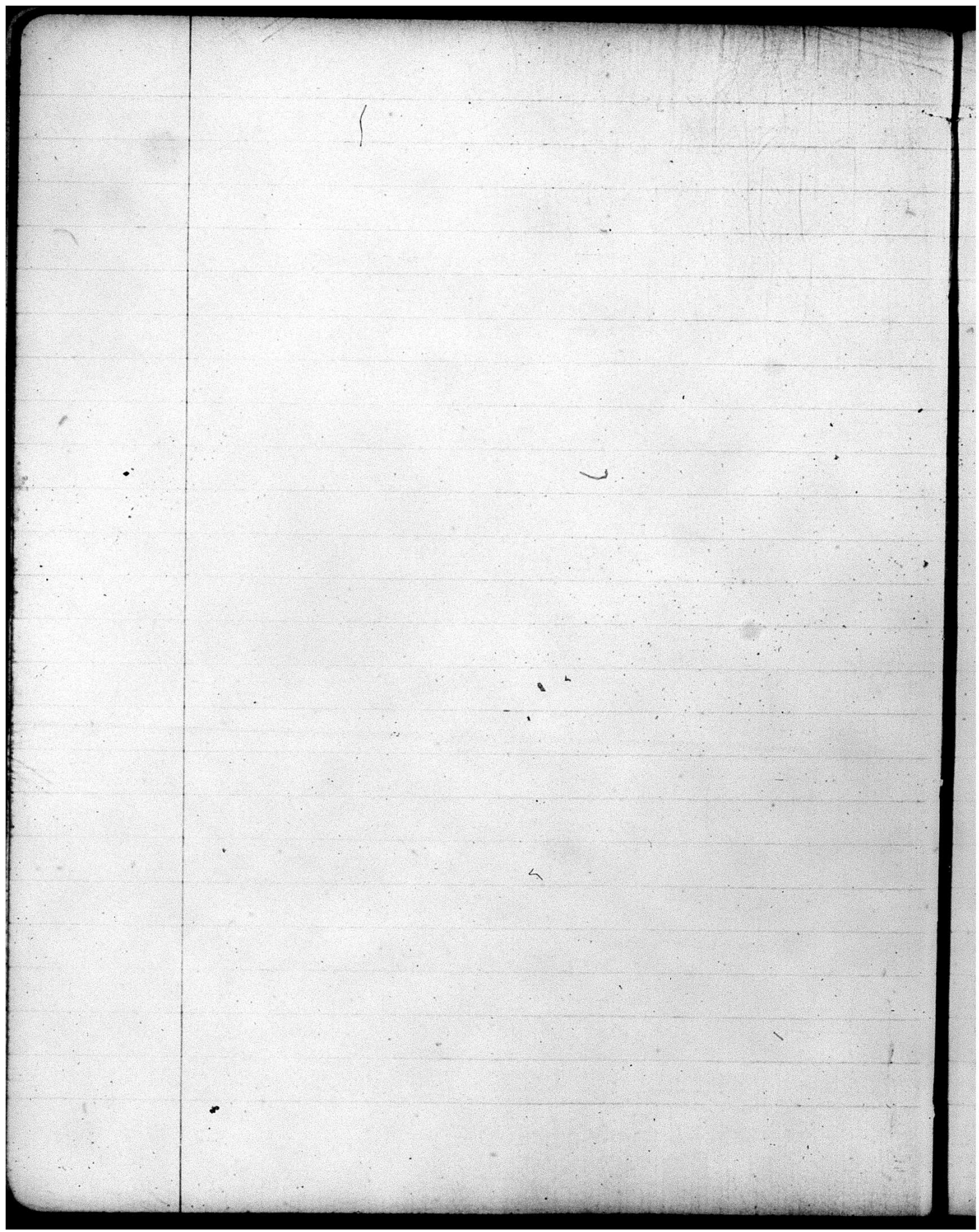
Next boy!

Try not to fumble so. Si volumus,

Naves the ships habemus then

we have

Naves habemus we have got the  
ships



Et, And nautas the men  
et etiam

And also. But we, do sit  
straight, Go on,  
Coleman, from nautas, sailors,  
Et. Well? And

Etiam. Also. Well? Don't stammer so!  
Pecuniam Yes. The money. We have  
got

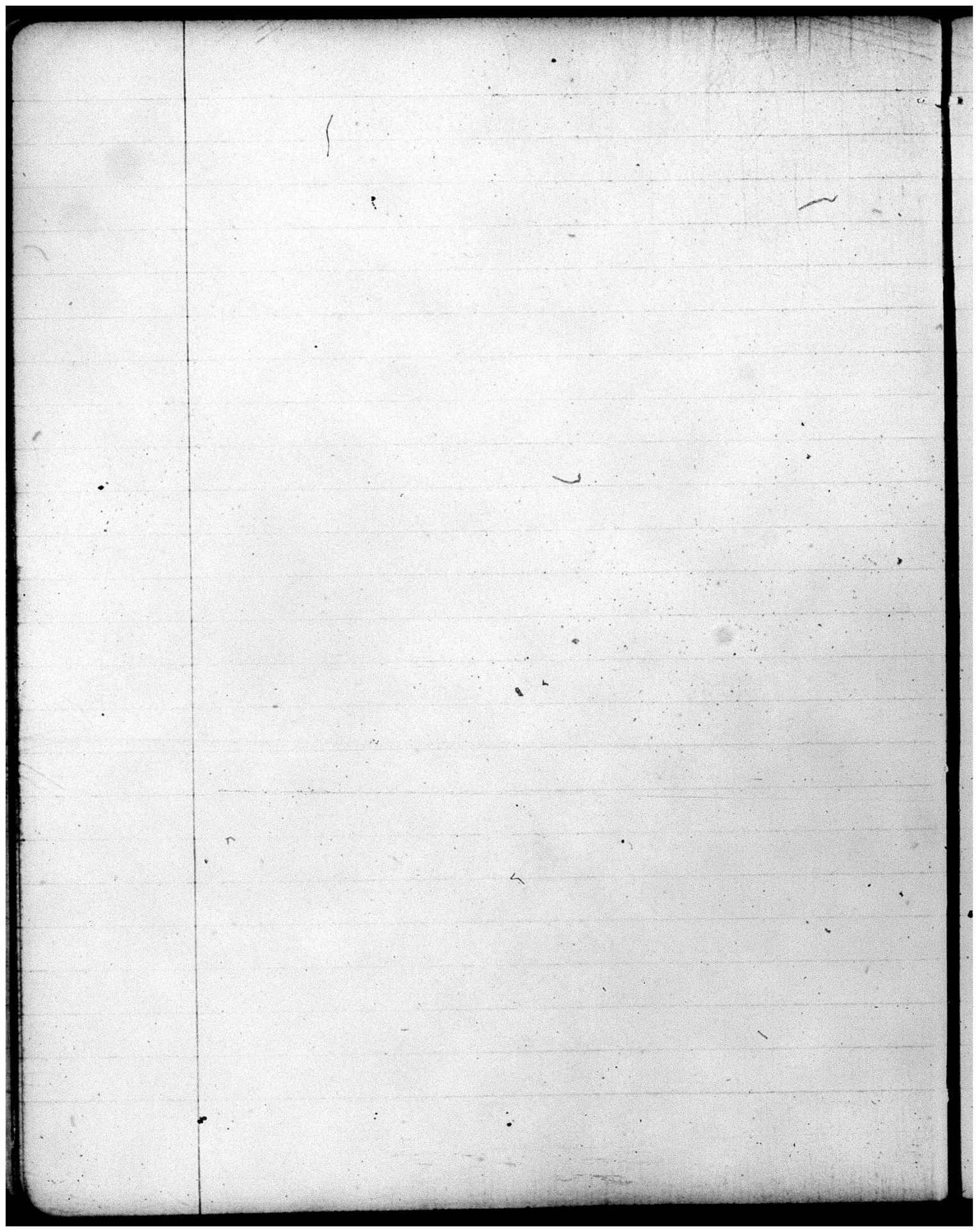
Habemus, names, all the ships we  
want,  
Et nautas, and the men, Et etiam  
Pecuniam. And the money too.  
Times up.

Et, And nautas the men  
et etiam

And also. But we, do sit  
straight, Go on,  
Coleman, from nautas, sailors,  
Et. Well? And

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Habemus, names, all the ships we  
want,  
Et nautas, and the men, Et etiam  
Pecuniam. And the money too.  
Times up.



5 - unpublished

Crikey! Godblimey! Why, Dabby, you  
don't think we'd ask for a scrap?  
Now! We don't want tea, I tells  
yer, shall I put yer 'ed under  
the tap?

We don't want tea. Got that? Why,  
awright then, this 'ere's  
the straight stuff, if we do  
Why we'll blow ole Berlin up wiv  
Dreadnoughts an' usint nibe  
a juss of it too.

We've got men, why my bowoer's  
a silor, 'e' boabe 'is ma's  
face for a lawk,  
an' the coppers 'ud binched in for  
Griffiths, but we gort 'im away in  
the dark;

Can Paw give 'im 'is lowest 'awf  
a suffering, 't didn't get 'one  
to 'im, 's trite,

Explanation of *Hiblas Francus*, seventh.

Shows account that men.

The President's wound is of ~~the~~ great severity, but

he bore it with fortitude, as hearing it - ~~remained~~ <sup>cheerfully</sup>

that his assailant was a German. Had it been one of

my own children, he is reported to have uttered "I would

have died of grief."

Explanation of Hibler's remarks.

Reviews account that run.

The President's wound is of ~~a~~ great severity; but he bore it with fortitude, <sup>specially</sup> as hearing it rumored that his assailant was a German. "Had it been one of my own children," he is reported to have uttered, "I should have died of grief."

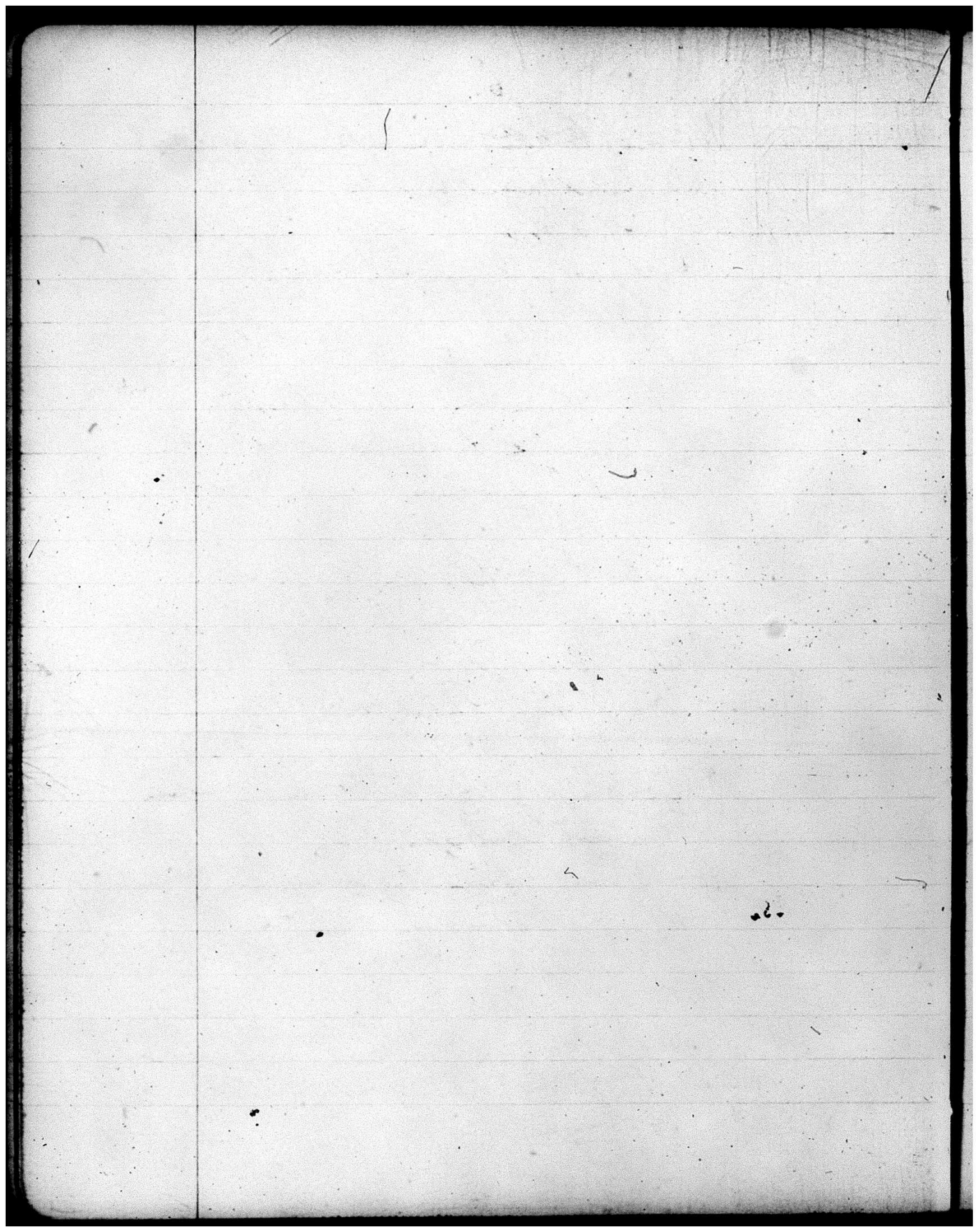
How 'e's ~~fairly~~ was soft on the  
bleeder, till 'e saw Ma's ole  
medal that night.  
That's the breed, Dutchy, bulldog  
for courage, an' gentle as  
four ale ~~with~~ gin.

Do you get it, you blighter from  
'Aubrey? Jest chew on it!  
Let it soak in!

An' that aint the end - you go  
back to yer Kaiser and tell  
the ole bloke ~~with my love~~  
With my love that he's mats  
in the carrot if 'e thinks  
the ole country's gone broke.

We've the roof, Dutchy. Nonsense for nonsense!  
All wide in two years, it's a

fact.  
It's only the "Miles" game to bid yer  
a-sayin' we 'ated the fact!



6.

unpublished

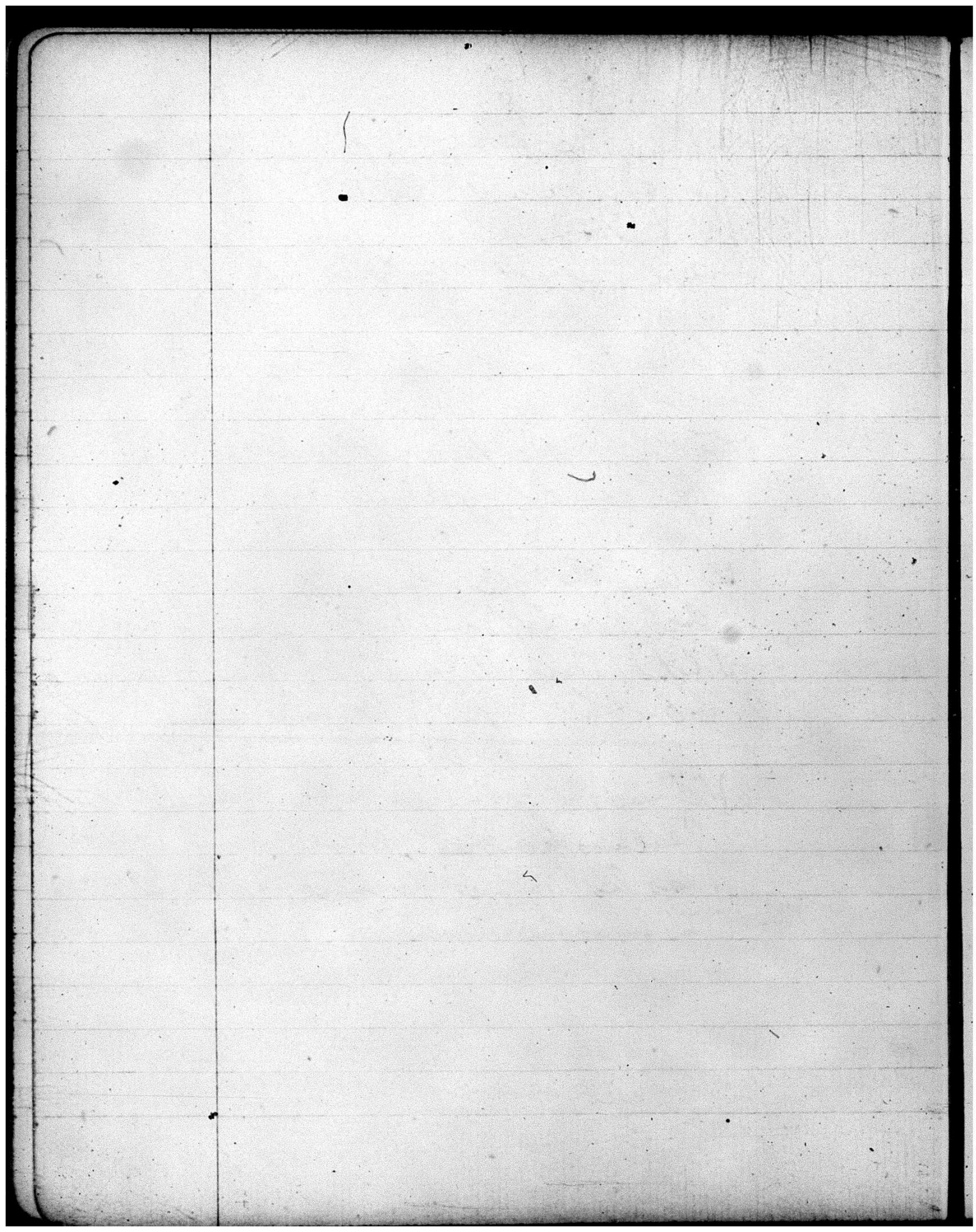
We are thirty million Englishmen  
We do not want to fight.  
We want to go to bed at ten  
and not sit up all night.

We do not want to fight. Oh no!  
But if we do, what then?  
For fall the false and felon foe  
Of us (the Englishmen!)

We have the ships. The ships are ours.  
Are the ships ours? They are.  
Ships. Ours. We have them. Malice covers  
Our ships? Yes. Heaven's ~~unborn~~  
ajar!

We have the men. Wir haben Mensch!  
Tenemos hombres. Nous  
Avons les hommes. Beware, you French!  
(We have the money too.)

Not

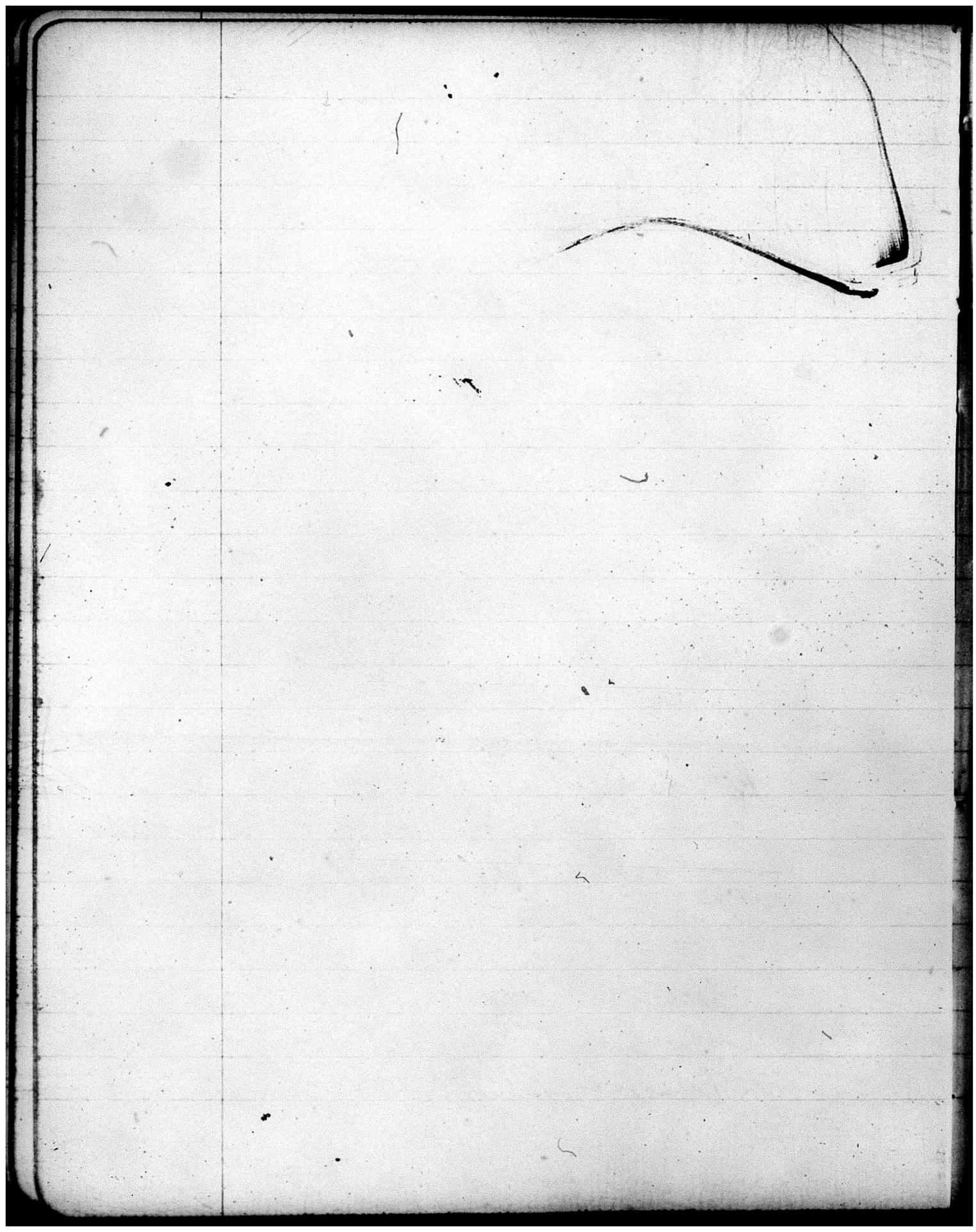


7.

unpublished

Whatever we may think of war,  
For instance "Is it wrong or right?"  
"Was Wheeler wise to quit Calcutta?"  
"Should women voters vote in Gore?"  
"Had Nelson wholly lost his sight?"  
"Would Miss Small stand still be right?"  
"Can soldiers live on rape and groundsel?"  
"Is the Curragh the Privy Council?"  
On these and <sup>all such</sup> ~~other~~ <sup>many</sup> themes ~~of~~ use  
~~the~~ hold the most divergent views.  
On this one point we all unite.  
Listen! We do not want to fight.

Impracticable, doctrinaire,  
Bohemian, critic-from-arm-chair,  
~~the~~ Philosopher, John-head-in-air,  
With such and many other terms  
Of just abuse we hail the worms  
Who, their backs stubborn to the rod,  
False to their country and their God,  
~~trust~~ ~~on~~ ~~ceasing~~ ~~the~~  
Incapable of faith or oath  
Immoral, imbecile, or both,



I insist on asking & asking us! -  
"But, brothers, if it were not thus?"

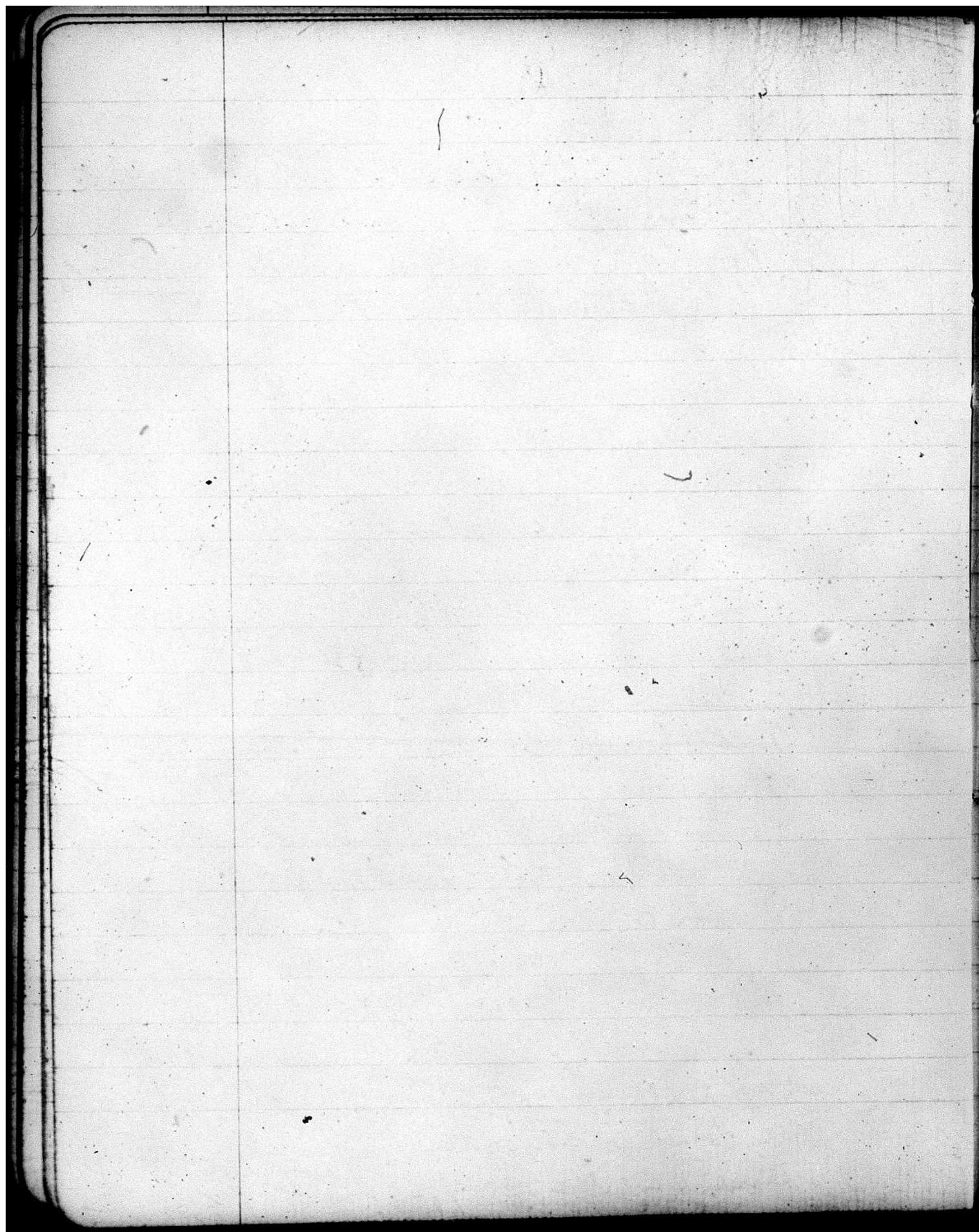
The answer, if we must be made  
To their long-winded, mad triade  
To their interminable rant  
Their nauseous, un-English cant,  
Is by referring them, in short,  
To blue-books, Hansard's, where report  
Is made by the authorities

Whose business <sup>or</sup> whose duty is  
To meet the fanciful, fond, faery,  
Fantastic, addled, astial, aery,  
Suggestion (supra. v. § 2)  
Aforesaid. They will find it true  
That should, by what ~~all sane men~~ <sup>the Men who know</sup>  
Know, knowing that they know it, so  
Unshakable, an ususpature

Both of God's laws and those of Nature,  
We ~~must~~ do, then - why! we have the  
ships,

(Not boys, be sure, for Margate trips!)

We have the men, (a grand old type  
Of Briton, Bible, beer, and pipe,  
Hard-working sometimes, sometimes leisury)  
And we've the money, in the Treasury.



Prose

8. publ. in the English Review  
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Preetwoths of lips! Blush not averse to white!  
Bolsters of breasts! ~~Have~~ not beneath the <sup>Whit</sup> <sup>whips</sup>  
Of slander's tooth! ~~The~~ <sup>Damozel</sup> <sup>teeth</sup> up tips,  
Smiling disdain: "We do not want to fight."  
(by Jingo)  
But if we do, ~~then~~ is not ~~our~~ the ~~right~~  
Of the Leviathan that ~~urges~~ & ~~urges~~  
Not ours? Not ours the ~~Etne~~-scorning slips  
That vomit veterans ~~fast~~ Olympic spite?

~~Let~~ none valiant, none strong, none bold?  
Have we

Have we not men? Ay, men! The best of-  
whom

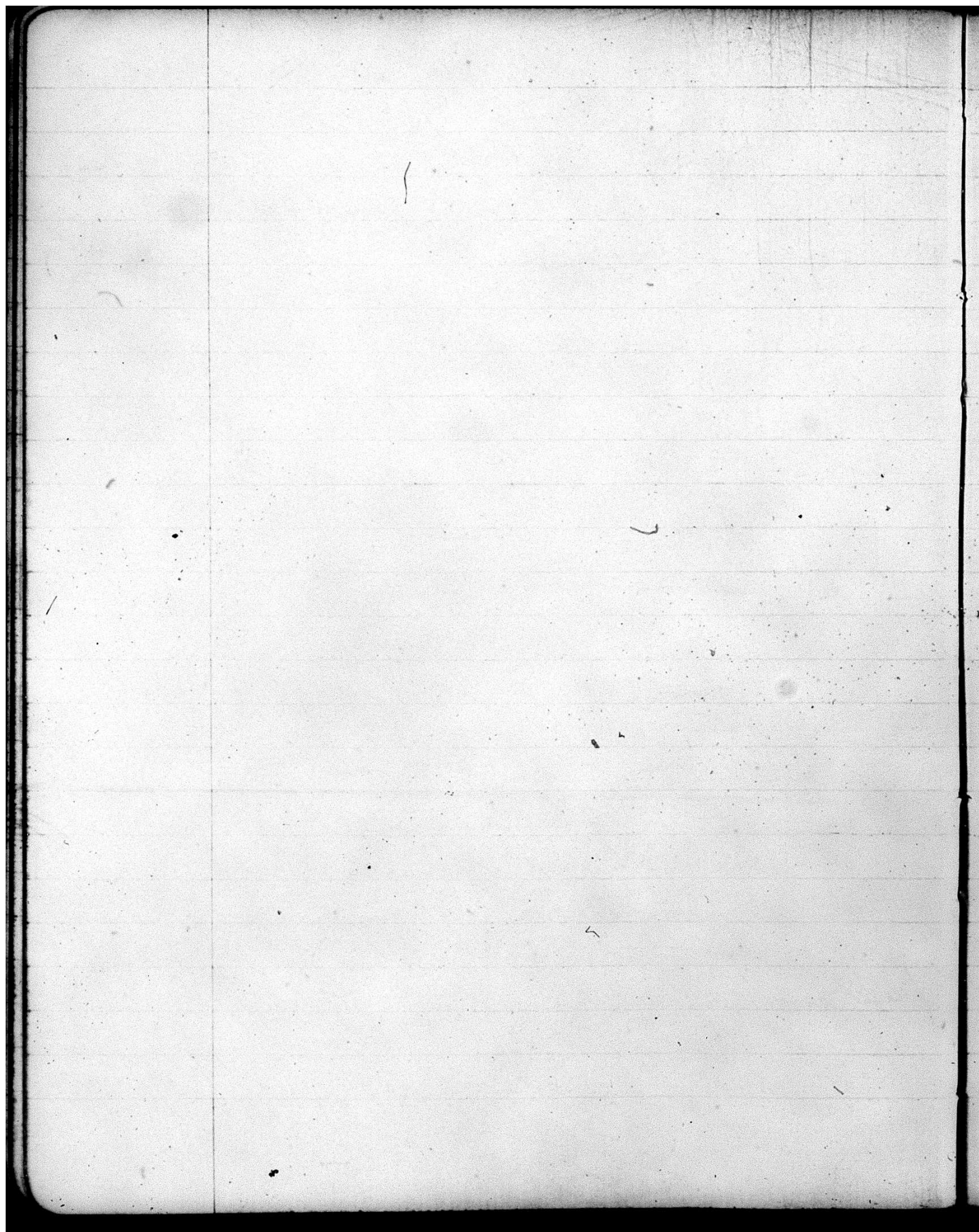
World with a finger-flip lay ~~Lay~~ <sup>Lay</sup> <sup>fold</sup> low?

And is not Chespride's dawn the chryseal glow

Of that Old Lady - bearing in her womb

~~Have we not~~

Unrefrable, incalculable gold?



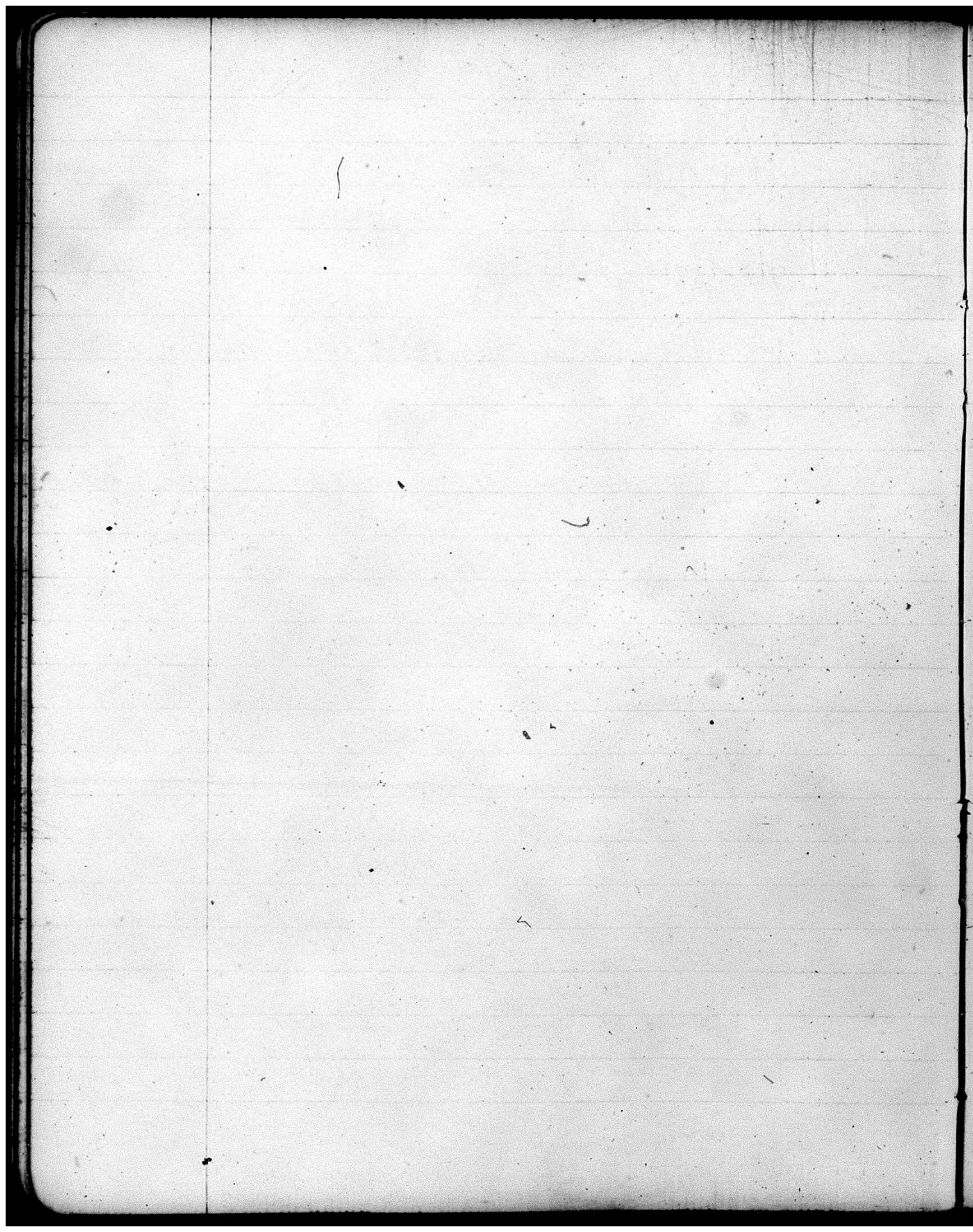
Wrong? Is it wrong? what matters, since  
 wrong may be one with right?  
 (It is Nietzsche the ledge now that shatters.)

The fact is, we don't want to fight.

But then, if we did, why, by Jingo,  
 white-sailed are our ships as the flowers  
 and bluebird our fly and flamingo;  
 and the Bible says Ocean is ours.

Our men - we have men - men that  
 man them; like the oaks in the parks  
 are our men

Their chests - no yard measure may span  
 them, ~~the mass~~  
 and one is ~~the~~ worth certainly ten  
 Of Frenchmen or Germans; moreover,  
 the God of their lies let us thank,  
 we are well in financial clover - the  
 money is safe in the bank.



10: Subl in the English Review

Aug 1914

No softish had Fanny, though bushy; she  
crossed it for fip hence, for choice.

Oh no, sir, It wasn't the whiskey that injured her  
Melba-like voice

And although she ~~was~~ side-stepped, no  
doubt, Sir, what-o-did? The girl's  
heart was all right;  
And she'd openly put it about, Sir, for the  
Cocher "We don't want to fight"

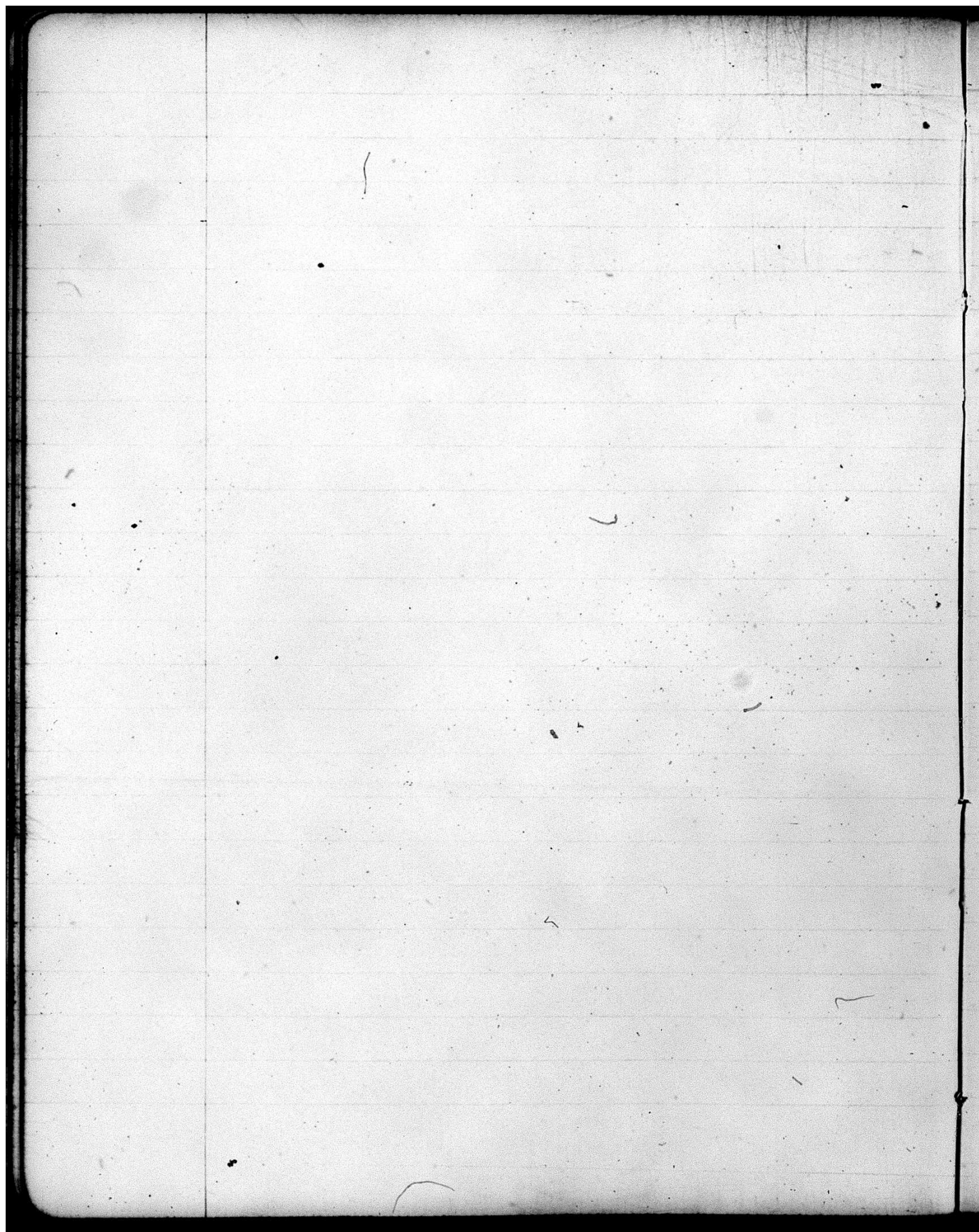
Merely adding with spirit - no Briton but  
rurses the patriot's park!

"If we did, mind, by Jingo, no kitter is

England, ~~no tabs + tabs + the~~  
, no leep in the dark

World war be; we've ships, men + money  
- and plenty left over for beer.

Now, then, don't you go get my funny  
- but ~~stoad~~ ~~stoad~~ brandy, old dear.



It was Houndsditch, and  
~~the tin snuff to tell you that~~ Fanny  
had gone there, fresh air being  
good for her head,

When a copper said "Here, you, move on  
here!" she answered "You go and be blown!"

A spirited dialogue started ~~at~~ (no  
cribbing from Anthony Hope  
Or Plato); the stop, who had sweated  
before from his sort of soft soap,

Said "You come along to the station. You're  
drunk" Fanny retorted "All right!"

And she clawed at his ring with elation,  
observing "We don't want to fight."

And again to the beach, <sup>just as Thompson</sup> ~~the same~~ who  
made it a half brick 'em job

"We've the tubs & the tans & the tub hence?"

Thought it cleared out her very last bob.

