

Fee Fo Fi Fum !

The doom is come.

Boom Boom Ratata Rataplan !

I winnow the corn with a fiery fan.

I thrust my thumb in your sodden age.

I make my print on your puffing page.

Anæmic louts, leucorrhœic sluts,

Give way, give way to gods with guts !

The ~~off~~flamme ! The fascinum !

The giant's thumb !

Fee Fo Fi Fum !

The dawn is come.

Boom Boom Ratata Rataplan !

The Fiery Cross from clan to clan !

Rise, thou sun, on love and war !

Παμφαγε, φαλλε, παγγενετωρ !

Fled are the peace-phantasmagoria !

Dead as Queen Anne is Queen Victoria !

Pan puts forth his purple plum,

The giant's thumb !

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FOREWORD

THE VINDICATION OF NIETZSCHE

ALL delicate days and pleasant, all spirits and sorrows are cast
Far out with the foam of the present that sweeps to the surf of
the past :

Where beyond the extreme sea-wall, and between the remote
sea-gates,

Waste water washes, and tall ships founder, and deep death waits :
Where, mighty with deepening sides, clad about with the seas as
with wings,

And impelled of invisible tides, and fulfilled of unspeakable things,
White-eyed and poisonous-finned, shark-toothed and serpentine-
curled,

Rolls, under the whitening wind of the future, the wave of the
world,

It is eleven of the clock on the night of August 28, in
the 1914th year of the Christian Era, and the news of
the annihilation of the British Army has not yet reached
London. It will come.*

The cause is ~~British~~ cant and hypocrisy, and the cause
of the War was ~~British~~ cant and hypocrisy, the strange,
the pathetic, the craven determination to admit no fact
for truth which all the men of science and all the poets

* It came ; and was censored. But England will yet find out.

P.P.S. It was not until^{viii} after Victory had been proclaimed
that men began to realize that it was Defeat. For the
corruption of Christendom made them onwards even
in conquest, refusing to assume the responsibility
of Mastership.

P.S.

people were disputing hotly as to whether boxing ~~was~~^{is} "brutal"; and this month no man of sense but admits that little children may lawfully be pitched into blazing cottages before their mothers' eyes. And that is play to what may come. Will not human flesh be bought and sold in the markets before the war and its attendant revolutions are over? Is there any man bold enough to call such things "impossible," to invoke those fallen fishy gods "Progress" and "Civilization" and "The Higher Awakening of the Ethical Instincts of man?"

Is there any man who still shuts his eyes to the plain fact that homo sapiens is but a primate, cousin of the gorilla, with a brain over-developed to think abominations, and a larynx evolved to aid their execution, a creature whose prime pangs are hunger, lust, and hate, and his fundamental solaces rape, robbery, and murder? I laughed with open throat at the "atrocities" Press Campaigns in the Balkan War. "The half-civilized peoples of the Near East!" Is the present war any less prolific of such stories when the compatriots of Tolstoi, and Gorky, and Goethe, and Anatole France, and Shelley are at war? And are the stories true? True or false in detail, I knew them true in essence, and I knew also that the primest old maid in Dorchester whose palsied hands dropped her knitting as she read of them was horrified because, although she did not know it, and could never be brought to know it, those atrocities were in her blood from everlasting. "There, but for the Grace of God, goes ~~John Wesley~~" was the wisest remark that ever came from a fool's lips. And it is because we have persuaded ourselves bitterly and

obstinately, against the deeper knowledge that is instinct in every organism, that these things cannot happen, that we have lost the manhood that could have prevented them. Some there are so priggishly purblind that fact itself, naked and bleeding at their thresholds, battering on the gates of their ears with the Ram of actuality, fails to force those waxed-up tympana. When the nations were already at each other's throats, when men had seen their brothers blown to atoms before their eyes, drilled through with nickel and lead, slashed and gashed with steel, ridden down beneath the hoofs of the horses,* we heard that President Wilson had offered to arbitrate! To arbitrate, when the diplomatic and economic pressure of a decade, and the consciousness of ineradicable race-hatred since time began, and clan tore clan with flint, had forced the Boar of Germany to turn at last upon the Borzoi and the Bulldog, to lash out with tusks and hoof at the invisible pack of hounds that closed upon him.

And we are still babbling of the Cause of Liberty, and the Banner of the Democracies, and the Truth, and the Righteousness, and the Justice, and the Equity, and the Humanity, and the Progress, when every man that is not stultified beyond the surgery of war by his own hypocrisies, knows well that the battle is a battle of overpopulation, the hæmorrhage of a plethora, and that its terms are merely "My life or yours!" — "The hammer or the anvil?"

The Chinese murdered ^{ed} all but a few selected female infants, and ~~hence~~ consequently lived in peace and prosperity for two thousand years. Civilization and the arts

b

* Note the date of writing. The use of Poison Gas was still to come; so were the cold-blooded murders of Edith Cavell, Mata Hari, Sir Roger Casement and the Dublin Martyrs, Eusebio Childers, and countless others.

Press

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(till Europe infected them)

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Charles Baxter

Sends noise to nowhere, women to the deuce,
 And by the contemplation of his nose
 Gets good digestion, and divine repose.
 How can I emulate that monk, I ask you,
 While squeals Mademoiselle Bbrucharskya?
 I wait (in hell) for Aishye-Rustzma, martyr,
 Because she's billed as an "artistic Tartar."
 Is Tartar the comparative of tart?
 If so, come Aphrodite! farewell, Art!

t/x

22

This coffee has saved money, in the long run.
 Near midnight, and it slackens not its strong run.

23

This Tartar lady—vain were Cupid's rumours!
 She's like the rest exactly—but wears bloomers.
 I now sincerely wish I had confined
 My evening's wooing to the girl behind.

24

My early training conquers, praise the Lord!
 With all this vice I am extremely bored.
 I shall arise and gird myself, and pay
 My bill, and tip the man, and go away.
 Virtue has triumphed; it is not quite nice
 This only happens when I'm bored by vice!

25

I walked across the bridge; I climbed afar
 By the funicular funicular
 To where Vostotchny runs his lordly hall—
 Restaurant, concert, theatre, and ball.
 Careful of virtue, chary of expense.
 I passed it by, and footed gaily thence
 By darkling paths, suggested, it may be,
 By hope of finding Whistler's Battersea.
 In fact, if a mere layman dare to say so,
 Nijni by night is like his Valparaiso.
 An active and malicious beggar found me
 I had a sword-stick, else he might have downed me.
 As things fell out, not I but he inspires
 The Nijni Sherlocks to Cumaean fires.
 Down the hillside I wandered in the dark
 Across the bridge again, a fading spark
 Still hoping virtue—ever prone to fall—
 Might witness vice's triumph after all.

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26

In one thing Nijni Novgorod's no joke/
 Upon that beastly bridge you may not smoke:
 And, as I crossed it fourteen times—about!—
 This fact completely spoiled my evening out.
 Especially as vice remained as coy
 As I have been, two decades, man and boy.
 Wearied, I sought my bedstead, there to stretch
 Chaste limbs of an uncomfortable wretch.

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g
 About the north ; earth's noises die away ;
 Heaven's anthem awakes—'Tis but a hush increased !
 Great flights of birds come flickering from the east
 Like dead leaves down the wind ; the Volga shines
 More silver-rose ; still subtler grow the lines
 Of all the landscape ; a vermilion haze
 Surrounds the sun, that still shoots out its rays
 Venomous, as a warrior in his death
 Spends utmost malice in the utmost breath.
 —And now all suddenly goes blue. The sky
 Flames into green and orange. Must thou die,
 Beloved ? This is the extreme of fate.
 The whole world goes incalculably slate.
 The wind comes chill ; the sun is dead. Oh death,
 I feel the first faint fondling of thy breath
 Even now. Bring wine ! Bring food ! Bring anything
 It matters nothing : man must meet his king.

38

Well, Volga still extends, a silver streak,
 And the full moon is not so far to seek.
 Before an hour's gone she will countermand
 The sunset, make old Nijni fairy-land.
 In any case, I'm powerless in the matter ;
 I'll eat, and take my chance of getting fatter.

39

However, it grows cold, and I am fain
 To go and catch my Tartar girl again,
 And, with a little bit of luck, my train.

40

My song resumes its melancholy tune.
 I reached the station just two hours too soon,
 Or else an unknown period too late.
 (Russia is never truly up to date :
 Is there no statesman to resolve " I shall end her
 Piasco of the ~~old~~ Gregorian calendar " ?)
 In any case, I am indeed ill-fated ;
 My German lady has evaporated.

41

However, I command a cup of tea,
 Resolved, with Asquith, I would wait and see.
 So here I am, a miserable being
 From too much waiting and too little seeing.

42

(I might describe the buffet ; but, my aunt !
 You bet your bottom dollar that I shan't
 I split my light of genius in a prism :
 This ray's called " conscientious journalism " ;
 But—they admit it, even at Scotland Yard—
 The strongest conscience may be worked too hard).

43

One who is universally admitted
 In these degenerate days the keenest-witted
 Mahatma going—I am proud to boast
 I was the pupil whom he loved the most—

authentic Juliano

Blazing before him, to encourage trade
 Threw in a bonus—the best car that's made!
 No Russian carriage with its worse than flea,
 Its cushions without elasticity,
 But the real thing—the hall-marked wagon-lit!
 Silver and velvet and mahogany!
 The bell that tinkles once, and in a trice
 Comes the Veuve Clicquot bucketed in ice!

46

Here the Muse flags. Would great Apollo dare
 To string the lyre to joys beyond compare
 Ψs these? Apollo is a golden god
 —After the days of Nijni Novgorod,
 To find a bed with pillows, and clean linen
 Whiter than winter's self to stuff one's skin in,
 Were more than mere Olympians can equal.

47

Needless to say, the story has no sequel.
 I rose to greet the sun. The train ran smooth,
 As if it had a woman's heart to soothe,
 Through woods and gardens, dotted here and there
 With summer villas. Now, remote and rare,
 Is Moscow, all its myriad houses lying
 Still sleeping in the shadow stupefying
 Of night, while all its thousand domes take fire,
 Sparkling and glimmering toward day's desire,
 Their thousand throats of bronze in chorus one
 To hail the resurrection of the sun.

To Lord Dunsany.

THE CITY OF GOD

Moscow, July 1913.

DAY after day we crawled
 Beneath the leaden flat
 Featureless heaven, across dull emerald
 Field after field, whereon no aureate
 Sunrise awakened earth's Magnificat,
 Save at the marge where, rimmed with duller pines,
 Dun earth mixed with black heaven, there unsealed
 A red eye glowing through that furtive field
 As if the bloodhound of Eternity
 Tracked the thief Time. Remorseless rain
 Beat down, pale piteous monotony,
 Upon the inexorable plain
 A gnome that staggers under the grim load
 Set on his back by God,
 Might pity our weak jolting as we moved
 Hopelessly, yet inevitably on
 Under who knows what senseless goad,
 Unlovable as unloved,
 Toward the evasive horizon
 That mocked us without laughter, wrapped
 In its own cynic sleep
 Careless of the vitalities it trapped,
 Not sanguine from the blood it lapped,

Thine exaltation, source and seed of love
 And outpouring of love, and father still
 Of love yet more, determinant of love,
 And love itself, and beyond all these things,
 O dove divine of all-transcending wings,
 Rising, descending, yet unmoving dove
 All-comprehending in Thy will
 Beneath, above, around, yet still the centre
 Of the one orb where naught may enter \angle
 For that all lies within, and yet is naught ;
~~One~~ thought (thou art, for thou hast ended thought
 As thou art being—and hast begotten being
 Upon Thyself, and therefore being is not ;
 All-mighty and all-loving and all-seeing
 Light of one substance, serpent of one coil,
 Spiral supreme and prime, the sun, the mote,
 Tune of all gamuts yet one note,
 Chancel and nave, altar and priest,
 Communicant and feast—
 Thou/ graal and wine, thou vial and oil,
 Thou censer and perfume,
 Thou shrine and god, initiate and tomb,
 Ciborium and host,
 Men call Thee, in the glory and the gloom,
 When they would shudder most and kindle most,
 The Holy Ghost.

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In an emerald spangled skin,
 Hooded with harvest hair
 Close-coiled ; her serpent eyes
 Hold ineffable sorceries !
 Slender, and ~~full~~, and straight is she
 As an almond-tree
 Blest by an hermit ! Her serpent eyes
 Hold ineffable sorceries !
 Slow she sways ; her white arms ripple
 From rosy finger to rosy nipple,
 Ripple and flow like the melody
 Of the flutes and the violins.
 And ! I see ! I see—she smiles on me
 The heart of a million sins,
 Each keener than death ! Her serpent eyes
 Hold ineffable sorceries.

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THE MUSICIANS

Hush ! Hush ! the young feet flush.
 The marble's ablush.
 The music moves trilling,
 Like wolves at the killing,
 Moaning and shrilling,
 And clear as the throb in the throat of a thrush !
 Rustling they sway
 Like a forest of rush
 In the storm, and away !
 Away ! blow the blossoms
 Of virgin bosoms
 On the sob of the wind

And black blood oozes, oozes, throbs and dips
 From his eyes and nostrils to his lips
 That he sucks, gnashing his fangs. Upon
 His head is a crown of skulls, and monkeys mew
 And gibber and mop about him. Skew! Spew!
 Ugh!
 Hu! Mow! Mow! Mow! they go—cannot you
 hear them?
 What? have you courage to go near them?

PSYCHE

Nothing is there.

ESARHADDON

Oh, but he has the head
 Of a boar, the black boar Night! All dead, dead,
 dead,
 The eyes of girls that once were beautiful
 Hang round his neck. Whack! Crack! he slaps a
 skull
 For a drum—Smack! Flack! Thwack! Back, I'll
 not attack.
 Quack! Quack! there's ducks and devils on his
 back.
 Keep him away. You want a man, you say?
 Well, there's a king for you to-day.
 Go, kiss him! Slobber over him! His ribs
 Should be readily tickled. Wah! Wah! Wah! she
 jibs.
 Ugh! there he came too close. I'll bite the dust;
 I'll lick the slime of Babylon. Great lust,

Great god, great devil, gra-gra-gra-gra! Spare me!
 Take this wench, though she were the womb that
 bare me!
 See! Did I tell you, he's the King, the King,
 The King of Terrors. See me grovelling!
 Yah! Ha!

PSYCHE

There's nothing there. Are you a man
 To craze at naught?

ESARHADDON

Immitigable ban!
 Immitigable, pitiful, profound—
 Ban, can, fan, ran, and pan is underground,
 Round, bound, sound—Oh have pity! . . .
 Who art thou
 Whose coming thus unmans me? Not till now
 Saw I, or felt I, or heard I the King
 So mumbling near; black blood's on everything.
 Boo! Scow! Be off! Out! Vanish! Fly! Begone!
 Out! Off! Out! Off! I'm King of Babylon.
 Oh no! Thy pardon. Spare me! 'Tis a slip
 O' th' lip. Now flip! rip! bawdy harlot, skip!
 [*He threatens her. She trembles, but holds her ground.*]
 Strip, yes, I'll strip you naked, strip your flesh
 In strips with my lips, gnaw your bones like a dog.
 Off, sow! Off, grumpet! Strumpet! Scum-pit!
 Flails to thresh
 Your body! Clubs to mash your face in! Knives
 To cut away your cat's nine lives!

SCENE III: THE CONSULTING-ROOM OF HERMES. *It has two parts, the first filled with stuffed crocodiles, snakes, astrolabes, skeletons, lamps of strange shape, vast rolls of papyri, vases containing such objects as a fœtus, a mummied child, a six-legged sheep. Hands (obviously those of criminals) have been painted with phosphorus, and give light. Sculptures of winged bulls and bricks inscribed with arrow-head characters are ranged about the walls. A chest of elephant's bones covered with its hide contains the doctor, who is dressed as before in a long black robe covered with mysterious characters. On his head is a high conical cap of black silk dotted with gold stars. In his right hand is a wand of human teeth strung together, in his left a book of square palm-leaves bound in silver. At the back of the room is a black curtain completely veiling its second portion. This curtain is covered with cabalistic characters and terrifying images in white.*

[Enter the servant of HERMES, a negro uglier than an ape. He is immensely long and lean; his body hangs forward, so that his arms nearly touch the ground. He is clad in a tightly fitting suit of scarlet, and wears a scarlet skull-cap. He makes deep obeisance.

HERMES

Speak, Hanuman!

HANUMAN

A lady.

[HERMES nods gravely. Exit HANUMAN.

HERMES

Abaoth!

Abraxas! Pur! Pur! Aeou! Thoth!

[Enter the LADY PSYCHE with one attendant.

Ee! Oo! Uu! Iao Sabaoth!

Dogs of Hell!

Mumble spell!

Up! Up! Up!

Sup! Sup! Sup!

U! Aoth!

Abaoth!

Abraoth!

Sabaoth!

Livid, loath,

Obeys the oath!

Ah!

[He shuts the book with a snap.

You have come to me because you are crossed
In love.

PSYCHE

Most true, sir!

HERMES

Ah! you're Greek!

PSYCHE

As you yourself, sir.

HERMES

Then I've lost

My pains. I need not fear to speak.

I took you for a fool. Ho! veil, divide!

[HANUMAN appears and lays his hand on a cord.

Things are much pleasanter the other side.

PSYCHE

Silence grows hateful ; hollow is mine heart
 Here in the fateful hall ; I wait apart.
 Dimmer, still dimmer darkness veils my sight ;
 There is no glimmer heralding the light.
 I, the King's daughter, am but serf and thrall
 Where Time hath wrought her cobweb in the hall
 This blood avails not ; where's the signet ring
 Whose puissance fails not to arouse the King ?
 Heir of his heart, I am uncrowned ; then, one
 That hath no art or craft in Babylon.
 I left my home and found a vassal's house—
 This lampless dome of death, vertiginous !
 O for the foam of billows that carouse
 About the crag-set columns ! for the breeze
 That fans their flagging Caryatides !
 For the gemmed vestibule, the porch of pearl,
 The bowers of rest, the silences that furl
 Their wings upon mine amethystine chamber
 Whose lions shone with emerald and amber !
 O for the throne whereon my father's awe,
 Lofty and lone, lets liberty love law !
 All justice wrought, its sword the healer's knife !
 All mercy, not less logical than life !
 Alas ! I wait a widowed suppliant
 Betrayed to fate, blind trampling elephant.
 I wait and mourn. Will not the dust disclose
 The Unicorn, the Unicorn that goes
 About the gardens of these halls of Spring,
 First of the wardens that defend the King ?

K

First flower of Spring, first maiden of the morn,
 Wilt thou not bring me to the Unicorn ?

*[The Unicorn passes over. He has the swiftness
 of the horse, the slimness of the deer, the whiteness
 of the swan, the horn of the narwhal. He couches
 upon the right side of the LADY PSYCHE.]*

Hail ! thou that holdest thine appointed station,
 Lordliest and boldest of his habitation,
 Silence that foldest over its creation !

*[The Lion passes over. He is redder than the
 setting sun. He couches upon the left side of the
 LADY PSYCHE.]*

Hail ! thou that art his ward and warrior,
 The brazen heart, the iron pulse of war !
 Up start, up start ! and set thyself to roar !

*[The Peacock passes over. This peacock is so great
 that his fan, as he spreads it on couching before
 the face of the LADY PSYCHE, fills the whole of
 the hall.]*

Hail ! glory and light his majesty that hideth,
 Pride and delight whereon his image rideth,
 While in thick night and darkness he abideth !

*[The stage now darkens. Even the light shed by
 the jewels of the LADY PSYCHE is extinguished.
 Then, from the gate of the Palace between the
 man-bulls there issueth a golden hawk. In his
 beak is a jewel which he drops into the lamp
 that hangs from the height above the head of
 the LADY PSYCHE. This lamp remains dark.]*

N/

THE SYMPH OF THE WELL

In the well
Where I dwell,
It is cool, it is dusk ;
But the truth
Of my youth
Is a palace of musk.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim ;
Light and night are one to Him !

In the dark
You may mark
The slow ooze of my springs,
But you know
Not the glow
Where the soul of me sings.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim ;
Life and death are one to Him !

There is cold
In the old
Grey gloom of my caves ;
There is heat
In the beat
Of my passionate waves.
Truth comes bubbling to my brim ;
Love and hate are one to Him.

THE SARACEN GIRL'S SONG

As the flower waits for the rain,
As the lover waits for the moon,
We wait, we wait, an hungry pain,
For tidings from the battle plain—
If those we love are hurt or slain,
Or ~~of~~ the Lord hath smitten again
The legions of the Cross, and hewn
A path of blood where glory flares.
The sabre strikes, the trumpet blares.
The warhorse neighs,—Oh let us see
The Crescent borne to victory !

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Where God and priest and worshipper
 Deacon, asperger, thurifer, chorister,
 Are one as they were one ere time began,
 Are one on earth as they are one in heaven ;
 Where the soul is given a new name,
 Confirming with an oath the same,
 And with celestial wine and bread
 Is most delicately fed,
 Yet suffereth in itself the curse
 Of the infinite universe,
 Having made its own confession
 Of the mystery of transgression ;
 Where it is wedded solemnly
 With the ring of space and eternity,
 And where the oil, the Holiest Breath,
 With Its first whisper dedicateth
 Its new life to a further death.

I was cold as earth : the night
 Had given way. One star hung bright
 Over the church, now gray ;
 I rose up to greet the ray
 That thrilled through elm and chestnut, lit
 The grass, made diamonds of it,
 And bade the weir's long smile of spray
 Leap with laughter for the day.
 The birds woke over all the weald ;
 The sullen peasants slouched afield ;
 The lilies swayed before the breeze
 That murmured matins in the trees ;

The trout leapt in the shingly shallows.
 Soared skyward the great sun, that hallows
 The pagan shrines of labour and light
 As the moon consecrates the night.
 Labour is corn and love is wine,
 And both are blessèd in the shrine ;
 Not is he for priest designed
 Who partakes only in one kind.

Thus musing joyous, twice across
 Under the weir I swam, to toss
 The spray back ; then the meadows claim
 The foot's fleet ecstasy aflame.
 And having uttered my thanksgiving
 Thus for the sacrament of living,
 I lit my pipe, and made my way
 To break fast, and the labour of the day.

v/

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DOLOROSA

LOVE, through the dolorous way,
 Astride of the night,
 I am come like the moon, I will bear thee away
 To the dome of delight.

Love, I am winged, I am shod
 With the plumes of the passionate God !
 Like a hawk and a snake and a dove
 I have swooped, I have struck ; I am love,
 I am joy, I am light, I am youth,
 I am goodness and beauty and truth !
 Now let me bear
 Thee aloft in the air
 Through the silence seraphic and sunny
 To the gardens of gold,
 That Iacchus of old
 Made glad for our æon of honey !

Through the Pass Peradventure I came
 With my eyes a celestial flame.
 I spied the afar
 From my separate star,
 And I rose from my throne of jasper,
 Of jasper and jade,
 Immortal, a maid
 Disdaining the Gods that would grasp her.
 I darted, I glided—

DOLOROSA

The moonbeams divided
 To let love's queen fly faster ;
 I fixed my soul
 On the pray, on the gall,
 And I found thee, O my master !

Neforosa !
 Tenebrosa !

These are mine eyes and mine hair,
 This clouds thee over ;
 Those discover,
 My lord and my lover,
 The eyes that find me fair.

Dolorosa

Call me no more ! I am caught in the snare
 Of souls. I am one
 With the moon and the sun.
 I am earth, I am sky,
 I am thou, thou art I !

Be at peace all ye
 Sweet birds that be !
 Be all your voices idle
 Till the hour of Fate
 When we celebrate
 The beauty of the bridal !
 Then be your song
 So sweet and strong
 That all the stars go dancing,
 Nor let it die
 While love and I

One, beaming vodka, from the Caspian sea ;
 Two, with him like a snail he brought his bedding,
 The sort of German one spends life in dreading ;
 Three, horribly obese, a Polish Jew,
 As Coleridge says, we were a ghastly crew.

5

As I was snoring, and the night pitch dark,
 The journey offers little to remark.
 Even in the morning, at Gorokovetz
 Where the pale tea one's gummy throttle wets/
 Nothing diversifies the train's slow lurches
 But endless rows of pines and silver birches.
 I prefer deserts to such petty greenery.
 To cut the matter short, there is no scenery.
 Baedeker, archetypal optimist,
 Cries "villages," puts "churches" ! I insist
 I saw few villages and fewer churches.
 What I did see, I've told you : pines and birches.
 Nor too, do men who call their souls their own
 Support that soul on villages alone ;
 Not even churches noble or grotesque
 Suffice my hunger for the picturesque.
 And if they did, I pledge my everlasting
 Welfare that I should, this time, have gone fasting.

6

(However, if a bivouac at leisure
 Of fifty soldiers would afford you pleasure,