[If](http://hellopoetry.com/poem/1597/if/)

If freckles were lovely, and day was night,
And measles were nice and a lie warn’t a lie,
Life would be delight,—
But things couldn’t go right
For in such a sad plight
I wouldn’t be I.

If earth was heaven and now was hence,
And past was present, and false was true,
There might be some sense
But I’d be in suspense
For on such a pretense
You wouldn’t be you.

If fear was plucky, and globes were square,
And dirt was cleanly and tears were glee
Things would seem fair,—
Yet they’d all despair,
For if here was there
We wouldn’t be we.

[**In Just-**](http://hellopoetry.com/poem/1601/in-just-/)

in Just-
spring       when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame baloonman

whistles       far       and wee

and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it’s
spring

when the world is puddle-wonderful

the queer
old baloonman whistles
far       and         wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing

from hop-scotch and jump-rope and

it’s
spring
and

        the

                goat-footed

baloonMan       whistles
far
and
wee

|  |
| --- |
| 81. **The Congo** (*A Study of the Negro Race*) |
|   |

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| I. THEIR BASIC SAVAGERYFAT black bucks in a wine-barrel room, |   |
| Barrel-house kings, with feet unstable, |   |
| Sagged and reeled and pounded on the table, |   |
|    |  |
| *A deep rolling bass.* Pounded on the table, |   |
| Beat an empty barrel with the handle of a broom, | *5* |
| Hard as they were able, |   |
| Boom, boom, BOOM, |   |
| With a silk umbrella and the handle of a broom, |   |
| Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM. |   |
| THEN I had religion, THEN I had a vision. | *10* |
| I could not turn from their revel in derision. |   |
| THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK, |   |
|    |  |
| *More deliberate. Solemnly chanted.* CUTTING THROUGH THE JUNGLE WITH A GOLDEN TRACK. |   |
| Then along that riverbank |   |
| A thousand miles | *15* |
| Tattooed cannibals danced in files; |   |
| Then I heard the boom of the blood-lust song |   |
| And a thigh-bone beating on a tin-pan gong. |   |
|    |  |
| *A rapidly piling climax of speed and racket.* And "BLOOD" screamed the whistles and the fifes of the warriors, |   |
| "BLOOD" screamed the skull-faced, lean witch-doctors, | *20* |
| "Whirl ye the deadly voo-doo rattle, |   |
| Harry the uplands, |   |
| Steal all the cattle, |   |
| Rattle-rattle, rattle-rattle, |   |
| Bing! | *25* |
| Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM," |   |
| A roaring, epic, rag-time tune |  |

**Hilaire Belloc**

**Tarantella
(1929)**

Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?
And the tedding and the spreading
Of the straw for a bedding,
And the fleas that tease in the High Pyrenees,
And the wine that tasted of tar?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteers
(Under the vine of the dark verandah)?
Do you remember an Inn, Miranda,
Do you remember an Inn?
And the cheers and the jeers of the young muleteeers
Who hadn't got a penny,
And who weren't paying any,
And the hammer at the doors and the Din?
And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twirl and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing,
Backing and advancing,
Snapping of a clapper to the spin
Out and in --
And the Ting, Tong, Tang, of the Guitar.
Do you remember an Inn,
Miranda?
Do you remember an Inn?

Never more;

Miranda,

Never more.

Only the high peaks hoar:

And Aragon a torrent at the door.

No sound

In the walls of the Halls where falls

The tread

Of the feet of the dead to the ground

No sound:

But the boom

Of the far Waterfall like Doom.