

**THE BOMBER GIPSY,
AND OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649761005

The Bomber gipsy, and other poems by Sir A. P. Herbert

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

SIR A. P. HERBERT

**THE BOMBER GIPSY,
AND OTHER POEMS**

**THE
BOMBER GIPSY**

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

LIEUT. A. P. HERBERT
(LATE HAWKE BATT., ROYAL NAVAL DIVISION)

METHUEN & CO. LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.
LONDON

TWENTY-ONE of these pieces have already appeared in *Punch*, and I am indebted to the proprietors of that paper for their courtesy in permitting me to reprint them. "After the Battle" appeared in *The New Statesman*, and "The Atrocity" in *Queen Alexandra's Hospital Magazine*.

A. P. H.

February 1918

TO MY WIFE
AND TO ALL THE WIVES
WHO HAVE WAITED AND WONDERED
BUT ESPECIALLY
TO THE WIVES OF THE R.N.D.

*You may not ride through magic regions
With fifty-score companions near,
Or know the hope that lives in legions,
The fellowship that laughs at fear,
Or songs at sunset in the lovely haven
When with great cheers the teeming ships
set out—*

*Only the loneliness that makes men craven,
The silent furniture—the chill, dumb doubt.*

*But the swords flash, the cannon thunder
Full oft in your imaginings :
For you each night your man goes under,
And cursèd is the strife of Kings.
When lone winds wail, and cruel windows
rattle,
And empty chairs sit mocking round the
fire,
Too oft, I know, you sit and dream of battle,
Of blood and wounds and dead men on the
wire.*

*And when far back in warm green levels
He lies with all the restful host,
With dance and jest and midnight revels,
And Home is but a tavern toast,
For you the wind still howls about the sashes,
For you the regiments are relieved in vain :
You see no singers in the ruthless ashes,
Only the wet, the weariness, the pain.*

*Yet may you in this jester's pages
Be sure the battle sometimes ends,
Nor only death the soldier's wages,
But there are farms and laughing friends,
And wine and wonders and delicious leisures,
And dreaming villages where children dwell—
And if, mayhap, you cannot catch the pleasures,
Believe, at least, it is not always Hell.*

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE BOMBER GIPSY	1
BALLADE OF INCIPIENT LUNACY	4
THE REST-RUMOUR	7
A LOST LEADER	10
THE INCORRIGIBLES	12
AT THE DUMP	15
THE BATTLE OF CODSON'S HEARD	18
AFTER THE BATTLE	21
OPEN WARFARE	23
THE REVELATION	26
BRAUCOURT REVISITED	29
THE RUNNER	32
THE INVESTITURE	34
THE ATROCITY	37
THE BALLAD OF JONES'S BLIGHTY	39
THE TRENCH CODE	41
THE COMING OF PEACE	43

	PAGE
THE HUMILIATION OF THE PALFREY	46
"THE CHAIN OF RESPONSIBILITY"	49
TO THE REGIMENT	51
ZERO	55
THE SWAN-SONG OF THE BAVARIANS	58
THE MISCHIEF-MAKERS	62
THE ROMANCERS	65
"AT DAWN"	67
PATROLS	69
THE DESERTERS	73
FREE MEALS	76
THE VENGEANCE	78
THE WAR-DREAM	80
THE PASSING OF THE COB'S HEAD	82