

JOCOSERIA

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Jocoseria by Robert Browning

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ROBERT BROWNING

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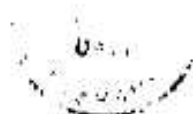
ROBERT BROWNING

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1883

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DONALD.

“WILL you hear my story also,

—Huge Sport, brave adventure in plenty?”

The boys were a band from Oxford,

The oldest of whom was twenty

The bothy we held carouse in

Was bright with fire and candle ;

Tale followed tale like a merry-go-round

Whereof Sport turned the handle.

In our eyes and noses—turf-smoke :
In our ears a tune from the trivet,
Whence “Boiling, boiling,” the kettle sang,
“And ready for fresh Glenlivet.”

So, feat capped feat, with a vengeance :
Truths, though, — the lads were loyal :
“Grouse, five score brace to the bag !
Deer, ten hours’ stalk of the Royal !”

Of boasting, not one bit, boys !
Only there seemed to settle
Somehow above your curly heads,
—Plain through the singing kettle,

Palpable through the cloud,
As each new-puffed Havanna
Rewarded the teller’s well-told tale,—
This vaunt “To Sport—Hosanna !