

**THE TIMES OF INDIA**  
**WEEKLY EDITION**  
**BOMBAY, MAHARASHTRA, INDIA**  
**2 SEPTEMBER 1914**  
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**CHANTS BEFORE BATTLE.**

The August number of the *English Review* opens with a number of "chants before battle" written by Mr. Aleister Crowley in the manner of various poets from Chaucer to our own time. Mr. Crowley's thesis is that only one poet has struck the True Note of British Patriotism, the author of—

"We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo, if we do,  
We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the  
money too."

If, however, all our poets had had this perfect thought, in all its detail, English literature might have been enriched somewhat as follows—and we select an amusing example of Mr. Crowley's skill to illustrate his idea.

By O—————n S—————n

A Hohenzollern, in his mailed might,  
Is apt to take for truth the merest rumour;  
The supposition that we want to fight  
Lacks humour.

Rash is the blind and puppy-baiting youth;  
The supposed spaniel may turn out a dingo!  
So, William, if the rumour should prove truth,  
By Jingo,

Let us count Dreadnaughts. We can show sixteen  
(By Winston's wisdom) to your torpid ten.  
Moreover, we have "gods in the machine,"  
The men.

Did we not hear of trouble in Berlin  
(The Bourse) about the "Panther's" little dash  
We, on the contrary, are rolling in  
Hard cash.