

## BALLADE OF THE ONE-EYED TOUT

O SOLITARY-EYES one, who  
Sportest a Diamond Jubilee  
Tie, of pure white and red and blue,  
Or something green, like absinthee,  
Or purple like a purple bee,  
If bees are purple, which I doubt.  
O product of the Varsity,  
Thou dear and noble<sup>1</sup> one-eyed tout !

Whom dost thou cadge for ? For I view  
With envy thy sweet liberty.  
Thy tie's invariably new,  
Although thy face we never see  
Even on Sunday changed ! Ah me !  
That face, at which the lillies pout,  
That face extraordinararee,  
Thou dear and noble one-eyed tout.

Fragrant as dawn and light as dew  
Thy dainty presence ! Or a tree  
Some poets would compare thee to :  
Some poets to a common flea.  
I doubt if any end there be  
To similes a bard might spout :—  
Thou stirr'st the Springs of poetry,  
Thou dear and noble one-eyed tout !

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Robert Browning, not the author, is responsible for this iniquitous conjunction of epithets.

## ENVOI

How fortunate that very few  
Can chatter on like this, about  
Nothing at all ! Good-bye to you,  
O dear and noble one-eyed tout !