

Fair copy of fragments from Rupert Brooke's poem 'The Sentimental Exile',
produced for the *Basileon*.

Fitzwilliam Museum. MS/1/1917

'Basileon

Fragments from a Poem to the Entitled "The Sentimental Exile"

Just now the lilac is in bloom
All before my little room ;
And in my flower-beds, I think,
Smile the carnation and the pink ;
And down the borders, well I know,
The poppy and the pansy blow
Oh! there the chestnuts, summer through,
Beside the river make for you
A tunnel of green gloom, and sleep
Deeply above ; and green and deep
The stream mysterious glides beneath,
Green as a dream and deep as death.
Oh, damn! I know it! and I know
How the May fields all golden show,
And, when the day is young and sweet,
Gild gloriously the bare feet
That run to bathe . . .

Du-lieber Gott!

Here am I sweating, sick, and hot,
And there the shadowed waters fresh
Lean up to embrace the naked flesh.
Temperamentvoll German Jews
Drink beer around ; - and there the dews
Are soft beneath a morn of gold.
Here ~~tup~~ tulips bloom as they are told ;
Unkempt about those hedges blows
An ~~unoffiei~~ English unofficial rose;
And there the unregulated sun
Slopes down to rest when day is done,
And wakes a vague unpunctual star,
A slippered Hesper ; and there are
Meads towards Hazslingfield and Coton,
That are not polizei verboten !.

ειθε γενοιμην . . . would I were
In Grantchester, in Grantchester !
- Some, it maybe can get in touch
With Nature there, or Earth, or such.
And clever modern mean have seen
A Faun a-peeping through the green,
And felt the Classics were not dead,
To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head,
Or hear the Goat-foot piping low :

But there are things I do not know.
 I only know that you may lie
 Daylong and watch the Cambridge sky,
 And, flower-lulled in sleepy grass,
 Hear the cool lapse of hours pass,
 Until the centuries blend and blur
 In Grantchester, in Grantchester
 Still in the dawnlit waters cool
 His ghostly Lordship swims his pool
 And tries the strokes, essays the tricks,
 Long learnt on Hellespont, or Styx.
 Dan Chaucer hears his river still
 Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
 Tennyson notes, with studious eye
 How Cambridge ~~rivers~~ waters hurry by
 And in that garden, black and white,
 Creep whispers through the grass all night ;
 And spectral dance, before the dawn ;
 A hundred Vicars down the lawn ;
 Curates, long dust, will come and go,
 On lissom, clerical, pointless toe ;
 And oft betwixt the boughs is seen
 The sly shade of a Rural Dean
 Till, at a shiver in the skies,
 Vanishing with Satanic cries,
 The prim ecclesiastic rout
 Leaves but a startled sleeper-out,
 Grey heavens, the first bird's drowsy calls,
 The falling house that never falls.

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God! I will pack, and take a train,
 And get me to England once again !
 For England's the one land, I know,,
 Where Men with Splendid Hearts may go ;
 And Cambridgeshire, of all England,
 The shire for men who Understand ;
 And of that district I prefer
 The lovely hamlet, Grantchester.
 For Cambridge people rarely smile,
 Being urban, squat, and packed with guile ;
 And Royston men in the far south
 Are black and fierce and strange of mouth ;
 At Over they fling ~~stories~~ oaths at one,
 And worse than oaths at Trumpington.
 And Ditton girls are mean and dirty,
 And there's none in Harston under thity,
 And folks in Shelford and ~~thoug~~ those parts
 Have twisted lips and twisted hearts,
 And Barton men make cockney rhymes,
 And Coton's full of nameless crimes,

And things are done you'd not believe
 At Madingley on Christmas Eve.
 Strong men have run and run for miles,
 When one from Cherry Hinton smiles ;
 Strong men have blanched, and shot their wives,
 Rather than send them to St Ives ;
 Strong men have cried like babes, bydam,
 To hear what happened at Babraham,
 But Grantchester ! ah ! Grantchester !
 There's peace and holy quiet there,
 Great clouds along the pacific skies,
 And men and women with straight eyes,
 Lithe children lovelier than a dream,
 A bosky wood, a slumberous stream,
 And little kindly winds that creep
 Round twilight corners, half-asleep.
 In Grantchester their skins are white,
 4 They bathe by day, they bathe by night.
 The women there do all they ought ;
 The men observe the Rules of Thought.
 They love the Good ; they worship Truth ;
 They laugh uproariously in youth ;
 (And when they get to feeling old,
 They up and shoot themselves, I'm told.)

-Ah, God ! To see the branches stir
 Across the moon at Grantchester !
 To smell the thrilling-sweet and rotten
 Unforgettable, unforgotten,
 River-smell, and hear the breeze
 Sobbing on the little trees.
 Say, do the elm-clumps greatly stand
 Still guardians of that holy land ?
 The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
 The yet unacademic stream ?
 Is dawn a secret shy and cold
 Anadyomene, silver-gold ?
 And sunset still a golden sea
 From Hazlingfield to Madingley ?
 And after, ere the night is born,
 Do hares come out about the corn ?
 Oh, is the water sweet and cool
 Gentle and brown above the pool ?
 And laughs the immortal river still
 Under the mill, under the mill ?
 Say, is there Beauty yet to find ?
 And Certainty ? And Quiet kind ?
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget
 The lies, and truths, and pain? oh ! yet
 Stands the church clock at ten to three ?

And is there honey still for tea ?

R.B.

Café des Westens, Berlin May, 1912.'

Transcribed with the help of Kay Mira Le, during an internship at King's College Library.