

## Proem to "The Wonderful Mission of Earl Lavender"

By John Davidson

**T**HOUGH our eyes turn ever waveward  
Where our sun is well-nigh set ;  
Though our Century totters graveward  
We may laugh a little yet.

Oh ! our age-end style perplexes  
All our elders time has tamed ;  
On our sleeves we wear our sexes,  
Our diseases, unashamed.

Have we lost the mood romantic  
That was once our right by birth ?  
Lo ! the greenest girl is frantic  
With the woe of all the earth.

But we know a British rumour,  
And we think it whispers well :  
"We would ventilate our humour  
In the very jaws of Hell."

Though

Though our thoughts turn ever Doomwards,  
    Though our sun is well-nigh set,  
Though our Century totters tombwards,  
    We may laugh a little yet.