

## TRUE JOHNNY

BY ROBERT GRAVES

*(A poem in the eighteenth-century  
manner)*

Johnny, sweetheart, can you be true  
To all those famous vows you've  
made,

Will you love me as I love you,  
Until we both in earth are laid?  
Or shall the old wives nod and say:  
'His love was only for the day:  
The mood goes by,  
His fancies fly,  
And Mary's left to sigh?'

'Mary, alas, you've hit the truth;  
And I with grief can but admit  
Hot-blooded haste controls my youth,  
My idle fancies veer and flit  
From flower to flower, from tree to  
tree;  
So when the moment catches me,  
Oh, love goes by,  
Away I fly,  
And leave my girl to sigh.'

O, can you but foretell the day,  
Johnny, when this sad change may  
be,  
When light and gay you turn away,  
And laugh and break the heart in  
me?

For, like a nut, for true love's sake  
My faithful heart must crack and  
break;

When love goes by  
And fancies fly,  
Then Mary here must die.

When the sun turns against the clock,  
When Avon waters upward flow,  
When eggs are laid by barn-door cock,  
But dusty hens do strut and crow.  
When up is down, when left is right,  
Why, then, I'll break the troth I plight,  
With careless eye  
Away I'll fly,  
And Mary here may die.

Land and Water

## THE LAST ROAD

All roads in London lead the one last  
way,  
Like little streams that find a flowing  
river.  
They find the one great road that runs  
forever,  
Yet has no London name. They knew  
it, they  
Who when the lamps in Oxford Street  
were lighted,  
And starlit Thames through all her  
bridges moving  
Velvet assumed, saw not for all their  
loving  
These things they loved, nor heard, as  
uninvited,  
To London revel calling Piccadilly.  
But these were old, scarce sped, ere  
they grew strange,  
And now the young, the young that  
road have trod  
From battle home, that road with rose  
and lily  
Of youth made sweet, and treading it  
exchange  
The streets of London for the road of  
God.

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## MICHAEL DREAMS

BY M. ST. C. BYRNE

The lamps were lit,  
And still the rain poured ceaselessly  
Upon the little narrow cobbled slum-  
like street  
And the stones glistened.

I was sad for them,  
Because I knew they lay there in the  
rain  
Dreaming of those blue magic depths  
Beneath the waters of a tarn  
Lost long ago,  
A mountain lough in Ireland.

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