



**Greybeards at Play**

**By**

**G. K. Chesterton**

A DEDICATION

TO E.C.B.

He was, through boyhood's storm and shower,  
My best, my nearest friend;  
We wore one hat, smoked one cigar,  
One standing at each end.

We were two hearts with single hope,  
Two faces in one hood;  
I knew the secrets of his youth;  
I watched his every mood.

The little things that none but I  
Saw were beyond his wont,  
The streaming hair, the tie behind,  
The coat tails worn in front.

I marked the absent-minded scream,  
The little nervous trick  
Of rolling in the grate, with eyes  
By friendship's light made quick.

But youth's black storms are gone and past,  
Bare is each aged brow;

And, since with age we're growing bald,  
Let us be babies now.

Learning we knew; but still to-day,  
With spelling-book devotion,  
Words of one syllable we seek  
In moments of emotion.

Riches we knew; and well dressed dolls--  
Dolls living--who expressed  
No filial thoughts, however much  
You thumped them in the chest.

Old happiness is grey as we,  
And we may still outstrip her;  
If we be slippered pantaloons,  
Oh let us hunt the slipper!

The old world glows with colours clear;  
And if, as saith the saint,  
The world is but a painted show,  
Oh let us lick the paint!

Far, far behind are morbid hours,  
And lonely hearts that bleed.  
Far, far behind us are the days,

When we were old indeed.

Leave we the child: he is immersed

With scientists and mystics:

With deep prophetic voice he cries

Canadian food statistics.

But now I know how few and small,

The things we crave need be--

Toys and the universe and you--

A little friend to tea.

Behold the simple sum of things,

Where, in one splendour spun,

The stars go round the Mulberry Bush,

The Burning Bush, the Sun.

Now we are old and wise and grey,

And shaky at the knees;

Now is the true time to delight

In picture books like these.

Hoary and bent I dance one hour:

What though I die at morn?

There is a shout among the stars,

"To-night a child is born."

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THE ONENESS OF THE PHILOSOPHER WITH NATURE.

I love to see the little stars  
All dancing to one tune;  
I think quite highly of the Sun,  
And kindly of the Moon.

The million forests of the Earth  
Come trooping in to tea.  
The great Niagara waterfall  
Is never shy with me.

I am the tiger's confidant,  
And never mention names:  
The lion drops the formal "Sir,"  
And lets me call him James.

Into my ear the blushing Whale  
Stammers his love. I know  
Why the Rhinoceros is sad,  
--Ah, child! 'twas long ago.

I am akin to all the Earth  
By many a tribal sign:  
The aged Pig will often wear

That sad, sweet smile of mine.

My niece, the Barnacle, has got

My piercing eyes of black;

The Elephant has got my nose,

I do not want it back.

I know the strange tale of the Slug;

The Early Sin--the Fall--

The Sleep--the Vision--and the Vow--

The Quest--the Crown--the Call.

And I have loved the Octopus,

Since we were boys together.

I love the Vulture and the Shark:

I even love the weather.

I love to bask in sunny fields,

And when that hope is vain,

I go and bask in Baker Street,

All in the pouring rain.

Come snow! where fly, by some strange law,

Hard snowballs--without noise--

Through streets untenanted, except

By good unconscious boys.

Come fog! exultant mystery--

Where, in strange darkness rolled,

The end of my own nose becomes

A lovely legend old.

Come snow, and hail, and thunderbolts,

Sleet, fire, and general fuss;

Come to my arms, come all at once--

Oh photograph me thus!

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OF THE DANGERS ATTENDING ALTRUISM ON THE HIGH SEAS.

Observe these Pirates bold and gay,  
That sail a gory sea:  
Notice their bright expression:--  
The handsome one is me.

We plundered ships and harbours,  
We spoiled the Spanish main;  
But Nemesis watched over us,  
For it began to rain.

Oh all well-meaning folk take heed!  
Our Captain's fate was sore;  
A more well-meaning Pirate,  
Had never dripped with gore.

The rain was pouring long and loud,  
The sea was drear and dim;  
A little fish was floating there:  
Our Captain pitied him.

"How sad," he said, and dropped a tear  
Splash on the cabin roof,  
"That we are dry, while he is there

Without a waterproof.

"We'll get him up on board at once;

For Science teaches me,

He will be wet if he remains

Much longer in the sea."

They fished him out; the First Mate wept,

And came with rugs and ale:

The Boatswain brought him one golosh,

And fixed it on his tail.

But yet he never loved the ship;

Against the mast he'd lean;

If spoken to, he coughed and smiled,

And blushed a pallid green.

Though plied with hardbake, beef and beer,

He showed no wish to sup:

The neatest riddles they could ask,

He always gave them up.

They seized him and court-martialled him,

In some excess of spleen,

For lack of social sympathy,

(Victoria xii. 18).

They gathered every evidence  
That might remove a doubt:  
They wrote a postcard in his name,  
And partly scratched it out.

Till, when his guilt was clear as day,  
With all formality  
They doomed the traitor to be drowned,  
And threw him in the sea.

The flashing sunset, as he sank,  
Made every scale a gem;  
And, turning with a graceful bow,  
He kissed his fin to them.

MORAL.

I am, I think I have remarked,  
Terrifically old,  
(The second Ice-age was a farce,  
The first was rather cold.)

A friend of mine, a trilobite  
Had gathered in his youth,  
When trilobites were trilobites,  
This all-important truth.

We aged ones play solemn parts--  
Sire--guardian--uncle--king.  
Affection is the salt of life,  
Kindness a noble thing.

The old alone may comprehend  
A sense in my decree;  
But--if you find a fish on land,  
Oh throw it in the sea.

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ON THE DISASTROUS SPREAD OF ÆSTHETICISM IN ALL CLASSES.

Impetuously I sprang from bed,  
Long before lunch was up,  
That I might drain the dizzy dew  
From day's first golden cup.

In swift devouring ecstasy  
Each toil in turn was done;  
I had done lying on the lawn  
Three minutes after one.

For me, as Mr. Wordsworth says,  
The duties shine like stars;  
I formed my uncle's character,  
Decreasing his cigars.

But could my kind engross me? No!  
Stern Art--what sons escape her?  
Soon I was drawing Gladstone's nose  
On scraps of blotting paper.

Then on--to play one-fingered tunes  
Upon my aunt's piano.

In short, I have a headlong soul,  
I much resemble Hanno.

(Forgive the entrance of the not  
Too cogent Carthaginian.  
It may have been to make a rhyme;  
I lean to that opinion).

Then my great work of book research  
Till dusk I took in hand--  
The forming of a final, sound  
Opinion on The Strand.

But when I quenched the midnight oil,  
And closed The Referee,  
Whose thirty volumes folio  
I take to bed with me,

I had a rather funny dream,  
Intense, that is, and mystic;  
I dreamed that, with one leap and yell,  
The world became artistic.

The Shopmen, when their souls were still,  
Declined to open shops--

And Cooks recorded frames of mind  
In sad and subtle chops.

The stars were weary of routine:  
The trees in the plantation  
Were growing every fruit at once,  
In search of a sensation.

The moon went for a moonlight stroll,  
And tried to be a bard,  
And gazed enraptured at itself:  
I left it trying hard.

The sea had nothing but a mood  
Of 'vague ironic gloom,'  
With which t'explain its presence in  
My upstairs drawing-room.

The sun had read a little book  
That struck him with a notion:  
He drowned himself and all his fires  
Deep in the hissing ocean.

Then all was dark, lawless, and lost:  
I heard great devilish wings:  
I knew that Art had won, and snapt

The Covenant of Things.

I cried aloud, and I awoke,  
New labours in my head.  
I set my teeth, and manfully  
Began to lie in bed.

Toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing,  
So I my life conduct.  
Each morning see some task begun,  
Each evening see it chucked.

But still, in sudden moods of dusk,  
I hear those great weird wings,  
Feel vaguely thankful to the vast  
Stupidity of things.

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ENVOY.

Clear was the night: the moon was young:

The larkspurs in the plots

Mingled their orange with the gold

Of the forget-me-nots.

The poppies seemed a silver mist:

So darkly fell the gloom.

You scarce had guessed yon crimson streaks

Were buttercups in bloom.

But one thing moved: a little child

Crashed through the flower and fern:

And all my soul rose up to greet

The sage of whom I learn.

I looked into his awful eyes:

I waited his decree:

I made ingenious attempts

To sit upon his knee.

The babe upraised his wondering eyes,

And timidly he said,

"A trend towards experiment  
In modern minds is bred.

"I feel the will to roam, to learn  
By test, experience, nous,  
That fire is hot and ocean deep,  
And wolves carnivorous.

"My brain demands complexity."  
The lisping cherub cried.  
I looked at him, and only said,  
"Go on. The world is wide."

A tear rolled down his pinafore,  
"Yet from my life must pass  
The simple love of sun and moon,  
The old games in the grass;

"Now that my back is to my home  
Could these again be found?"  
I looked on him, and only said,  
"Go on. The world is round."