

THE EPYLLIADS

The Gospel of Perseus

Pantheon

Bonnie Prince Charlie

The Gospel of Perseus

The Spirit of the Age

Argument

This poem is one relating to the *zeitgeist* of my times. To fully examine the spirit of an age, one must allow for every event in history that has led up to this moment. Therefore, the first part concerns the PAST. The second part, the PRESENT, will then analyze how society stands today, how mankind & his status quo look upon the inherited bastions of society. The third part, POSTERITY, is purely conjecture, wherein a future is prophesied, but only under the auspices of knowledge acquired by man *up to this time*.

There are twenty-four poems in total, maintaining the epic sensibilities of epyllia, each consisting of four quatrains – a quatrain of quatrains if you will. These poems are then divided into the three parts – Past, present & posterity – which are each introduced by a single quatrain. Then the whole poem is introduced by a single quatrain, bringing the total number to a round 100.

As to the use of quatrains, the PAST & POSTERITY parts of the poem both use the English version of the form; that is a rhyming scheme of *abab* in iambic pentameter. The second part, the one concerning the PRESENT, consists of eight separate poems, each using a different type of quatrain. These range from the ancient Persian form modernized by Tennysson, to the intricate, cynagged-infested Englyn of the Welsh Bards.

The Gospel

*I am moved, by man, to muse poetry,
Distill'd through these centennial quatrains;
His past, his present, his posterity,
Fills canvases as rivers flood the plains.*

Part One – Past

Poesis building, maturing as wines,

*Tradition survives, then let this pen flow,
Entwined harmonies of lore-laden lines,
Mere moments for me, for thee long ago.*

Romanization

Then where to begin? I lean first for Rome,
She was, by law, the one to lay Greece low,
Sending her furtive gods yon Alp & foam
To flirt with tribute broken spears bestow.

Damascus shook, pict-woad flung from the Forth,
Arts flourish, Greek-rooted sciences shoot,
Hard valour halts the nomads of the North,
Guilt raises Christus from reason's refute.

I saw men lift their laurell'd lords aloft
& civilize the savage of his stench
In perfumed rooms, but aubergines bruise soft,
Wisdom once won soon winters with a wrench!

As greatest empires last a thousand years
The Goth-youth of Cisalpine Gaul return,
Europa cleans'd, cauldron of roman tears
As now pale, pagan princes take their turn.

Spiritualization

Who are these men? Ye prophets, thee that ride
Thy steeds illustrious, the common host
Miracle amassing, this willing bride
Of sainthood sure, as horses sense *his* ghosts.

From Galilee, some say, came God's own son,
Who gave his life so other men may live,
Sect centred on the vortex Vatican,
Perpetuating powers priests forgive.

As papistry secured the western soul
A desert butterfly would flap its wings
Causing the hurricane of Islam's call
To penetrate the palaces of kings.

Thus soon the crescent & the cross made war,
I linger'd lonely oer those awful days,
Til Acre fell, as relics fled the shore,
My Pegasus flew from that frightful phase.

Civilization

Europa, Araby & Africa
Have form'd a faith impasse - while papal saints,
Scripture their miracle propaganda,
The Muslim-man a stricter picture paints.

New dawns are breaking on the teeming East,
Speed thither, Sylvermane, on beating wing,
Along the old Silk Road wild wolves releas'd,
Where once was gold now comes the Goblin-King.

All Asia falls beneath the Mongol Hordes
Constantinople floods with refugees,
Islam & Christianity join swords
To form a curtain 'gainst this bloody breeze.

But war courts famine as famine craves plague,
From rat to man bounces bubonic mite,
Fall Seville! Genoa! Moscow! The Hague!
The Death-Pits fill til Death's full of this blight.

Exploration

A third of all the Western World breathe earth,
As worlds without forage outwith for food,
Wonder exalts the New World at its birth,
What exotic accoutrements display'd.

As Turkish taxes tarnish Peking silk,
New routes open to the piccante East,
Columbus cross'd, & others of his ilk
Decanters fill, fresh flavors for the feast.

Strange birds & beasts, wyrd flora, shores refound,
Where Chinese junks & Viking longboats sleep,
& inland, an ancient burial ground,
Gleams deep wealth & healthy pasture for sheep.

As newborn babies month-old robes outgrow,
Flag-after-flag is planted overseas,
Like Hal at Harflour's breach, from beaches flow
The White Man's burden, murder & disease.

Colonization

There was a time when Zeus was barely young
& man his spirit dared not understand,
But even then his battle-cries were sung
& gory acts fluster'd the lust for land.

As king-by-king encroach'd an emperor

The grand age of cartography ensued,
Gluing global galaxies together,
Sharing the need for shelter, faith & food.

Alas! Man's ignorance fears foreign tongue
& shys from an indigenous cuisine,
Mid rising tensions nations make them strong,
To conquer & protect each crown's demesne.

Strength springs from wealth, wealth from efficiency,
Colonies claim cattle, poor thro' ports pour,
But peace seldom springs from prosperity,
Even Japan prepares for global war!

Industrialization

Drowning the cheery pipes of Arcady
The furnaces which drive the age of steam
Bellowing, clanking, mechanism spree,
Refutes man's weakness, pollutes mountain stream.

The world must change, for progress leads the mind,
Led by the lion-kings of London's tongue,
Edina's lairds complete the social bind,
Recorded in a rare, romantic song.

Now miller's wheels ferry the global freight,
Each purchase reducing a coin's value,
Roof thatch replaced by Ffestiniog slate,
Slowly backwards the global bowstring drew.

As Darwin mused Mankind mere monkeymen,
Gorilla princes beat their peacock chests,
Spears sharpening as now jealous Japan
Looks envious on an empiric West.

Conflagration

Far flying oer many a sundry shore,
Oft have I brought man's problems to my mind,
Is there a cure for the cancer of war,
Festering thro the office of Mankind.

As new, Teutonic eagles leave the nest,
Now modern life must feel true evil's verve,
War threatening the essence of the West,
Once more the barritas must test the nerve.

On bayonet point the balancing Earth
Waits for a child's breath, a gunman takes aim

Changing one battle! the war! The rebirth
Of life's precious phoenix from flight & flame.

The Modern World sets off over Japan,
Poor Hiroshima sacrificed for all,
End of the mad, bad, bloodletting of man,
From now His enmity found in a ball.

Modernization

This is the Modern World, a world where cars
Career down country lanes that once were still,
Where man has sent equipment to the stars
& split the atom many men to kill.

So who has won the world, most men would say
America, that Anglo-Saxon sire -
Or will it be the men yon Mandalay
Destin'd to attend a global empire.

Now little strips of silicon congest
All knowledge that we know, on them depends
Life's intricate maneuvering impress'd
Upon the fabric which world law depends.

Ease Sylvermane, please set me down awhile,
No more to range the flight of history,
But now a member of the rank & file
& taste the spirit of society!

Part Two - Present

*Being the god men prais'd as Perseus
My spirit stood eternal as the stone
Supporting those demographic pillars
On which mortal realities are bourne*

Money *(heroic)*

Once Mammon was mine elder, blissful peer,
But now I sense his global stranglehold
Supported by palaces stupendous
& man's eyes widening at golden glints.

Far from the merchant & his slavish life
Banks invest in the vast invisible
Thankless immensity that deigns to join
Drachma to Rouble, Euro to Dollar.

Since the Assyrian sixty seconds
All hands worship the watch, money needs time,
I see & feel tis not too deep to delve
Before we would prefer wealth to a friend.

The Shamen knew the old world by them pass'd
When whitemen first look'd on their ancyent soil,
Even re-incarnatiojn has a cost
In Cryrogenic vaults near Samarkand.

Religion

(italian)

I left the Church of Mammon for the rest,
Obsess'd, still, with fashions of flimsy faith,
The Holy Spirit more autumnal wraith
Stalking thro moral conscience, east & west.

Torn by wars & schism Jove feels frost
Devotion pales from world majority
& tho a msaon of society
Allah admits his global scheme was lost

For ever since brave Darwin fought his fray
& science stole the thunder of heaven
Our ancestors could well be forgiven
For saying worlds were work'd up in a day.

Now men play god & we gods must accept
The sceret of creation has been found
Strange string of DNA that must astound
Divinity's inherited concept.

Literature

(couplet)

On Georgian high streets, as the new bookstore
Administers millenia of lore
Egyptian paper & the Chinese press
Combine, from cartoon to jewell'd noblesse!

Since Italy first built man's dreaming spires
& Mailnz with Bruges first fused the printer's fires,
Europa has disseminatad news
Or sang the psalm sacrista from the pews

Now all is paling on a poet's page
Playstations & e-mailing drains the age
For mankind is forgetting how to sigh
& many prefer pudding to a pie!

But nothing perfect in a world of words
Music summon'd less sweeter than abirds'
Tho all the world recorded in a book
That world is still alive, stand up & look!

Law

(englyn)

I pass the time in people's court – the bliss
Of justice sternly sought
In Tartassen stone now taught
God the mountain, man the moat.

Our mind's moulded by Moses – Jove's edicts
Constrict man's wild roses
His advocate opposes
Both circumstance & causes.

Now all seem equal to their graves – one guilt
Wilting a world of slaves
With mankind spread 'cross the waves
Each man craves for what each craves

The final speeches said – passing sentence
The defence bows its head
As another man has bled
He must rot awhile instead

Travel

(persian)

Placing those sacred sandals on my feet
I step into a multi-notion'd street
Among the Hyperboreans we made
& paid respect to all modes that we meet.

The wheel, long born before Egyptian sails,
Still carry chariots, whose vapour trails
Issue pollutants from their pale parade
As ever overhead the ozone fails.

Still overhead plane shrinks the planet's girth
& overland swift train traverses earth
Defying gravity, these laws were made
Before man eas'd the wonders of his worth.

Now horses are reduced to jumping logs
Bann'd even from the foxhunt with the dogs

As men encroach on godhead grade-by-grade
Strange rocket skates replace the coalman's clogs.

Hospitals

(balladic)

As peachy-cheek'd as summer's day
Life full fresh with vigour,
Man, day-by-day, keeps death at bay,
Fingers ease from trigger.

Now four score years of life will pass
Upon this holy earth
From class-to-class the mortal mass
Germ-sanitised from birth

Hail to thee nursemaid of mankind
Thine altruist shines thro
Thro guts & grind your love must mind
The welfare of thy crew

But still the one true enemy
Spreads ochre thro the core
From killing spree to cancer free
Doctors pursue the war

Art

(welsh)

Man loves to taste true divinity
Fill up hearts with fear & poetry
Senses sooth'd with sensibility
Or the poignant flush of phantasie

Michaelangelo's magic on Earth,
Bach, Handel, Rameau – blended in birth,
Lennon & Wagner lead life's full worth
Dangerous dances, makers of mirth.

Thou art all portion of a great whole
Some born in plenty, some on the dole,
As motion answers the muses call,
Music spills into Apollo's hall.

There find art's first festival soiree
Fresh volavonds on a silver tray,
Wash'd down with a sweet, white chardonnay,
To recall on a desolate day.

Science

(modern)

We men are boys no longer
Ready to sail the vast ocean of truth
Mapping genomes
Growing human organs

From Greek & Arab cauldron
Principia Mathematica born
Spinning Jenny
Interstellar starprobe

Nature's fundamental laws
Broken by many an Aganippe
Silicon chips
Crude, quantum mechanics

Jewel mind spools wisdom thread
The age of manipulation over
Man's ship embarks,
His age of mastery!

Part Three – Posterity

*I have heard them sung, these ballads of old,
& watch'd the progress of our chosen breed,
Tho glories few, such stories should unfold
To entertain Olympus - hall & mead.*

Prophecies

This is a moment magical to me
As timelines breach the psyche & converge
Upon a pregnant page of poetry
When from the swamps strange, shrieking shapes emerge.

My time on earth was one of much amaze
& now tis time to mount my steed & sing
With vision clear delve into coming days
Not brazen tripod, but on eagle wing

I send a whistle whizzing thro the trees,
A zephyr stunning in its grace & poise
As Sylvermane is shaken from her ease
She turns toward the fountain of this noise

Tis me! & soon she settles mid the pines
I mount pearl-laden back & with uprush

We soar above the mountains & the mines
To wait the future with sulphuric flush.

The Age of Scientific Mastery

Welcome to the world which waits us all,
Technohaves, technohavenots divided
When barcoders administer the soul
& internet retina projected

When airlines drive themselves & human task
Usurp'd by vast, automatic empire
When thinking minds shall don virtual mask
& bodyparts for metal must retire.

The age of discovery is over
The age of science mastery begun
When cattle clones gorge upon strange clover
& rubbish hush'd up by the meta-ton.

This is a world where everybody drives
& gridlock'd grinding haltward birth-by-birth
Combined with healthy minds & longer lives
What pressure on the fissures of the earth.

Global Warming

Rise, Sylvermane, above this spinning globe
Whose o-zone thins oer soul's ten billion
Whose excess from sunbed to disco strobe
Drains wattage by the meta-trillion.

All govern'd by the only one world bank
Transactions cover'd by the chipp'd right hand
Man's liberty soon forced to walk the plank
Until his great ship 'PROGRESS' strikes the strand.

Thus in a time, & times & half a time
All money made worthless in one wild hour
Carrots turn to gold, rich men turn to crime,
The sweat-milk of man's paradise sent sour

In spates the waves reclaim the Maldives low
& Holland forced to fight for Flanders field
Fierce blight & famine from the solar glow,
More cannot hold, the centre has to yield!

World War Three

I pity thee, grandchildren's grandchildren,
By sewer rat the moral fibre gnaw'd
Christians once more seek persecution
All tottering at the threat of discord

From sudden eclipse forms a synagogue
Trojan & Mohameddian unite
Opposing Asia's greatest demagogue –
For poppy syrup all aspects shall fight.

Sheer anarchy reigns; fire, famine, plague, steel
Days drift into weeks, weeks pass, years roll,
Geneva falls, Mumbai wrack'd on the wheel,
Bitter waters, sky recedes to a scroll.

Cape Town & Cairo clasp nuclear clouds,
Great execution at dismal Achem,
Angels fled east, hidden in mangrove shrouds,
All prestige slain, then who shall honour them?

Nuclear Winter

Where once was wild spreads only wilderness
Earthquake & acid hail, dead seas of blood,
Both King & Beggar don the hunter's dress
Hidden in caves - old thrones for supper-wood.

The Age of Pisces passes with the drought,
As Locust blocks the sun men swarm anew
The Falkland Islands raise the British shout
As human muscle meat-farm'd for the few.

Twelve tribes greet the Age of Aquarius,
New leader born, chief of deepest Bhutan,
Sending lost peoples on an exodus,
Fetching the true Menorah back to man.

In time rises new Hagia Sophia
Ancient writings discover'd neath the waves
Lost poems found, new prophecies appear
Rebellion rampant throughout the slaves!

New Renaissance

Man's grand society, but at what price?
The old faiths are to sepulchres condemn'd,
A new, Hyperborean sacrifice,
Much wisdom now, & much men's crime suspend

The fourth Pasteur sails round Galapagos,
Homo Superium's tumors dissolve
Midst new American metropolis
From Latin phrases fresh phases evolve.

One born beside the Volga must uprise
Elfshot gaurding golden New Babylon
Sucking children batter'd before the eyes
Sceptres cast into gutters, every one.

For man's minute stasis fools found a cure
Warp sciences the guts of space unbars
First thrustfall near Tyrian cynosure
The slow, fertile opening of the stars.

Space Exploration

Fly Sylvermane, fly to the seventh Rome,
Many mineral moons PROGRESS protects,
Reluctant Gannymede for man's new home,
Of Earth's dire fate the troubadour suspects.

In the stellar age of Ophiucus
The harsh climate of Triton man contains,
Cities built of Jasper & Sardius,
Steel umbrellas to spurn the drizzl'd rain.

As Earth is morphing to an apple core
All human faith faces infinity
Australia becomes a land of lore
Fashioner of man's last academie.

Thro the vast cosmos colonies far sought
Twelve planetary spheres identified
To chosen souls all history is taught
For guile no longer may decay time's tide.

The End of Time

With quadruple eclipse the plague shall come
Two thirds of men more zombies in the field
Now rats shall rule the Earth, a devil's drum,
Survivors sail unto the island-shields

When bearded stars shall war with Gemini
The twelve tribes shall ascend thro Heaven's mouth
Those of Reuben shall brave the Lynx's eye
That Asher fears as Joseph hurries South

The Yellow Sea shall to red soil return
The Earth abandon'd to a lost O-zone
The scanty stubborn in such sun must burn
All human life buried deep in the stone

Namore my lot man to prognosticate
These narrow lips nigh seal'd, no more to tell,
Leaving mankind to serve his coming fate,
At such, this proud Acheaen bids farewell!

PANTHEON

The Spirit of Poetry

*Χονσυλεσ φινντ θυοταννισ
ετ νοπι προχονσυλσ;
Σολυσ αυτ ρεξ αυτ ποετα
νον θυοταννισ νασχιτυρ.*

I

Genesis

I I have scaled the slopes of Parnassus peak,
Rode bare back upon the last Pegasi,
Disturb'd the dusts of Cassandra's antique,
Chaunted her scrolls my soul to deify,
Still prance with the galumphing Butterfly,
Live life like a king thro' theft from the state
& the Muses be my guide...Ah! but I,
Altho' each step we duly consecrate,
Still walk the mortal road toward an unknown fate.

II These vain endeavours have lain low my heart
Despondent by the Isles of Misery,
For am I now the victim of mine art,

Another broken fool to poetry?
Tho' still thy juice tastes lily sweet to me,
Like sailing on a lake of mountain air,
Into my soul the fires of Xanthe flow free
To where mind-music strips the passions bare -
So be it, I shall roam, where e'er, my muse, where e'er.

III This is mine island, blessed Britannia,
Oer which I roam wanton tward Winter's end,
Shaking the dust from *Spenser's* fair stanza,
Mine arts integrity so to defend,
As 'twixt my native mountains we shall wend
To walk the coastal roads that bar the main,
Breathe the piny airs the dryads attend,
Follow naiad waters parting the plain,
Absorbing spiritus into my psychic fane.

IV All of a sudden comes seasonal change,
Sensuous, as on the lip of desire;
The first snowfall crowning the rugged range,
The first songs of Spring on the Shepherd's lyre,
The first petals falling from rosy briar,
Those first fervent rays nestling on the nape,
O! how they stirr'd the muse of Summer's fire,
What perfect sense of purpose did she drape
About these fertile fields, lain fallow for her grape.

V The gentle lapping of the lake's waters
Lull'd me from sleep, fresh feeling did I find
Amongst the vales of the Highland daughters,
Soon but scenic memories left behind,
To England's vast cityscape I did wind...
Midst many-peopl'd anonymity
From some dark, ripen'd recess of the mind
The perfect poem appear'd before me,
Praise be! her sweet soiree, whiskey, weed & charlie.

VI Harken! The time hath come for me to muse,
Tho' know not fully for but time will tell,
I sense an undertaking which will fuse
The Heavens with the environs of Hell,
Awaiting mystery, tis just as well
That to these future chambers I stand blind,

Yea now I shall embrace the ancyent spell,
Flow thro' me, come & saturate my mind,
Tis time to face thy light & venerate my kind.

VII I sense a great upheaval of the heart
To that lost time when Titans ruled the skies,
To find the mystic numbers of an art
I shall not defend, nor apologise
As grandeur within me revivifies,
Withdrawing from the mundane ways of men,
Soul overwhelm'd by soft, salacious sighs...
As she consumes existence & the pen,
Life, love & liberty my kith are once again.

VIII While the mists are clear & the tempers hot
Of poets shall I sing, those chosen few
Who claim'd the laurel'd crown as their life's lot,
Wide-eyed drinkers of th'elysian dew,
Bound in one fancy for these dreamers who
Shall trip unfetter'd on the ships of song,
Sail'd down the centuries by such a crew
That, tho' restricted by my native tongue,
I issue these paeans to praise this happy throng.

IX When pure thought & lofty musing are hous'd
In temples carv'd from *Clio*'s high acclaim,
The still warm marble fills the passions rous'd
With an ancyent & all consuming flame;
Then welcome to the miracle of fame,
Like fields chosen to host embattl'd kings,
Binding words to each ivy-trestl'd name
That shares the rare regions with aerie things,
'Parall'd in majesty, sky high on *Psyche*'s wings...



Classical

I From the dark days of man came vernal thought
To furnish the tribe with an history,
Lists of kings, monsters slain & battles fought,
Pass'd down from memory to memory,
Enscrib'd by the Grecian Academie,
Absorb'd by Carthaginian campaigns,
Thus the world knows lit'rature! But she
Lay millenary dormant in dull brains
Til the world finds her soul & Plantagenet reigns.

II Whilom, long afore holy Osiris
Dug the Nile's trench & Quetzalcoatl's lust
Gorged upon his bloody sacrifices,
Lived *Kuku*, eking thro' the Afric dust...
The tribe hail'd their chieftan, tall & robust,
The fire was lit, *Kuku* donn'd the leopard's skin,
Call'd upon the tusk'd Shiaka's must,
What words of wonder well'd up from within,
The larva is living & language may begin.

III While scattering th'oleaceaen seeds
Calliope to the hobbledehoy,
"Great poetry succeeds the grandest deeds,"
Thus honarand *Homer* harp'd back to Troy
From th'Athenian xysti, milk'd with joy
The juice of legend...*gods vested the Earth,*
Ensiren'd by Helen's heav'nly face coy...
He march'd to Liber from Helicon's hearth,
The muse-hallow'd mountain where Mnemosyne gave birth.

IV Born of monstrous war the glory of Rome,

Seething thro' the Empire of Augustus,
Twin muses vis'ted *Virgil's* rustic home
Waving th'imperial caduceus,
Thus saturnian bloom'd to Aeneas,
Whose swift, trim ship's scything Hellenic keel
Transported Troy's Homeric survivors,
Founders of the world famous race of steel,
His muse-stricken scriptures portray their kin's ideal.

V Near Streanaeshalch, before the birth of Bede,
Seaxburh stood watching the mere's mystic glow,
Saw her aryse in a rayment of weed,
"To the court of *Raegenhere* ye must go..."
Thus soon, by the barrows of Sutton Hoo,
He drew upon the Saxon genius
To build the lay of *Beowulf's* fair flow
In strictest honour to the *Scyldingas* -
It's supreme shell dost start the larva's chrysalis...

VI *Charles the Arabian* was he yhote,
Wild wayfarer of the Provencal shore,
Whose saracenic blood dazzl'd the court,
How soon their wealthy patronage won o'er,
To retire as a gallant troubadour,
See scenes of battle in the cloudy skies,
Study the rape of the barbaric Moor,
Converse with the ghost of Charlemagne...ryse!
Singing songs of Roland, such aureate emprise.

VII Oblivious of the conjunctive stars,
In Persia, during the third dynasty,
Midst mystics, theologians & scholars
Grew the mortal frame & flesh of *Rumi*.
Awaken'd, how! to his true destiny
In the moment of dawning exquisite,
“*My muse is the exstasi within me!*”
Full fana, one karma as the poet
Purified the preachings of the one true prophet.

VIII Midst th'illustrious lands of Tuscany,
From the sultry city state of Florence,
Did *Dante* woo his muse of poetry,
Sweet Beatrice, mistress of innocence.
Enraptur'd with poetic sustenance
He wander'd Hell & the haunted hyways,
Climb'd the spiral outcrop of penitence,
Bath'd in the vision beatific whose rays
Queath'd divine documents forever to amaze.

IX The English soul forg'd in the fight with France,
Her language chrysalis'd since the conquest,
Were ripend fruits at our father's entrance,
Old *Chaucer*, the Dantean catalyst,
Whose genius burst thro' the milieu's mist,
His dialect fused with posies soft sigh
In superb wordcraft, attended the tryst
Tween *Thalia* & his world piercing eye...
As the pupa ruptures behold the butterfly!



Renaissance

I Summer's Butterflies flutter oer the age,
Heralding man's consciousness returning,
Paint their pretty wings on the printed page
To fuel Europa's phrenzy for learning,
And many a midnight taper's burning
Increase his sense & sensibility,
Imbue artists with aesthetic yearning...
O! great flowering of humanity,
To walk those raptur'd hours would be but poetry!

II In youth he graced the caves of Patmos isle,
Nostradamus! thou knelt 'fore the narthex

In wild-eyed prophecy, far yon the Nile
Thy fancy flew, returning to that text
The foresight of a sanguine haruspex!
One night he lull'd the muses to obtain
The sugar'd lip of verse, & one suspects
A vision of the world regal'd his brain...
Outpour'd the Centuries with each cosmic quatrain.

III All the muses meet in our right noble
Sydney, secretary of gentillesse,
Dainty knight of the honey-tong'd warble,
Whose wisdom & wit were born to possess
Resplendent ambassadorial dress...
Europa's troubl'd cauldron boil'd austere,
To the walls of Zutphen charg'd this restless
Glory-greedy soldier & sonneteer,
To spill his unspoil'd blood, a life lamented dear.

IV Thro' Elizabeth's long reign grew *Spenser*,
Virtuous master of wond'rous fancy,
Architect of a new golden stanza,
Enthubulis'd with epic industry
While sauntering thro the realms of Faerie.
Ending his quest in Hampton's hallow'd halls,
Bow'd before his queen upon bended knee,
"Arise sir poet!" He proffers the rolls,
What perfumes of posey waft from those scented scrolls?

V Then treadst *The Bard*, what lyric couldst aspire
To match the matchless majesty of thee,
Whose mind smoulder'd with empyreal fire
Whilst travelling in golden company
Thro' the living stage of humanity.
Thou saw th'creator in the souls of men,
And rich thou wert in life's lucidity,
Sweet ambrosias seep'd from thy vast ken
With everlasting fame for all touch'd by thy pen.

VI In an handsome citie dwelt goodly Donne,
Tho' ostracised by the cold Catholic writs,
To Phoebus' delight hee worshipp'd the sun

Not the god of martyrs & hypocrites,
Joining the ranks of poesy's xeric wits
Indulgent in the day's debauchery;
Theatres, taverns, boudoirs & bear pits
All fuell'd his art til repentance set free
His ranting genius in holy poetry.

VII Mephistopheles drew the Azazel,
Muse-drunk *Milton*, the studious Faustus,
To Ausonia & the gates of hell
By Lake Avernus, past Cerberus,
Phlegethon & the Stygian waters,
To bask in that serpent's abject beauty,
Striking him blind...back thro' the Taenarus
Fiends guide those steps on to his contree
To compose his grandiloquent diablerie.

VIII To *Dryden's* conch'd ear *Euterpe* was sent,
He soon stood her dutiful paramour,
“*Thy language hath ripen'd for refinement...*”
Thro' the fratricide of the civil war,
Th' ascension, restoration, Monmouth's gore,
He translated, as Virgil's disciple,
Those lost lays of Rome...such laurels were bore
That mason'd a lyrical miracle -
From quarries of rough brick temples hewn of marble.

IX *Pope!* squat, hunch-back'd, a Tory gentleman,
With the mind's malady was afflicted
To pioneer the English Augustan,
To polish the couplet til perfected,
Th' *Iliad* painstakingly translated,
It's manners & diction shaped ceramic,
It's grosser scenes & actions corrected,
Til age & Richmond retires the epic
For satire's coffeehouse parlay with politic.

IV

Romantic

I In the old & the new worlds bright burning
Liberty strode the brave path of protest,
Vast spirits on Earth's mantle sojourning,
Eyes fixt upon the freedom of the West,
With thought & poetry Autumn'ly dress'd
By the vivid pallet of wild fancy...
Sublime ego surf'd the tsunami's crest
That broke oer the shores of humanity,
Moulding a new mindset from rude antiquity.

II O *Blake* thou wert a true psychic ranger
Who play'd with the angels of Avalon,
All praise to the mysterious stranger
That guided thy hand, thine eye, thy notion,
Thro' the smoky streets of Georgian London
And pluck'd from the gutters sweet asphodels
Ye murmur'd to song &, spurning Mammon,
Pour'd thy soul into nectar'd madrigals,

What lyrics of crystal, thy system's sentinels.

III Hyperborean *Wordsworth* long she sought
To whisper summons, "*Of th'ages gentry,*
Thou possess'st the purest vein of thought -
Surround thyself in tactile scenery,
Defy'st those who deny the country,
Thus life's simple pleasures thine to enslave..."
The fells welcom'd this priest of poetry
To contemplate life on a Rydal wave,
Reflecting his splendour far yon the snowdropt grave.

IV Ah *Coleridge*, thy mind's brilliant expanse
Did waste to a wilderness of despair,
Tho' with the sprites of posey ye did dance
A shimmering pageant, with upmost care
Thou pluck'd their eph'meral forms from the air
In shuddering joy, for one brief moment,
Til on the cold page, dying, they lay there,
Cursing his life, *Melpomone* present,
Assisting his sad slide from lofty argument.

V With Mars did *Calliope* weave a blend,
Their childe, *Napoleon* of Corsica,
Stood conscious of his legend to the end,
The greatest ever poet-emperor...
The mentors Caesar & Alexander,
The pen the sword, the battlefield the page,
The ink the blood of the common soldier...
His star's ascendant hero stunn'd the age
Til Moscow, the opus, that Aeschylian stage.

VI Lord Byron, keeper of his legend's name,
Toss'd amongst the table tongues of his time,
First true poet to celebrate the fame
Before he knew the nuances of rhyme.
Til ostracised for the forbidden crime,
He forms last glimpse of his native contree,
To settle in a soft & sultry clime,
To live 'midst the gorgeous groves of posey
And die as Liberty's cavalier servante.

VII Here comes *Shelley*, shrill sprite voice ariel,
The rare stuff of Paradise his to taste,
Tho' laced with bitter woes, how swift they fell,
Turning his garden lustr'd mind to waste;
Some connatural covenant lay him chaste
Tween fleshy manhood & the thought female,
What brave ideals were wonderf'ly encas'd
In tangl'd realms vestur'd by her lush veil,
While to Abaddon's shores his paper boats did sail...

VIII Velvet are the moments we share with *Keats*,
The truest poet of the poets true,
Whose sensuousness with blind ambition meets
Where prison'd passion sprays it's milky hue,
The mind's wide eye projects the raging blue
Pacific & conjects the rites of Pan...
How swift those special seasons sadly flew,
For just as he became her doting man
Death consum'd his vigour, cut short his tortur'd span.

IX To a simple lad labouring with hay
Came the angel of posey, beaming fair,
Who heard, half trembling, her vestal voice say,
"*Come in from the fields most precious John Clare,
Flush oer the page what ye breath'd in the air!*"
Thus nature's beauty burst thro' his gladness,
Th'eternal ramble forever to share,
For one brief season joy forsook sadness
Til she laugh'd & left him to rot in his madness.



Modern

I Empire gain'd & lost in valleys of fire,
Sky darkling with the smoke of invention,
Cold Winter settl'd by poetry's pyre
Burning granite-bound books of convention
While the muses enter'd hibernation
A wasteland of journalistic talent
Roll'd the dice for experimentation,
Popularis'd Apollo's sacrament,
Whiffling narcolepsy's egregious sentiment.

II Missolonghi gave up that gloomy muse
Weeping into the melancholia
Of *Tennyson*, who could but not help choose
The laureacy of an emperor.
Thus, with panegyric encomia,
He tended to the tastes of those great times
Til Hallam's demise, with each cadenza
He mull'd those memorial, mournful rhymes,
Soothing his lovelorn queen, proud-spoke in piny chimes.

III The vestiges of an age romantic

Frame his letter'd suit, with *Erato's* wings
Her frail frame lifts from the couch lethargic...
The concentric marriage of the *Brownings*
Leaves London's poison for the Tuscan springs
To forge the gentle soul of Bob & Beth,
O nirvana of narcissistic trings!
A thousand kisses form her final breath...
Constance prevails! for love walks hand-in-hand with death.

IV Enter *Yeats*, noble laird of Sligo's sons,
In whom the Hibernian werre-horne woke,
Whose chords serene defy the British guns
Whisp'rin freedom from English empire's yoke.
Dawn dances gold...entranc'd thro' hash & coke
With auld Sumerians he dost commune,
His mind baptis'd in esoteric smoke,
Beneath each stanza sleeps a secret rune,
Those poetic portals in thrall to Gaelic tune.

V Young *Owen* posey'd by romantic pyres
About his soul the Seas of Fancy swirl'd...
Trance smash'd by the clash of mighty empires!
The banners of bloody battle unfurl'd
For the flower of the youth of the world.
She call'd on him one dream so to befriend
Tired thought while Teutonic tonnage hurl'd...
Short time with his life's mission did they spend
Til it's tragic demise one week before the end.

VI How loathe am I that *Mr Elliot*
Should grace this gracious lay, but blame an age
Of poets sparse, shallow & enervate
For desecrating ours, the purist's page.
Foliated for want of a true sage,
All right & proper names saith the critic,
Whose wordery usurp'd the poet's stage
With influential, miasmal, phthisic,
Polyacrylonitrile, tetrastich xanthic.

VII She croon'd cross the moon-addl'd nomans-land
To nestle in the doldrums of *Hitler*...

He held the brush of Tarteaeus to hand
Pois'd like some Achaen poet-painter,
Instigator of the globose terror,
Th'abortive vision of his fancy,
Satanic engines roam'd oer Europa,
What tragedy to touch humanity,
The grandest epic tayle left to futurity.

VIII In the hour of the Beatle there did sing

A man named *Morrison*, doomed to die young,
Reciting the rites of the Lizard King
With a wizardry majestically sung,
The incantations of a skunk-soak'd lung.
But meteors fly & meteors fall
And heroin rots, rots at stardom's rung
Til Death bequeaths peace... 'pon his pale pall
She broider'd his blessing in posthumous recall.

IX Midst post-apocalyptic atmospheres

With hubris dallied the decadent muse;
Flocks of golden calves, Newspeak in all ears
No wonder she pinn'd her high hope on *Hughes*...
A classical page he rips out & chews
To mushy pulp, leaving Athens behind,
He sticks it neath the desecrated pews
For future Oxbridge scholars for to find
Poe's dark bird a-nesting in his most modern mind.

VI

Testament

I Once a century the true calibre
Born, just as it seemeth she were dying,
Prometheus fire's the giddy fibre,
"To be a poet is to be a king!"
The nascent epoch of a bright new spring
Casts destiny's dice, past dreams dissipate,
His worldly talents focus'd on one thing;
The noble pursuit, art's cardinal mate,
Imbues mine existence, some Periclean state.

II How I remember that first night she came
To me on the silk of a milken moon,
Singing in silence the song of my name
Entwin'd with a destiny...all too soon
Had the truth flutter'd from fain youth's cocoon,
Thoughts laurel'd feathers unfetter'd & free
Waken'd by the Nemean's dying croon...
As my raison d'être envelop'd me
A poet was I born, a poet shall I be.

III When I was young & buoyant as could be,

Enamour'd to the muses sweet mystique,
I read a little modern poetry,
Noticed a distinct absence of technique
Or feeling as felt by the noble Greek.
Lethe's stagnant glasswort had strangl'd her rose
"Art is vitreous!" her sweet voice didst speak,
"Go to the gardens where purity grows
For thine art is sacred, my son ye must compose."

IV I settl'd with the masters down to read

Each cache containing the verse of ages
And in my soul was planted that fair seed.
I was mine own task master...in stages
The self-flagellation of the sages,
The remedy of the minds malady,
Form'd, from scatter'd parchments, those first pages...
My craft, tho frail (but built from quality),
Sail'd down stream & river to the thalassic sea.

V The pennant of mine errant thought unfurl'd
To old Europa blithely I didst sail,
To know a certain portion of the world,
To furnish old age with a stirring taylor,
The perfect sense of purpose didst prevail,
Watch'd o'er by mine ever sentinel muse,
As, on the trail of some whimsical grail,
By youth's true emblem, Shelley's tomb, renews
The lost romantic soul!..mine oestro!.. & they fuse.

VI Twas, in the throes of invuln'erable youth,
Somethin bout being, like Clarets, the best!
Destiny lumin'd th'essence of the truth,
Wild were my wings on the winds of the West,
Confidence eas'd me thro' each easy test...
When I am old, when my wide scope declines,
Remember the energies of that zest,
Conjured thro' liberty, music & wines,
As *Polyhymnia* succumb'd to my designs.

VII First foray into epic poetry

Was blest with such sense of occasion,

Mingl'd with the histrionic duty

Felt in times of national celebration,

Becoming a triumphing champion

To ocean vast my thoughts fast channels ran,

Great work carv'd of ego's grand opinion...

Blind ambitions beneficent élan

Avouch'd mine avowal, beheld the laurel'd man.

VIII When the powerful minds of men emerge

And dropsies of absinthe numb the cortex

He progresses to the rarely trod verge,

Eying the treasures the love priest protects

In glittering troves, what should he steal next?

A whisper, "*The all encompassing eye...*"

Thus, growing godlike, writings now codex,

His pearly rhymes climb the cerebral sky,

Vast circumf'rence ranges, all prospects to supply.

IX While striving for excellence in my verse,

As Kasparov intuit Kramnik's hour,

I felt poesis' fever (starlite curse

Of legends)...driven to drink her dower

Former forages field innate power,

Intuition matures to precedence,

Mastery attain'd oer scent & flower,

Voice's erudite accent's conveyance

Convokes understanding & artful obedience.

VII

Poetics

I Poetry is...the mind's palatial hall,
Sublime preserver of man's rare action,
Some daguerreotype of primal soul,
Deep as chess & vibrant as her dragon,
Bestest way of whistling bestest diction,
Pigmenter of imagine's consulate,
A perfumed doll, lonely & protean,
Whose fancy adorn'd inventions ornate
Inebriate, elucidate & educate.

II Why worship the code of our sov'ran art?
Tho' idleness her manna's nursemaid be,
There constant beats a tendon of the heart

Maintaining self-train'd sensibility
With exercise, theatre & study,
Scenic foreign tours, sea & mountain air,
Lonesome walks & conversazione,
Lustful romancing for lockets of hair
While cherry blossom falls & but one soul shows care.

III Fabl'd Horace spakest his lexicon;

“*Syllaba longa brevi subjecta*
Vocatur iambus,” the Rubicon
Cross'd by the conquering pentameter
To portray mimesis in the metre
Of man's digits...aesthetics, assonance,
Air, pastiche, licentia poetica,
Music, allusion, care & quintessence,
Oft' steer'd by rhymes rudder in dulcet resonance.

IV Poets possess the arcane factor X
To be tapp'd so to poetise the dream,
The merest placing of a circumflex
Reveals a portal to the mystic stream...
Cross the veil'd threshold she projects a beam
So frumious that e'en Haemonia
Quakes 'fore the transcendental choice of theme -
Blinded now his groping palms discover
An empty cup of rhyme, prim'd for precious nectar.

V The heighten'd awareness of life & sound,
Twin focus of energies light & space,
Then a more refin'd moment gathers round,
Calms the cortex, with a deft touch of grace,
They settle in that sweet, especial place
And thoughts of poets turn to poetry,
Compos'd wild hurricane or wish wash lace
Upon the page thus for the *soul* to see...
There, my friends, before thee lies truth & truth only.

VI With poetry imperfect raise the latch,
Thro' best efforts her music may improve,
Like Berthier to Bounaparte's despatch
Content morphs to lucid, words warp & move,
Like groovin on a groovy garage groove!

Corp' rals, captains, gen' rals command thy men
In fine battle array thus for to prove
Gossamer drips from the warrior's pen...
Tis lush & varnish'd now, twas rough & tarnish'd then.

VII First come the poems of a shorter length,
In which all thoughts & imagery condense,
Training & maintaining his style & strength,
The artist's bread & butter utterance;
Lyrics meld him to melodious sense,
Ballads & limericks when leisure lite,
Sonnets, the sublime moment's monuments,
Haiku to develop the mind's insight,
Odes & love's epistles burgeoning passions write.

VIII When maturity soothes the temp' rament
Ye must attempt to muse somewhat longer,
Th' ages idiomatic document
Bound in streaming sequences of stanza;
Spenser's splendour, bonhomous Ottova,
(Those sleepless nights spent scribbling in the dark)
Heroic couplets, blank verse, theatre...
What mystery obtains her mission's quark?
What industry sustains the smile, the star, the spark.

IX Only a wish wish'd by her mighty shrine
Will wake the fever of *Calliope*
To infiltrate the being as each line
Builds the fortress-palaces of posey,

Buttress'd in a technical majesty,
Long maintain'd with Herculean labour
(Tho' head heavy & curs'd with lethargy),
The magniloquent bombasts invest' ure
Passes lore & legend into literature.

VIII

Inspirations

I When scything thought is flung thro' Earths vast sky
As tho' twere some star of wonder falling
From celestial places, sanctify
The melodious mystique enthralling,
Erupting ignean til the cooling
Juice settles & sets in the chosen mould.
In the hands of a master's fashioning
Trinkets are gloss'd in a Gordian gold,
What was ethereal is now brazen & bold.

II In ancient days of soft idyllia
Would cherub pipe bucolic drift & sail
Oer snowy eutopias of flower
To Arcadia's ever verdant vale,
Where swan-clad Alpheus sent silver'd trail
To Pieria's spring & Arethusa's

Fountain...for rural scenes we poets wail,
Hack'd & rack'd the growing green! Our muses
Now megalopoli & their slimy oozes.

III Ah war! tis a brutal wasting disease,
But oft heroic as the soldiers soul,
E'er since Albion battl'd Hercules
Upon the ancyent bridge that leads to Gaul
Have poets heeded murder's fanfare's call.
Unsheathing the falcon crested pillum,
As atrocities amaze & appal,
He casts butterflies into the maelstrom
To glorify or to pacify his kingdom.

IV Deep in the forests of eldritch lore,
Enchanting sylvan psalms to simple men,
Nature's mystic guardians softly pour,
Ebullience into the poet's pen
In druid divinations, O for when
Those mossy fires burn thro' the moonlit hours
The sprites of dingle dell appear again,
Like summer scent seeping from fresh bowers,
Sprinkling faerie essences belief empowers.

V Some say all poetry is born of Jove,

Great poet of all poets, how he calms

Our conscious hours as thro' the soul we rove

To dusty desert temples deck'd in palms,

Where David prais'd the splendour of the psalms...

The hymnal heart harnesses the essence
Which lies in the source of the scented balms,
Bedeck'd in beautiful omnipresence
By the soul's escapement thro the vision'ry trance.

VI The tranquil haunts of the heart lie vaulted,
The love of a woman her supple fee.

She sets my soft lids soaring, exalted
Tward those bowers of swooning poetry,
Whose flowers bear the soul's testamundi...
Joyous blasts the tromp as this fair fever
Flows from kiss to page in blissful fancy,
Her essence clad in lyrical flora
Upon th'immortal plinth only to adore her.

VII I row my craft thro' mist-lock'd gloomy seas,
Forested in phantoms from verge to verge.
Mournf'ly moaning, from the tombs of Hades,
Some droning organ's dark, doom-laden dirge
Seizes my pen & with a desp'rate surge
I reach up to her lamp for grief's descent
Sweeps sadly down my weeping woes to purge...
The simple strain of a harpers lament
Is such sweet therapy, mine elegist content.

VIII When nations ryse in arms they ryse in song,
Terpsichore dancing to the stirring chords
Of anthems sung by the patriot throng,
The peoples pageant patronis's by lords...
Of the dragonslayers, kingmaking swords
And folk heroes shall haughty words inspire
Damocleans treading the shrinking boards,
Feeding the vanity of an empire,
Dwindling to specious pomp ridiculed in satire.

IX When she is gone to grace with exstasi
Some poet young & impetus content,
Perhaps there exists the Morphean key
To Bacchian bliss...the mind's helm is rent
By the psychosensual sacrament
Of Opium Eaters, Priests o' de Weed,
Trip-heads, Ravers, Psilocybers, Potent
Cokers, Crackers, Smackers & Ghouls of Speed
In shamanic phrenzies on which ennui shall feed.

IX

Meditations

I I contemplate modern society
From the silent sanctuary of a cell,
See visions of th'ancient hierarchy
Mixt up with money's guile & serpent spell.
No wonder here the muse chose not to dwell,
Pity indeed the poets know but scorn,

Jejune the stagnant waters of her well
Now the magic of life's rare grain hath flown
(To sweet, secret dreamers, to us & us alone).

II The poet, monarch of human conceits,
With his maiden tongue is mostly able,
To English bards Fortuna threw her sweets
For theirs' the fairest portion of Babel,
Subtil-toned, mood-varied & flexible,
Ushering daedalian butterfly
From the beggar to the banquet table,
Each generation hears her multiply
Til she shall supersede all speech & steal the sky.

III Whilst Hototogisu flaunt their vespers
Apollo wallows in swampy forest
For machiavellian publishers,
Caught by the materialistic quest,
Hath stray'd from the path, intern'd interest,
Abandon'd us to inferior wit
In smoky backrooms, toilet wall wordfest,
On the underground & the internet
With the mysomousi & the bastard poet.

IV Poets of youth plunge wildly into gloom
Drawn by some celestial musician,
The heavenissh chink of the catacomb
Fortifies, destroying indecision,
Whereby th'inner lights increase sensation
Chambers of dead poet's dust & their wine,
Avenues wander'd til the decision
To carve his own chamber, crop his own vine
For a future poet some year along the line.

V Poetry is not just the printed page,
As pappus not the whole dandelion,
But a complex plant at it's final stage,
The culmination of cultivation,
The poet-gard'ner's tangible vision
Waters with words his mean idea's seed,
Sol's miracle star the inspiration,
Tis pruned & pluck'd & clean'd of centipede -

Arranged in fine bouquet, alas, today, with weed.

VI The poet is mankind's first instructor,
Knowledge's epicentre, truth's sergeant,
Art's arbiter, global legislator,
Her impulse's living embodiment,
Language's champion alive to invent
New words, resurrecting the dead, th'*only*
Preserver & critic of heaven sent
Fellows who, tho oft curs'd with poverty,
May die & leave the world a wealth of poetry.

VII Shall I see the history of mine art
As finest wine e'er splash'd upon the page?
Bottle's glass blown slowly by succinct heart,
Body purified by purple passage,
Intoxication 'tensified with age,
Stallion talents blend the full flavour
Of an e'er maturing sun-mull'd vintage,
Enrich'd with twenti'th century colour,
Cork'd by this, my swansong, for ye all to savour.

VIII I swann'd a mellow stroll down fancy's lane,
Obedient to all my hearts content,
These diachronic numbers numb'd my brain
As round my thoughts a diadem was sent,
Last canto of my youthful testament!
Consum'd by conjunctivitalic eyes
I built me a biblical monument,
This conscious masterwork, duty's treatise,
Offer'd to th'arena & *Urania's* skies.

IX She lingers in the starry firmament,
So ryse & ryse ye singers of England,
Renaissance's epiphany shall vent
Her new respect as each besotted hand
Shall build on foundations of stone, not sand.
If I, a simple lad from Lancashire,
Can bare the embrace of that buxom band
Then others too!...so thro' I say adieu
To sir Spenser's stanza & thee my sweet reader.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

Being an Account of the Jacobite rebellion 1745-1746

1 PARIS

July 1745 - The Palace of Versailles, Paris. King Louis XV is sat in state, attended by his ministers. Enter the Marshall D'Eguiles with the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart

L'Envoi

I offer thee, your regal majesty,
Charles Edward Stuart, son of Scottish James
By his mother, pretty Clementina,
Reered mid the Muti Palace of fair Rome
The chosen child of Bourbon destiny
The hearts of half of Europe are in flames
Eager for his sword to start the battle
Well versed in war at the siege of Gaeta
Expert with sword, master of the saddle
He rides to reclaim his ancestral home...

Prince Charles

Your majesty we share a crucial bond
The Bourbon blood flows nobly thro my veins
The Catholic kings rule men, that fact is fair,
But now it is a Protestant that reigns
My legal birthright, L'Ecosse Ancienne
With her the rest of regal Albion
Beyond her shores I command loyal men
We sacred Stuarts ready to restore
With me Paris speaks a peace with London
Tis now or never for to go to war...

Louis XV

Greetings, Dauphin, fond welcome here in France
Thy sojourn shall fly well at my expense
& furnished with suitable elegance,
Good tidings my little mercurial
The time has come to seek the recompense
For since we won the field of Fontenoy
The British lodged in Flanders to a man
Barely a musket elsewhere to employ
& now young prince, you may have your battle
What are the rudiments which hold thy plan?

Prince Charles

I am ready your highness & god bless!
Ready to don the native highland dress
Protecting all honour & happiness
& die at their head, not live in exile
& play a role that's worthy of my birth
To lay three crowns before my father's feet
& all those who opposed him grant pardon
Remember Otterburn & Bannockburn!
With broadswords & muskets my mighty share
I take my leave, adeui, I must prepare...

Louis XV

& there he flies, a charismatic bird,
The British expedition is begun
Let all his naval duties be deferred
Bedeck his galleons with heavy gun
& we shall send his storm across the seas
& move an army to the Northern coast -
Ravishers of the Anglo-Saxon host!
The enemy will soon be on its knees
These days are dashing days to be alive!
This year, seventeen hundred, forty-five

L'Envoi

*My name is the Marquis D'Eguiles
An agent of the crown
My chest reveals the royal seal
His sparkling eyes & all their zeal
I follow out of town*

*19th August 1745 / Glenfinnan - the Bonnie Prince & his entourage are recently
landed from France / a number of highland chiefs await him, including Lochiel with
700 men*

Prince Charles

Men of the Highlands & the Western Isles
Behold your right & proper royal heir
Who since the shame of sick king Billy's guiles
We Stuarts usurped from their regal share
My father's father fought before the Boyne
At Sherrifmuir my father's shafts did fly
When truth & justice was the only coin
When fathers & their fathers took the fight
Thus mid these misty mountains towered high
I raise my standard for the Jacobite

Cameron

Ma prince, ye are as bonnie as the sun
& ahm-a bound with honour to yer course
For now the age of glory hus begun
I offer ye ma heart, ma sword, ma force
As dae the Stewarts & the bold MacRaes
& many other clansmen fell'd in youth
Strong boned & gallus fer the coming days
Fired up fer kennin that we fecht fer truth
& goch upon the loch, there sails a boat!
Och aye! by that MacDonald ah have fought

MacDonald

Yer highness, as ah bow before yer feet
A' bring grave parlance from the men of Skye
Gallant MacLeod & MacDonald of Sleat
Are not to join their voices wi' yer cry
To gan wi' ye must end up in defeat
They'd rather remain chieftain than to die
& reckon ye shid sail back hame tae France
Fer now yer cause belongs across the sea
Yer venture, altho wrought fae high romance,
Can only end wi' woe & tragedy

Lochiel

Gan coward! Gan back to the Cuillin range
& tae the Campbells, McKays & Munroes
Bide those lads their allegiance flashes strange
When in brave hearts the rose of battle grows -
Och! see 'em row, a flight that will be shared
When we cun meet the redcoats on the field
As soon as our braw army is prepared

We'll march wi' musket, claymore & wi' shield
Tae slay the sassenachs of Jonnie Cope
& aw them that survive drape fae the rope!

Prince Charles

Your words of gold are stardust to mine ears
& here beneath the flutter of this flag
I sense the passion of these sixty years
Prometheus descending from his crag
Being thy regent in my father's name
Happy we walk the way of victory
These islands shall be partial to his fame
& all our subjects live here tenderly
But first there must rumble the guns of war
Come, friends, let us depart this splendid shore

L'Envoi

*The star has landed on the shore
The standard smartly raised
The Highlands are aloft for war
Tho some his prompt return implore
He marches on unfazed*

3

PRESTONPANS

*21st September 1745 / the Young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart forms an army of
Highlanders & marches on Edinburgh / The English response is met on the fields of
Prestonpans to the east of the city.*

Murray

Gorgeous morning yer highness, Prince of Wales
A wonderful maneuver come to pass
As the English sit at their stakes like snails
Yer army made its way thro the morass
Tracked thro the marshes, measuring their stealth
& now rest hard upon his other flank,
But not for long! the boys did toast yer health
& for this grace of god did duly thank
Those men who eat dry crust & lie on straw
Shall fecht like kings, now watch them charge to war!

Atholl

See how they gan! & what a gory sound

The highland roar, as if the Earth did quake
With furious groan, come see their cannons pound
Brave Camerons, line gis an awfa' shake
But on they run! & wi' a mighty crack
Oor muskets reap those eves o' redcoat corn
& now they rush intae the killing ground,
By broadsword & scyth'd pitchfork limbs be torn
Carrying great slaughter to the English
To be in England, aye, their dying wish!

Murray

Sweet salutations sire, yer battles won
Peer thro the smoke & see those fleeing shapes
An entire English army on the run
Lord Percy shall see none of them escapes
The ghoul of Hanover must bare defeat
The field is littered with his bastard dead
Back to Berwick flies Jonnie Cope's retreat
Wi' not one of 'is bayonets stain'd red
Tae praise this day there is nae better word
Tis Victory! god bless King James the Third

Prince Charles

Ours is the day, the field & the glory
Go spread its fame - fly north, south, east & west
Fly to Vienna, London & Paris,
Fly to Ferrol, Ostend, Dunkerque & Brest
& let us war! but 'fore the march we sound
Carry the wounded to a better bed
From Holyrood let casks of wine be found
To toast our heroes & libate the dead
The motions of destiny are at hand,
Come the morrow let us invade England

L'Envoi

*The Bonnie Prince has won the fray
Beside the fair Forth sands
The Highland army in his pay
Has never known a better day
Their fates are in his hands*

4
DERBY

*5th December 1745 / Exeter House, Derby / the highland army has marched
uncontested into the heart of England / the prince has gathered his commanders for a
council of war*

Prince Charles

My cabinet, this is the vital hour
Carlisle has fallen, Lancashire is won
The bridge at Shakestone firmly in our power
The road lies open for to seize London
When English Jacobites shall surely rise
& with them all the gallantry of France
The crown soon to reclaim, let's grasp the prize
If we continue with our bold advance
We should be in Whitehall within the week
Come gentlemen, gather thy thoughts & speak

Lochiel

Ah would say march, your presence in this land
Has sparked a widespread panic rarely seen
If hardy Northern folk wo' make a stand
The chances of the South standing seem lean
Friends o' the King were the first dugs to flee
Spreading terror tae London's grave concern
Whose banks are being emptied o' money
Then whit will buy the bread their soldiers earn
While royal armies in their meager league
Outmaneuvered & saddled wi' fatigue.

Murray

My sacred leige, ye are the cavalier
But with advancing I can not agree
At any point the redcoats may appear
We court romance or court reality
Cumberland is at Stone, not long delayed
Bradstreet says nine thousand at Northampton
Between us & the North their tarries Wade
& thirty thousand clog Finchley Common,
With winter coming in, the future blurr'd
Of yer promised Frenchmen there is no word...

Percy

My leige, a' speak for all the loyal clans

Warriors ready to gi ye their lives
It has been many moons since Prestonpans
They'd rather pass the winter wi' their wives
No wi' the English & their crude weather
Gi' us the crystal lochs & thistle wylde
The meadows, the moorlands & the heather
Oor hearts are wi' the glens, there let us war
Wi' all those royal clansmen brutes reviled
Settle auld scores & Scotland overawe

Prince Charles

These words you bare are arrows to my heart
Why would ye want to waive the victory
If things shall not be finished, then why start
There seems some base betrayal close to me
But very well, tell my heroic men
Being unsure when Louis will invade
Let us retreat upon the sad morrow
When I hope this ardour shall never fade
For we may never come this way again
& this day be our eternal sorrow

L'Envoi

*Upon the march to London town
The Prince beset by spies
His Highlanders have let him down
He turns back north with weary frown
Hiding his teary eyes*

5 CULLODEN

*16th April 1746 / Drum Mossie Moor... it is a rainy morning... the tired highland army
is drawn up for battle across the road to Inverness South of Culloden House... The
British army is drummed onto the field in full order... The Duke takes position...*

Cumberland

Come see the Pretender in the distance,
His rascally & ragged rebel bands,
The Irish... & there look! the flag of France
At last those fools are fed into our hands!
From Lancaster, Carlisle & Falkirk Moor
He slipped my net, I thought him rather shrewd,
But this, a broken field of boggy moor,
All credence lacks, his choice seems rather crude,
& should, methinks, have shut up in the town...
Now ve princes contest the British crown!

Wolfe

Sir, now your men in mortal combat meet,
All is confusion, noise, concern & heat
On the left the thickest of the fighting
On their broadswords Barrel's brave boys biting
But of this day the king will never fret
Those heathen fall beneath infernal fire
Or spitted on an English bayonet
& on the right their charge shows no desire
Strict discipline & guts rip thro that shield
This godless place becomes their killing field

Cumberland

Orpheus to my ears! the fleeing shout
& come to a decision the matter
Tis strange to see the nation's bravest rout
Those boasted broadswords not as they flatter
Not since Lord Noll had they such a thrashing
Come Lord Ancram pursue them with the horse
Hold no quarter, slaughter, sabers slashing
That race extirpate as a fighting force
We shall destroy clannism & their men
These wretches never to rebel again!

Wolfe

Great tidings sir, when London hears the news
The oldest wines shall happily be drunk
The Bonnie Prince & all his bonnet blues
Into the freezing Moray Firth hath sunk
The flower of the highlander lies strewn
Upon this ghastly field & down the roads
Fearless chieftains slaughtered by mere dragoon
All to the weeping streets of Inverness
So far we have counted four thousand swords
Now Billy, march for Flanders & god bless!

L'Envoi

*The crucial battle has been fought
The tartan torn & strewn
The fleeing rats easily caught
Camp followers cut Celtic throat
Beneath a weeping moon*

20th September 1946 / Loch-han-Uamh - After six months of hiding in Scotland the Bonnie Prince, with a bounty of 30,000 english pounds on his head, is ready to be picked up by a French ship / he waits by a loch with some locals & his followers - the boat comes into sight

Cameron

Sir! look, a frigate - look, tis the L'Heureux
The flag o' France there flapping mid the sail
By heaven's grace the time has come tae go
Frae rock tae rock traversed the tangled trail
Ushering us to safety on these waves -
Nae more camping in the open weather
Nae more forest huts & nae more caves,
Nae more hiding in the purple heather,
Nae more eating cold oatmeal with sea-shell
Sir, did ye hear the splash, an anchor fell!

Prince Charles

My friends, this is the end I do suppose
The end of all our dreams & this the end
Of those brave days, the end of all our woes
& all the glory that we did intend
I beg thee to be free from misery
Tho I more hardship willing to endure
If it would help you & my poor contree
I swear in Paris I shall find the cure
Forever in my heart are those that fell
Good luck my friends I bid thee all fare well...

MacDonald

Gid luck tae us! aye! that man has a nerve
The gaols are full of aw oor fighting men
They hae robbed us of aw oor native verve
Sae many butchers ride fae glen to glen
Scouring the contree wi' bitter thunder
Razing oor homes, raping oor ain lasses
& chorin cattle... laden wi' plunder
They harry us frae peaks tae the passes
Oor pipes outlawed, weapons seized or hidden
& e'en the tartan whit's bin forbidden!

Lochiel

Calm yersell man, we aw gave fer the cause
& ne'er pretty when men gan to the wars
A' saw yer laughing back at Prestonpans
A' saw yer dancing wi' the other clans
Och! many chiefs have sacrificed their wealth
For yon young man, but still we toast his health
His white rose on oor hearts fore'er displayed
His life jeoparded, dressed as Flora's maid,

Fought battles fer us, aye! that man was brave!
I gan tae watch his boat frae Cluny's cave...

Fisherwoman

Aye! there he goes, & well I hope he flies
His sleekit boat a lucky wind to win
Us common folk bless'd tae ha' seen his eyes
Thir are few in this world that are akin
Altho he left the land worse than he found
& half oor lot be rotting on the Thames
The rest a petty word from bein' bound
Only a bitter few his name condemns
For while the thistle grows upon the glen
He is a Bonnie Prince among all men

L'Envoi

*The Prince exchanges British life
For one of exiled royal
& tho' his coming caused much strife
Both highland chief & farmForever shall be loyal*