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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

LONDON PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE

Friday May 26 1961

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using all the arguments he could think of he ended just as if he were speaking to a friend in the mess: "If you could even now go, Sir, it would be

ing of others besides the brave old man when he lamented that "the genus was extinct of which Lord Anglesey was a brilliant example".

### Spring Song

**W**HEN the first lithe air of spring  
slips lightly over the sunny water  
and stirs dry leaves in the forest-clearing,  
it tells me to watch the smaller things  
and I find sudden feeling for fluttering scraps of paper  
dropped in the street, and the scudding of birds caught in the wind.  
The breeze lifts up my feet and my nostrils sing,  
colours come clear and girls smile naturally.  
So leave your work, come out and sing with me.

When the crocus breaks the ground  
and the black bark of the trees  
dries red, grey, yellow, blue and brown  
under the gentle-fingered wind,  
the autocratic sun is pleased  
to let life spring and carry on,  
no cloud obstructs his rule (he is no  
busy old fool) as far as the eye can see.  
So stop your work, come out to laugh with me.

When the buds begin to shoot  
along the bough and from the earth,  
forcing the bitter months' retreat,  
should we not welcome the young heat  
of the sun, this life-tide out of apparent death?  
Do you have to sit there like the mod. cons. mute  
the ad-men habitually cheat?  
This is time for festival not tea.  
Oh, drop your work! Come out and be with me.

KEITH BARNES.

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