Martin Robertson

Merrie England

Don't smile in the street or someone you meet of the opposite sex (or even the same) may think you mean them. England Suspects.

If seized with a laugh conceal it in cough.
Of course we have humour, but laughing aloud is odd in a crowd and gives rise to rumour.

Don't talk in a train unless to complain. Veil up your soul: don't weep at the play or someone may say "He's no self-control."

This respectable curse is laid on us: worse than women or drink is laughter, is sobbing. Who killed Cock Robin? Cromwell, I think.

Victoria busily stamped the grave Wesley and others had filled; but Cromwell (and Charles the foolish and false) they it was killed.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now_and_then/