

P. M. G. SEPTEMBER 23, 1897.

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extreme, it is increasingly clear that the bicycle is not provided for by the British Constitution, and could very well bear with a little clearing up of its duties and rights.

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Through Monmouth Town as we did pass,  
The sun it shone like burnished brass,  
Wherefore we loved the comely lass  
Who poured us beer in a foaming glass,  
For her eyes were bright and her beer was brown,  
And she gave us good cheer in Monmouth Town.

In Monmouth Town no wight may doubt  
Harry the Fifth his birth fell out;  
God wot he was a captain stout,  
But this is as good to boast about:  
There's a fair trim maid in a fair trim gown  
Will brew you good liquor in Monmouth Town.

In Monmouth Town the church-bells ring,  
This is the song we heard them sing:  
"Ding-a-dong-ding, Harry the King,  
Harry of Monmouth, ding-a-dong-ding."  
O gay were the life of a careless clown,  
Where the tall spire carols to Monmouth Town.

Sweet Monmouth Town, whenc'er I see  
Thy picture in my phantasy,  
Thy steeple gray above the lea,  
And mine hostess laughing fair and free,  
I would I were back where the Wye runs down  
By woodland and wheatland and Monmouth Town.

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