

Work : Poems

Here you can find some of Orwell less known poems:

Poem about Prostitution:

When I was young and had no sense
In far-off Mandalay
I lost my heart to a Burmese girl
As lovely as the day.

Her skin was gold, her hair was jet,
Her teeth were ivory;
I said, "for twenty silver pieces,
Maiden, sleep with me".

She looked at me, so pure, so sad,
The loveliest thing alive,
And in her lisping, virgin voice,
Stood out for twenty-five.

"The Lesser Evil":

Empty as death and slow as pain
The days went by on leaden feet;
And parson's week had come again
As I walked down the little street.

Without, the weary doves were calling,
The sun burned on the banks of mud;
Within, old maids were caterwauling
A dismal tale of thorns and blood.

I thought of all the church bells ringing
In towns that Christian folks were in;
I heard the godly maidens singing;
I turned into the house of sin.

The house of sin was dark & mean,
With dying flowers round the door;
They spat their betel juice between
The rotten bamboos of the floor.

Why did I come, the woman cried,
so seldom to her beds of ease?
When I was not, her spirit died,
And would I give her ten rupees.

The weeks went by, and many a day
That black-haired woman did implore
Me as I hurried on my way
To come more often than before.

The days went by like dead leaves falling
And parson's week came round again.
Once more devout old maids were bawling
Their ugly rhymes of death and pain.

The woman waited for me there
As down the little street I trod;
And musing upon her oily hair,
I turned into the house of God.

Another poem from Orwell's time in Burma:

Brush your teeth up and down, brother,
Oh, brush them up and down!
All the folks in London Town
Brush their teeth right up and down,
Oh! How they shine!
Aren't they bloody fine?
Night and morning, my brother,
Oh brush them up and down!"

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George Orwell

A little poem

A happy vicar I might have been
Two hundred years ago
To preach upon eternal doom
And watch my walnuts grow;

But born, alas, in an evil time,
I missed that pleasant haven,
For the hair has grown on my upper lip
And the clergy are all clean-shaven.

And later still the times were good,
We were so easy to please,
We rocked our troubled thoughts to sleep
On the bosoms of the trees.

All ignorant we dared to own
The joys we now dissemble;
The greenfinch on the apple bough
Could make my enemies tremble.

But girl's bellies and apricots,
Roach in a shaded stream,
Horses, ducks in flight at dawn,
All these are a dream.

It is forbidden to dream again;
We maim our joys or hide them:
Horses are made of chromium steel
And little fat men shall ride them.

I am the worm who never turned,
The eunuch without a harem;
Between the priest and the commissar
I walk like Eugene Aram;

And the commissar is telling my fortune
While the radio plays,
But the priest has promised an Austin Seven,
For Duggie always pays.

I dreamt I dwelt in marble halls,
And woke to find it true;
I wasn't born for an age like this;
Was Smith? Was Jones? Were you?

1936

THE END

____BD____

George Orwell: 'A little poem'

First published: *Adelphi*. — GB, London. — December 1936.

Reprinted:

- 'Such, Such Were the Joys'. — 1953.
- 'England Your England and Other Essays'. — 1953.
- 'The Orwell Reader, Fiction, Essays, and Reportage' — 1956.
- 'Collected Essays'. — 1961.
- 'Decline of the English Murder and Other Essays'. — 1965.
- 'The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell'. — 1968.

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'Awake! Young Men of England'

Poem published in *The Henley and South Oxfordshire Standard*, 2 October 1914 (Age 11)

Fenwick H.001

Awake! Young Men of England

Oh! give me the strength of the Lion,
The wisdom of reynard the Fox
And then I'll hurl troops at the Germans
And give them the hardest of knocks.

Oh! think of the War Lord's mailed fist,
That is striking at England today:
And think of the lives that our soldiers
Are fearlessly throwing away.

Awake! Oh you young men of England,
For if, when your Country's in need,
You do not enlist by the thousand,
You truly are cowards indeed.

In:

[Eric & Us](#), A Remembrance of George Orwell
Jacintha Buddicom, 1974

'Kitchener'

Poem published in *The Henley and South Oxfordshire Standard*, 21 July 1916

Fenwick H.002

Kitchener

No stone is set to mark his nation's loss,
No stately tomb enshrines his noble breast;

Not e'en the tribute of a wooden cross
Can mark this hero's rest.

He needs them not, his name untarnished stands,
Remindful of the mighty deeds he worked,
Footprints of one, upon time's changeful sands,
Who ne'er his duty shirked.

Who follows in his steps no danger shuns,
Nor stoops to conquer by a shameful deed,
An honest and unselfish race he runs,
From fear and malice freed.

'The Pagan'

Written autumn 1918 and sent to Jacintha Buddicom
Fenwick H.003

The Pagan

So here are you, and here am I,
Where we may thank our gods to be;
Above the earth, beneath the sky,
Naked souls alive and free.
The autumn wind goes rustling by
And stirs the stubble at our feet;
Out of the west it whispering blows,
Stops to caress and onward goes,
Bringing its earthy odours sweet.
See with what pride the the setting sun
Kinglike in gold and purple dies,
And like a robe of rainbow spun
Tinges the earth with shades divine.
That mystic light is in your eyes
And ever in your heart will shine.

'Our minds are married, but we are too young'

Given to Jacintha Buddicom, Christmas 1918
Fenwick H.007

Our minds are married, but we are too young

Our minds are married, but we are too young

For wedlock by the customs of this age
When parent homes pen each in separate cage
And only supper-earning songs are sung.

times past, when medieval woods were green,
Babes were betrothed, and that betrothal brief.
Remember Romeo in love and grief -
Those star-crossed lovers - Juliet was fourteen.

Times past, the caveman by his new-found fire
Rested beside his mate in woodsmoke's scent.
By our own fireside we shall rest content
Fifty years hence keep troth with hearts desire.

We shall remember, when our hair is white,
These clouded days revealed in radiant light

In:

[Eric & Us](#), A Remembrance of George Orwell
Jacintha Buddicom, 1974