

Transcription of Rupert Brooke's draft of 'The Old Vicarage, Grantchester'

Much corrected draft in pencil of 'The Old Vicarage, Grantchester', titled 'The sentimental exile'.

(King's College, Cambridge. *The Papers of Rupert Chawner Brooke*. RCB/V/1 f.56-9)

'The ^[49]
Sentimental Exile

1 just now the lilac is in bloom
all before my little room;
and in my flower beds, I think,
Smile the carnation + the pink;
5 And down the borders, well I know,
the poppy and the pansy blow.

spectral
59 And ~~ghostly~~ dance, before the dawn,
60 A hundred Vicars cross down the lawn,
Curates, long dust, will come + go
On lissom clerical printless toe
wixt
And oft between the boughs is seen
The sly shade of a rural dean...
then
65 Till ~~there's~~ at a shiver in the skies,
Vanishing with Satanic cries,
The prim Ecclesiastic rout
Leaves but a startled sleeper out

vision
phantom
49 Still in the dawn lit waters cool,
50 His ghostly Lordship swims his pool;
53 Dan Chaucer hears the river still
Chatter beneath a phantom mill.
55 ~~still~~ Tennyson notes with studious eye
56 How Cambridge waters hurry by.

Ah God to see the branches stir,
across the moon at Grantchester
[7]

~~And in the river running still
Beneath the mill, beneath the mill ?'~~

...

...

May—...or lie
 35 Some it may be can get in touch
 With Nature, or Earth, or such;
 And clever modern men have seen
 A Faun a peeping through the green,
 And felt the Classics were not dead,
 40 To glimpse a Naiad's reedy head
 or hear the Goatfoot piping low;
 But there are things I do
 not know _
 I only know that ~~when~~ you ^{may} lie
 Day long + watch the Cambridge sky,
 45 and flower lulled in sleepy grass
 and hear the cool hours ~~flowing~~ pass
 Until the centuries blend + blur
 48 in Grantchester in Grantchester
Still –

 57 And in that garden black + white
 58 Creep whispers through the grass all night

 71 God! I will pack + take a train
 and get me to England once
again.
 for England's the one land I know,
 Where men with splendid hearts may
go,
 75 And Cambridge this of all England,
 The shire for Men who Understand.
 and of that district I prefer.
 78 The lovely hamlet Grantchester

[Written upside down]

Oh, is the water sweet + cool
 Gentle + brown above the pool
 And laughs the immortal river still
 Under the mill under the mill?
 135 Say is there Beauty yet to find
 And Certainty + Quiet kind,
 Deep meadows yet, for to forget
 The lies + truths & pain ... Oh yet
 Stands the church clock at half past three
 140 And is there honey still for tea?

115 Ah God to ~~hear~~ ^{....} see the branches stir
 across the moon at Grantchester



To smell the thrilling sweet & rotten
Unforgettable unforgotten
River smell, & hear the breeze
120 Sobbing in the little trees.

Say, do the elm clumps greatly stand
Still guardians of that holy land?
The chestnuts shade, in reverend dream,
The yet unacademic stream?
125 Is dawn a secret shy + cold
Anadyomene, silver-gold?
And sunset still a golden sea
From Haslingfield to Madingley?
And after, ere the night is born.
130 Do hares come out about the corn?

For Cambridge people rarely smile
50 Being urban, squat, + packed with guile,
83 and Ditton girls are mean + dirty.
And there's none in Harston under thirty
85 And folk in Shelford & those parts
86 Have twisted lips + twisted hearts
81 ~~And Royston men in the far south~~
82 ~~Are black & fierce + strays of [mouth]~~
~~And folks at~~
[87] And Barton men make cockney rhymes
And Cotons full of nameless crimes
And things are done you'd not believe
90 At Maddingley on Christmas Eve
at Over they fling oaths at one
And worse than oaths at
Trumpington

~~Comberton~~
~~Cherry Hinton~~
~~Over-~~
~~St Ives~~
~~Babraham~~

Strong men have run for miles & miles
When one from Cherry Hinton smiles
95 Strong men have blanched + shot their
wives
Rather than send them to St Ives
strong men have cried like babes ^{bydam}

To hear what happened at Babraham
But Grantchester ah Grantchester
100 There's for all + holy sweet there
Great clouds along pacific skies
+ ~~And~~ Tall men + women with straight
eyes
and Lithe children lovelier than a dream

