

PRE-RAFFAELLEITE CHORUS <sup>1</sup>

Tennyson Longfellow Smith

[John Burley Waring]

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Air: – “The One-Horse Chaise”

Oh, we live in wretched days, there are few whom we can praise,  
Save the happy band of brothers who “Pre-Raffaellite” are called;  
All the rest will come to grief, with no hope of relief,  
And by our prophet, Buskin, will be regularly mauled.

Still no more will we say, of the painters of to-day,  
Who, if they only join our ranks, may yet perhaps be saved;  
But for Raffaele and his crew, we will pink them through and  
through,  
And Buskin’s name in blood upon their souls shall be engraved.

That Raffaele was a fool, like all others of his school,  
Without sentiment or soul, – a sensual heathen brute;  
But although he has a name, yet Buskin soon his fame  
Shall scratch and tear to tatters, and trample under foot.

As for wretched Buonarotti, so contorted, coarse, and dotty,  
Such a humbug diabolical has never yet been known;  
An emissary from Hades, from whom gentlemen and ladies  
Shall turn in proper horror, and entirely disown!