

**'The Story of the High Flyer', from 'The Political Struwwelpeter' by Harold Begbie, illustrated by F. Carruthers Gould, 1899.**



## 10. The Story of the High-Flyer.

WHEN the priests and laymen fight  
For a vestment or a rite,  
Bishops who have any sense  
Balance neatly on the fence.  
Temple thought—"No, I should be  
Where the laity can see."  
Then he joined the pious fighters;  
Copes and mitres  
Hurtled round his big umbrella,  
And annoyed the honest fellow.

What a rumpus! Kensit roughs  
Aid the soul with fisticuffs;  
Parson punching and gymnastics  
Please some queer ecclesiastics.  
Temple sighs!  
Then he flies  
From the scrimmage and the cries;  
For the wind in his umbrella  
Carried off the fine old fellow.



Soon it got to such a height,  
Common-sense was out of sight!  
But you really need not mope,  
They are gone for Good let's hope.  
And though flight we can't defend,  
For we know not where 'twill end,  
You'll admit that flying High  
Ought to lead one to the Sky.

