

***LEIGH  
HUNT***



***CAPTAIN  
SWORD AND  
CAPTAIN  
PEN: A POEM***

**Leigh Hunt**

# **Captain Sword and Captain Pen: A Poem**

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Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



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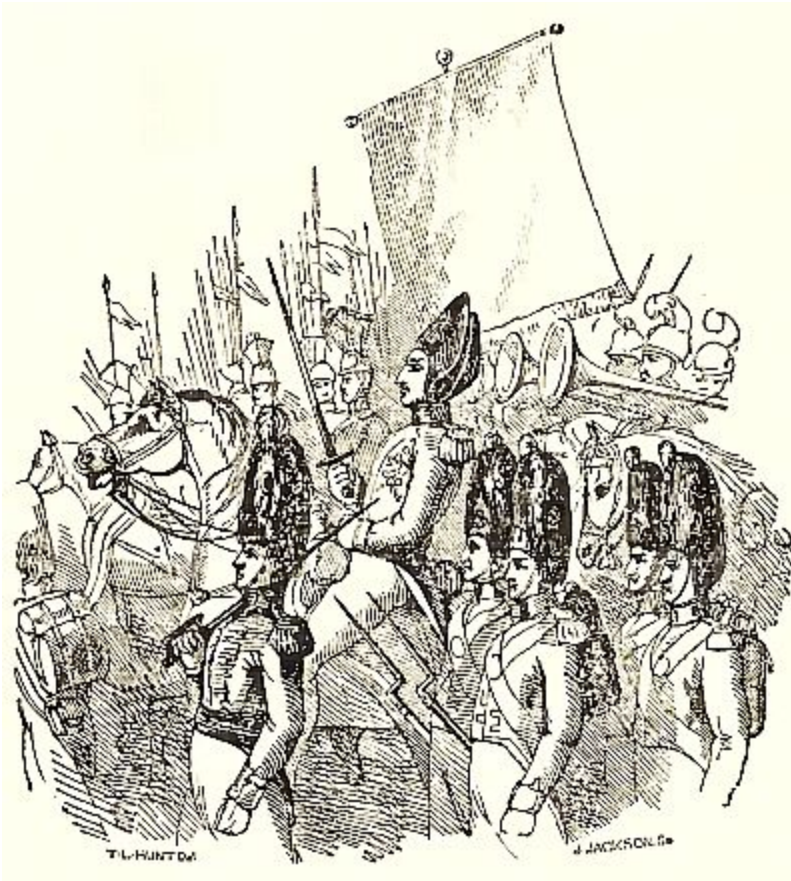
POSTSCRIPT;

CONTAINING SOME REMARKS ON WAR AND MILITARY STATESMEN.

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CONTAINING SOME REMARKS ON WAR AND MILITARY STATESMEN.

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STEPPING IN MUSIC AND THUNDER SWEET,  
WHICH HIS DRUMS SENT BEFORE HIM INTO THE  
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*Canto I. p. 1.*

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## **CAPTAIN SWORD AND CAPTAIN PEN.**

### **I.**

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## **HOW CAPTAIN SWORD MARCHED TO WAR.**

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CAPTAIN Sword got up one day,  
Over the hills to march away,  
Over the hills and through the towns,  
They heard him coming across the downs,  
Stepping in music and thunder sweet,  
Which his drums sent before him into the street.  
And lo! 'twas a beautiful sight in the sun;  
For first came his foot, all marching like one,  
With tranquil faces, and bristling steel,  
And the flag full of honour as though it could feel,  
And the officers gentle, the sword that hold  
'Gainst the shoulder heavy with trembling gold,  
And the massy tread, that in passing is heard,  
Though the drums and the music say never a word.

And then came his horse, a clustering sound  
Of shapely potency, forward bound,  
Glossy black steeds, and riders tall,  
Rank after rank, each looking like all,  
Midst moving repose and a threatening charm,  
With mortal sharpness at each right arm,  
And hues that painters and ladies love,  
And ever the small flag blush'd above.

And ever and anon the kettle-drums beat  
Hasty power midst order meet;  
And ever and anon the drums and fifes  
Came like motion's voice, and life's;  
Or into the golden grandeurs fell  
Of deeper instruments, mingling well,

Burdens of beauty for winds to bear;  
And the cymbals kiss'd in the shining air,  
And the trumpets their visible voices rear'd,  
Each looking forth with its tapestried beard,  
Bidding the heavens and earth make way  
For Captain Sword and his battle-array.

He, nevertheless, rode indifferent-eyed,  
As if pomp were a toy to his manly pride,  
Whilst the ladies lov'd him the more for his scorn,  
And thought him the noblest man ever was born,  
And tears came into the bravest eyes,  
And hearts swell'd after him double their size,  
And all that was weak, and all that was strong,  
Seem'd to think wrong's self in him could not be  
wrong;  
Such love, though with bosom about to be gored,  
Did sympathy get for brave Captain Sword.

So, half that night, as he stopp'd in the town,  
'Twas all one dance, going merrily down,  
With lights in windows and love in eyes,  
And a constant feeling of sweet surprise;  
But all the next morning 'twas tears and sighs;  
For the sound of his drums grew less and less,  
Walking like carelessness off from distress;  
And Captain Sword went whistling gay,  
"Over the hills and far away."

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