

[*London Is Calling Me*]¹

And London is calling me the live-long day
Out here it is the Summertime.
The days are hot and white.
The gardens are ablaze with flowers,
The sky with stars at night.
And [—] past my [— —]³
I watch the sparkling bay . . .
With London ever calling me
The live long day.⁴

The people all about the place
They're meaning to be kind.
They drive around to visit me
From miles and miles behind.
But I had rather sit alone,
Why can't they stay away.
It's London ever calling me
The live long day.

I know the bush is beautiful,
The cities up to date.
In life, they say, we're on the top —
It's England, though, that's late.
But I, with all my longing heart,
I care not what they say.
It's London ever calling me
The live long day.

When I get back to London streets,
When I am there again,
I shall forget that Summer's here
While I am in the rain.
But I shall only feel at last
The wizard has his way,
And London's ever calling me
The live long day.

5.x.07.

London, London I know what I shall do.
I have been almost stifling here,
And mad with love of you.
And poverty I welcome, yes —

(pp125a-126a)