

This poem about [Sir Peter Henry Edlin](#) appeared in "Funny Folks (London, England), Saturday, August 06, 1892; pg. 254; Issue 924.

"With Blinded Eyesight Poring"

"For three years I have been sitting day by day, and my Sundays are passed in Reading depositions. I don't hesitate to say it is a scandalous injustice." – *Sir Peter Edlin.*

In vain to him, on Sunday morn,
 The church-bell's peal appealeth;
In vain to him its sound is borne,
 When twilight round him stealth
He joineth not the reverent throng,
 He in no church adoreth;
O'er depositions all day long
 Our pore Sir Peter poreth!

In vain for him the "Clacton Belle"
 On Sundays seaward steereth;
In vain the charm of field and fell
 In dreams to him appeareth.
He hears no wild bird's Sabbath song,
 No seaboard cave exploreth;
O'er dreary "davys," furlongs long,
 Our pore Sir Peter poreth!

In vain into his bower the sprite
 Of Sabbath leisure looketh;
In vain fit food for Sybarite
 His cook on Sunday cooketh.
His inner man with snack galore –
 His brain with facts – he storeth,
And still – pore man! – from every pore
 The perspiration poureth!

Serene John Bull on Sabbath days
 To haunts of bliss repaireth,
And who so works or who so plays
 He precious little careth.
But, surely, now (though much we fear
 He many a wrong ignoreth)
He'll heed the plea which in his ear
 Poor poring Peter poureth!