

I troll you no song that will hinder you long,
I pen you no ponderous treatise:
The theme that I sing is a gossamer thing
As light as the cakes at PELITI'S

Grey roofs 'mid the pines and a heaven that shines
As blue as the waters that Crete is,
The malachite green of a misty ravine,
That's the balcony view at PELITI'S.

There are mortals maybe who abominate tea
(One man's poison another man's meat is),
Who shy at the touch of a crumpet – for such
There is music and love at PELITI'S

See that G.S.O.2 with the lady in blue;
Has she noticed where one of his feet is,
Or the issue that hangs on the plate of meringues
Which he buys her each day at PELITI'S?

Here the rulers of Ind, from the Salween to Sind,
Take their ices and wafers (McVities)
And elaborate schemes over chocolate creams
At five o'clock tea at PELITI'S

And I think when we die and the wraiths of us fly
To that peace which depends not on treaties,
The joys which we find will but serve to remind
Of the hours that we spent at PELITI'S.

“Songs of Simla”
By JMS 1924