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**Rudyard Kipling**  
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# Rudyard Kipling(30 December 1865 – 18 January 1936)

an English poet, short-story writer, and novelist chiefly remembered for his celebration of British imperialism, tales and poems of British soldiers in India, and his tales for children. Kipling received the 1907 Nobel Prize for Literature. He was born in Bombay, in the Bombay Presidency of British India, and was taken by his family to England when he was five years old. Kipling is best known for his works of fiction, including *The Jungle Book* (a collection of stories which includes "Rikki-Tikki-Tavi"), *Just So Stories* (1902) (1894), *Kim* (1901) (a tale of adventure), many short stories, including "The Man Who Would Be King" (1888); and his poems, including *Mandalay* (1890), *Gunga Din* (1890), *The White Man's Burden* (1899) and *If—* (1910). He is regarded as a major "innovator in the art of the short story"; his children's books are enduring classics of children's literature; and his best works are said to exhibit "a versatile and luminous narrative gift".

Kipling was one of the most popular writers in England, in both prose and verse, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Henry James said: "Kipling strikes me personally as the most complete man of genius (as distinct from fine intelligence) that I have ever known." In 1907 he was awarded the Nobel Prize in Literature, making him the first English-language writer to receive the prize, and to date he remains its youngest recipient. Among other honours, he was sounded out for the British Poet Laureateship and on several occasions for a knighthood, all of which he declined.

Kipling's subsequent reputation has changed according to the political and social climate of the age and the resulting contrasting views about him continued for much of the 20th century. George Orwell called him a "prophet of British imperialism". Literary critic Douglas Kerr wrote: "He [Kipling] is still an author who can inspire passionate disagreement and his place in literary and cultural history is far from settled. But as the age of the European empires recedes, he is recognised as an incomparable, if controversial, interpreter of how empire was experienced. That, and an increasing recognition of his extraordinary narrative gifts, make him a force to be reckoned with."

## Childhood and Early Life

Rudyard Kipling was born on 30 December 1865 in Bombay, in British India to Alice Kipling (née MacDonald) and (John) Lockwood Kipling. Alice (one of four remarkable Victorian sisters) was a vivacious woman about whom a future

Viceroy of India would say, "Dullness and Mrs. Kipling cannot exist in the same room." Lockwood Kipling, a sculptor and pottery designer, was the Principal and Professor of Architectural Sculpture at the newly founded Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy School of Art and Industry in Bombay.

John and Alice had met in 1863 and courted at Rudyard Lake in Rudyard, Staffordshire, England. They married, and moved to India in 1865. They had been so moved by the beauty of the Rudyard Lake area that when their first child was born, they included a reference to the lake in naming him. Alice's sister Georgiana was married to painter Edward Burne-Jones, and her sister Agnes was married to painter Edward Poynter. Kipling's most famous relative was his first cousin, Stanley Baldwin, who was Conservative Prime Minister of the UK three times in the 1920s and 1930s. Kipling's birth home still stands on the campus of the J J School of Art in Mumbai and for many years was used as the Dean's residence. Mumbai historian Foy Nissen points out, however, that although the cottage bears a plaque stating that this is the site where Kipling was born, the original cottage was torn down decades ago and a new one was built in its place. The wooden bungalow has been empty and locked up for years.

Of Bombay, Kipling was to write:

Mother of Cities to me,

For I was born in her gate,

Between the palms and the sea,

Where the world-end steamers wait.

According to Bernice M. Murphy, "Kipling's parents considered themselves 'Anglo-Indians' (a term used in the 19th century for people of British origin living in India) and so too would their son, though he spent the bulk of his life elsewhere. Complex issues of identity and national allegiance would become prominent features in his fiction." Kipling referred to such conflicts; for example: "In the afternoon heats before we took our sleep, she (the Portuguese ayah, or nanny) or Meeta (the Hindu bearer, or male attendant) would tell us stories and Indian nursery songs all unforgotten, and we were sent into the dining-room after we had been dressed, with the caution 'Speak English now to Papa and Mamma.' So one spoke 'English', haltingly translated out of the vernacular idiom that one thought and dreamed in".

Kipling's days of "strong light and darkness" in Bombay ended when he was five

years old. As was the custom in British India, he and his three-year-old sister, Alice ("Trix"), were taken to England—in their case to Southsea (Portsmouth), to live with a couple who boarded children of British nationals who were serving in India. The two children lived with the couple, Captain and Mrs. Holloway, at their house, Lorne Lodge, for the next six years. In his autobiography, published some 65 years later, Kipling recalled the stay with horror, and wondered ironically if the combination of cruelty and neglect which he experienced there at the hands of Mrs. Holloway might not have hastened the onset of his literary life: "If you cross-examine a child of seven or eight on his day's doings (specially when he wants to go to sleep) he will contradict himself very satisfactorily. If each contradiction be set down as a lie and retailed at breakfast, life is not easy. I have known a certain amount of bullying, but this was calculated torture — religious as well as scientific. Yet it made me give attention to the lies I soon found it necessary to tell: and this, I presume, is the foundation of literary effort".

Trix fared better at Lorne Lodge; Mrs. Holloway apparently hoped that Trix would eventually marry the Holloway son. The two Kipling children, however, did have relatives in England whom they could visit. They spent a month each Christmas with their maternal aunt Georgiana ("Georgy"), and her husband at their house, "The Grange" in Fulham, London, which Kipling was to call "a paradise which I verily believe saved me." In the spring of 1877, Alice returned from India and removed the children from Lorne Lodge. Kipling remembers, "Often and often afterwards, the beloved Aunt would ask me why I had never told any one how I was being treated. Children tell little more than animals, for what comes to them they accept as eternally established. Also, badly-treated children have a clear notion of what they are likely to get if they betray the secrets of a prison-house before they are clear of it".

In January 1878 Kipling was admitted to the United Services College, at Westward Ho!, Devon, a school founded a few years earlier to prepare boys for the British Army. The school proved rough going for him at first, but later led to firm friendships, and provided the setting for his schoolboy stories *Stalky & Co.* (1899). During his time there, Kipling also met and fell in love with Florence Garrard, who was boarding with Trix at Southsea (to which Trix had returned). Florence was to become the model for Maisie in Kipling's first novel, *The Light that Failed* (1891).

Near the end of his stay at the school, it was decided that he lacked the academic ability to get into Oxford University on a scholarship and his parents lacked the wherewithal to finance him, so Lockwood obtained a job for his son in Lahore, Punjab (now in Pakistan), where Lockwood was now Principal of the

Mayo College of Art and Curator of the Lahore Museum. Kipling was to be assistant editor of a small local newspaper, the Civil & Military Gazette.

He sailed for India on 20 September 1882 and arrived in Bombay on 18 October. He described this moment years later: "So, at sixteen years and nine months, but looking four or five years older, and adorned with real whiskers which the scandalised Mother abolished within one hour of beholding, I found myself at Bombay where I was born, moving among sights and smells that made me deliver in the vernacular sentences whose meaning I knew not. Other Indian-born boys have told me how the same thing happened to them." This arrival changed Kipling, as he explains, "There were yet three or four days' rail to Lahore, where my people lived. After these, my English years fell away, nor ever, I think, came back in full strength".

### Early Travels

The Civil and Military Gazette in Lahore, the newspaper which Kipling was to call "mistress and most true love," appeared six days a week throughout the year except for a one-day break each for Christmas and Easter. Kipling was worked hard by editor Stephen Wheeler, but Kipling's need to write was unstoppable. In 1886 he published his first collection of verse, *Departmental Ditties*. That year also brought a change of editors at the newspaper; Kay Robinson, the new editor, allowed more creative freedom and Kipling was asked to contribute short stories to the newspaper.

During the summer of 1883, Kipling visited Shimla (then known as Simla), a well-known hill station and summer capital of British India. By then it was established practice for the Viceroy of India and the government to move to Simla for six months and the town became a "centre of power as well as pleasure." Kipling's family became yearly visitors to Simla and Lockwood Kipling was asked to serve in the Christ Church there. Rudyard Kipling returned to Simla for his annual leave each year from 1885 to 1888, and the town figured prominently in many of the stories that he wrote for the Gazette. He describes this time: "My month's leave at Simla, or whatever Hill Station my people went to, was pure joy—every golden hour counted. It began in heat and discomfort, by rail and road. It ended in the cool evening, with a wood fire in one's bedroom, and next morn—thirty more of them ahead!—the early cup of tea, the Mother who brought it in, and the long talks of us all together again. One had leisure to work, too, at whatever play-work was in one's head, and that was usually full." Back in Lahore, some thirty-nine stories appeared in the Gazette between November 1886 and June 1887. Most of these stories were included in *Plain Tales from the Hills*, Kipling's first prose collection, which was published in Calcutta in

January 1888, a month after his 22nd birthday. Kipling's time in Lahore, however, had come to an end. In November 1887 he was transferred to the Gazette's much larger sister newspaper, *The Pioneer*, in Allahabad in the United Provinces.

Kipling's writing continued at a frenetic pace; in 1888 he published six collections of short stories: *Soldiers Three*, *The Story of the Gadsbys*, *In Black and White*, *Under the Deodars*, *The Phantom Rickshaw*, and *Wee Willie Winkie*, containing a total of 41 stories, some quite long. In addition, as *The Pioneer's* special correspondent in western region of Rajputana, he wrote many sketches that were later collected in *Letters of Marque* and published in *From Sea to Sea and Other Sketches*, *Letters of Travel*.

Kipling was discharged from *The Pioneer* in early 1889, after a dispute. By this time he had been increasingly thinking about the future. He sold the rights to his six volumes of stories for £200 and a small royalty, and the *Plain Tales* for £50; in addition, from *The Pioneer*, he received six-months' salary in lieu of notice. He decided to use this money to make his way to London, the centre of the literary universe in the British Empire. On 9 March 1889, Kipling left India, travelling first to San Francisco via Rangoon, Singapore, Hong Kong and Japan. He then travelled through the United States, writing articles for *The Pioneer* that were later published in *From Sea to Sea and Other Sketches*, *Letters of Travel*. Starting his American travels in San Francisco, Kipling journeyed north to Portland, Oregon; to Seattle, Washington; up into Canada, to Victoria and Vancouver, British Columbia; back into the U.S. to Yellowstone National Park; down to Salt Lake City; then east to Omaha, Nebraska, and on to Chicago, Illinois; then to Beaver, Pennsylvania on the Ohio River to visit the Hill family; from there he went to Chautauqua with Professor Hill, and later to Niagara Falls, Toronto, Washington, D.C., New York and Boston. In the course of this journey he met Mark Twain in Elmira, New York, and was deeply impressed. He then crossed the Atlantic, and reached Liverpool in October 1889. He soon made his début in the London literary world to great acclaim.

## Career as A Writer

### London

In London Kipling had several stories accepted by various magazine editors. He also found a place to live for the next two years:

Meantime, I had found me quarters in Villiers Street, Strand, which forty-six years ago was primitive and passionate in its habits and population. My rooms

were small, not over-clean or well-kept, but from my desk I could look out of my window through the fanlight of Gatti's Music-Hall entrance, across the street, almost on to its stage. The Charing Cross trains rumbled through my dreams on one side, the boom of the Strand on the other, while, before my windows, Father Thames under the Shot Tower walked up and down with his traffic.

In the next two years he published a novel, *The Light that Failed*, had a nervous breakdown, and met an American writer and publishing agent, Wolcott Balestier, with whom he collaborated on a novel, *The Naulahka* (a title which he uncharacteristically misspelt; see below). In 1891, on the advice of his doctors, Kipling embarked on another sea voyage visiting South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and once again India. However, he cut short his plans for spending Christmas with his family in India when he heard of Balestier's sudden death from typhoid fever, and immediately decided to return to London. Before his return, he had used the telegram to propose to and be accepted by Wolcott's sister Caroline Starr Balestier (1862–1939), called "Carrie", whom he had met a year earlier, and with whom he had apparently been having an intermittent romance. Meanwhile, late in 1891, his collection of short stories of the British in India, *Life's Handicap*, was published in London.

On 18 January 1892, Carrie Balestier (aged 29) and Rudyard Kipling (aged 26) were married in London, in the "thick of an influenza epidemic, when the undertakers had run out of black horses and the dead had to be content with brown ones." The wedding was held at All Souls Church, Langham Place. Henry James gave the bride away.

## United States

The couple settled upon a honeymoon that would take them first to the United States (including a stop at the Balestier family estate near Brattleboro, Vermont) and then on to Japan. However, when they arrived in Yokohama, Japan, they discovered that their bank, The New Oriental Banking Corporation, had failed. Taking this loss in their stride, they returned to the U.S., back to Vermont—Carrie by this time was pregnant with their first child—and rented a small cottage on a farm near Brattleboro for ten dollars a month. According to Kipling, "We furnished it with a simplicity that fore-ran the hire-purchase system. We bought, second or third hand, a huge, hot-air stove which we installed in the cellar. We cut generous holes in our thin floors for its eight-inch [20 cm] tin pipes (why we were not burned in our beds each week of the winter I never can understand) and we were extraordinarily and self-centredly content."

In this house, which they called Bliss Cottage, their first child, Josephine, was

born "in three foot of snow on the night of 29 December 1892. Her Mother's birthday being the 31st and mine the 30th of the same month, we congratulated her on her sense of the fitness of things ..."

It was also in this cottage that the first dawnings of the Jungle Books came to Kipling: ". . . workroom in the Bliss Cottage was seven feet by eight, and from December to April the snow lay level with its window-sill. It chanced that I had written a tale about Indian Forestry work which included a boy who had been brought up by wolves. In the stillness, and suspense, of the winter of '92 some memory of the Masonic Lions of my childhood's magazine, and a phrase in Haggard's *Nada the Lily*, combined with the echo of this tale. After blocking out the main idea in my head, the pen took charge, and I watched it begin to write stories about Mowgli and animals, which later grew into the two Jungle Books ". With Josephine's arrival, Bliss Cottage was felt to be congested, so eventually the couple bought land—10 acres (40,000 m<sup>2</sup>) on a rocky hillside overlooking the Connecticut River—from Carrie's brother Beatty Balestier, and built their own house.

Kipling named the house "Naulakha" in honour of Wolcott and of their collaboration, and this time the name was spelled correctly. From his early years in Lahore (1882–87), Kipling had become enthused by the Mughal architecture, especially the Naulakha pavilion situated in Lahore Fort, which eventually became an inspiration for the title of his novel as well as the house. The house still stands on Kipling Road, three miles (5 km) north of Brattleboro in Dummerston, Vermont: a big, secluded, dark-green house, with shingled roof and sides, which Kipling called his "ship", and which brought him "sunshine and a mind at ease." His seclusion in Vermont, combined with his healthy "sane clean life", made Kipling both inventive and prolific.

In the short span of four years, he produced, in addition to the Jungle Books, a collection of short stories (*The Day's Work*), a novel (*Captains Courageous*), and a profusion of poetry, including the volume *The Seven Seas*. The collection of *Barrack-Room Ballads*, first published individually for the most part in 1890, which contains his poems "Mandalay" and "Gunga Din" was issued in March 1892. He especially enjoyed writing the Jungle Books—both masterpieces of imaginative writing—and enjoyed, too, corresponding with the many children who wrote to him about them.

The writing life in Naulakha was occasionally interrupted by visitors, including his father, who visited soon after his retirement in 1893, and British author Arthur Conan Doyle, who brought his golf-clubs, stayed for two days, and gave Kipling an extended golf lesson. Kipling seemed to take to golf, occasionally practising

with the local Congregational minister, and even playing with red-painted balls when the ground was covered in snow. However, wintertime golf was "not altogether a success because there were no limits to a drive; the ball might skid two miles (3 km) down the long slope to Connecticut river."

From all accounts, Kipling loved the outdoors, not least of whose marvels in Vermont was the turning of the leaves each fall. He described this moment in a letter: "A little maple began it, flaming blood-red of a sudden where he stood against the dark green of a pine-belt. Next morning there was an answering signal from the swamp where the sumacs grow. Three days later, the hill-sides as fast as the eye could range were afire, and the roads paved, with crimson and gold. Then a wet wind blew, and ruined all the uniforms of that gorgeous army; and the oaks, who had held themselves in reserve, buckled on their dull and bronzed cuirasses and stood it out stiffly to the last blown leaf, till nothing remained but pencil-shadings of bare boughs, and one could see into the most private heart of the woods."

In February 1896 Elsie Kipling, the couple's second daughter, was born. By this time, according to several biographers, their marital relationship was no longer light-hearted and spontaneous. Although they would always remain loyal to each other, they seemed now to have fallen into set roles. In a letter to a friend who had become engaged around this time, the 30 year old Kipling offered this sombre counsel: marriage principally taught "the tougher virtues—such as humility, restraint, order, and forethought."

The Kiplings loved life in Vermont and might have lived out their lives there, were it not for two incidents—one of global politics, the other of family discord—that hastily ended their time there. By the early 1890s the United Kingdom and Venezuela were in a border dispute involving British Guiana. The U.S. had made several offers to arbitrate, but in 1895 the new American Secretary of State Richard Olney upped the ante by arguing for the American "right" to arbitrate on grounds of sovereignty on the continent (see the Olney interpretation as an extension of the Monroe Doctrine). This raised hackles in the UK and the situation grew into a major Anglo-American crisis, with talk of war on both sides.

Although the crisis led to greater U.S.-British cooperation, at the time Kipling was bewildered by what he felt was persistent anti-British sentiment in the U.S., especially in the press. He wrote in a letter that it felt like being "aimed at with a decanter across a friendly dinner table." By January 1896 he had decided to end his family's "good wholesome life" in the U.S. and seek their fortunes elsewhere.

A family dispute became the final straw. For some time, relations between Carrie

and her brother Beatty Balestier had been strained owing to his drinking and insolvency. In May 1896 an inebriated Beatty encountered Kipling on the street and threatened him with physical harm. The incident led to Beatty's eventual arrest, but in the subsequent hearing, and the resulting publicity, Kipling's privacy was destroyed, and he was left feeling miserable and exhausted. In July 1896, a week before the hearing was to resume, the Kiplings hurriedly packed their belongings and left the United States.

Devon

By September 1896 the Kiplings were in Torquay on the coast of Devon, in a hillside home overlooking the sea. Although Kipling did not much care for his new house, whose design, he claimed, left its occupants feeling dispirited and gloomy, he managed to remain productive and socially active. Kipling was now a famous man, and in the previous two or three years, had increasingly been making political pronouncements in his writings. The Kiplings had welcomed their first son, John, in August 1896. Kipling had begun work on two poems, "Recessional" (1897) and "The White Man's Burden" (1899) which were to create controversy when published. Regarded by some as anthems for enlightened and duty-bound empire-building (that captured the mood of the Victorian age), the poems equally were regarded by others as propaganda for brazenfaced imperialism and its attendant racial attitudes; still others saw irony in the poems and warnings of the perils of empire.

Take up the White Man's burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go, bind your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need;

To wait, in heavy harness,

On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught sullen peoples,

Half devil and half child.

—The White Man's Burden

There was also foreboding in the poems, a sense that all could yet come to naught.

Far-called, our navies melt away;

On dune and headland sinks the fire:

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday

Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet.

Lest we forget – lest we forget!

—Recessional

A prolific writer during his time in Torquay, he also wrote *Stalky & Co.*, a collection of school stories (born of his experience at the United Services College in Westward Ho!) whose juvenile protagonists displayed a know-it-all, cynical outlook on patriotism and authority. According to his family, Kipling enjoyed reading aloud stories from *Stalky & Co.* to them, and often went into spasms of laughter over his own jokes.

South Africa

In early 1898 the Kiplings travelled to South Africa for their winter holiday, thus beginning an annual tradition which (excepting the following year) was to last until 1908. They always stayed in "The Woolsack", a house on Cecil Rhodes' estate at Groote Schuur; it was within walking distance of Rhodes' mansion. With his new reputation as Poet of the Empire, Kipling was warmly received by some of the most influential politicians of the Cape Colony, including Rhodes, Sir Alfred Milner, and Leander Starr Jameson. Kipling cultivated their friendship and came to admire the men and their politics. The period 1898–1910 was crucial in the history of South Africa and included the Second Boer War (1899–1902), the ensuing peace treaty, and the 1910 formation of the Union of South Africa. Back in England, Kipling wrote poetry in support of the British cause in the Boer War and on his next visit to South Africa in early 1900, he helped start a newspaper, *The Friend*, for Lord Roberts for the British troops in Bloemfontein, the newly captured capital of the Orange Free State. Although his journalistic stint was to last only two weeks, it was Kipling's first work on a newspaper staff since he left *The Pioneer* in Allahabad more than ten years earlier. At *The Friend* he made

lifelong friendships with Perceval Landon, H. A. Gwynne and others. He also wrote articles published more widely expressing his views on the conflict. Kipling penned an inscription for the Honoured Dead Memorial (Siege memorial) in Kimberley.

## Sussex

In 1897, Kipling moved from Torquay to Rottingdean, East Sussex; first to North End House and later to The Elms. In 1902 Kipling bought Batemans, a house built in 1634 and located in rural Burwash, East Sussex, England. The house, along with the surrounding buildings, the mill and 33 acres (130,000 m<sup>2</sup>) was purchased for £9,300. It had no bathroom, no running water upstairs and no electricity, but Kipling loved it: "Behold us, lawful owners of a grey stone lichened house—A.D. 1634 over the door—beamed, panelled, with old oak staircase, and all untouched and unfaked. It is a good and peaceable place. We have loved it ever since our first sight of it." (from a November 1902 letter).

## Other Writing

Kipling began collecting material for another of his children's classics, *Just So Stories for Little Children*. That work was published in 1902, the year after *Kim* was first issued.

On a visit to the United States in 1899, Kipling and Josephine developed pneumonia, from which she eventually died. During the First World War, he wrote a booklet *The Fringes of the Fleet* containing essays and poems on various nautical subjects of the war. Some of the poems were set to music by English composer Edward Elgar.

Kipling wrote two science fiction short stories, *With the Night Mail* (1905) and *As Easy As A. B. C* (1912), both set in the 21st century in Kipling's Aerial Board of Control universe. These read like modern hard science fiction.

In 1934 he published a short story in *Strand Magazine*, "Proofs of Holy Writ", which postulated that William Shakespeare had helped to polish the prose of the King James Bible. In the non-fiction realm he also became involved in the debate over the British response to the rise in German naval power, publishing a series of articles in 1898 which were collected as *A Fleet in Being*.

## Peak of his career

The first decade of the 20th century saw Kipling at the height of his popularity. In

1906 he wrote the song "Land of our Birth, We Pledge to Thee". In 1907 he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. The prize citation said: "In consideration of the power of observation, originality of imagination, virility of ideas and remarkable talent for narration which characterise the creations of this world-famous author." Nobel prizes had been established in 1901 and Kipling was the first English-language recipient. At the award ceremony in Stockholm on 10 December 1907, the Permanent Secretary of the Swedish Academy, Carl David af Wirsén, praised both Kipling and three centuries of English literature:

The Swedish Academy, in awarding the Nobel Prize in Literature this year to Rudyard Kipling, desires to pay a tribute of homage to the literature of England, so rich in manifold glories, and to the greatest genius in the realm of narrative that that country has produced in our times.

"Book-ending" this achievement was the publication of two connected poetry and story collections: *Puck of Pook's Hill* (1906), and *Rewards and Fairies* (1910). The latter contained the poem "If—". In a 1995 BBC opinion poll, it was voted the UK's favourite poem. This exhortation to self-control and stoicism is arguably Kipling's most famous poem.

Kipling sympathised with the anti-Home Rule stance of Irish Unionists. He was friends with Edward Carson, the Dublin-born leader of Ulster Unionism, who raised the Ulster Volunteers to oppose "Home Rule" in Ireland. Kipling wrote the poem "Ulster" in 1912 reflecting this. Kipling was a staunch opponent of Bolshevism, a position which he shared with his friend Henry Rider Haggard. The two had bonded upon Kipling's arrival in London in 1889 largely on the strength of their shared opinions, and they remained lifelong friends.

Many have wondered why he was never made Poet Laureate. Some claim that he was offered the post during the interregnum of 1892–96 and turned it down.

At the beginning of World War I, like many other writers, Kipling wrote pamphlets which enthusiastically supported the UK's war aims.

### Freemasonry

According to the English magazine *Masonic Illustrated*, Kipling became a Freemason in about 1885, prior to the usual minimum age of 21. He was initiated into Hope and Perseverance Lodge No. 782 in Lahore. He later wrote to *The Times*, "I was Secretary for some years of the Lodge . . . , which included Brethren of at least four creeds. I was entered [as an Apprentice] by a member from Brahma Somaj, a Hindu, passed [to the degree of Fellow Craft] by a

Mohammedan, and raised [to the degree of Master Mason] by an Englishman. Our Tyler was an Indian Jew." Kipling so loved his masonic experience that he memorialised its ideals in his famous poem, "The Mother Lodge".

### Son's death in First World War

Kipling's son John died in World War I, at the Battle of Loos in September 1915, at age 18. John had wanted to join the military, but his eyesight was too poor. He tried twice to enlist, but was rejected. His father had been life-long friends with Lord Roberts, commander-in-chief of the British Army, and colonel of the Irish Guards, and at Rudyard's request, John was accepted into the Irish Guards. He was sent to Loos two days into the battle in a reinforcement contingent. He was last seen stumbling through the mud blindly, screaming in agony after an exploding shell ripped his face apart. A body identified as his was not found until 1992, although that identification has been challenged.

After his son's death, Kipling wrote, "If any question why we died/ Tell them, because our fathers lied." It is speculated that these words may reveal his feelings of guilt at his role in getting John a commission in the Irish Guards.

John's death has been linked to Kipling's 1916 poem "My Boy Jack", notably in the play *My Boy Jack* and its subsequent television adaptation, along with the documentary *Rudyard Kipling: A Remembrance Tale*. However, the poem was originally published at the head of a story about the Battle of Jutland and appears to refer to a death at sea; the 'Jack' referred to is probably a generic 'Jack Tar'. Kipling was said to help assuage his grief over the death of his son through reading the novels of Jane Austen aloud to his wife and daughter.

Partly in response to John's death, Kipling joined Sir Fabian Ware's Imperial War Graves Commission (now the Commonwealth War Graves Commission), the group responsible for the garden-like British war graves that can be found to this day dotted along the former Western Front and all the other locations around the world where troops of the British Empire lie buried. His most significant contribution to the project was his selection of the biblical phrase "Their Name Liveth For Evermore" (Ecclesiasticus 44.14, KJV) found on the Stones of Remembrance in larger war graves and his suggestion of the phrase "Known unto God" for the gravestones of unidentified servicemen. He chose the inscription "The Glorious Dead" on the Cenotaph, Whitehall, London. He also wrote a two-volume history of the Irish Guards, his son's regiment, that was published in 1923 and is considered to be one of the finest examples of regimental history. Kipling's moving short story, "The Gardener", depicts visits to the war cemeteries, and the poem "The King's Pilgrimage" (1922) depicts a

journey which King George V made, touring the cemeteries and memorials under construction by the Imperial War Graves Commission. With the increasing popularity of the automobile, Kipling became a motoring correspondent for the British press, and wrote enthusiastically of his trips around England and abroad, even though he was usually driven by a chauffeur.

Kipling became friends with a French soldier whose life had been saved in the First World War when his copy of *Kim*, which he had in his left breast pocket, stopped a bullet. The soldier presented Kipling with the book (with bullet still embedded) and his Croix de Guerre as a token of gratitude. They continued to correspond, and when the soldier, Maurice Hammoneau, had a son, Kipling insisted on returning the book and medal.

In 1922 Kipling, who had made reference to the work of engineers in some of his poems and writings, was asked by a University of Toronto civil engineering professor for his assistance in developing a dignified obligation and ceremony for graduating engineering students. Kipling was enthusiastic in his response and shortly produced both, formally entitled "The Ritual of the Calling of an Engineer". Today, engineering graduates all across Canada are presented with an iron ring at the ceremony as a reminder of their obligation to society. In 1922 Kipling also became Lord Rector of St Andrews University in Scotland, a three-year position.

## Death and legacy

Kipling kept writing until the early 1930s, but at a slower pace and with much less success than before. He died of a perforated duodenal ulcer on 18 January 1936, two days before George V, at the age of 70. (His death had in fact previously been incorrectly announced in a magazine, to which he wrote, "I've just read that I am dead. Don't forget to delete me from your list of subscribers.")

Rudyard Kipling was cremated at Golders Green Crematorium and his ashes were buried in Poets' Corner, part of the South Transept of Westminster Abbey, where many distinguished literary people are buried or commemorated.

In 2010 the International Astronomical Union approved that a crater on the planet Mercury would be named after Kipling – one of ten newly discovered impact craters observed by the MESSENGER spacecraft in 2008-9.

## Posthumous Reputation

Various writers, most notably Edmund Candler, were strongly influenced by Kipling's writing. T. S. Eliot, a very different poet, edited *A Choice of Kipling's Verse* (1943), although in doing so he commented that "[Kipling] could write great poetry on occasions—even if only by accident." Kipling's stories for adults also remain in print and have garnered high praise from writers as different as Poul Anderson, Jorge Luis Borges, and George Orwell. His children's stories remain popular; and his *Jungle Books* have been made into several movies. The first was made by producer Alexander Korda, and other films have been produced by the Walt Disney Company. A number of his poems were set to music by Percy Grainger. A series of short films based on some of his stories was broadcast by the BBC in 1964. Kipling's work is still popular today.

Kipling is often quoted in discussions of contemporary political and social issues. Political singer-songwriter Billy Bragg, who attempts to reclaim English nationalism from the right-wing, has reclaimed Kipling for an inclusive sense of Englishness. Kipling's enduring relevance has been noted in the United States as it has become involved in Afghanistan and other areas about which he wrote.

### Links with Scouting

Kipling's links with the Scouting movements were strong. Baden-Powell, the founder of Scouting, used many themes from *The Jungle Book* stories and *Kim* in setting up his junior movement, the Wolf Cubs. These connections still exist today. The movement is named after Mowgli's adopted wolf family, and the adult helpers of Wolf Cub Packs adopt names taken from *The Jungle Book*, especially the adult leader who is called Akela after the leader of the Seeonee wolf pack.

### Kipling's Home at Burwash

After the death of Kipling's wife in 1939, his house, "Bateman's" in Burwash, East Sussex was bequeathed to the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest or Natural Beauty and is now a public museum dedicated to the author. Elsie, his only child who lived to maturity, died childless in 1976, and bequeathed her copyrights to the National Trust. There is a thriving Kipling Society in the United Kingdom and also one in Australia.

Novelist and poet Sir Kingsley Amis wrote a poem, 'Kipling at Bateman's', after visiting Kipling's Burwash home (Amis' father had lived in Burwash briefly in the 1960s). Amis and a BBC television crew went to make a short film in a series of films about writers and their houses. According to Zachary Leader's 'The Life of Kingsley Amis':

'Bateman's made a strong negative impression on the whole crew, and Amis decided that he would dislike spending even twenty-four hours there. The visit is recounted in Rudyard Kipling and his World (1975), a short study of Kipling's Life and Writings. Amis's view of Kipling's career is like his view of Chesterton's: the writing that mattered was early, in Kipling's case from the period 1885–1902. After 1902, the year of the move to Bateman's, not only did the work decline but Kipling found himself increasingly at odds with the world, changes Amis attributes in part to the depressing atmosphere of the house.

### Reputation in India

In modern-day India, whence he drew much of his material, Kipling's reputation remains controversial, especially amongst modern nationalists and some post-colonial critics. Other contemporary Indian intellectuals such as Ashis Nandy have taken a more nuanced view of his work. Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, first Prime Minister of India, always described Kipling's novel *Kim* as his favourite book.

### Swastika in old editions

Many older editions of Rudyard Kipling's books have a swastika printed on their covers associated with a picture of an elephant carrying a lotus flower. Since the 1930s this has raised the suspicion of Kipling being a Nazi-sympathiser, though the Nazi party did not adopt the swastika until 1920. Kipling used the swastika as it was an Indian sun symbol conferring good luck and well-being. He used the swastika symbol in both right- and left-facing orientations, and it was in general use at the time. Even before the Nazis came to power, Kipling ordered the engraver to remove it from the printing block so that he should not be thought of as supporting them. As an indication of his views of the Nazis, less than one year before his death Kipling gave a speech (titled "An undefended Island") to The Royal Society of St George on 6 May 1935 warning of the danger which Nazi Germany posed to Britain.

G V Desani, a canonical Indian writer of fiction, had a condescending opinion of Kipling. He alluded to Kipling in his novel, *All About H. Hatterr* (1948), thus:

I happen to pick up R. Kipling's autobiographical "Kim." Therein, this self-appointed whiteman's burden-bearing sherpa feller's stated how, in the Orient, blokes hit the road and think nothing of walking a thousand miles in search of something.

Well-known Indian historian and writer Khushwant Singh wrote in 2001 that he considers Kipling's *If*— "the essence of the message of *The Gita* in English". The

text Singh refers to is the Bhagavad Gita, an ancient Indian scripture.

In November 2007 it was announced that Kipling's birth home in the campus of the J J School of Art in Mumbai would be turned into a museum celebrating the author and his works.

# A Ballad Of Burial

If down here I chance to die,  
Solemnly I beg you take  
All that is left of "I"  
To the Hills for old sake's sake,  
Pack me very thoroughly  
In the ice that used to slake  
Pegs I drank when I was dry --  
This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie,  
There a single ticket take  
For Umballa -- goods-train -- I  
Shall not mind delay or shake.  
I shall rest contentedly  
Spite of clamor coolies make;  
Thus in state and dignity  
Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,  
Book a Kalka van "for four."  
Few, I think, will care to make  
Journeys with me any more  
As they used to do of yore.  
I shall need a "special" break --  
Thing I never took before --  
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that -- arrangements make.  
No hotel will take me in,  
And a bullock's back would break  
'Neath the teak and leaden skin  
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,  
Or, did I a back-seat take,  
In a tonga I might spin, --  
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that -- your work is done.  
Recollect a Padre must  
Mourn the dear departed one --

Throw the ashes and the dust.  
Don't go down at once. I trust  
You will find excuse to "snake  
Three days' casual on the bust."  
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.  
Think of blazing June and May  
Think of those September rains  
Yearly till the Judgment Day!  
I should never rest in peace,  
I should sweat and lie awake.  
Rail me then, on my decease,  
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

Rudyard Kipling

# A Ballade Of Jakko Hill

One moment bid the horses wait,  
Since tiffin is not laid till three,  
Below the upward path and straight  
You climbed a year ago with me.  
Love came upon us suddenly  
And loosed -- an idle hour to kill --  
A headless, armless armory  
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait  
Through Time and to Eternity!  
Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate  
With more than Godlike constancy  
I cut the date upon a tree --  
Here stand the clumsy figures still:  
"10-7-85, A.D."  
Damp with the mist of Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,  
And until Death fidelity!  
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?  
Whose 'rickshaw-wheels ride over me?  
No Saint's, I swear; and -- let me see  
To-night what names your programme fill --  
We drift asunder merrily,  
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill.

## L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state  
Has clean departed; and we see  
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate  
That bound light bonds on you and me.  
Amen! Here ends the comedy  
Where it began in all good will;  
Since Love and Leave together flee  
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

Rudyard Kipling

## A Bank Fraud

He drank strong waters and his speech was coarse;  
He purchased raiment and forbore to pay';  
He stuck a trusting junior with a horse,  
And won gymkhanas in a doubtful way.  
Then 'twixt a vice and folly, turned aside  
To do good deeds and straight to cloak them, lied.

Rudyard Kipling

# A Boy Scouts' Patrol Song

These are our regulations --  
There's just one law for the Scout  
And the first and the last, and the present and the past,  
And the future and the perfect is "Look out!"  
I, thou and he, look out!  
We, ye and they, look out!  
Though you didn't or you wouldn't  
Or you hadn't or you couldn't;  
You jolly well must look out!

Look out, when you start for the day  
That your kit is packed to your mind;  
There is no use going away  
With half of it left behind.  
Look out that your laces are tight,  
And your boots are easy and stout,  
Or you'll end with a blister at night.  
(Chorus) All Patrols look out!

Look out for the birds of the air,  
Look out for the beasts of the field --  
They'll tell you how and where  
The other side's concealed.  
When the blackbird bolts from the copse,  
Or the cattle are staring about,  
The wise commander stops  
And (chorus) All Patrols look out!

Look out when your front is clear,  
And you feel you are bound to win.  
Look out for your flank and your rear --  
That's where surprises begin.  
For the rustle that isn't a rat,  
For the splash that isn't a trout,  
For the boulder that may be a hat  
(Chorus) All Patrols look out!

For the innocent knee-high grass,  
For the ditch that never tells,

Look out! Look out ere you pass --  
And look out for everything else!  
A sign mis-read as you run  
May turn retreat to a rout --  
For all things under the sun  
(Chorus) All Patrols look out!

Look out when your temper goes  
At the end of a losing game;  
When your boots are too tight for your toes;  
And you answer and argue and blame.  
It's the hardest part of the Low,  
But it has to be learnt by the Scout --  
For whining and shirking and "jaw"  
(Chorus) All Patrols look out!

Rudyard Kipling

# A British-Roman Song

*(A. D. 406)*

*"A Centurion of the Thirtieth"*

My father's father saw it not,  
And I, belike, shall never come  
To look on that so-holy spot --  
That very Rome --

Crowned by all Time, all Art, all Might,  
The equal work of Gods and Man,  
City beneath whose oldest height --  
The Race began!

Soon to send forth again a brood,  
Unshakable, we pray, that clings  
To Rome's thrice-hammered hardihood --  
In arduous things.

Strong heart with triple armour bound,  
Beat strongly, for thy life-blood runs,  
Age after Age, the Empire round --  
In us thy Sons

Who, distant from the Seven Hills,  
Loving and serving much, require  
Thee -- thee to guard 'gainst home-born ills  
The Imperial Fire!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Carol

Our Lord Who did the Ox command  
To kneel to Judah's King,  
He binds His frost upon the land  
To ripen it for Spring --  
To ripen it for Spring, good sirs,  
According to His Word.  
Which well must be as ye can see --  
And who shall judge the Lord?

When we poor fenmen skate the ice  
Or shiver on the wold,  
We hear the cry of a single tree  
That breaks her heart in the cold --  
That breaks her heart in the cold, good sirs,  
And rendeth by the board.  
Which well must be as ye can see --  
And who shall judge the Lord?

Her wood is crazed and little worth  
Excepting as to burn,  
That we may warm and make our mirth  
Until the Spring return --  
Until the Spring return, good sirs,  
When Christians walk abroad;  
When well must be as ye can see --  
And who shall judge the Lord?

God bless the master of this house,  
And all who sleep therein!  
And guard the fens from pirate folk,  
And keep us all from sin,  
To walk in honesty, good sirs,  
Of thought and deed ad word!  
Which shall befriend our latter end....  
And who shall judge the Lord?

Rudyard Kipling

# A Charm

Take of English earth as much  
As either hand may rightly clutch.  
In the taking of it breathe  
Prayer for all who lie beneath.  
Not the great nor well-bespoke,  
But the mere uncounted folk  
Of whose life and death is none  
Report or lamentation.  
Lay that earth upon thy heart,  
And thy sickness shall depart!

It shall sweeten and make whole  
Fevered breath and festered soul.  
It shall mightily restrain  
Over-busied hand and brain.  
It shall ease thy mortal strife  
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,  
Till thyself, restored, shall prove  
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these --  
Spring's full-vaced primroses,  
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,  
Autumn's wall-flowerr of the close,  
And, thy darkness to illume,  
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.  
Seek and serve them where they bide  
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide,  
For these simples, used aright,  
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify  
Webbed and inward-turning eye;  
These shall show thee treasure hid,  
Thy familiar fields amid;  
And reveal (which is thy need)  
Every man a King indeed!



# A Child's Garden

*R. L. Stevenson*

Now there is nothing wrong with me  
Except -- I think it's called T.B.  
And that is why I have to lay  
Out in the garden all the day.

Our garden is not very wide  
And cars go by on either side,  
And make an angry-hooty noise  
That rather startles little boys.

But worst of all is when they take  
Me out in cars that growl and shake,  
With charabancs so dreadful-near  
I have to shut my eyes for fear.

But when I'm on my back again,  
I watch the Croydon aeroplane  
That flies across to France, and sings  
Like hitting thick piano-strings.

When I am strong enough to do  
The things I'm truly wishful to,  
I'll never use a car or train  
But always have an aeroplane;

And just go zooming round and round,  
And frighten Nursey with the sound,  
And see the angel-side of clouds,  
And spit on all those motor-crowds!

Rudyard Kipling

## A Code Of Morals

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his house in order,  
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan border,  
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he taught  
His wife the working of the Code that sets the miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature made her fair;  
So Cupid and Apollo linked, per heliograph, the pair.  
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her counsel wise --  
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in scarlet clad and gold,  
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal of the old;  
But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the ditty hangs)  
That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-General Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff, who tittupped on the way,  
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously at play.  
They thought of Border risings, and of stations sacked and burnt --  
So stopped to take the message down -- and this is whay they learnt --

"Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot" twice. The General swore.  
"Was ever General Officer addressed as 'dear' before?  
"My Love,' i' faith! 'My Duck,' Gadzooks! 'My darling popsy-wop!'  
"Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, who is on that mountaintop?"

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute; the gilded Staff were still,  
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that message from the hill;  
For clear as summer lightning-flare, the husband's warning ran: --  
"Don't dance or ride with General Bangs -- a most immoral man."

[At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her counsel wise --  
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large hath eyes.]  
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his wife  
Some interesting details of the General's private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute, the shining Staff were still,  
And red and ever redder grew the General's shaven gill.  
And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter not): --  
"I think we've tapped a private line. Hi! Threes about there! Trot!"

All honour unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones thereafter know  
By word or act official who read off that helio.  
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from Michni to Moo*Itan*  
They know the worthy General as "that most immoral man."

Rudyard Kipling

## A Counting-Out Song

What is the song the children sing,  
When doorway lilacs bloom in Spring,  
And the Schools are loosed, and the games are played  
That were deadly earnest when Earth was made?  
Hear them chattering, shrill and hard,  
After dinner-time, out in the yard,  
As the sides are chosen and all submit  
To the chance of the lot that shall make them "It."  
(Singing) *"Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!"*  
*Catch a nigger by the toe!*  
*(If he hollers let him go!)*  
*Eenee, Meenee. Mainee, Mo!*  
*You-are-It!"*

Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, and Mo  
Were the First Big Four of the Long Ago,  
When the Pole of the Earth sloped thirty degrees,  
And Central Europe began to freeze,  
And they needed Ambassadors staunch and stark  
To steady the Tribes in the gathering dark:  
But the frost was fierce and flesh was frail,  
So they launched a Magic that could not fail.  
(Singing) *"Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!"*  
*Hear the wolves across the snow!*  
*Some one has to kill 'em--so*  
*Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo*  
*Make--you--It!"*

Slowly the Glacial Epoch passed,  
Central Europe thawed out at last;  
And, under the slush of the melting snows  
The first dim shapes of the Nations rose.  
Rome, Britannia, Belgium, Gaul--  
Flood and avalanche fathered them all;  
And the First Big Four, as they watched the mess,  
Pitied Man in his helplessness.  
(Singing) *"Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!"*  
*Trouble starts When Nations grow,*  
*Some one has to stop it--so*

<i>Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!</i>  
<i>Make-you-It!"</i>

Thus it happened, but none can tell  
What was the Power behind the spell--  
Fear, or Duty, or Pride, or Faith--  
That sent men shuddering out to death--  
To cold and watching, and, worse than these,  
Work, more work, when they looked for ease--  
To the days discomfort, the nights despair,  
In the hope of a prize that they never could share,  
(Singing) <i>"Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!</i>  
<i>Man is born to Toil and Woe.</i>  
<i>One will cure another--so</i>  
<i>Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo</i>  
<i>Make--you--It!"</i>

Once and again, as the Ice went North  
The grass crept up to the Firth of Forth.  
Once and again, as the Ice came South  
The glaciers ground over Lossiemouth.  
But, grass or glacier, cold or hot,  
The men went out who would rather not,  
And fought with the Tiger, the Pig and the Ape,  
To hammer the world into decent shape.  
(Singing)<i> "Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo!</i>  
<i>What's the use of doing so?</i>  
<i>Ask the Gods, for we don't know;</i>  
<i>But Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo</i>  
<i>Make-us-It!"</i>

Nothing is left of that terrible rune  
But a tag of gibberish tacked to a tune  
That ends the waiting and settles the claims  
Of children arguing over their games;  
For never yet has a boy been found  
To shirk his turn when the turn came round;  
Nor even a girl has been known to say  
"If you laugh at me I shan't play."  
For-- <i> "Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo,</i>  
<i>(Don't you let the grown-ups know!)</i>  
<i>You may hate it ever so,</i>

*But if you're chose you're bound to go,  
When Eenee, Meenee, Mainee, Mo  
Make-you-It!"*

Rudyard Kipling

# A Dead Statesman

I could not dig; I dared not rob:  
Therefore I lied to please the mob.  
Now all my lies are proved untrue  
And I must face the men I slew.  
What tale shall serve me here among  
Mine angry and defrauded young?

Rudyard Kipling

# A Death-Bed

<i>1918</i>

This is the State above the Law.  
The State exists for the State alone."  
<i>[This is a gland at the back of the jaw,  
And an answering lump by the collar-bone.]</i>

Some die shouting in gas or fire;  
Some die silent, by shell and shot.  
Some die desperate, caught on the wire -  
Some die suddenly. This will not.

"Regis suprema voluntas Lex"  
<i>[It will follow the regular course of--throats.]</i>  
Some die pinned by the broken decks,  
Some die sobbing between the boats.

Some die eloquent, pressed to death  
By the sliding trench as their friends can hear  
Some die wholly in half a breath.  
Some--give trouble for half a year.

"There is neither Evil nor Good in life  
Except as the needs of the State ordain."  
<i>[Since it is rather too late for the knife,</i>  
<i>All we can do is to mask the pain.]</i>

Some die saintly in faith and hope--  
One died thus in a prison-yard--  
Some die broken by rape or the rope;  
Some die easily. This dies hard.

"I will dash to pieces who bar my way.  
Woe to the traitor! Woe to the weak! "  
<i>[Let him write what he wishes to say.</i>  
<i>It tires him out if he tries to speak.]</i>

Some die quietly. Some abound

In loud self-pity. Others spread  
Bad morale through the cots around .  
This is a type that is better dead.

"The war was forced on me by my foes.  
All that I sought was the right to live."  
<i>[Don't be afraid of a triple dose;</i>  
<i>The pain will neutralize all we give.</i>

<i>Here are the needles. See that he dies</i>  
<i>While the effects of the drug endure. . . .</i>  
<i>What is the question he asks with his eyes?--</i>  
<i>Yes, All-Highest, to God, be sure.]</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# A Dedication

And they were stronger hands than mine  
That digged the Ruby from the earth--  
More cunning brains that made it worth  
The large desire of a king,  
And stouter hearts that through the brine  
Went down the perfect Pearl to bring.

Lo, I have wrought in common clay  
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race,  
Since pearls strew not the market-place  
In this my town of banishment,  
Where with the shifting dust I play,  
And eat the bread of discontent.

Yet is there life in that I make.  
O thou who knowest, turn and see--  
As thou hast power over me  
So have I power over these,  
Because I wrought them for thy sake,  
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making--now  
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay,  
And, wearied, at thy feet I lay  
My wares, ere I go forth to sell.  
The long bazar will praise, but thou--  
Heart of my heart--have I done well?

Rudyard Kipling

# A Departure

Since first the White Horse Banner blew free,  
By Hengist's horde unfurled,  
Nothing has changed on land or sea  
Of the things that steer the world.  
(As it was when the long-ships scudded through the gale  
So it is where the Liners go.)  
Time and Tide, they are both in a tale--  
"Woe to the weaker -- woe! "

No charm can bridle the hard-mouthed wind  
Or smooth the fretting swell.  
No gift can alter the grey Sea's mind,  
But she serves the strong man well.  
(As it is when her uttermost deeps are stirred  
So it is where the quicksands show,)  
All the waters have but one word--  
"Woe to the weaker -- woe! "

The feast is ended, the tales are told,  
The dawn is overdue,  
And we meet on the quay in the whistling cold  
Where the galley waits her crew.  
Out with the torches, they have flared too long,  
And bid the harpers go.  
Wind and warfare have but one song--  
"Woe to the weaker -- woe!"

Hail to the great oars gathering way,  
As the beach begins to slide!  
Hail to the war-shields' click and play  
As they lift along our side!  
Hail to the first wave over the bow--  
Slow for the sea-stroke! Slow!--  
All the benches are grunting now:--  
"Woe to the weaker -- woe!"

Rudyard Kipling

## A General Summary

We are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
India's Prehistoric clay;  
He that drew the longest bow  
Ran his brother down, you know,  
As we run men down to-day.

"Dowb," the first of all his race,  
Met the Mammoth face to face  
On the lake or in the cave:  
Stole the steadiest canoe,  
Ate the quarry others slew,  
Died -- and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,  
Some one made the sketch his own,  
Filched it from the artist -- then,  
Even in those early days,  
Won a simple Viceroy's praise  
Through the toil of other men.  
Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage  
Favouritism governed kissage,  
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt "the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid"  
Was that the contractor did  
Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To comptroller of Supplies  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing  
Do not deal with anything  
New or never said before.  
As it was in the beginning  
Is to-day official sinning,  
And shall be for evermore!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Legend Of Truth

Once on a time, the ancient legends tell,  
Truth, rising from the bottom of her well,  
Looked on the world, but, hearing how it lied,  
Returned to her seclusion horrified.

There she abode, so conscious of her worth,  
Not even Pilate's Question called her forth,  
Nor Galileo, kneeling to deny  
The Laws that hold our Planet 'neath the sky.  
Meantime, her kindlier sister, whom men call  
Fiction, did all her work and more than all,  
With so much zeal, devotion, tact, and care,  
That no one noticed Truth was elsewhere.

Then came a War when, bombed and gassed and mined,  
Truth rose once more, perforce, to meet mankind,  
And through the dust and glare and wreck of things,  
Beheld a phantom on unbalanced wings,  
Reeling and groping, dazed, dishevelled, dumb,  
But semaphoring direr deeds to come.

Truth hailed and bade her stand; the quavering shade  
Clung to her knees and babbled, "Sister, aid!  
I am--I was--thy Deputy, and men  
Besought me for my useful tongue or pen  
To gloss their gentle deeds, and I complied,  
And they, and thy demands, were satisfied.  
But this--" she pointed o'er the blistered plain,  
Where men as Gods and devils wrought amain--  
"This is beyond me! Take thy work again."

Tablets and pen transferred, she fled afar,  
And Truth assumed the record of the War...  
She saw, she heard, she read, she tried to tell  
Facts beyond precedent and parallel--  
Unfit to hint or breathe, much less to write,  
But happening every minute, day and night.  
She called for proof. It came. The dossiers grew.  
She marked them, first, "Return. This can't be true."  
Then, underneath the cold official word:

"This is not really half of what occurred."

She faced herself at last, the story runs,  
And telegraphed her sister: "Come at once.  
Facts out of hand. Unable overtake  
Without your aid. Come back for Truth's own sake!  
Co-equal rank and powers if you agree.  
<i>They need us both, but you far more than me!"</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# A Lover's Journey

When a lover hies abroad  
Looking for his love,  
Azrael smiling sheathes his sword,  
Heaven smiles above.  
Earth and sea  
His servants be,  
And to lesser compass round,  
That his love be sooner found!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Nativity

<i>1914-18</i>

<i>The Babe was laid in the Manger  
Between the gentle kine --  
All safe from cold and danger --  
"But it was not so with mine,</i>  
(With mine! With mine!)  
"Is it well with the child, is it well?"  
The waiting mother prayed.  
"For I know not how he fell,  
And I know not where he is laid."

<i>A Star stood forth in Heaven;  
The Watchers ran to see  
The Sign of the Promise given --  
"But there comes no sign to me.</i>  
(To me! To me!)  
"My child died in the dark.  
Is it well with the child, is it well?  
There was none to tend him or mark,  
And I know not how he fell."

<i>The Cross was raised on high;  
The Mother grieved beside --  
"But the Mother saw Him die  
And took Him when He died.</i>  
(He died! He died!)  
"Seemly and undefiled  
His burial-place was made --  
Is it well, is it well with the child?  
For I know not where he is laid."

<i>On the dawning of Easter Day  
Comes Mary Magdalene;  
But the Stone was rolled away,  
And the Body was not within --</i>  
(Within! Within!)  
"Ah, who will answer my word?"

The broken mother prayed.  
"They have taken away my Lord,  
And I know not where He is laid."

. . . . .

<i>"The Star stands forth in Heaven.  
The watchers watch in vain  
For Sign of the Promise given  
Of peace on Earth again --</i>  
(Again! Again!)  
"But I know for Whom he fell" --  
The steadfast mother smiled,  
"Is it well with the child -- is it well?  
It is well -- it is well with the child!"

Rudyard Kipling

# A Pageant Of Elizabeth

*Written for "The Pageant of Parliament," 1934*

Like Princes crowned they bore them--  
Like Demi-Gods they wrought,  
When the New World lay before them  
In headlong fact and thought.  
Fate and their foemen proved them  
Above all meed of praise,  
And Gloriana loved them,  
And Shakespeare wrote them plays!

. . . . .

Now Valour, Youth, and Life's delight break forth  
In flames of wondrous deed, and thought sublime---  
Lightly to mould new worlds or lightly loose  
Words that shall shake and shape all after-time!

Giants with giants, wits with wits engage,  
And England-England-England takes the breath  
Of morning, body and soul, till the great Age  
Fulfills in one great chord:--Elizabeth!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Pict Song

Rome never looks where she treads.  
Always her heavy hooves fall  
On our stomachs, our hearts or our heads;  
And Rome never heeds when we bawl.  
Her sentries pass on--that is all,  
And we gather behind them in hordes,  
And plot to reconquer the Wall,  
With only our tongues for our swords.

We are the Little Folk--we!  
Too little to love or to hate.  
Leave us alone and you'll see  
How we can drag down the State!  
We are the worm in the wood!  
We are the rot at the root!  
We are the taint in the blood!  
We are the thorn in the foot!

Mistletoe killing an oak--  
Rats gnawing cables in two--  
Moths making holes in a cloak--  
How they must love what they do!  
Yes--and we Little Folk too,  
We are busy as they--  
Working our works out of view--  
Watch, and you'll see it some day!

No indeed! We are not strong,  
But we know Peoples that are.  
Yes, and we'll guide them along  
To smash and destroy you in War!  
We shall be slaves just the same?  
Yes, we have always been slaves,  
But you--you will die of the shame,  
And then we shall dance on your graves!

*We are the Little Folk, we, etc.*



# A Pilgrim's Way

I do not look for holy saints to guide me on my way,  
Or male and female devilkins to lead my feet astray.  
If these are added, I rejoice---if not, I shall not mind,  
So long as I have leave and choice to meet my fellow-kind.  
For as we come and as we go (and deadly-soon go we!)  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

Thus I will honour pious men whose virtue shines so bright  
(Though none are more amazed than I when I by chance do right),  
And I will pity foolish men for woe their sins have bred  
(Though ninety-nine per cent. of mine I brought on my own head).  
And, Amorite or Eremite, or General Averagee,  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

And when they bore me overmuch, I will not shake mine ears,  
Recalling many thousand such whom I have bored to tears.  
And when they labour to impress, I will not doubt nor scoff;  
Since I myself have done no less and---sometimes pulled it off.  
Yea, as we are and we are not, and we pretend to be,  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

And when they work me random wrong, as oftentimes hath been,  
I will not cherish hate too long (my hands are none too clean).  
And when they do me random good I will not feign surprise.  
No more than those whom I have cheered with wayside charities.  
But, as we give and as we take---whate'er our takings be---  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

But when I meet with frantic folk who sinfully declare  
There is no pardon for their sin, the same I will not spare  
Till I have proved that Heaven and Hell which in our hearts we have  
Show nothing irredeemable on either side of the grave.  
For as we live and as we die---if utter Death there be---  
The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!

Deliver me from every pride---the Middle, High, and Low---  
That bars me from a brother's side, whatever pride he show.  
And purge me from all heresies of thought and speech and pen  
That bid me judge him otherwise than I am judged. Amen!

That I may sing of Crowd or King or road-borne company,  
That I may labour in my day, vocation and degree,  
To prove the same in deed and name, and hold unshakenly  
(Where'er I go, whate'er I know, whoe'er my neighbor be)  
This single faith in Life and Death and to Eternity:  
` `The people, Lord, Thy people, are good enough for me!"

Rudyard Kipling

## A Preface

To all to whom this little book may come--  
Health for yourselves and those you hold most dear!  
Content abroad, and happiness at home,  
And--one grand Secret in your private ear: --  
<i>Nations have passed away and left no traces,  
And History gives the naked cause of it--  
One single, simple reason in all cases;  
They fell because their peoples were not fit.</i>

Now, though your Body be mis-shapen, blind,  
Lame, feverish, lacking substance, power or skill,  
Certain it is that men can school the Mind  
To school the sickliest Body, to her will--  
As many have done, whose glory blazes still  
Like mighty flames in meanest lanterns lit:  
Wherefore, we pray the crippled, weak and ill--  
Be fit--be fit! In mind at first be fit!

And, though your Spirit seem uncouth or small,  
Stubborn as clay or shifting as the sand,  
Strengthen the Body, and the Body shall  
Strengthen the Spirit till she take command;  
As a bold rider brings his horse in hand  
At the tall fence, with voice and heel and bit,  
And leaps while all the field are at a stand.  
Be fit--be fit! In body next be fit!

<i> Nothing on earth--no Arts, no Gifts, no Graces--  
No Fame, no Wealth--outweighs the wont of it.  
This is the Law which every law embraces--  
Be fit--be fit! In mind and body be fit!</i>

The even heart that seldom slurs its beat--  
The cool head weighing what that heart desires--  
The measuring eye that guides the hands and feet--  
The Soul unbroken when the Body tires--  
These are the things our weary world requires  
Far more than superfluities of wit;  
Wherefore we pray you, sons of generous sires,

Be fit--be fit! For Honour's sake be fit.

*<i> There is one lesson at all Times and Places--  
One changeless Truth on all things changing writ,  
For boys and girls, men, women, nations, races--  
Be fit -- be fit! And once again, be fit!</i>*

Rudyard Kipling

# A Recantation

<i>1917</i>

What boots it on the Gods to call?  
Since, answered or unheard,  
We perish with the Gods and all  
Things made--except the Word.

Ere certain Fate had touched a heart  
By fifty years made cold,  
I judged thee, Lyde, and thy art  
O'erblown and over-bold.

But he--but he, of whom bereft  
I suffer vacant days--  
He on his shield not meanly left  
He cherished all thy lays.

Witness the magic coffer stocked  
With convoluted runes  
Wherein thy very voice was locked  
And linked to circling tunes.

Witness thy portrait, smoke-defiled,  
That decked his shelter-place.  
Life seemed more present, wrote the child,  
Beneath thy well-known face.

And when the grudging days restored  
Him for a breath to home,  
He, with fresh crowds of youth, adored  
Thee making mirth in Rome.

Therefore, I humble, join the hosts,  
Loyal and loud, who bow  
To thee as Queen of Song--and ghosts,  
For I remember how

Never more rampant rose the Hall

At thy audacious line  
Than when the news came in from Gaul  
Thy son had--followed mine.

But thou didst hide it in thy breast  
And, capering, took the brunt  
Of blaze and blare, and launched the jest  
That swept next week the front.

Singer to children! Ours possessed  
Sleep before noon--but thee,  
Wakeful each midnight for the rest,  
No holocaust shall free!

*Yet they who use the Word assigned,  
To hearten and make whole,  
Not less than Gods have served mankind,  
Though vultures rend their soul.*

Rudyard Kipling

# A Rector's Memory

<i>St. Andrews, 1923</i>

The, Gods that are wiser than Learning  
But kinder than Life have made sure  
No mortal may boast in the morning  
That even will find him secure.  
With naught for fresh faith or new trial,  
With little unsoiled or unsold,  
Can the shadow go back on the dial,  
Or a new world be given for the old?  
<i> But he knows not that time shall awaken,  
As he knows not what tide shall lay bare,  
The heart of a man to be taken --  
Taken and changed unaware.</i>

He shall see as he tenders his vows  
The far, guarded City arise --  
The power of the North 'twixt Her brows --  
The steel of the North in Her eyes;  
The sheer hosts of Heaven above --  
The grey warlock Ocean beside;  
And shall feel the full centuries move  
To Her purpose and pride.

Though a stranger shall he understand,  
As though it were old in his blood,  
The lives that caught fire 'neath Her hand --  
The fires that were tamed to Her mood.  
And the roar of the wind shall refashion,  
And the wind-driven torches recall,  
The passing of Time and the passion  
Of Youth over all!  
<i> And, by virtue of magic unspoken  
(What need She should utter Her power?)  
The frost at his heart shall be broken  
And his spirit be changed in that hour --  
Changed and renewed in that hour!</i>



# A Ripple Song

Once red ripple came to land  
In the golden sunset burning--  
Lapped against a maiden's hand,  
By the ford returning.

*<i> Dainty foot and gentle breast--  
Here, across, be glad and rest.  
"Maiden, wait," the ripple saith;  
"Wait awhile, for I am Death!"</i>*

"Where my lover calls I go--  
Shame it were to treat him coldly--  
'Twas a fish that circled so,  
Turning over boldly."

*<i> Dainty foot and tender heart,  
Wait the loaded ferry-raft.  
"Wait, ah, wait!" the ripple saith;  
"Maiden, wait, for I am Death!"</i>*

"When my lover calls I haste--  
Dame Disdain was never wedded!"  
Ripple-ripple round her waist,  
Clear the current eddied.

*<i> Foolish heart and faithful hand,  
Little feet that touched no land.  
Far away the ripple sped,  
Ripple-ripple running red!</i>*

Rudyard Kipling

# A School Song

*Prelude to "Stalky & Co."*

*"Let us now praise famous men"--  
Men of little showing--  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Broad and deep continues,  
Greater then their knowing!"*

Western wind and open surge  
Took us from our mothers--  
Flung us on a naked shore  
(Twelve bleak houses by the shore.  
Seven summers by the shore! )  
'Mid two hundred brothers.

There we met with famous men  
Set in office o'er us;  
And they beat on us with rods--  
Faithfully with many rods--  
Daily beat us on with rods,  
For the love they bore us!

Out of Egypt unto Troy--  
Over Himalaya--  
Far and sure our bands have gone--  
Hy-Brazil or Babylon,  
Islands of the Southern Run,  
And Cities of Cathaia!

And we all praise famous men--  
Ancients of the College;  
For they taught us common sense--  
Tried to teach us common sense--  
Truth and God's Own Common Sense,  
Which is more than knowledge!

Each degree of Latitude

Strung about Creation  
Seeth one or more of us  
(Of one muster each of us),  
Diligent in that he does,  
Keen in his vocation.

This we learned from famous men,  
Knowing not its uses,  
When they showed, in daily work--  
Man must finish off his work--  
Right or wrong, his daily work--  
And without excuses.

Servant of the Staff and chain,  
Mine and fuse and grapnel--  
Some, before the face of Kings,  
Stand before the face of Kings;  
Bearing gifts to divers Kings--  
Gifts of case and shrapnel.

This we learned from famous men  
Teaching in our borders,  
Who declared it was best,  
Safest, easiest, and best--  
Expeditious, wise, and best--  
To obey your orders.

Some beneath the further stars  
Bear the greater burden:  
Set to serve the lands they rule,  
(Save he serve no man may rule),  
Serve and love the lands they rule;  
Seeking praise nor guerdon.

This we learned from famous men,  
Knowing not we learned it.  
Only, as the years went by--  
Lonely, as the years went by--  
Far from help as years went by,  
Plainer we discerned it.

Wherefore praise we famous men

From whose bays we borrow--  
They that put aside To-day--  
All the joys of their To-day--  
And with toil of their To-day  
Bought for us To-morrow!

*Bless and praise we famous men--  
Men of little showing--  
For their work continueth,  
And their work continueth,  
Broad and deep continueth,  
Great beyond their knowing!*

Rudyard Kipling

# A Servant When He Reigneth

Three things make earth unquiet  
And four she cannot brook  
The godly Agur counted them  
And put them in a book --  
Those Four Tremendous Curses  
With which mankind is cursed;  
But a Servant when He Reigneth  
Old Agur entered first.  
An Handmaid that is Mistress  
We need not call upon.  
A Fool when he is full of Meat  
Will fall asleep anon.  
An Odious Woman Married  
May bear a babe and mend;  
But a Servant when He Reigneth  
Is Confusion to the end.

His feet are swift to tumult,  
His hands are slow to toil,  
His ears are deaf to reason,  
His lips are loud in broil.  
He knows no use for power  
Except to show his might.  
He gives no heed to judgment  
Unless it prove him right.

Because he served a master  
Before his Kingship came,  
And hid in all disaster  
Behind his master's name,  
So, when his Folly opens  
The unnecessary hells,  
A Servant when He Reigneth  
Throws the blame on some one else.

His vows are lightly spoken,  
His faith is hard to bind,  
His trust is easy boken,  
He fears his fellow-kind.

The nearest mob will move him  
To break the pledge he gave --  
Oh, a Servant when he Reigneth  
Is more than ever slave!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Smuggler's Song

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,  
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street.  
Them that ask no questions isn't told a lie.  
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!  
Five and twenty ponies,  
Trotting through the dark --  
Brandy for the Parson,  
'Baccy for the Clerk;  
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,  
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Running round the woodlump if you chance to find  
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,  
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play.  
Put the brishwood back again -- and they'll be gone next day!

If you see the stable-door setting open wide;  
If you see a tired horse lying down inside;  
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore;  
If the lining's wet and warm -- don't you ask no more!

If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,  
You be carefull what you say, and mindful what is said.  
If they call you "pretty maid," and chuck you 'neath the chin,  
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been!

Knocks and footsteps round the house -- whistles after dark --  
You've no call for running out till the house-dogs bark.  
Trusty's here, and Pincher's here, and see how dumb they lie --  
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by!

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,  
You'll be given a dainty doll, all the way from France,  
With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood --  
A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good!  
Five and twenty ponies,  
Trotting through the dark --  
Brandy for the Parson,  
'Baccy for the Clerk;

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie --  
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Son

My son was killed while laughing at some jest, I would  
I knew  
What it was and it might serve me in a time when jests  
are few.

Rudyard Kipling

# A Song In Storm

<i>1914-18</i>

Be well assured that on our side  
The abiding oceans fight,  
Though headlong wind and heaping tide  
Make us their sport to-night.  
By force of weather, not of war,  
In jeopardy we steer.  
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it shall appear  
How in all time of our distress,  
And our deliverance too,  
The game is more than the player of the game,  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Out of the mist into the mirk  
The glimmering combers roll.  
Almost these mindless waters work  
As though they had a soul --  
Almost as though they leagued to whelm  
Our flag beneath their green:  
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it shall be seen, etc.

Be well assured, though wave and wind  
Have mightier blows in store,  
That we who keep the watch assigned  
Must stand to it the more;  
And as our streaming bows rebuke  
Each billow's baulked career,  
Sing, welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear, etc.

No matter though our decks be swept  
And mast and timber crack --  
We can make good all loss except  
The loss of turning back.  
So, 'twixt these Devils and our deep

Let courteous trumpets sound,  
To welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it will be found, etc.

Be well assured, though in our power  
Is nothing left to give  
But chance and place to meet the hour,  
And leave to strive to live.  
Till these dissolve our Order holds,  
Our Service binds us here.  
Then welcome Fate's discourtesy  
Whereby it is made clear  
How in all time of our distress,  
As in our triumph too,  
The game is more than the player of the game  
And the ship is more than the crew!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Song Of Kabir

Oh, light was the world that he weighed in his hands!  
Oh, heavy the tale of his fiefs and his lands!  
He has gone from the guddee and put on the shroud,  
And departed in guise of bairagi avowed!

Now the white road to Delhi is mat for his feet.  
The sal and the kikar must guard him from heat.  
His home is the camp, and waste, and the crowd --  
He is seeking the Way as bairagi avowed!

He has looked upon Man, and his eyeballs are clear --  
(There was One; there is One, and but One, saith Kabir);  
The Red Mist of Doing has thinned to a cloud --  
He has taken the Path for bairagi avowed!

To learn and discern of his brother the clod,  
Of his brother the brute, and his brother the God,  
He has gone from the council and put on the shroud  
("Can ye hear?" saith Kabir), a bairagi avowed!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Song Of The English

Fair is our lot -- O goodly is our heritage!  
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)  
For the Lord our God Most High  
He hath made the deep as dry,  
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

Yea, though we sinned -- and our rulers went from righteousness --  
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem.  
Oh be ye not dismayed,  
Though we stumbled and we strayed,  
We were led by evil counsellors -- the Lord shall deal with them!

Hold ye the Faith -- the Faith our Fathers seal]ed us;  
Whoring not with visions -- otherwise and overstale.  
Except ye pay the Lord  
Single heart and single sword,  
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!

Keep ye the Law -- be swift in all obedience --  
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.  
Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap where he hath sown;  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

. . . . .

Hear now a song -- a song of broken interludes --  
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.  
Through the naked words and mean  
May ye see the truth between  
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!

Rudyard Kipling

# A Song of the White Men

1899

Now, this is the cup the White Men drink  
When they go to right a wrong,  
And that is the cup of the old world's hate-  
Cruel and strained and strong.  
We have drunk that cup- and a bitter, bitter cup-  
And tossed the dregs away.  
But well for the world when the White Men drink  
To the dawn of the White Man's day!

Now, this is the road that the White Men tread  
When they go to clean a land-  
Iron underfoot and levin overhead  
And the deep on either hand.  
We have trod that road- and a wet and windy road-  
Our chosen star for guide.  
Oh, well for the world when the White Men tread  
Their highway side by side!

Now, this is the faith that the White Men hold-  
When they build their homes afar-  
'Freedom for ourselves and freedom for our sons  
And, failing freedom, War.'  
We have proved our faith- bear witness to our faith,  
Dear souls of freemen slain!  
Oh, well for the world when the White Men join  
To prove their faith again!

Rudyard Kipling

# Alnaschar And The Oxen

There's a pasture in a valley where the hanging woods divide,  
And a Herd lies down and ruminates in peace;  
Where the pheasant rules the nooning, and the owl the twilight tide,  
And the war-cries of our world die out and cease.  
Here I cast aside the burden that each weary week-day brings  
And, delivered from the shadows I pursue,  
On peaceful, postless, Sabbaths I consider Weighty Things  
Such as Sussex Cattle feeding in the dew!  
At the gate beside the river where the trouty shallows brawl,  
I know the pride that Lobengula felt,  
When he bade the bars be lowered of the Royal Cattle Kraal,  
And fifteen miles of oxen took the veldt.  
From the walls of Bulawayo in unbroken file they came  
To where the Mount of Council cuts the blue . . .  
I have only six and twenty, but the principle's the same  
With my Sussex Cattle feeding in the dew!

To a luscious sound of tearing, where the clovered herbage rips,  
Level-backed and level-bellied watch 'em move.  
See those shoulders, guess that heart-girth, praise those loins, admire those  
hips,  
And the tail set low for flesh to make above!  
Count the broad unblemished muzzles, test the kindly mellow skin  
And, where yon heifer lifts her head at call,  
Mark the bosom's just abundance 'neath the gay and cleancut chin,  
And those eyes of Juno, overlooking all!

Here is colour, form and substance, I will put it to the proof  
And, next season, in my lodges shall be born  
Some very Bull of Mithras, flawless from his agate hoof  
To his even-branching ivory, dusk-tipped horn.  
He shall mate with block-square virgins - kings shall seek his like in vain,  
While I multiply his stock a thousandfold,  
Till an hungry world extol me, builder of a lofty strain  
That turns one standard ton at two years old.

There's a valley, under oakwood, where a man may dream his dream,  
In the milky breath of cattle laid at ease,

Till the moon o'ertops the alders, and her image chills the stream,  
And the river-mist runs silver round their knees!  
Now the footpaths fade and vanish; now the ferny clumps deceive;  
Now the hedgerow-folk possess their fields anew;  
Now the Herd is lost in darkness, and I bless them as I leave,  
My Sussex Cattle feeding in the dew!

Rudyard Kipling

# An American

The American Spirit speaks:

"If the Led Striker call it a strike,  
Or the papers call it a war,  
They know not much what I am like,  
Nor what he is, my Avatar."

Through many roads, by me possessed,  
He shambles forth in cosmic guise;  
He is the Jester and the Jest,  
And he the Text himself applies.

The Celt is in his heart and hand,  
The Gaul is in his brain and nerve;  
Where, cosmopolitanly planned,  
He guards the Redskin's dry reserve.

His easy unswept hearth he lends  
From Labrador to Guadeloupe;  
Till, elbowed out by sloven friends,  
He camps, at sufferance, on the stoop.

Calm-eyed he scoffs at sword and crown,  
Or panic-blinded stabs and slays:  
Blatant he bids the world bow down,  
Or cringing begs a crust of praise;

Or, sombre-drunk, at mine and mart,  
He dubs his dreary brethren Kings.  
His hands are black with blood -- his heart  
Leaps, as a babe's, at little things.

But, through the shift of mood and mood,  
Mine ancient humour saves him whole --  
The cynic devil in his blood  
That bids him mock his hurrying soul;

That bids him flout the Law he makes,

That bids him make the Law he flouts,  
Till, dazed by many doubts, he wakes  
The drumming guns that -- have no doubts;

That checks him foolish -- hot and fond,  
That chuckles through his deepest ire,  
That gilds the slough of his despond  
But dims the goal of his desire;

Inopportune, shrill-accented,  
The acrid Asiatic mirth  
That leaves him, careless 'mid his dead,  
The scandal of the elder earth.

How shall he clear himself, how reach  
Your bar or weighed defence prefer?  
A brother hedged with alien speech  
And lacking all interpreter.

Which knowledge vexes him a space;  
But while Reproof around him rings,  
He turns a keen untroubled face  
Home, to the instant need of things.

Enslaved, illogical, elate,  
He greets th' embarrassed Gods, nor fears  
To shake the iron hand of Fate  
Or match with Destiny for beers.

Lo, imperturbable he rules,  
Unkempt, disreputable, vast --  
And, in the teeth of all the schools,  
I -- I shall save him at the last!

Rudyard Kipling

# An Astrologer's Song

To the Heavens above us  
O look and behold  
The Planets that love us  
All harnessed in gold!  
What chariots, what horses  
Against us shall bide  
While the Stars in their courses  
Do fight on our side?

All thought, all desires,  
That are under the sun,  
Are one with their fires,  
As we also are one:  
All matter, all spirit,  
All fashion, all frame,  
Receive and inherit  
Their strength from the same.

(Oh, man that deniest  
All power save thine own,  
Their power in the highest  
Is mightily shown.  
Not less in the lowest  
That power is made clear.  
Oh, man, if thou knowest,  
What treasure is here!)

Earth quakes in her throes  
And we wonder for why!  
But the blind planet knows  
When her ruler is nigh;  
And, attuned since Creation  
To perfect accord,  
She thrills in her station  
And yearns to her Lord.

The waters have risen,  
The springs are unbound--  
The floods break their prison,

And ravin around.  
No rampart withstands 'em,  
Their fury will last,  
Till the Sign that commands 'em  
Sinks low or swings past.

Through abysses unproven  
And gulfs beyond thought,  
Our portion is woven,  
Our burden is brought.  
Yet They that prepare it,  
Whose Nature we share,  
Make us who must bear it  
Well able to bear.

Though terrors o'ertake us  
We'll not be afraid.  
No power can unmake us  
Save that which has made.  
Nor yet beyond reason  
Or hope shall we fall--  
All things have their season,  
And Mercy crowns all!

Then, doubt not, ye fearful--  
The Eternal is King--  
Up, heart, and be cheerful,  
And lustily sing:--  
What chariots, what horses  
Against us shall bide  
While the Stars in their courses  
Do fight on our side?

Rudyard Kipling

# An Imperial Rescript

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,  
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the weak in their need,  
He sent a word to the peoples, who struggle, and pant, and sweat,  
That the straw might be counted fairly and the tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled; from the East and the West they drew --  
Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem, Clyde, and Crewe.  
And some were black from the furnace, and some were brown from the soil,  
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but all were wearied of toil.

And the young King said: -- "I have found it, the road to the rest ye seek:  
The strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak;  
With the even tramp of an army where no man breaks from the line,  
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the bond of brotherhood -- sign!"

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads bowed thereby,  
And a wail went up from the peoples: -- "Ay, sign -- give rest, for we die!"  
A hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a fist was cramped to scrawl,  
When -- the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran clear through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each one saw Her plain --  
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary Jane.  
And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the light of the vision woke;  
And the men drew back from the paper, as a Yankee delegate spoke: --

"There's a girl in Jersey City who works on the telephone;  
We're going to hitch our horses and dig for a house of our own,  
With gas and water connections, and steam-heat through to the top;  
And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work till I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: -- "The weak an' the lame be blowed!  
I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a home in the Wandsworth Road;  
And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin' bill,  
I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull up? I be damned if I will!"

And over the German benches the bearded whisper ran: --  
"Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes or dey breaks a man.  
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars der girl deremit;  
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we collars der girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: -- "Your sub-committee believe  
You can lighten the curse of Adam when you've lightened the curse of Eve.  
But till we are built like angels, with hammer and chisel and pen,  
We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever, amen."

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser held --  
The day that they razored the Grindstone, the day that the Cat was belled,  
The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day of the Twisted Sands,  
The day that the laugh of a maiden made light of the Lords of Their Hands.

Rudyard Kipling

## An Old Song

So long as 'neath the Kalka hills  
The tonga-horn shall ring,  
So long as down the Solon dip  
The hard-held ponies swing,  
So long as Tara Devi sees  
The lights of Simla town,  
So long as Pleasure calls us up,  
Or Duty drives us down,  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
What pair so happy as we two?</i>

So long as Aces take the King,  
Or backers take the bet,  
So long as debt leads men to wed,  
Or marriage leads to debt,  
So long as little luncheons, Love,  
And scandal hold their vogue,  
While there is sport at Annandale  
Or whisky at Jutogh,  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
What knife can cut our love in two?</i>

So long as down the rocking floor  
The raving polka spins,  
So long as Kitchen Lancers spur  
The maddened violins,  
So long as through the whirling smoke  
We hear the oft-told tale --  
"Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,"  
And Whatshername for sale?  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
We'll play the game and win it too.</i>

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt  
Straight riders from the course,  
So long as with each drink we pour  
Black brewage of Remorse,  
So long as those unloaded guns  
We keep beside the bed,

Blow off, by obvious accident,  
The lucky owner's head,  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
What can Life kill of Death undo?</i>

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance  
Chills best and bravest blood,  
And drops the reckless rider down  
The rotten, rain-soaked khud,  
So long as rumours from the North  
Make loving wives afraid,  
So long as Burma takes the boy  
Or typhoid kills the maid,  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
What knife can cut our love in two?</i>

By all that lights our daily life  
Or works our lifelong woe,  
From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs  
And those grim glades below,  
Where, heedless of the flying hoof  
And clamour overhead,  
Sleep, with the grey langur for guard  
Our very scornful Dead,  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
All Earth is servant to us two!</i>

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,  
By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,  
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,  
By Corset, Plume, and Spur  
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,  
By Women, Work, and Bills,  
By all the life that fizzes in  
The everlasting Hills,  
<i> If you love me as I love you  
What pair so happy as we two?</i>

Rudyard Kipling

## Anchor Song

Heh! Walk her round. Heave, ah heave her short again!  
Over, snatch her over, there, and hold her on the pawl.  
Loose all sail, and brace your yards back and full --  
Ready jib to pay her off and heave short all!  
Well, ah fare you well; we can stay no more with you, my love --  
Down, set down your liquor and your girl from off your knee;  
For the wind has come to say:  
"You must take me while you may,  
If you'd go to Mother Carey  
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),  
Oh, we're bound to Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!"

Heh! Walk her round. Break, ah break it out o' that!  
Break our starboard-bower out, apeak, awash, and clear.  
Port -- port she casts, with the harbour-mud beneath her foot,  
And that's the last o' bottom we shall see this year!  
Well, ah fare you well, for we've got to take her out again --  
Take her out in ballast, riding light and cargo-free.  
And it's time to clear and quit  
When the hawser grips the bitt,  
So we'll pay you with the foresheet and a promise from the sea!

Heh! Tally on. Aft and walk away with her!  
Handsome to the cathead, now; O tally on the fall!  
Stop, seize and fish, and easy on the davit-guy.  
Up, well up the fluke of her, and inboard haul!  
Well, ah fare you well, for the Channel wind's took hold of us,  
Choking down our voices as we snatch the gaskets free.  
And it's blowing up for night,  
And she's dropping Light on Light,  
And she's snorting under bonnets for a breath of open sea,

Wheel, full and by; but she'll smell her road alone to-night.  
Sick she is and harbour-sick -- O sick to clear the land!  
Roll down to Brest with the old Red Ensign over us --  
Carry on and thrash her out with all she'll stand!  
Well, ah fare you well, and it's Ushant slams the door on us,  
Whirling like a windmill through the dirty scud to lee:  
Till the last, last flicker goes

From the tumbling water-rows,  
And we're off to Mother Carey  
(Walk her down to Mother Carey!),  
Oh, we're bound for Mother Carey where she feeds her chicks at sea!

Rudyard Kipling

# Angutivaun Taina

Our gloves are stiff with the frozen blood,  
Our furs with the drifted snow,  
As we come in with the seal--the seal!  
In from the edge of the floe.

Au jana! Aua! Oha! Haq!  
And the yelping dog-teams go;  
And the long whips crack, and the men come back,  
Back from the edge of the floe!

We tracked our seal to his secret place,  
We heard him scratch below,  
We made our mark, and we watched beside,  
Out on the edge of the floe.

We raised our lance when he rose to breathe,  
We drove it downward--so!  
And we played him thus, and we killed him thus,  
Out on the edge of the floe.

Our gloves are glued with the frozen blood,  
Our eyes with the drifting snow;  
But we come back to our wives again,  
Back from the edge of the floe!

Au jana! Aua! Oha! Haq!  
And the loaded dog-teams go;  
And the wives ran hear their men come back,  
Back from the edge of the floe!

Rudyard Kipling

# Arithmetic On The Frontier

A great and glorious thing it is  
To learn, for seven years or so,  
The Lord knows what of that and this,  
Ere reckoned fit to face the foe --  
The flying bullet down the Pass,  
That whistles clear: "All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent  
On making brain and body meeter  
For all the murderous intent  
Comprised in "villanous saltpetre!"  
And after -- ask the Yusufzaies  
What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station --  
A canter down some dark defile --  
Two thousand pounds of education  
Drops to a ten-rupee jezail --  
The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,  
Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,  
No formulae the text-books know,  
Will turn the bullet from your coat,  
Or ward the tulwar's downward blow  
Strike hard who cares -- shoot straight who can --  
The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp  
Will pay for all the school expenses  
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp  
Who knows no word of moods and tenses,  
But, being blessed with perfect sight,  
Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hillsides teem,  
The troop-ships bring us one by one,  
At vast expense of time and steam,  
To slay Afridis where they run.

The "captives of our bow and spear"  
Are cheap -- alas! as we are dear.

Rudyard Kipling

# Army Headquarters

Old is the song that I sing --  
Old as my unpaid bills --  
Old as the chicken that kitmutgars bring  
Men at dak-bungalows -- old as the Hills.

Ahasuerus Jenkins of the "Operatic Own,"  
Was dowered with a tenor voice of super-Santley tone.  
His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle queer.  
He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh! he had an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times a day;  
He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way;  
His method of saluting was the joy of all beholders,  
But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his shoulders.

He took two months at Simla when the year was at the spring,  
And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.  
He warbled like a bul-bul but particularly at  
Cornelia Agrippina, who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn, controlled a Dept.  
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-birds were kept  
From April to October on a plump retaining-fee,  
Supplied, of course, per mensem, by the Indian Treasury.

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins used to play;  
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was false as they;  
So when the winds of April turned the budding roses brown,  
Cornelia told her husband: -- "Tom, you mustn't send him down."

They haled him from his regiment, which didn't much regret him;  
They found for him an office-stool, and on that stool they set him  
To play with maps and catalogues three idle hours a day,  
And draw his plump retaining-fee -- which means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups are brought,  
Ahasuerus walleth o'er the grand pianoforte;  
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath waxen great,  
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a Power in the State!

Rudyard Kipling

# Arterial

I

Frost upon small rain--the ebony-lacquered avenue  
Reflecting lamps as a pool shows goldfish.  
The sight suddenly emptied out of the young man's eyes  
Entering upon it sideways.

II

In youth, by hazard, I killed an old man.  
In age I maimed a little child.  
Dead leaves under Foot reproach not:  
But the lop-sided cherry-branch--whenever the sun rises,  
How black a shadow!

Rudyard Kipling

## As The Bell Clinks

As I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the vision of a comely  
Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched with fervor from afar;  
And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would greet me kindly.  
That was all -- the rest was settled by the clinking tonga-bar.  
Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga coupling-bar.

For my misty meditation, at the second changin-station,  
Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tuneless jar  
Of a Wagner obbligato, scherzo, doublehand staccato,  
Played on either pony's saddle by the clacking tonga-bar --  
Played with human speech, I fancied, by the jiggling, jolting bar.

"She was sweet," thought I, "last season, but 'twere surely wild unreason  
Such tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by my Star,  
When she whispered, something sadly: 'I -- we feel your going badly!'"  
"And you let the chance escape you?" rapped the rattling tonga-bar.  
"What a chance and what an idiot!" clicked the vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man -- oh, heart of putty! Had I gone by Kakahutti,  
On the old Hill-road and rutty, I had 'scaped that fatal car.  
But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched the milestones slide by,  
To "You call on Her to-morrow!" -- fugue with cymbals by the bar --  
You must call on Her to-morrow!" -- post-horn gallop by the bar.

Yet a further stage my goal on -- we were whirling down to Solon,  
With a double lurch and roll on, best foot foremost, ganz und gar --  
"She was very sweet," I hinted. "If a kiss had been imprinted?" --  
"'Would ha' saved a world of trouble!" clashed the busy tonga-bar.  
"'Been accepted or rejected!" banged and clanged the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the income tax's paring,  
And a hasty thought of sharing -- less than many incomes are,  
Made me put a question private, you can guess what I would drive at.  
"You must work the sum to prove it," clanked the careless tonga-bar.  
"Simple Rule of Two will prove it," litted back the tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I muse. "Suppose the maid be haughty --  
(There are lovers rich -- and roty) -- wait some wealthy Avatar?  
Answer monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies twain perspiring!"

"Faint heart never won fair lady," creaked the straining tonga-bar.  
"Can I tell you ere you ask Her?" pounded slow the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights of Simla burning,  
Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.  
As below the Mall we jingled, through my very heart it tingled --  
Did the iterated order of the threshing tonga-bar --  
Try your luck -- you can't do better!" twanged the loosened tongar-bar.

Rudyard Kipling

# At His Execution

I am made all things to all men--  
Hebrew, Roman, and Greek--  
In each one's tongue I speak,  
Suiting to each my word,  
That some may be drawn to the Lord!

I am made all things to all men--  
In City or Wilderness  
Praising the crafts they profess  
That some may be drawn to the Lord--  
By any means to my Lord!

Since I was overcome  
By that great Light and Word,  
I have forgot or forgone  
The self men call their own  
(Being made all things to all men)  
So that I might save some  
At such small price to the Lord,  
As being all things to all men.

I was made all things to all men,  
But now my course is done--  
And now is my reward...  
Ah, Christ, when I stand at Thy Throne  
With those I have drawn to the Lord,  
Restore me my self again!

Rudyard Kipling

# Azrael's Count

Lo! The Wild Cow of the Desert, her yeanling estrayed from her --  
Lost in the wind-plaited sand-dunes -- athirst in the maze of them.  
Hot-foot she follows those foot-prints -- the thrice-tangled ways of them.  
Her soul is shut save to one thing -- the love-quest consuming her  
Fearless she lows past the camp, our fires affright her not.  
Ranges she close to the to the tethered ones -- the mares by the lances held.  
Noses she softly apart the veil in the women's tent.  
Next -- withdrawn under moonlight, a shadow afar off --  
Fades. Ere men cry, "Hold her fast! darkness recovers her.  
She the all-crazed and forlorn, when the dogs threaten her,  
Only a side-tossed horn, as though a fly troubled her,  
Shows she hath heard, till a lance in the heart of her quivereth.  
-- Lo, from that carcass ahead -- where speeds the soul of it?  
Where is the tryst it must keep? Who is her pandar? Death!

Men I dismiss to the Mercy greet me not willingly;  
Crying, "When seekest Thou me first? Are not my kin unslain?  
Shrinking aside from the Sword-edge, blinking the glare of it,  
Shrinking the chin in the neck-bone. How shall that profit them?  
Yet, among women a thousand, few meet me otherwise.

Yet, among women a thousand, one comes to me mistress-wise.  
Arms open, breasts open, mouth open -- hot is her need on her.  
Crying, "Ho, Servant, aquit me, the bound by Love's promises!  
Haste Thou! He Waits! I would go! Handle me lustily!  
Lo! her eyes stare past my wings, as things unbeheld by her.  
Lo! her lips summoning part. I am not whom she calls!

Lo! My sword sinks and returns. At no time she heedeth it,  
More than the dust of a journey, her garments brushed clear of it.  
Lo! Ere the blood-gush has ceased, forward her soul rushes.  
She is away to her tryst. Who is her pandar? Death!

Rudyard Kipling

# Back To The Army Again

I'm 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,  
A-layin' on the sergeant I don't know a gun from a bat;  
My shirt's doin' duty for jacket, my sock's stickin' out o' my boots,  
An' I'm learnin' the damned old goose-step along o' the new recruits!

Back to Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'aven't no card,  
I'm back to the Army again!

I done my six years' service. 'Er Majesty sez: "Good day --  
You'll please to come when you're rung for, an' 'ere's your 'ole back-pay:  
An' fourpence a day for baccy -- an' bloomin' gen'rous, too;  
An' now you can make your fortune -- the same as your orf'cers do."

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
'Ow did I learn to do right-about-turn?  
I'm back to the Army again!

A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade --  
Beside "Reserve" agin' him -- 'e'd better be never made.  
I tried my luck for a quarter, an' that was enough for me,  
An' I thought of 'Er Majesty's barricks, an' I thought I'd go an' see.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
'Tisn't my fault if I dress when I 'alt --  
I'm back to the Army again!

The sergeant arst no questions, but 'e winked the other eye,  
'E sez to me, " 'Shun!" an' I shunted, the same as in days gone by;  
For 'e saw the set o' my shoulders, an' I couldn't 'elp 'oldin' straight  
When me an' the other rookies come under the barrik-gate.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
'Oo would ha' thought I could carry an' port?  
I'm back to the Army again!

I took my bath, an' I wallered -- for, Gawd, I needed it so!  
I smelt the smell o' the barricks, I 'eard the bugles go.  
I 'eard the feet on the gravel -- the feet o' the men what drill --  
An' I sez to my flutterin' 'eart-strings, I sez to 'em, "Peace, be still!"

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
'Oo said I knew when the troopship was due?  
I'm back to the Army again!

I carried my slops to the tailor; I sez to 'im, "None o' your lip!  
You tight 'em over the shoulders, an' loose 'em over the 'ip,  
For the set o' the tunic's 'orrid." An' 'e sez to me, "Strike me dead,  
But I thought you was used to the business!" an' so 'e done what I said.

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
Rather too free with my fancies? Wot -- me?  
I'm back to the Army again!

Next week I'll 'ave 'em fitted; I'll buy me a swagger-cane;  
They'll let me free o' the barricks to walk on the Hoe again,  
In the name o' William Parsons, that used to be Edward Clay,  
An' -- any pore beggar that wants it can draw my fourpence a day!

Back to the Army again, sergeant,  
Back to the Army again.  
Out o' the cold an' the rain, sergeant,  
Out o' the cold an' the rain.  
'Oo's there?

A man that's too good to be lost you,  
A man that is 'andled an' made --  
A man that will pay what 'e cost you  
In learnin' the others their trade -- parade!  
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army  
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,  
But drives 'em to cheat to get out o' the street  
An' back to the Army again!



# Ballad Of Fisher's Boarding-House

'T was Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,  
Where sailor-men reside,  
And there were men of all the ports  
From Mississip to Clyde,  
And regally they spat and smoked,  
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea  
That gave them scanty bread,  
They lied about the Earth beneath,  
The Heavens overhead,  
For they had looked too often on  
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,  
Of shame and lust and fraud,  
They backed their toughest statements with  
The Brimstone of the Lord,  
And crackling oaths went to and fro  
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
Who carried on his hairy chest  
The maid Ultruda's charm --  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,  
And Pamba the Malay,  
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,  
And Luz from Vigo Bay,  
And Honest Jack who sold them slops  
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,  
A lean Bostonian he --  
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,  
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,

At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,  
Collinga knew her fame,  
From Tarnau in Galicia  
To Juan Bazaar she came,  
To eat the bread of infamy  
And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel --  
Rich spoil of war was hers,  
In hose and gown and ring and chain,  
From twenty mariners,  
And, by Port Law, that week, men called  
Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt -- what landsmen know --  
That neither gifts nor gain  
Can hold a winking Light o' Love  
Or Fancy's flight restrain,  
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes  
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,  
From Howrah to the Bay,  
And he may die before the dawn  
Who liquored out the day,  
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
And laughter shook the chest beneath  
The maid Ultruda's charm --  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker;  
"You was his girl, I know.  
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,  
"Und round the Skaw we go,

"South, down the Cattedgat, by Hjelm,  
"To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,  
All ill betide the man.  
"You speak to Salem Hardieker" --  
She spoke as woman can.  
A scream -- a sob -- "He called me -- names!"  
And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,  
A shriek upon the stairs,  
A dance of shadows on the wall,  
A knife-thrust unawares --  
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,  
Across the broken chairs.

. . . . .

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands  
The weary head fell low: --  
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight  
"For Besser in Saro;  
"Und there Ultruda comes to me  
"At Easter, und I go

"South, down the Cattedgat -- What's here?  
"There -- are -- no -- lights -- to guide!"  
The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,  
And Anne of Austria cried  
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
But Anne of Austria looted first  
The maid Ultruda's charm --  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

Rudyard Kipling

# Banquet Night

"ONCE in so often," King Solomon said,  
Watching his quarrymen drill the stone,  
"We will curb our garlic and wine and bread  
And banquet together beneath my Throne,  
And all Brethren shall come to that mess  
As Fellow-Craftsmen-no more and no less."

"Send a swift shallop to Hiram of Tyre,  
Felling and floating our beautiful trees,  
Say that the Brethren and I desire  
Talk with our Brethren who use the seas.  
And we shall be happy to meet them at mess  
As Fellow-Craftsmen-no more and no less."

"Carry this message to Hiram Abif-  
Excellent master of forge and mine :-  
I and the Brethren would like it if  
He and the Brethren will come to dine  
(Garments from Bozrah or morning-dress)  
As Fellow-Craftsmen-no more and no less."

"God gave the Cedar their place-  
Also the Bramble, the Fig and the Thorn-  
But that is no reason to black a man's face  
Because he is not what he hasn't been born.  
And, as touching the Temple, I hold and profess  
We are Fellow-Craftsmen-no more and no less."

So it was ordered and so it was done,  
And the hewers of wood and the Masons of Mark,  
With foc'sle hands of Sidon run  
And Navy Lords from the ROYAL ARK,  
Came and sat down and were merry at mess  
As Fellow-Craftsmen-no more and no less.

The Quarries are hotter than Hiram's forge,  
No one is safe from the dog-whip's reach.  
It's mostly snowing up Lebanon gorge,  
And it's always blowing off Joppa beach;

But once in so often, the messenger brings  
Solomon's mandate : "Forget these things!  
Brother to Beggars and Fellow to Kings,  
Companion of Princes-forget these things!  
Fellow-Craftsmen, forget these things!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Barrack-Room Ballads

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,  
He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea;  
An' what he thought 'e might require,  
'E went an' took -- the same as me!

The market-girls an' fishermen,  
The shepherds an' the sailors, too,  
They 'eard old songs turn up again,  
But kep' it quiet -- same as you!

They knew 'e stole; 'e knew they knowed.  
They didn't tell, nor make a fuss,  
But winked at 'Omer down the road,  
An' 'e winked back -- the same as us!

Rudyard Kipling

# Beast And Man In India

They killed a Child to please the Gods  
In Earth's young penitence,  
And I have bled in that Babe's stead  
Because of innocence.

I bear the sins of sinful men  
That have no sin of my own,  
They drive me forth to Heaven's wrath  
Unpastured and alone.

I am the meat of sacrifice,  
The ransom of man's guilt,  
For they give my life to the altar-knife  
Wherever shrine is built.

*The Goat.*

Between the waving tufts of jungle-grass,  
Up from the river as the twilight falls,  
Across the dust-beclouded plain they pass  
On to the village walls.

Great is the sword and mighty is the pen,  
But over all the labouring ploughman's blade--  
For on its oxen and its husbandmen  
An Empire's strength is laid.

*The Oxen.*

The torn boughs trailing o'er the tusks aslant,  
The saplings reeling in the path he trod,  
Declare his might--our lord the Elephant,  
Chief of the ways of God.

The black bulk heaving where the oxen pant,  
The bowed head toiling where the guns careen,  
Declare our might--our slave the Elephant,

And servant of the Queen.

*<i>The Elephant.</i>*

Dark children of the mere and marsh,  
Wallow and waste and lea,  
Outcaste they wait at the village gate  
With folk of low degree.

Their pasture is in no man's land,  
Their food the cattle's scorn;  
Their rest is mire and their desire  
The thicket and the thorn.

But woe to those that break their sleep,  
And woe to those that dare  
To rouse the herd-bull from his keep,  
The wild boar from his lair!

*<i>Pigs and Buffaloes.</i>*

The beasts are very wise,  
Their mouths are clean of lies,  
They talk one to the other,  
Bullock to bullock's brother  
Resting after their labours,  
Each in stall with his neighbours.  
But man with goad and whip,  
Breaks up their fellowship,  
Shouts in their silky ears  
Filling their soul with fears.  
When he has ploughed the land,  
He says: "They understand."  
But the beasts in stall together,  
Freed from the yoke and tether,  
Say as the torn flanks smoke:  
"Nay, 'twas the whip that spoke."

Rudyard Kipling

# Before A Midnight Breaks In Storm

Before a midnight breaks in storm,  
Or herded sea in wrath,  
Ye know what wavering gusts inform  
The greater tempest's path;  
Till the loosed wind  
Drive all from mind,  
Except Distress, which, so will prophets cry,  
O'ercame them, houseless, from the unhinting sky.

Ere rivers league against the land  
In piracy of flood,  
Ye know what waters steal and stand  
Where seldom water stood.  
Yet who will note,  
Till fields afloat,  
And washen carcass and the returning well,  
Trumpet what these poor heralds strove to tell?

Ye know who use the Crystal Ball  
(To peer by stealth on Doom),  
The Shade that, shaping first of all,  
Prepares an empty room.  
Then doth It pass  
Like breath from glass,  
But, on the extorted Vision bowed intent,  
No man considers why It came or went.

Before the years reborn behold  
Themselves with stranger eye,  
And the sport-making Gods of old,  
Like Samson slaying, die,  
Many shall hear  
The all-pregnant sphere,  
Bow to the birth and sweat, but--speech denied--  
Sit dumb or--dealt in part--fall weak and wide.

Yet instant to fore-shadowed need  
The eternal balance swings;  
That winged men, the Fates may breed

So soon as Fate hath wings.  
These shall possess  
Our littleness,  
And in the imperial task (as worthy) lay  
Up our lives' all to piece one giant Day.

Rudyard Kipling

# Belts

There was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dublin Quay,  
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;  
It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark:  
The first man dropped at Harrison's, the last forninst the Park.  
For it was: -- "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!"  
An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!"  
O buckle an' tongue  
Was the song that we sung  
From Harrison's down to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street -- the regiments was out,  
They called us "Delhi Rebels", an' we answered "Threes about!"  
That drew them like a hornet's nest -- we met them good an' large,  
The English at the double an' the Irish at the charge.  
Then it was: -- "Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street -- an' I was in it too;  
We passed the time o' day, an' then the belts went whirraru!  
I misremember what occurred, but subsequent the storm  
A ~Freeman's Journal Supplemint~ was all my uniform.  
O it was: -- "Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street -- they sent the Polis there,  
The English were too drunk to know, the Irish didn't care;  
But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous rose,  
Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was tattered clo'es.  
For it was: -- "Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street -- it might ha' raged till now,  
But some one drew his side-arm clear, an' nobody knew how;  
'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped; we saw the red blood run:  
An' so we all was murderers that started out in fun.  
While it was: -- "Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street -- but that put down the shine,  
Wid each man whisperin' to his next: "'Twas never work o' mine!"  
We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street we bore him,  
The poor dumb corpse that couldn't tell the bhoys were sorry for him.  
When it was: -- "Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street -- it isn't over yet,  
For half of us are under guard wid punishments to get;  
'Tis all a merricle to me as in the Clink I lie:  
There was a row in Silver Street -- begod, I wonder why!  
    But it was: -- "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one for you!"  
    An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done for you!"  
    O buckle an' tongue  
    Was the song that we sung  
    From Harrison's down to the Park!

Rudyard Kipling

# Bill 'Awkins

"As anybody seen Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now 'ow in the devil would I know?"

"E's taken my girl out walkin',

An' I've got to tell 'im so --

Gawd -- bless -- 'im!

I've got to tell 'im so."

"D'yer know what 'e's like, Bill 'Awkins?"

"Now what in the devil would I care?"

"E's the livin', breathin' image of an organ-grinder's monkey,

With a pound of grease in 'is 'air --

Gawd -- bless -- 'im!

An' a pound o' grease in 'is 'air."

"An' s'pose you met Bill 'Awkins,

Now what in the devil 'ud ye do?"

"I'd open 'is cheek to 'is chin-strap buckle,

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too --

Gawd -- bless -- 'im!

An' bung up 'is both eyes, too!"

"Look 'ere, where 'e comes, Bill 'Awkins!

Now what in the devil will you say?"

"It isn't fit an' proper to be fightin' on a Sunday,

So I'll pass 'im the time o' day --

Gawd -- bless -- 'im!

I'll pass 'im the time o' day!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Birds Of Prey March

March! The mud is cakin' good about our trousers.  
Front! -- eyes front, an' watch the Colour-casin's drip.  
Front! The faces of the women in the 'ouses  
Ain't the kind o' things to take aboard the ship.

Cheer! An' we'll never march to victory.  
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar!  
The Large Birds o' Prey  
They will carry us away,  
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Wheel! Oh, keep your touch; we're goin' round a corner.  
Time! -- mark time, an' let the men be'ind us close.  
Lord! the transport's full, an' 'alf our lot not on 'er --  
Cheer, O cheer! We're going off where no one knows.

March! The Devil's none so black as 'e is painted!  
Cheer! We'll 'ave some fun before we're put away.  
'Alt, an' 'and 'er out -- a woman's gone and fainted!  
Cheer! Get on -- Gawd 'elp the married men to-day!

Hoi! Come up, you 'ungry beggars, to yer sorrow.  
( 'Ear them say they want their tea, an' want it quick! )  
You won't have no mind for slingers, not to-morrow --  
No; you'll put the 'tween-decks stove out, bein' sick!

'Alt! The married kit 'as all to go before us!  
'Course it's blocked the bloomin' gangway up again!  
Cheer, O cheer the 'Orse Guards watchin' tender o'er us,  
Keepin' us since eight this mornin' in the rain!

Stuck in 'eavy marchin'-order, sopped and wringin' --  
Sick, before our time to watch 'er 'eave an' fall,  
'Ere's your 'appy 'ome at last, an' stop your singin'.  
'Alt! Fall in along the troop-deck! Silence all!

Cheer! For we'll never live to see no bloomin' victory!  
Cheer! An' we'll never live to 'ear the cannon roar! (One cheer more!)  
The jackal an' the kite

'Ave an 'ealthy appetite,  
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip! Urroar!)  
The eagle an' the crow  
They are waitin' ever so,  
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more! ('Ip! Urroar!)  
Yes, the Large Birds o' Prey  
They will carry us away,  
An' you'll never see your soldiers any more!

Rudyard Kipling

# Blue Roses

Roses red and roses white  
Plucked I for my love's delight.  
She would none of all my posies--  
Bade me gather her blue roses.

Half the world I wandered through,  
Seeking where such flowers grew.  
Half the world unto my quest  
Answered me with laugh and jest.

Home I came at wintertide,  
But my silly love had died  
Seeking with her latest breath  
Roses from the arms of Death.

It may be beyond the grave  
She shall find what she would have.  
Mine was but an idle quest--

Roses white and red are best!

Rudyard Kipling

# Bobs

<i>(Field Marshal Lord Roberts of Kandahar)</i>

There's a little red-faced man,  
Which is Bobs,  
Rides the talliest 'orse 'e can --  
<i>Our</i> Bobs.  
If it bucks or kicks or rears,  
'E can sit for twenty years  
With a smile round both 'is ears --  
Can't yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur -- little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
'E's our pukka Kandaharder --  
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
'E's the Dook of <i>Aggy Chel;</i>  
'E's the man that done us well,  
An' we'll follow 'im to 'ell --  
Won't we, Bobs?

If a limber's slipped a trace,  
'Ook on Bobs.  
If a marker's lost 'is place,  
Dress by Bobs.  
For 'e's eyes all up 'is coat,  
An'a a bugle in 'is throat,  
An'you will not play the goat  
Under Bobs.

'E's a little down on drink  
Chaplain Bobs;  
But it keeps us outer Clink --  
Don't it, Bobs?  
So we will not complain  
Tho' 'e's water on the brain,  
If 'e leads us straight again --  
Blue-light Bobs.

If you stood 'im on 'is head,

Father Bobs,  
You could spill a quart ot lead  
Outer Bobs.  
'E's been at it thirty years,  
An-amassin' soveneers  
In the way o' slugs an' spears --  
Ain't yer Bobs?

What 'e does not knowv o'war,  
Gen'ral Bobs,  
You cun arst the shop next door --  
Can't they, Bobs?  
Oh, 'e's little but he's wise;  
'E's terror for' is size:,  
<i>An' -- 'e -- does -- not -- advertize --</i>  
Do yer, Bobs?

Now they 've made a blooimin 'Lord  
Ou ter Bobs,  
Which was but 'is fair reward --  
Wheren't it, Bobs?:  
So ell wear a coronet  
W'here 'is 'elmet used to set;  
But we know you won't forget --  
Will yer, Bobs?

Then 'ere's to Bobs Bahadur -- little Bobs, Bobs, Bobs,  
Pocket-Wellin'ton 'an <i>arder</i> --  
Fightin' Bobs, Bobs, Bobs!  
This ain't no bloomin' ode,  
But you've 'elped the soldier's load,  
An' for benefits bestowed,  
Bless yer, Bobs!

Rudyard Kipling

# Boots

## INFANTRY COLUMNS

We're foot--slog--slog--slog--sloggin' over Africa --  
Foot--foot--foot--foot--sloggin' over Africa --  
(Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

Seven--six--eleven--five--nine-an'-twenty mile to-day --  
Four--eleven--seventeen--thirty-two the day before --  
(Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

Don't--don't--don't--don't--look at what's in front of you.  
(Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again);  
Men--men--men--men--men go mad with watchin' em,  
An' there's no discharge in the war!

Try--try--try--try--to think o' something different --  
Oh--my--God--keep--me from goin' lunatic!  
(Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again!)  
There's no discharge in the war!

Count--count--count--count--the bullets in the bandoliers.  
If--your--eyes--drop--they will get atop o' you!  
(Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again) --  
There's no discharge in the war!

We--can--stick--out--'unger, thirst, an' weariness,  
But--not--not--not--not the chronic sight of 'em --  
Boot--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again,  
An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Taint--so--bad--by--day because o' company,  
But night--brings--long--strings--o' forty thousand million  
Boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again.  
There's no discharge in the war!

I--'ave--marched--six--weeks in 'Eil an' certify  
It--is--not--fire--devils, dark, or anything,

But boots--boots--boots--boots--movin' up an' down again,  
An' there's no discharge in the war!

Rudyard Kipling

# Bridge-Guard In The Karroo

<i>". . . and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge." District Orders-Lines of Communication, South African War.</i>

Sudden the desert changes,  
The raw glare softens and clings,  
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges  
Stand up like the thrones of Kings --

Ramparts of slaughter and peril --  
Blazing, amazing, aglow --  
'Twixt the sky-line's belting beryl  
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,  
Lit by the last of the sun --  
Opal and ash-of-roses,  
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

The twilight swallows the thicket,  
The starlight reveals the ridge.  
The whistle shrills to the picket --  
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,  
Where the empty metals shine --  
No, not combatants-only  
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel  
Of fence by the ganger's shed;  
We drop to the waterless channel  
And the lean track overhead;

We stumble on refuse of rations,  
The beef and the biscuit-tins;  
We take our appointed stations,  
And the endless night begins.

We hear the Hottentot herders  
As the sheep click past to the fold --  
And the click of the restless girders  
As the steel contracts in the cold --

Voices of jackals calling  
And, loud in the hush between,  
A morsel of dry earth falling  
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,  
And the hosts of heaven rise  
Framed through the iron arches --  
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we feel the far track humming,  
And we see her headlight plain,  
And we gather and wait her coming --  
The wonderful north-bound train.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,  
Where the white car-windows shine --  
No, not combatants-only  
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us!  
Out of the darkness we reach  
For a handful of week-old papers  
And a mouthful of human speech.

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,  
And the earth allows again,  
Meetings, greetings, and voices  
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,  
As out on the bridge she rolls;  
And the darkness covers our faces,  
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

More than a little lonely  
Where the lessening tail-lights shine.

No - not combatants - only  
Details guarding the line!

Rudyard Kipling

# Brookland Road

I was very well pleased with what I knowed,  
I reckoned myself no fool --  
Till I met with a maid on the Brookland Road,  
That turned me back to school.

*Low down-low down!*  
*Where the liddle green lanterns shine --*  
*O maids, I've done with 'ee all but one,*  
*And she can never be mine!*

'Twas right in the midst of a hot June night,  
With thunder duntin' round,  
And I see her face by the fairy-light  
That beats from off the ground.

She only smiled and she never spoke,  
She smiled and went away;  
But when she'd gone my heart was broke  
And my wits was clean astray.

O, stop your ringing and let me be --  
Let be, O Brookland bells!  
You'll ring Old Goodman out of the sea,  
Before I wed one else!

Old Goodman's Farm is rank sea-sand,  
And was this thousand year;  
But it shall turn to rich plough-land  
Before I change my dear.

O, Fairfield Church is water-bound  
From autumn to the spring;  
But it shall turn to high hill-ground  
Before my bells do ring.

O, leave me walk on Brookland Road,  
In the thunder and warm rain --  
O, leave me look where my love goed,  
And p'raps I'll see her again!

*Low down -- low down!*

*Where the liddle green lanterns shine --*

*O maids, I've done with 'ee all but one,*

*And she can never be mine!*

Rudyard Kipling

# Brown Bess

*The Army Musket--1700-1815*

In the days of lace-ruffles, perukes and brocade  
Brown Bess was a partner whom none could despise--  
An out-spoken, flinty-lipped, brazen-faced jade,  
With a habit of looking men straight in the eyes--  
At Blenheim and Ramillies fops would confess  
They were pierced to the heart by the charms of Brown Bess.

Though her sight was not long and her weight was not small,  
Yet her actions were winning, her language was clear;  
And everyone bowed as she opened the ball  
On the arm of some high-gaitered, grim grenadier.  
Half Europe admitted the striking success  
Of the dances and routs that were given by Brown Bess.

When ruffles were turned into stiff leather stocks,  
And people wore pigtails instead of perukes,  
Brown Bess never altered her iron-grey locks.  
She knew she was valued for more than her looks.  
'Oh, powder and patches was always my dress,  
And I think am killing enough,' said Brown Bess.

So she followed her red-coats, whatever they did,  
From the heights of Quebec to the plains of Assaye,  
From Gibraltar to Acre, Cape Town and Madrid,  
And nothing about her was changed on the way;  
(But most of the Empire which now we possess  
Was won through those years by old-fashioned Brown Bess.)

In stubborn retreat or in stately advance,  
From the Portugal coast to the cork-woods of Spain,  
She had puzzled some excellent Marshals of France  
Till none of them wanted to meet her again:  
But later, near Brussels, Napoleon--no less--  
Arranged for a Waterloo ball with Brown Bess.

She had danced till the dawn of that terrible day--

She danced till the dusk of more terrible night,  
And before her linked squares his battalions gave way,  
And her long fierce quadrilles put his lancers to flight:  
And when his gilt carriage drove off in the press,  
'I have danced my last dance for the world!' said Brown Bess.

If you go to Museums--there's one in Whitehall--  
Where old weapons are shown with their names writ beneath,  
You will find her, upstanding, her back to the wall,  
As stiff as a ramrod, the flint in her teeth.  
And if ever we English had reason to bless  
Any arm save our mothers', that arm is Brown Bess!

Rudyard Kipling

# Buddha At Kamakura

Oye who treated the Narrow Way  
By Tophet-flare to Judgment Day,  
Be gentle when "the heathen" pray  
To Buddha at Kamakura!

To him the Way, the Law, apart,  
Whom Maya held beneath her heart,  
Ananda's Lord, the Bodhisat,  
The Buddha of Kamakura.

For though he neither burns nor sees,  
Nor hears ye thank your Deities,  
Ye have not sinned with such as these,  
His children at Kamakura,

Yet spare us still the Western joke  
When joss-sticks turn to scented smoke  
The little sins of little folk  
That worship at Kamakura --

The grey-robed, gay-sashed butterflies  
That flit beneath the Master's eyes.  
He is beyond the Mysteries  
But loves them at Kamakura.

And whoso will, from Pride released,  
Contemning neither creed nor priest,  
May feel the Soul of all the East  
About him at Kamakura.

Yea, every tale Ananda heard,  
Of birth as fish or beast or bird,  
While yet in lives the Master stirred,  
The warm wind brings Kamakura.

Till drowsy eyelids seem to see  
A-flower 'neath her golden htee  
The Shwe-Dagon flare easterly  
From Burmah to Kamakura,

And down the loaded air there comes  
The thunder of Thibetan drums,  
And droned -- "Om mane padme hums" --  
A world's-width from Kamakura.

Yet Brahmans rule Benares still,  
Buddh-Gaya's ruins pit the hill,  
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill  
To Buddha and Kamakura.

A tourist-show, a legend told,  
A rusting bulk of bronze and gold,  
So much, and scarce so much, ye hold  
The meaning of Kamakura?

But when the morning prayer is prayed,  
Think, ere ye pass to strife and trade,  
Is God in human image made  
No nearer than Kamakura?

Rudyard Kipling

# Butterflies

Eyes aloft, over dangerous places,  
The children follow the butterflies,  
And, in the sweat of their upturned faces,  
Slash with a net at the empty skies.

So it goes they fall amid brambles,  
And sting their toes on the nettle-tops,  
Till, after a thousand scratches and scrambles,  
They wipe their brows and the hunting stops.

Then to quiet them comes their father  
And stills the riot of pain and grief,  
Saying, "Little ones, go and gather  
Out of my garden a cabbage-leaf.

"You will find on it whorls and clots of  
Dull grey eggs that, properly fed,  
Turn, by way of the worm, to lots of  
Glorious butterflies raised from the dead." . . .

"Heaven is beautiful, Earth is ugly,"  
The three-dimensioned preacher saith;  
So we must not look where the snail and the slug lie  
For Psyche's birth. . . . And that is our death!

Rudyard Kipling

# By The Hoof Of The Wild Goat

By the Hoof of the Wild Goat uptossed  
From the cliff where she lay in the Sun  
Fell the Stone  
To the Tarn where the daylight is lost,  
So she fell from the light of the Sun  
And alone!

Now the fall was ordained from the first  
With the Goat and the Cliff and the Tarn,  
But the Stone  
Knows only her life is accursed  
As she sinks from the light of the Sun  
And alone!

Oh Thou Who hast builded the World,  
Oh Thou Who hast lighted the Sun,  
Oh Thou Who hast darkened the Tarn,  
Judge Thou  
The sin of the Stone that was hurled  
By the goat from the light of the Sun,  
As she sinks in the mire of the Tarn,  
Even now--even now--even now!

Rudyard Kipling

## By Word Of Mouth

Not though you die to-night, O Sweet, and wail,  
A spectre at my door,  
Shall mortal Fear make Love immortal fail --  
I shall but love you more,  
Who, from Death's House returning, give me still  
One moment's comfort in my matchless ill.

Rudyard Kipling

# Cain And Abel

<i>Western Version</i>

Cain and Abel were brothers born.

<i>(Koop-la! Come along, cows!)</i>

One raised cattle and one raised corn.

<i>(Koop-la! Come along! Co-hoe!)</i>

And Cain he farmed by the river-side,

So he did not care how much it dried.

For he banked, and he sluiced, and he ditched and he led

<i>(And the Corn don't care for the Horn)--</i>

A-half Euphrates out of her bed

To water his dam' Corn!

But Abel herded out on the plains

Where you have to go by the dams and rains.

It happened, after a three-year drought,

The wells, and the springs, and the dams gave out.

The Herd-bulls came to Cain's new house

<i>(They wanted water so!--)</i>

With the hot red Sun between their brows,

Sayin' "Give us water for our pore cows!"

But Cain he told 'em--"No!"

The Cows they came to Cain's big house

With the cold white Moon between their brows,

Sayin' "Give some water to us pore cows!"

But Cain he told 'em--"No?"

The li'l Calves came to Cain's fine house

With the Evenin' Star between their brows,

Sayin' "'Give us water an' we'll be cows."

But Cain he told 'em--"No!"

The Herd-bulls led 'em back again,

An' Abel went an' said to Cain: --  
"Oh sell me water, my brother dear,  
Or there will be no beef this year."  
And Cain he answered--"No! "

"Then draw your hatches, my brother true,  
An' let a little water through."  
But Cain he answered: -"No!

"My dams are tight an' my ditches are sound,  
An' not a drop goes through or round  
Till she's done her duty by the Corn.

"I will not sell, an' I will not draw,  
An' if you breach, I'll have the Law,  
As sure as you are borne! "

Then Abel took his best bull-goad,  
An' holed a dyke on the Eden road.

He opened her up with foot an' hand,  
An' let Euphrates loose on the land.

He spilled Euphrates out on the plain,  
So's all his cattle could drink again.

Then Cain he saw what Abel done--  
But, in those days, there was no Gun!

So he made him a club of a hickory-limb,  
An' halted Abel an' said to him: --

"I did not sell an' I did not draw,  
An' now you've breached I'll have the Law.

"You ride abroad in your hat and spurs,  
Hell-hoofin' over my cucumbers!

"You pray to the Lord to send you luck  
An' you loose your steers in my garden-truck:

"An' now you're bust, as you ought to be,

You can keep on prayin' but not to me!"

Then Abel saw it meant the life;  
But, in those days, there was no Knife:

So he up with his big bull-goad instead,  
But--Cain hit first and dropped him dead!

The Herd-bulls ran when they smelt the blood,  
An' horned an' pawed in that Red Mud.  
The Calves they bawled, and the Steers they milled,  
Because it was the First Man Killed;  
An' the whole Herd broke for the Land of Nod,  
An' Cain was left to be judged by God!

But, seein' all he had had to bear,  
I never could call the Judgment fair!

Rudyard Kipling

# Carmen Circulare

*Q. H. Flaccus*

Dellius, that car which, night and day,  
Lightnings and thunders arm and scourge--  
Tumultuous down the Appian Way--  
Be slow to urge.

Though reckless Lydia bid thee fly,  
And Telephus o'ertaking jeer,  
Nay, sit and strongly occupy  
The lower gear.

They call, the road consenting, "Haste!"--  
Such as delight in dust collected--  
Until arrives (I too have raced! )  
The unexpected.

What ox not doomed to die alone,  
Or inauspicious hound, may bring  
Thee 'twixt two kisses to the throne  
Of Hades' King,

I cannot tell; the Furies send  
No warning ere their bolts arrive.  
'Tis best to reach our chosen end  
Late but alive.

Rudyard Kipling

# Cells

I've a head like a concertina: I've a tongue like a button-stick:  
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a little sick,  
But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard: I've made the cinders fly,  
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink  
    and blacking the Corporal's eye.

    With a second-hand overcoat under my head,  
    And a beautiful view of the yard,

O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

    For "drunk and resisting the Guard!"

    Mad drunk and resisting the Guard --

    'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

    For "drunk and resisting the Guard."

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen beer,  
But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was that that brought me here.  
'Twas that and an extry double Guard that rubbed my nose in the dirt;  
But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock  
    and the best of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the public road,  
And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt and my tunic goed;  
They'll stop my pay, they'll cut away the stripes I used to wear,  
But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I think he'll keep it there!

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in the barrack-yard,  
It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room -- it's ~that~ that cuts so hard.  
I'll take my oath before them both that I will sure abstain,  
But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I know I'll do it again!

    With a second-hand overcoat under my head,  
    And a beautiful view of the yard,

Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

    For "drunk and resisting the Guard!"

    Mad drunk and resisting the Guard --

    'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!

So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.

    For "drunk and resisting the Guard."



# Certain Maxims Of Hafiz

I.

If It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed *serai,*  
Does not the Young Man try Its temper and pace ere he buy?  
If She be pleasant to look on, what does the Young Man say?  
"Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to me to-day!"

II.

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Jehannum  
If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty per cent. per annum.

III.

Blister we not for bursati? So when the heart is vexed,  
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned in the pain of the next.

IV.

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a new piano's tune --  
Which of the three will you trust at the end of an Indian June?

V.

Who are the rulers of Ind -- to whom shall we bow the knee?  
Make your peace with the women, and men will make you L. G.

VI.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash?*  
Does grass clothe a new-built wall?  
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in her thrall?

VII.

If She grow suddenly gracious -- reflect. Is it all for thee?  
The black-buck is stalked through the bullock, and Man through jealousy.

VIII.

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you find it indeed.  
Does not the boar break cover just when you're lighting a weed?

IX.

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels of silver and gold,  
Take his money, my son, praising Allah. The kid was ordained to be sold.

X.

With a "weed" among men or horses verily this is the best,  
That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly -- but give him no rest.

XI.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and carriage;  
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

XII.

As the thriless gold of the babul, so is the gold that we spend  
On a derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or the horse that we buy from a  
friend.

XIII.

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet simple and tame  
To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or racing that same.

XIV.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant Her smile when ye meet.  
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus on the waves at their feet.  
In public Her face is averted, with anger She nameth thy name.  
It is well. Was there ever a loser content with the loss of the game?

XV.

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are sealed,  
And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom is the secret revealed.  
If She have written a letter, delay not an instant, but burn it.  
Tear it to pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her mate shall return it!  
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest can clear,  
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.

XVI.

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid thee give o'er,  
Yet lip meets with lip at the last word -- get out!  
She has been there before.  
They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose who are lacking in lore.

XVII.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoff-slide is scarred on the course.  
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth forever Remorse.

XVIII.

"By all I am misunderstood!" if the Matron shall say, or the Maid:  
"Alas! I do not understand," my son, be thou nowise afraid.  
In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the Fowler displayed.

XIX.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy knees in my pain,  
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day or one hour -- refrain.  
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou cravest another man's chain?

Rudyard Kipling

# Chant-Pagan

<i>ENGLISH IRREGULAR, DISCHARGED</i>

Me that 'ave been what I've been --  
Me that 'ave gone where I've gone --  
Me that 'ave seen what I've seen --  
'Ow can I ever take on  
With awful old England again,  
An' 'ouses both sides of the street,  
And 'edges two sides of the lane,  
And the parson an' gentry between,  
An' touchin' my 'at when we meet --  
Me that 'ave been what I've been?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world  
'Eave up all shiny with dew,  
Kopje on kop to the sun,  
An' as soon as the mist let 'em through  
Our 'elios winkin' like fun --  
Three sides of a ninety-mile square,  
Over valleys as big as a shire --  
"*Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?*"  
An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .  
An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,  
Me!

Me htat 'ave rode through the dark  
Forty mile, often, on end,  
Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,  
With only the stars for my mark  
An' only the night for my friend,  
An' things runnin' off as you pass,  
An' things jumpin' up in the grass,  
An' the silence, the shine an' the size  
Of the 'igh, unexpressible skies --  
I am takin' some letters almost  
As much as a mile to the post,  
An' "mind you come back with the change!"  
Me!

Me that saw Barberton took  
When we dropped through the clouds on their 'ead,  
An' they 'ove the guns over and fled --  
Me that was through Di'mond I'll,  
An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast --  
From Dundee to Vereeniging all --  
Me that stuck out to the last  
(An' five bloomin' bars on my chest) --  
I am doin' my Sunday-school best,  
By the 'elp of the Squire an' 'is wife  
(Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),  
To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,  
An' honestly work for my bread,  
My livin' in that state of life  
To which it shall please God to call  
Me!

Me that 'ave followed my trade  
In the place where the Lightnin's are made;  
"Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon --  
Me that lay down an' got up  
Three years with the sky for my roof --  
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst  
Six thousand raw mile on the hoof,  
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,  
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish, --  
Oh! it's 'ard to be'ave as they wish  
(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),  
I'll 'ave to think over it first --  
Me!

I will arise an' get 'ence --  
I will trek South and make sure  
If it's only my fancy or not  
That the sunshine of England is pale,  
And the breezes of England are stale,  
An' there's something' gone small with the lot.  
For I know of a sun an' a wind,  
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,  
An' some graves by a barb-wire fence,  
An' a Dutchman I've fought 'oo might give

Me a job where I ever inclined  
To look in an' offsaddle an' live  
Where there's neither a road nor a tree --  
But only my Maker an' me,  
An I think it will kill me or cure,  
So I think I will go there an' see.

Rudyard Kipling

# Cholera Camp

We've got the cholerer in camp -- it's worse than forty fights;  
We're dyin' in the wilderness the same as Isrulites;  
It's before us, an' be'ind us, an' we cannot get away,  
An' the doctor's just reported we've ten more to-day!

Oh, strike your camp an' go, the Bugle's callin',  
The Rains are fallin' --  
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below;  
The Band's a-doin' all she knows to cheer us;  
The Chaplain's gone and prayed to Gawd to 'ear us --  
To 'ear us --  
O Lord, for it's a-killin' of us so!

Since August, when it started, it's been stickin' to our tail,  
Though they've 'ad us out by marches an' they've 'ad us back by rail;  
But it runs as fast as troop-trains, and we cannot get away;  
An' the sick-list to the Colonel makes ten more to-day.

There ain't no fun in women nor there ain't no bite to drink;  
It's much too wet for shootin', we can only march and think;  
An' at evenin', down the ~nullahs~, we can 'ear the jackals say,  
"Get up, you rotten beggars, you've ten more to-day!"

'Twould make a monkey cough to see our way o' doin' things --  
Lieutenants takin' companies an' captains takin' wings,  
An' Lances actin' Sergeants -- eight file to obey --  
For we've lots o' quick promotion on ten deaths a day!

Our Colonel's white an' twitterly -- 'e gets no sleep nor food,  
But mucks about in 'orspital where nothing does no good.  
'E sends us 'eaps o' comforts, all bought from 'is pay --  
But there aren't much comfort 'andy on ten deaths a day.

Our Chaplain's got a banjo, an' a skinny mule 'e rides,  
An' the stuff 'e says an' sings us, Lord, it makes us split our sides!  
With 'is black coat-tails a-bobbin' to ~Ta-ra-ra Boom-der-ay!~  
'E's the proper kind o' ~padre~ for ten deaths a day.

An' Father Victor 'elps 'im with our Roman Catholicks --

He knows an 'eap of Irish songs an' rummy conjurin' tricks;  
An' the two they works together when it comes to play or pray;  
So we keep the ball a-rollin' on ten deaths a day.

We've got the cholerer in camp -- we've got it 'ot an' sweet;  
It ain't no Christmas dinner, but it's 'elped an' we must eat.  
We've gone beyond the funkin', 'cause we've found it doesn't pay,  
An' we're rockin' round the Districk on ten deaths a day!

Then strike your camp an' go, the Rains are fallin',  
The Bugle's callin'!  
The dead are bushed an' stoned to keep 'em safe below!  
An' them that do not like it they can lump it,  
An' them that cannot stand it they can jump it;  
We've got to die somewhere -- some way -- some'ow --  
We might as well begin to do it now!  
Then, Number One, let down the tent-pole slow,  
Knock out the pegs an' 'old the corners -- so!  
Fold in the flies, furl up the ropes, an' stow!  
Oh, strike -- oh, strike your camp an' go!  
(Gawd 'elp us!)

Rudyard Kipling

# Christmas In India

Dim dawn behind the tamarisks -- the sky is saffron-yellow --  
As the women in the village grind the corn,  
And the parrots seek the riverside, each calling to his fellow  
That the Day, the staring Easter Day is born.  
Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh the stench in the byway!  
Oh the clammy fog that hovers  
And at Home they're making merry 'neath the white and scarlet berry --  
What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks -- the sky is blue and staring --  
As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,  
And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is past all hope or caring,  
To the ghat below the curling wreaths of smoke.  
Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother lowly --  
Call on Rama -- he may hear, perhaps, your voice!  
With our hymn-books and our psalters we appeal to other altars,  
And to-day we bid "good Christian men rejoice!"

High noon behind the tamarisks -- the sun is hot above us --  
As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.  
They will drink our healths at dinner -- those who tell us how they love us,  
And forget us till another year be gone!  
Oh the toil that knows no breaking! Oh the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching!  
Oh the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!  
Youth was cheap -- wherefore we sold it.  
Gold was good -- we hoped to hold it,  
And to-day we know the fulness of our gain.

Grey dusk behind the tamarisks -- the parrots fly together --  
As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;  
And his last ray seems to mock us shackled in a lifelong tether.  
That drags us back how'er so far we roam.  
Hard her service, poor her payment -- she is ancient, tattered raiment --  
India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind.  
If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,  
The door is hut -- we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks -- the owls begin their chorus --  
As the conches from the temple scream and bray.

With the fruitless years behind us, and the hopeless years before us,  
Let us honor, O my brother, Christmas Day!  
Call a truce, then, to our labors -- let us feast with friends and neighbors,  
And be merry as the custom of our caste;  
For if "faint and forced the laughter," and if sadness follow after,  
We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

Rudyard Kipling

# Cities And Thrones And Powers

Cities and Thrones and Powers,  
Stand in Time's eye,  
Almost as long as flowers,  
Which daily die:  
But, as new buds put forth  
To glad new men,  
Out of the spent and unconsidered Earth,  
The Cities rise again.

This season's Daffodil,  
She never hears,  
What change, what chance, what chill,  
Cut down last year's;  
But with bold countenance,  
And knowledge small,  
Esteems her seven days' continuance,  
To be perpetual.

So Time that is o'er-kind,  
To all that be,  
Ordains us e'en as blind,  
As bold as she:  
That in our very death,  
And burial sure,  
Shadow to shadow, well persuaded, saith,  
"See how our works endure!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Cleared

(In Memory of a Commission)

Help for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt,  
Help for an honourable clan sore trampled in the dirt!  
From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen to my song,  
The honourable gentlemen have suffered grievous wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned -- O the burning black disgrace! --  
By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-case;  
They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their heart to brave it,  
And 'coruscating innocence' the learned Judges gave it.

Bear witness, Heaven, of that grim crime beneath the surgeon's knife,  
The honourable gentlemen deplored the loss of life!  
Bear witness of those chanting choirs that burk and shirk and snigger,  
No man laid hand upon the knife or finger to the trigger!

Cleared in the face of all mankind beneath the winking skies,  
Like ph]oenixes from Ph]oenix Park (and what lay there) they rise!  
Go shout it to the emerald seas -- give word to Erin now,  
Her honourable gentlemen are cleared -- and this is how: --

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-hocking price,  
They only helped the murderer with counsel's best advice,  
But -- sure it keeps their honour white -- the learned Court believes  
They never gave a piece of plate to murderers and thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a woman's hide,  
They never marked a man for death -- what fault of theirs he died? --  
They only said 'intimidate', and talked and went away --  
By God, the boys that did the work were braver men than they!

Their sin it was that fed the fire -- small blame to them that heard --  
The 'bhoys' get drunk on rhetoric, and madden at a word --  
They knew whom they were talking at, if they were Irish too,  
The gentlemen that lied in Court, they knew, and well they knew.

They only took the Judas-gold from Fenians out of jail,  
They only fawned for dollars on the blood-dyed Clanna-Gael.

If black is black or white is white, in black and white it's down,  
They're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the Crown.

'Cleared', honourable gentlemen! Be thankful it's no more: --  
The widow's curse is on your house, the dead are at your door.  
On you the shame of open shame, on you from North to South  
The hand of every honest man flat-heeled across your mouth.

'Less black than we were painted'? -- Faith, no word of black was said;  
The lightest touch was human blood, and that, you know, runs red.  
It's sticking to your fist to-day for all your sneer and scoff,  
And by the Judge's well-weighed word you cannot wipe it off.

Hold up those hands of innocence -- go, scare your sheep together,  
The blundering, tripping tups that bleat behind the old bell-wether;  
And if they snuff the taint and break to find another pen,  
Tell them it's tar that glistens so, and daub them yours again!

'The charge is old'? -- As old as Cain -- as fresh as yesterday;  
Old as the Ten Commandments -- have ye talked those laws away?  
If words are words, or death is death, or powder sends the ball,  
You spoke the words that sped the shot -- the curse be on you all.

'Our friends believe'? -- Of course they do -- as sheltered women may;  
But have they seen the shrieking soul ripped from the quivering clay?  
They! -- If their own front door is shut,  
they'll swear the whole world's warm;  
What do they know of dread of death or hanging fear of harm?

The secret half a county keeps, the whisper in the lane,  
The shriek that tells the shot went home behind the broken pane,  
The dry blood crisping in the sun that scares the honest bees,  
And shows the 'bhoys' have heard your talk -- what do they know of these?

But you -- you know -- ay, ten times more; the secrets of the dead,  
Black terror on the country-side by word and whisper bred,  
The mangled stallion's scream at night, the tail-cropped heifer's low.  
Who set the whisper going first? You know, and well you know!

My soul! I'd sooner lie in jail for murder plain and straight,  
Pure crime I'd done with my own hand for money, lust, or hate,  
Than take a seat in Parliament by fellow-felons cheered,

While one of those 'not provens' proved me cleared as you are cleared.

Cleared -- you that 'lost' the League accounts -- go, guard our honour still,  
Go, help to make our country's laws that broke God's law at will --  
One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal 'strike again';  
The other on your dress-shirt-front to show your heart is clane.

If black is black or white is white, in black and white it's down,  
You're only traitors to the Queen and rebels to the Crown.  
If print is print or words are words, the learned Court perpend: --  
We are not ruled by murderers, but only -- by their friends.

Rudyard Kipling

# Cold Iron

*Gold is for the mistress -- silver for the maid --*  
*Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade.*  
"Good!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,  
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of them all."

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege,  
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to siege.  
"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,  
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- shall be master of you all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong,  
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along;  
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,  
And Iron -- Cold Iron -- was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (ah, how kind a Lord!)  
"What if I release thee now and give thee back thy sword?"  
"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,  
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of men all."

*Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown --*  
*Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown.*  
"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,  
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- must be master of men all!"

Yet his King made answer (few such Kings there be!)  
"Here is Bread and here is Wine -- sit and sup with me.  
Eat and drink in Mary's Name, the whiles I do recall  
How Iron -- Cold Iron -- can be master of men all!"

He took the Wine and blessed it. He blessed and brake the Bread,  
With His own Hands He served Them, and presently He said:  
"See! These Hands they pierced with nails, outside My city wall,  
Show Iron -- Cold Iron -- to be master of men all."

"Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the strong.  
Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised with wrong.  
I forgive thy treason -- I redeem thy fall --  
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- must be master of men all!"

*Crowns are for the valiant -- sceptres for the bold!*  
*Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take and hold.*  
"Nay!" said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,  
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of men all!  
Iron out of Calvary is master of men all!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Columns

*(Mobile Columns of the Boer War)*

Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry

*(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)*

Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply?

*A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men.*

'Ere comes the clerk with 'is lantern an' keys

*(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)*

" Surplus of everything--draw what you please

*"For the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men."*

"What are our orders an' where do we lay? .

*(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)*

"You came after dark--you will leave before day,

*"You section, you pompom, you six' undred men!"*

Down the tin street, 'alf awake an' 'unfed,

'Ark to 'em blessin' the Gen'ral in bed!

Now by the church an' the outspan they wind--

Over the ridge an' it's all lef' be'ind

*For the section, etc.*

Soon they will camp as the dawn's growin' grey,

Roll up for coffee an' sleep while they may--

*The section , etc.*

Read their 'ome letters, their papers an' such,

For they'll move after dark to astonish the Dutch

*With a section, etc.*

'Untin' for shade as the long hours pass--

Blankets on rifles or burrows in grass,

*Lies the section, etc.*

Dossin' or beatin' a shirt in the sun,

Watching chameleons or cleanin' a gun,

<i> Waits the section, etc.</i>

With nothin' but stillness as far as you please,  
An' the silly mirage stringin' islands an' seas  
<i> Round the section, etc.</i>

So they strips off their hide an' they grills in their bones,  
Till the shadows crawl out from beneath the pore stones  
<i> Toward the section, etc.</i>

An' the Mauser-bird stops an' the jacals begin  
A the 'orse-guard comes up and the Gunners 'ook in  
<i> As a 'int the pompom an' six 'undred men . . . .</i>

Off through the dark with the stars to rely on---  
(Alpha Centauri an' somethin' Orion)  
<i> Moves the section, etc.</i>

Same bloomin' 'ole which the ant-bear 'as broke,  
Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke  
<i> Down the section, etc.</i>

Same "which is right?" where the cart-tracks divide,  
Same "give it up" from the same clever guide  
<i> To the section, etc.</i>

Same tumble-down on the same 'idden farm,  
Same white-eyed Kaffir 'oo gives the alarm--  
<i> Of the section, etc.</i>

Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,  
Same flyin'-tackle an' same messy fight,  
<i> By the section, etc.</i>

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,  
When it's too dark to see an' it's too late to feel  
<i> In the section, etc.</i>

(Same batch of prisoners, 'airy an' still,  
Watchin' their comrades bolt over the 'ill  
<i> From the section, etc.)</i>

Same chilly glare in the eye of the sun  
As 'e gets up displeas'd to see what was done  
<i> By the section, etc.</i>

Same splash o' pink on the stoep or the kraal,  
An' the same quiet face which 'as finished with all  
<i> In the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men.</i>

Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry  
<i>(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again!)</i>  
' Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply ?  
<i> A section, a pompom, an' 'six' 'undred men.</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# Common Form

If any questions  
why we died,  
Tell them,  
because our fathers lied.

Rudyard Kipling

# Contradictions

*Longfellow*

The drowsy carrier sways  
To the drowsy horses' tramp.  
His axles winnow the sprays  
Of the hedge where the rabbit plays  
In the light of his single lamp.

He hears a roar behind,  
A howl, a hoot, and a yell  
A headlight strikes him blind  
And a stench o'erpowers the wind  
Like a blast from the mouth of Hell.

He mends his swingle-bar  
And loud his curses ring;  
But a mother watching afar  
Hears the hum of the doctor's car  
Like the beat of an angel's wings!

So, to the poet's mood,  
Motor or carrier's wan,  
Properly understood,  
Are neither evil nor good--  
Ormuzd not Ahriman!

Rudyard Kipling

# Covenant

<i>1914</i>

We thought we ranked above the chance of ill.  
Others might fall, not we, for we were wise--  
Merchants in freedom. So, of our free-will  
We let our servants drug our strength with lies.  
The pleasure and the poison had its way  
On us as on the meanest, till we learned  
That he who lies will steal, who steals will slay.  
Neither God's judgment nor man's heart was turned.

Yet there remains His Mercy--to be sought  
Through wrath and peril till we cleanse the wrong  
By that last right which our forefathers claimed  
When their Law failed them and its stewards were bought.  
This is our cause. God help us, and make strong  
Our will to meet Him later, unashamed!

Rudyard Kipling

# Cruisers

<i>1899</i>

As our mother the Frigate, bepainted and fine,  
Made play for her bully the Ship of the Line;  
So we, her bold daughters by iron and fire,  
Accost and decoy to our masters' desire.

Now, pray you, consider what toils we endure,  
Night-walking wet sea-lanes, a guard and a lure;  
Since half of our trade is that same pretty sort  
As mettlesome wenches do practise in port.

For this is our office: to spy and make room,  
As hiding yet guiding the foe to their doom.  
Surrounding, confounding, we bait and betray  
And tempt them to battle the seas' width away.

The pot-bellied merchant foreboding no wrong  
With headlight and sidelight he lieth along,  
Till, lightless and lightfoot and lurking, leap we  
To force him discover his business by sea.

And when we have wakened the lust of a foe,  
To draw him by flight toward our bullies we go,  
Till, 'ware of strange smoke stealing nearer, he flies  
Or our bullies close in for to make him good prize.

So, when we have spied on the path of their host,  
One flieth to carry that word to the coast;  
And, lest by false doublings they turn and go free,  
One lieth behind them to follow and see.

Anon we return, being gathered again,  
Across the sad valleys all drabbled with rain --  
Across the grey ridges all crisped and curled --  
To join the long dance round the curve of the world.

The bitter salt spindrift, the sun-glare likewise,

The moon-track a-tremble, bewilders our eyes,  
Where, linking and lifting, our sisters we hail  
'Twixt wrench of cross-surges or plunge of head-gale.

As maidens awaiting the bride to come forth  
Make play with light jestings and wit of no worth,  
So, widdershins circling the bride-bed of death,  
Each fleereth her neighbour and signeth and saith: --

"What see ye? Their signals, or levin afar?  
"What hear ye? God's thunder, or guns of our war?  
"What mark ye? Their smoke, or the cloud-rack outblown?  
"What chase ye? Their lights, or the Daystar low down?"

So, times past all number deceived by false shows,  
Deceiving we cumber the road of our foes,  
For this is our virtue: to track and betray;  
Preparing great battles a sea's width away.

*Now peace is at end and our peoples take heart,*  
*For the laws are clean gone that restrained our art;*  
*Up and down the near headlands and against the far wind*  
*We are loosed (O be swift!) to the work of our kind!*

Rudyard Kipling

# Cuckoo Song

*(Spring begins in southern England on the 14th April, on which date the Old Woman lets the Cuckoo out of her basket at Heathfield Fair -- locally known as Heffle Cuckoo Fair.)*

Tell it to the locked-up trees,  
Cuckoo, bring your song here!  
Warrant, Act and Summons, please,  
For Spring to pass along here!  
Tell old Winder, if he doubt,  
Tell him squat and square -- a!  
Old Woman!  
Old Woman!  
Old Woman's let the Cuckoo out  
At Heffle Cuckoo Fair -- a!

March has searched and April tried --  
'Tisn't long to Mary now.  
Not so far to Whitsuntide  
And Cuckoo's come to stay now!  
Hear the valiant fellow shout  
Down the orchard bare -- a!  
Old Woman!  
Old Woman!  
Old Woman's let the Cuckoo out  
At Heffle Cuckoo Fair -- a!

When your heart is young and gay  
And the season rules it --  
Work your works and play your play  
'Fore the Autumn cools it!  
Kiss you turn and turn-about,  
But my lad, beware -- a!  
Old Woman!  
Old Woman!  
Old Woman's let the Cuckoo out  
At Heffle Cuckoo Fair -- a!



# Cupid's Arrows

Pit where the buffalo cooled his hide,  
By the hot sun emptied, and blistered and dried;  
Log in the plume-grass, hidden and lone;  
Bund where the earth-rat's mounds are strown;  
Cave in the bank where the sly stream steals;  
Aloe that stabs at the belly and heels,  
Jump if you dare on a steed untried--  
Safer it is to go wide-go wide!  
Hark, from in front where the best men ride;--  
"Pull to the off, boys! Wide! Go wide!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Dane-Geld

*A.D. 980-1016*

It is always a temptation to an armed and agile nation  
To call upon a neighbour and to say:--  
"We invaded you last night--we are quite prepared to fight,  
Unless you pay us cash to go away."

And that is called asking for Dane-geld,  
And the people who ask it explain  
That you've only to pay 'em the Dane-geld  
And then you'll get rid of the Dane!

It is always a temptation for a reach and lazy nation,  
To puff and look important and to say:--  
"Though we know we should defeat you, we have not the  
time to meet you.  
We will therefore pay you cash to go away."

And that is called paying the Dane-geld;  
But we've proved it again and again,  
That if once you have paid him the Dane-geld  
You never get rid of the Dane.

It is wrong to put temptation in the path of any nation,  
For fear they should succumb and go astray;  
So when you are requested to pay up or be molested,  
You will find it better policy to say:--

"We never pay any-one Dane-geld,  
No matter how trifling the cost;  
For the end of that game is oppression and shame,  
And the nation that plays it is lost!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Danny Deever

"What are the bugles blowin' for?" said Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch", the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear the Dead March play,  
The regiment's in 'ollow square -- they're hangin' him to-day;  
They've taken of his buttons off an' cut his stripes away,  
An' they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What makes the rear-rank breathe so 'ard?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's bitter cold, it's bitter cold", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" said Files-on-Parade.

"A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun", the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,  
They 'ave 'alted Danny Deever by 'is coffin on the ground;  
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a sneakin' shootin' hound --  
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine", said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times", said Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone", the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you must mark 'im to 'is place,  
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin' -- you must look 'im in the face;  
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regiment's disgrace,  
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin' the sun?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life", the Colour-Sergeant said.

"What's that that whimpers over'ead?" said Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny's soul that's passin' now", the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're done with Danny Deever, you can 'ear the quickstep play,  
The regiment's in column, an' they're marchin' us away;  
Ho! the young recruits are shakin', an' they'll want their beer to-day,  
After hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'.

Rudyard Kipling

# Darzee's Chout

*Sung in honor of Rikki-Tikki-Tavi*

Singer and tailor am I--  
Doubled the joys that I know--  
Proud of my lilt to the sky,  
Proud of the house that I sew--  
Over and under, so weave I my music--so weave I the house that  
I sew.

Sing to your fledglings again,  
Mother, O lift up your head!  
Evil that plagued us is slain,  
Death in the garden lies dead.  
Terror that hid in the roses is impotent--flung on the dung-hill  
and dead!

Who hath delivered us, who?  
Tell me his nest and his name.  
Rikki, the valiant, the true,  
Tikki, with eyeballs of flame,  
Rik-tikki-tikki, the ivory-fanged, the Hunter with eyeballs of  
flame.

Give him the Thanks of the Birds,  
Bowling with tail-feathers spread!  
Praise him in nightingale-words--  
Nay, I will praise him instead.  
I will sing you the praise of the bottle-tailed Rikki with  
eyeballs of red!

Rudyard Kipling

# Death Of A Believer

Yet at the last, ere our spearmen had found him,  
Yet at the last, ere a sword-thrust could save,  
Yet at the last, with his masters around him,  
He spoke of the Faith as a master to slave.  
Yet at the last, though the Kafirs had maimed him,  
Broken by bondage and wrecked by the reiver,  
Yet at the last, tho' the darkness had claimed him,  
He called on Allah, and died a Believer!

Rudyard Kipling

# Dedication

To the City of Bombay

The Cities are full of pride,  
Challenging each to each -  
This from her mountain-side,  
That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships full tale -  
Their corn and oil and wine,  
Derrick and loom and bale,  
And rampart's gun-flecked line;  
City by City they hail:  
'Hast aught to match with mine? '

And the men that breed from them  
They traffic up and down,  
But cling to their cities' hem  
As a child to their mother's gown.

When they talk with the stranger bands,  
Dazed and newly alone;  
When they walk in the stranger lands,  
By roaring streets unknown;  
Blessing her where she stands  
For strength above their own.

(On high to hold her fame  
That stands all fame beyond,  
By oath to back the same,  
Most faithful-foolish-fond;  
Making her mere-breathed name  
Their bond upon their bond.)

So thank I God my birth  
Fell not in isles aside -  
Waste headlands of the earth,  
Or warring tribes untried -  
But that she lent me worth

And gave me right to pride.

Surely in toil or fray  
Under an alien sky,  
Comfort it is to say:  
'Of no mean city am I! '

(Neither by service nor fee  
Come I to mine estate -  
Mother of Cities to me,  
For I was born in her gate,  
Between the palms and the sea,  
Where the world-end steamers wait.)

Now for this debt I owe,  
And for her far-borne cheer  
Must I make haste and go  
With tribute to her pier.

And she shall touch and remit  
After the use of kings  
(Orderly, ancient, fit)  
My deep-sea plunderings,  
And purchase in all lands.  
And this we do for a sign  
Her power is over mine,  
And mine I hold at her hands!

Rudyard Kipling

# Deep Sea Cables

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar -  
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.  
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,  
Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.  
Here in the womb of the world - here on the tie-ribs of earth  
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat -  
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth -  
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father Time  
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.  
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,  
And a new Word runs between: whispering, 'Let us be one!'

Rudyard Kipling

# Delilah

*We have another viceroy now, -- those days are dead and done  
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.*

Delilah Aberyswith was a lady -- not too young --  
With a perfect taste in dresses and a badly-bitted tongue,  
With a thirst for information, and a greater thirst for praise,  
And a little house in Simla in the Prehistoric Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in power,  
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of the hour;  
And many little secrets, of the half-official kind,  
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore them all in mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,  
Whose mode of earning money was a low and shameful one.  
He wrote for certain papers, which, as everybody knows,  
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first; and, later on, he hinted  
At the "vastness of her intellect" with compliment unstinted.  
He went with her a-riding, and his love for her was such  
That he lent her all his horses and -- she galled them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine financial sort;  
It related to Appointments, to a Man and a Report.  
'Twas almost worth the keeping, -- only seven people knew it --  
And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and patiently ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but -- perhaps the wine was red --  
Perhaps an Aged Concillor had lost his aged head --  
Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright -- Delilah's whispers sweet --  
The Aged Member told her what 'twere treason to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love and flowers;  
Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several hours;  
Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped him dance --  
Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer air was still,  
The couple went a-walking in the shade of Summer Hill.  
The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-green and gold,  
Ulysses pleaded softly, and . . . that bad Delilah told!

Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all-important news;  
Next week, the Aged Councillor was shaking in his shoes.  
Next month, I met Delilah and she did not show the least  
Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a "beast."

\* \* \* \* \*

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead and done --  
Off, Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses Gunne!

Rudyard Kipling

# Dinah In Heaven

She did not know that she was dead,  
But, when the pang was o'er,  
Sat down to wait her Master's tread  
Upon the Golden Floor,

With ears full-cock and anxious eye  
Impatiently resigned;  
But ignorant that Paradise  
Did not admit her kind.

Persons with Haloes, Harps, and Wings  
Assembled and reproved;  
Or talked to her of Heavenly things,  
But Dinah never moved.

There was one step along the Stair  
That led to Heaven's Gate;  
And, till she heard it, her affair  
Was--she explained--to wait.

And she explained with flattened ear,  
Bared lip and milky tooth--  
Storming against Ithuriel's Spear  
That only proved her truth!

Sudden--far down the Bridge of Ghosts  
That anxious spirits clomb--  
She caught that step in all the hosts,  
And knew that he had come.

She left them wondering what to do,  
But not a doubt had she.  
Swifter than her own squeal she flew  
Across the Glassy Sea;

Flushing the Cherubs every where,  
And skidding as she ran,  
She refuged under Peter's Chair  
And waited for her man.

. . . . .

There spoke a Spirit out of the press,  
'Said:--"Have you any here  
That saved a fool from drunkenness,  
And a coward from his fear?

"That turned a soul from dark to day  
When other help was vain;  
That snatched it from Wanhope and made  
A cur a man again?"

"Enter and look," said Peter then,  
And set The Gate ajar.  
"If know aught of women and men  
I trow she is not far."

"Neither by virtue, speech nor art  
Nor hope of grace to win;  
But godless innocence of heart  
That never heard of sin:

"Neither by beauty nor belief  
Nor white example shown.  
Something a wanton--more a thief--  
But--most of all--mine own."

"Enter and look," said Peter then,  
"And send you well to speed;  
But, for all that I know of women and men  
Your riddle is hard to read."

Then flew Dinah from under the Chair,  
Into his arms she flew--  
And licked his face from chin to hair  
And Peter passed them through!

Rudyard Kipling

# Dirge Of The Dead Sisters

Who recalls the twilight and the ranged tents in order  
(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal evening air?)  
And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous, noble laughter,  
And the faces of the Sisters with the dust upon their hair?

(Now and not hereafter, while the breath is in our nostrils,  
Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by -  
Let us now remember many honourable women,  
Such as bade us turn again when we were like to die.)

Who recalls the morning and the thunder through the foothills,  
(Tufts of fleecy shrapnel strung along the empty plains?)  
And the sun-scarred Red-Cross coaches creeping guarded to the culvert,  
And the faces of the Sisters looking gravely from the trains?

(When the days were torment and the nights were clouded terror,  
When the Powers of Darkness had dominion on our soul -  
When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells of Fever,  
These put out their hands to us and healed and made us whole.)

Who recalls the midnight by the bridge's wrecked abutment,  
(Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the tin?)  
And the lightning-dazzled levels and the streaming, straining wagons,  
And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the wounded in?

(Till the pain was merciful and stunned us into silence -  
When each nerve cried out on God that made the misused clay;  
When the Body triumphed and the last poor shame departed -  
These abode our agonies and wiped the sweat away.)

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals through the market,  
(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by the flies?)  
And the footsore firing-party, and the dust and stench and staleness,  
And the faces of the Sisters and the glory in their eyes?

(Bold behind the battle, in the open camp all-hallowed,  
Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and reeking town,  
These endured unresting till they rested from their labours -  
Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower down!)

Yet their graves are scattered and their names are clean forgotten,  
Earth shall not remember, but the Waiting Angel knows  
Them who died at Uitvlugt when the plague was on the city -  
Her that fell at Simon's Town' in service on our foes.

Rudyard Kipling

## Divided Destinies

It was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced upon a pine,  
And much I wondered how he lived, and where the beast might dine,  
And many, many other things, till, o'er my morning smoke,  
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that *Bandar* spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad crawler on the Hills!  
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ranken's monthly bills;  
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you call dress;  
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little drinks at Mess.

"I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at noon and eventide,  
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the mountain side,  
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in my life  
Have I flirted at Peliti's with another *Bandar's* wife.

"O man of futile fopperies -- unnecessary wraps;  
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-wheeled traps;  
I buy me not twelve-button gloves, 'short-sixes' eke, or rings,  
Nor do I waste at Hamilton's my wealth on 'pretty things.'

"I quarrel with my wife at home, we never fight abroad;  
But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I am her only lord.  
I never heard of fever -- dumps nor debts depress my soul;  
And I pity and despise you!" Here he pouched my breakfast-roll.

His hide was very mangy, and his face was very red,  
And ever and anon he scratched with energy his head.  
His manners were not always nice, but how my spirit cried  
To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the mountain side!

So I answered: "Gentle *Bandar*, and inscrutable Decree  
Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me a wretched Me.  
Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home amid the pine;  
Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot for thine."

Rudyard Kipling

# Doctors

Man dies too soon, beside his works half-planned.  
His days are counted and reprieve is vain:  
Who shall entreat with Death to stay his hand;  
Or cloke the shameful nakedness of pain?

Send here the bold, the seekers of the way--  
The passionless, the unshakeable of soul,  
Who serve the inmost mysteries of man's clay,  
And ask no more than leave to make them whole.

Rudyard Kipling

# Eddi's Service

<i>(A.D. 687)</i>

Eddi, priest of St. Wilfrid  
In his chapel at Manhood End,  
Ordered a midnight service  
For such as cared to attend.

But the Saxons were keeping Christmas,  
And the night was stormy as well.  
Nobody came to service,  
Though Eddi rang the bell.

"Wicked weather for walking,"  
Said Eddi of Manhood End.  
"But I must go on with the service  
For such as care to attend."

The altar-lamps were lighted, --  
An old marsh-donkey came,  
Bold as a guest invited,  
And stared at the guttering flame.

The storm beat on at the windows,  
The water splashed on the floor,  
And a wet, yoke-weary bullock  
Pushed in through the open door.

"How do I know what is greatest,  
How do I know what is least?  
That is My Father's business,"  
Said Eddi, Wilfrid's priest.

"But -- three are gathered together --  
Listen to me and attend.  
I bring good news, my brethren!"  
Said Eddi of Manhood End.

And he told the Ox of a Manger

And a Stall in Bethlehem,  
And he spoke to the Ass of a Rider,  
That rode to Jerusalem.

They steamed and dripped in the chancel,  
They listened and never stirred,  
While, just as though they were Bishops,  
Eddi preached them The World,

Till the gale blew off on the marshes  
And the windows showed the day,  
And the Ox and the Ass together  
Wheeled and clattered away.

And when the Saxons mocked him,  
Said Eddi of Manhood End,  
"I dare not shut His chapel  
On such as care to attend."

Rudyard Kipling

# Edgehill Fight

Naked and grey the Cotswolds stand  
Beneath the summer sun,  
And the stubble fields on either hand  
Where Sour and Avon run.  
There is no change in the patient land  
That has bred us every one.

She should have passed in cloud and fire  
And saved us from this sin  
Of war--red war--'twixt child and sire,  
Household and kith and kin,  
In the heart of a sleepy Midland shire,  
With the harvest scarcely in.

But there is no change as we meet at last  
On the brow-head or the plain,  
And the raw astonished ranks stand fast  
To slay or to be slain  
By the men they knew in the kindly past  
That shall never come again--

By the men they met at dance or chase,  
In the tavern or the hall,  
At the justice bench and the market place,  
At the cudgel play or brawl--  
Of their own blood and speech and race,  
Comrades or neighbors all!

More bitter than death this day must prove  
Whichever way it go,  
For the brothers of the maids we love  
Make ready to lay low  
Their sisters' sweethearts, as we move  
Against our dearest foe.

Thank Heaven! At last the trumpets peal  
Before our strength gives way.  
For King or for the Commonweal--  
No matter which they say,

The first dry rattle of new-drawn steel  
Changes the world today!

Rudyard Kipling

## En-Dor

*<i>Behold there is a woman that hath a familiar spirit at En-dor. -- I Samuel, xxviii. 7</i>*

The road to En-dor is easy to tread  
For Mother or yearning Wife.  
There, it is sure, we shall meet our Dead  
As they were even in life.  
Earth has not dreamed of the blessing in store  
For desolate hearts on the road to En-dor.

Whispers shall comfort us out of the dark--  
Hands--ah God!--that we knew!  
Visions .and voices --look and hark!--  
Shall prove that the tale is true,  
An that those who have passed to the further shore  
May' be hailed--at a price--on the road to En-dor.

But they are so deep in their new eclipse  
Nothing they say can reach,  
Unless it be uttered by alien lips  
And I framed in a stranger's speech.  
The son must send word to the mother that bore,  
'Through an hireling's mouth. 'Tis the rule of En-dor.

And not for nothing these gifts are shown  
By such as delight our dead.  
They must twitch and stiffen and slaver and groan  
Ere the eyes are set in the head,  
And the voice from the belly begins. Therefore,  
We pay them a wage where they ply at En-dor.

Even so, we have need of faith  
And patience to follow the clue.  
Often, at first, what the dear one saith  
Is babble, or jest, or untrue.  
(Lying spirits perplex us sore  
Till our loves--and their lives--are well-known at  
En-dor). . . .

*Oh the road to En-dor is the oldest road*  
*And the craziest road of all!*  
*Straight it runs to the Witch's abode,*  
*As it did in the days of Saul,*  
*And nothing has changed of the sorrow in store*  
*For such as go down on the road to En-dor!*

Rudyard Kipling

# England's Answer

Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;  
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.  
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;  
Stark as your sons shall be -- stern as your fathers were.  
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.  
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;  
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.  
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,  
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors --  
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,  
Ay, talk to your gray mother that bore you on her knees! --  
That ye may talk together, brother to brother's face --  
Thus for the good of your peoples -- thus for the Pride of the Race.  
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,  
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:  
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,  
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.  
Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,  
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.  
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,  
This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom.  
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,  
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.  
Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,  
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.  
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,  
Balking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.  
Stand to your work and be wise -- certain of sword and pen,  
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!

Rudyard Kipling

# Epitaphs Of The War

1914-18

&quot;equality of sacrifice&quot;

A. &quot;I was a Have.&quot; B. &quot;I was a 'have-not.'&quot;  
(Together). &quot;What hast thou given which I gave not?&quot;

a servant

We were together since the War began.  
He was my servant—and the better man.

a son

My son was killed while laughing at some jest. I would I knew  
What it was, and it might serve me in a time when jests are few.

an only son

I have slain none except my Mother. She  
(Blessing her slayer) died of grief for me.

ex-clerk

Pity not! The Army gave  
Freedom to a timid slave:  
In which Freedom did he find  
Strength of body, will, and mind:  
By which strength he came to prove  
Mirth, Companionship, and Love:  
For which Love to Death he went:  
In which Death he lies content.

the wonder

Body and Spirit I surrendered whole  
To harsh Instructors—and received a soul . . .  
If mortal man could change me through and through  
From all I was—what may The God not do?

hindu sepoy in france

This man in his own country prayed we know not to what Powers.  
We pray Them to reward him for his bravery in ours.

the coward

I could not look on Death, which being known,  
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

shock

My name, my speech, my self I had forgot.  
My wife and children came—I knew them not.  
I died. My Mother followed. At her call  
And on her bosom I remembered all.

a grave near cairo

Gods of the Nile, should this stout fellow here  
Get out—get out! He knows not shame nor fear.

pelicans in the wilderness

A Grave near Halfa

The blown sand heaps on me, that none may learn  
Where I am laid for whom my children grieve . . .  
O wings that beat at dawning, ye return  
Out of the desert to your young at eve!

two canadian memorials

i

We giving all gained all.

Neither lament us nor praise.

Only in all things recall,

It is Fear, not Death that slays.

ii

From little towns in a far land we came,

To save our honour and a world aflame.

By little towns in a far land we sleep;

And trust that world we won for you to keep!

the favour

Death favoured me from the first, well knowing I could not endure

To wait on him day by day. He quitted my betters and came

Whistling over the fields, and, when he had made all sure,

“Thy line is at end,” he said, “but at least I have saved its name.”

the beginner

On the first hour of my first day

In the front trench I fell.

(Children in boxes at a play

Stand up to watch it well.)

r.a.f. (aged eighteen)

Laughing through clouds, his milk-teeth still unshed,

Cities and men he smote from overhead.

His deaths delivered, he returned to play

Childlike, with childish things now put away.

the refined man

I was of delicate mind. I stepped aside for my needs,  
Disdaining the common office. I was seen from afar and killed . . .  
How is this matter for mirth? Let each man be judged by his deeds.  
I have paid my price to live with myself on the terms that I willed.

native water-carrier (m.e.f.)

Prometheus brought down fire to men,  
This brought up water.  
The Gods are jealous—now, as then,  
Giving no quarter.

bombed in london

On land and sea I strove with anxious care  
To escape conscription. It was in the air!

the sleepy sentinal

Faithless the watch that I kept: now I have none to keep.  
I was slain because I slept: now I am slain I sleep.  
Let no man reproach me again, whatever watch is unkept—  
I sleep because I am slain. They slew me because I slept.

batteries out of ammunition

If any mourn us in the workshop, say  
We died because the shift kept holiday.

common form

If any question why we died,  
Tell them, because our fathers lied.

a dead statesman

I could not dig: I dared not rob:  
Therefore I lied to please the mob.  
Now all my lies are proved untrue  
And I must face the men I slew.  
What tale shall serve me here among  
Mine angry and defrauded young?

the rebel

If I had clamoured at Thy Gate  
For gift of Life on Earth,  
And, thrusting through the souls that wait,  
Flung headlong into birth—  
Even then, even then, for gin and snare  
About my pathway spread,  
Lord, I had mocked Thy thoughtful care  
Before I joined the Dead!  
But now? . . . I was beneath Thy Hand  
Ere yet the Planets came.  
And now—though Planets pass, I stand  
The witness to Thy shame!

the obedient

Daily, though no ears attended,  
Did my prayers arise.  
Daily, though no fire descended,  
Did I sacrifice.  
Though my darkness did not lift,  
Though I faced no lighter odds,  
Though the Gods bestowed no gift,  
None the less,  
None the less, I served the Gods!

a drifter off tarentum

He from the wind-bitten North with ship and companions descended,  
Searching for eggs of death spawned by invisible hulls.  
Many he found and drew forth. Of a sudden the fishery ended  
In flame and a clamours breath known to the eye-pecking gulls.

destroyer in collision

For Fog and Fate no charm is found  
To lighten or amend.  
I, hurrying to my bride, was drowned—  
Cut down by my best friend.

convoy escort

I was a shepherd to fools  
Causelessly bold or afraid.  
They would not abide by my rules.  
Yet they escaped. For I stayed.

unknown female corpse

Headless, lacking foot and hand,  
Horrible I come to land.  
I beseech all women's sons  
Know I was a mother once.

raped and revenged

One used and butchered me: another spied  
Me broken—for which thing an hundred died.  
So it was learned among the heathen hosts  
How much a freeborn woman's favour costs.

salonikan grave

I have watched a thousand days

Push out and crawl into night  
Slowly as tortoises.  
Now I, too, follow these.  
It is fever, and not the fight—  
Time, not battle,—that slays.

the bridegroom

Call me not false, beloved,  
If, from thy scarce-known breast  
So little time removed,  
In other arms I rest.

For this more ancient bride,  
Whom coldly I embrace,  
Was constant at my side  
Before I saw thy face.

Our marriage, often set—  
By miracle delayed—  
At last is consummate,  
And cannot be unmade.

Live, then, whom Life shall cure,  
Almost, of Memory,  
And leave us to endure  
Its immortality.

v.a.d. (mediterranean)

Ah, would swift ships had never been, for then we ne'er had found,  
These harsh Aegean rocks between, this little virgin drowned,  
Whom neither spouse nor child shall mourn, but men she nursed through pain  
And—certain keels for whose return the heathen look in vain.

actors

On a Memorial Tablet in Holy Trinity Church,  
Stratford-on-Avon

We counterfeited once for your disport  
Men's joy and sorrow: but our day has passed.  
We pray you pardon all where we fell short—  
Seeing we were your servants to this last.

journalists

On a Panel in the Hall of the Institute of Journalists

We have served our day.

Rudyard Kipling

# Et Dona Ferentes

In extended observation of the ways and works of man,  
From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the Plains of Hindustan:  
I have drunk with mixed assemblies, seen the racial ruction rise,  
And the men of half Creation damning half Creation's eyes.

I have watched them in their tantrums, all that Pentecostal crew,  
French, Italian, Arab, Spaniard, Dutch and Greek, and Russ and Jew,  
Celt and savage, buff and ochre, cream and yellow, mauve and white,  
But it never really mattered till the English grew polite;

Till the men with polished toppers, till the men in long frock-coats,  
Till the men who do not duel, till the men who war with votes,  
Till the breed that take their pleasures as Saint Lawrence took his grid,  
Began to 'beg your pardon' and-the knowing croupier hid.

Then the bandsmen with their fiddles, and the girls that bring the beer,  
Felt the psychological moment, left the lit Casino clear;  
But the uninstructed alien, from the Teuton to the Gaul,  
Was entrapped, once more, my country, by that suave, deceptive drawl.

As it was in ancient Suez or 'neath wilder, milder skies,  
I 'observe with apprehension' how the racial ructions rise;  
And with keener apprehension, if I read the times aright,  
Hear the old Casino order: 'Watch your man, but be polite.

"Keep your temper. Never answer (that was why they spat and swore).  
Don't hit first, but move together (there's no hurry) to the door.  
Back to back, and facing outward while the linguist tells 'em how -  
' Nous sommes allong ar notre batteau, nous ne voulong pas un row."

So the hard, pent rage ate inward, till some idiot went too far...  
'Let 'em have it!' and they had it, and the same was merry war -  
Fist, umbrella, cane, decanter, lamp and beer-mug, chair and boot -  
Till behind the fleeing legions rose the long, hoarse yell for loot.

Then the oil-cloth with its numbers, like a banner fluttered free;  
Then the grand piano cantered, on three castors, down the quay;  
White, and breathing through their nostrils, silent, systematic, swift -  
They removed, effaced, abolished all that man could heave or lift.

Oh, my country, bless the training that from cot to castle runs -  
The pitfall of the stranger but the bulwark of thy sons -  
Measured speech and ordered action, sluggish soul and un - perturbed,  
Till we wake our Island-Devil-nowise cool for being curbed!

When the heir of all the ages 'has the honour to remain,'  
When he will not hear an insult, though men make it ne'er so plain,  
When his lips are schooled to meekness, when his back is bowed to blows -  
Well the keen aas-vogels know it-well the waiting jackal knows.

Build on the flanks of Etna where the sullen smoke-puffs float -  
Or bathe in tropic waters where the lean fin dogs the boat -  
Cock the gun that is not loaded, cook the frozen dynamite -  
But oh, beware my Country, when my Country grows polite!

Rudyard Kipling

# Evarra And His Gods

~Read here:

This is the story of Evarra -- man --  
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.~  
Because the city gave him of her gold,  
Because the caravans brought turquoises,  
Because his life was sheltered by the King,  
So that no man should maim him, none should steal,  
Or break his rest with babble in the streets  
When he was weary after toil, he made  
An image of his God in gold and pearl,  
With turquoise diadem and human eyes,  
A wonder in the sunshine, known afar,  
And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with pride,  
Because the city bowed to him for God,  
He wrote above the shrine: "~Thus Gods are made,  
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.~"  
And all the city praised him. . . . Then he died.

~Read here the story of Evarra -- man --  
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.~  
Because the city had no wealth to give,  
Because the caravans were spoiled afar,  
Because his life was threatened by the King,  
So that all men despised him in the streets,  
He hewed the living rock, with sweat and tears,  
And reared a God against the morning-gold,  
A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,  
And worshipped by the King; but, drunk with pride,  
Because the city fawned to bring him back,  
He carved upon the plinth: "~Thus Gods are made,  
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.~"  
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he died.

~Read here the story of Evarra -- man --  
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.~  
Because he lived among a simple folk,  
Because his village was between the hills,  
Because he smeared his cheeks with blood of ewes,  
He cut an idol from a fallen pine,

Smear'd blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a shell  
Above its brows for eyes, and gave it hair  
Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for crown.  
And all the village praised him for this craft,  
And brought him butter, honey, milk, and curds.  
Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him mad,  
He scratched upon that log: "~Thus Gods are made,  
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.~"  
And all the people praised him. . . . Then he died.

~Read here the story of Evarra -- man --  
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.~  
Because his God decreed one clot of blood  
Should swerve one hair's-breadth from the pulse's path,  
And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,  
Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the fields,  
Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,  
And mocking at the mist, until his God  
Drove him to labour. Out of dung and horns  
Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,  
Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plantain tufts,  
And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,  
He dreamed it was the clamour of lost crowds,  
And howled among the beasts: "~Thus Gods are made,  
And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.~"  
Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,  
And found his own four Gods, and that he wrote;  
And marvelled, being very near to God,  
What oaf on earth had made his toil God's law,  
Till God said mocking: "Mock not. These be thine."  
Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!" -- "Not so.  
If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods  
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,  
And I were poorer by four wondrous Gods,  
And thy more wondrous law, Evarra. Thine,  
Servant of shouting crowds and lowing kine."  
Thereat, with laughing mouth, but tear-wet eyes,  
Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

~This is the story of Evarra -- man --

Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.~

Rudyard Kipling

# Evil Land

We meet in an evil land  
That is near to the gates of hell.  
I wait for thy command  
To serve, to speed or withstand.  
And thou sayest, I do not well?

Oh Love, the flowers so red  
Are only tongues of flame,  
The earth is full of the dead,  
The new-killed, restless dead.  
There is danger beneath and o'erhead.  
And I guard thy gates in fear  
Of words thou canst not hear,  
Of peril and jeopardy,  
Of signs thou canst not see—  
And thou sayest 'tis ill that I came?

Rudyard Kipling

## False Dawn

To-night, God knows what thing shall tide,  
The Earth is racked and fain--  
Expectant, sleepless, open-eyed;  
And we, who from the Earth were made,  
Thrill with our Mother's pain.

Rudyard Kipling

# Farewell And Adieu....

Farewell and adieu to you, Harwich Ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies ashore!  
For we've received orders to work to the eastward  
Where we hope in a short time to strafe 'em some more.

We'll duck and we'll dive like little tin turtles,  
We'll duck and we'll dive underneath the North Seas,  
Until we strike something that doesn't expect us.  
From here to Cuxhaven it's go as you please!

The first thing we did was to dock in a minefield,  
Which isn't a place where repairs should be done;  
And there we lay doggo in twelve-fathom water  
With tri-nitro-toluol hogging our run.

The next thing we did, we rose under a Zeppelin,  
With his shiny big belly half blocking the sky.  
But what in the--Heavens can you do with six-pounders?  
So we fired what we had and we bade him good-bye.

Farewell and adieu to you, Harwich Ladies,  
Farewell and adieu to you, ladies ashore!  
For we've received orders to work to the eastward  
Where we hope in a short time to strafe 'em some more

Rudyard Kipling

# Fastness

*Tennison*

This is the end whereto men toiled  
Before thy coachman guessed his fate,--  
How thou shouldst leave thy, 'scutcheoned gate  
On that new wheel which is the oiled--

To see the England Shakespeare saw  
(Oh, Earth, 'tis long since Shallow died!  
Yet by yon farrowed sow may hide  
Some blue deep minion of the Law)--

To range from Ashby-de-la-Zouch  
By Lyonesse to Locksley Hall,  
Or haply, nearer home, appal  
Thy father's sister's staid barouche.

Rudyard Kipling

# Follow Me 'Ome

There was no one like 'im, 'Orse or Foot,  
Nor any o' the Guns I knew;  
An' because it was so, why, o' course 'e went an' died,  
Which is just what the best men do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!  
An' it's finish up your swipes an' follow me!  
Oh, 'ark to the big drum callin',  
Follow me -- follow me 'ome!

'Is mare she neighs the 'ole day long,  
She paws the 'ole night through,  
An' she won't take 'er feed 'cause o' waitin' for 'is step,  
Which is just what a beast would do.

'Is girl she goes with a bombardier  
Before 'er month is through;  
An' the banns are up in church, for she's got the beggar hooked,  
Which is just what a girl would do.

We fought 'bout a dog -- last week it were --  
No more than a round or two;  
But I strook 'im cruel 'ard, an' I wish I 'adn't now,  
Which is just what a man can't do.

'E was all that I 'ad in the way of a friend,  
An' I've 'ad to find one new;  
But I'd give my pay an' stripe for to get the beggar back,  
Which it's just too late to do.

So it's knock out your pipes an' follow me!  
An' it's finish off your swipes an' follow me!  
Oh, 'ark to the fifes a-crawlin'!  
Follow me -- follow me 'ome!

Take 'im away! 'E's gone where the best men go.  
Take 'im away! An' the gun-wheels turnin' slow.  
Take 'im away! There's more from the place 'e come.  
Take 'im away, with the limber an' the drum.

For it's 'Three rounds blank' an' follow me,  
An' it's 'Thirteen rank' an' follow me;  
Oh, passin' the love o' women,  
Follow me -- follow me 'ome!

Rudyard Kipling

# For All We Have And Are

For all we have and are,  
For all our children's fate,  
Stand up and meet the war.  
The Hun is at the gate!  
Our world has passed away  
In wantonness o'erthrown.  
There is nothing left to-day  
But steel and fire and stone.

Though all we knew depart,  
The old commandments stand:  
"In courage keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word  
That sickened earth of old:  
"No law except the sword  
Unsheathed and uncontrolled,"  
Once more it knits mankind,  
Once more the nations go  
To meet and break and bind  
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight --  
The ages' slow-bought gain --  
They shrivelled in a night,  
Only ourselves remain  
To face the naked days  
In silent fortitude,  
Through perils and dismays  
Renewd and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,  
The old commandments stand:  
"In patience keep your heart,  
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies  
Shall bring us to our goal,

But iron sacrifice  
Of body, will, and soul.  
There is but one task for all --  
For each one life to give.  
Who stands if freedom fall?  
Who dies if England live?

Rudyard Kipling

## For To Admire

The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles  
So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;  
There aren't a wave for miles an' miles  
Excep' the jiggle from the screw.  
The ship is swep', the day is done,  
The bugle's gone for smoke and play;  
An' black agin' the settin' sun  
The Lascar sings, "~Hum deckty hai!~"

["I'm looking out."]

For to admire an' for to see,  
For to be'old this world so wide --  
It never done no good to me,  
But I can't drop it if I tried!

I see the sergeants pitchin' quoits,  
I 'ear the women laugh an' talk,  
I spy upon the quarter-deck  
The orficers an' lydies walk.  
I thinks about the things that was,  
An' leans an' looks acrost the sea,  
Till spite of all the crowded ship  
There's no one lef' alive but me.

The things that was which I 'ave seen,  
In barrick, camp, an' action too,  
I tells them over by myself,  
An' sometimes wonders if they're true;  
For they was odd -- most awful odd --  
But all the same now they are o'er,  
There must be 'eaps o' plenty such,  
An' if I wait I'll see some more.

Oh, I 'ave come upon the books,  
An' frequent broke a barrick rule,  
An' stood beside an' watched myself  
Be'avin' like a bloomin' fool.  
I paid my price for findin' out,  
Nor never grutched the price I paid,  
But sat in Clink without my boots,

Admirin' 'ow the world was made.

Be'old a crowd upon the beam,  
An' 'umped above the sea appears  
Old Aden, like a barrick-stove  
That no one's lit for years an' years!  
I passed by that when I began,  
An' I go 'ome the road I came,  
A time-expired soldier-man  
With six years' service to 'is name.

My girl she said, "Oh, stay with me!"  
My mother 'eld me to 'er breast.  
They've never written none, an' so  
They must 'ave gone with all the rest --  
With all the rest which I 'ave seen  
An' found an' known an' met along.  
I cannot say the things I feel,  
And so I sing my evenin' song:

For to admire an' for to see,  
For to be'old this world so wide --  
It never done no good to me,  
But I can't drop it if I tried!

Rudyard Kipling

# Ford O' Kabul River

Kabul town's by Kabul river --  
Blow the bugle, draw the sword --  
There I lef' my mate for ever,  
Wet an' drippin' by the ford.  
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,  
    Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!  
    There's the river up and brimmin', an' there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'  
    'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place --  
Blow the bugle, draw the sword --  
'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face  
Wet an' drippin' by the ford!  
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,  
    Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!  
    Keep the crossing-stakes beside you, an' they will surely guide you  
    'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust --  
Blow the bugle, draw the sword --  
I'd ha' sooner drowned fust  
'Stead of 'im beside the ford.  
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,  
    Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!  
    You can 'ear the 'orses threshin', you can 'ear the men a-splashin',  
    'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town was ours to take --  
Blow the bugle, draw the sword --  
I'd ha' left it for 'is sake --  
'Im that left me by the ford.  
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,  
    Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!  
    It's none so bloomin' dry there; ain't you never comin' nigh there,  
    'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell --  
Blow the bugle, draw the sword --  
'Fore I see him 'live an' well --

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,  
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder, for their boots'll pull 'em under,  
By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town --

Blow the bugle, draw the sword --

'Im an' 'arf my troop is down,

Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,  
Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Rudyard Kipling

# Four-Feet

I have done mostly what most men do,  
And pushed it out of my mind;  
But I can't forget, if I wanted to,  
Four-Feet trotting behind.

Day after day, the whole day through --  
Wherever my road inclined --  
Four-feet said, "I am coming with you!"  
And trotted along behind.

Now I must go by some other round, --  
Which I shall never find --  
Somewhere that does not carry the sound  
Of Four-Feet trotting behind.

Rudyard Kipling

# Fox-Hunting

## THE FOX MEDITATES

When Samson set my brush afire  
To spoil the Timnites barley,  
I made my point for Leicestershire  
And left Philistia early.  
Through Gath and Rankesborough Gorse I fled,  
And took the Coplow Road, sir!  
And was a Gentleman in Red  
When all the Quorn wore woad, sir!

When Rome lay massed on Hadrian's Wall,  
And nothing much was doing,  
Her bored Centurions heard my call  
O' nights when I went wooing.  
They raised a pack-they ran it well  
(For I was there to run 'em)  
From Aesica to Carter Fell,  
And down North Tyne to Hunnum.

When William, landed hot for blood,  
And Harold's hosts were smitten,  
I lay at earth in Battle Wood  
While Domesday Book was written.  
Whatever harm he did to man,  
I owe him pure affection;  
For in his righteous reign began  
The first of Game Protection.

When Charles, my namesake, lost his mask,  
And Oliver dropped his'n,  
I found those Northern Squires a task,  
To keep 'em out of prison.  
In boots as big as milking-pails,  
With holsters on the pommel,  
They chevied me across the Dales  
Instead of fighting Cromwell.

When thrifty Walpole took the helm,

And hedging came in fashion,  
The March of Progress gave my realm  
Enclosure and Plantation.  
'Twas then, to soothe their discontent,  
I showed each pounded Master,  
However fast the Commons went,  
I went a little faster!

When Pigg and Jorrocks held the stage,  
And Steam had linked the Shires,  
I broke the staid Victorian age  
To posts, and rails, and wires.  
Then fifty mile was none too far  
To go by train to cover,  
Till some dam' sutler pupped a car,  
And decent sport was over!

When men grew shy of hunting stag,  
For fear the Law might try 'em,  
The Car put up an average bag  
Of twenty dead per diem.  
Then every road was made a rink  
For Coroners to sit on;  
And so began, in skid and stink,  
The real blood-sport of Britain!

Rudyard Kipling

# France

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all  
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul,  
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,  
Terrible with strength that draws from her tireless soil;  
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's mind,  
First to follow Truth and last to leave old Truths behind-  
France beloved of every soul that loves its fellow-kind!

Ere our birth (rememberest thou?) side by side we lay  
Fretting in the womb of Rome to begin our fray.  
Ere men knew our tongues apart, our one task was known-  
Each to mould the other's fate as he wrought his own.  
To this end we stirred mankind till all Earth was ours,  
Till our world-end strifes begat wayside Thrones and Powers-  
Puppets that we made or broke to bar the other's path-  
Necessary, outpost-folk, hirelings of our wrath.  
To this end we stormed the seas, tack for tack, and burst  
Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful which was first,  
Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the blow-  
Sure, whatever else we met, we should meet our foe.  
Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's strength,  
So we rode the ages down and every ocean's length!

Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from you?  
Ask the wave that has not watched war between us two?  
Others held us for a while, but with weaker charms,  
These we quitted at the call for each other's arms.  
Eager toward the known delight, equally we strove-  
Each the other's mystery, terror, need, and love.  
To each other's open court with our proofs we came.  
Where could we find honour else, or men to test our claim!  
From each other's throat we wrenched-valor's last reward -  
That extorted word of praise gasped 'twixt lunge and guard,  
In each other's cup we poured mingled blood and tears,  
Brutal joys, unmeasured hopes, intolerable fears-  
All that soiled or salted life for a thousand years.  
Proved beyond the need of proof, matched in every clime,  
O Companion, we have lived greatly through all time!

Yoked in knowledge and remorse, now we come to rest,  
Laughing at old villainies that Time has turned to jest;  
Pardoning old necessities no pardon can efface-  
That undying sin we shared in Rouen market-place.  
Now we watch the new years shape, wondering if they hold  
Fiercer lightnings in their heart than we launched of old.  
Now we hear new voices rise, question, boast or gird,  
As we raged (rememberest thou?) when our crowds were stirred.  
Now we count new keels afloat, and new hosts on land,  
Massed like ours (rememberest thou?) when our strokes were planned.  
We were schooled for dear life's sake, to know each other's blade.  
What can Blood and Iron make more than we have made?  
We have learned by keenest use to know each other's mind,  
What shall Blood and Iron loose that we cannot bind?  
We who swept each other's coast, sacked each other's home,  
Since the sword of Brennus clashed on the scales at Rome,  
Listen, count and close again, wheeling girth to girth,  
In the linked and steadfast guard set for peace on earth!

Broke to every known mischance, lifted over all  
By the light sane joy of life, the buckler of the Gaul;  
Furious in luxury, merciless in toil,  
Terrible with strength renewed from a tireless soil;  
Strictest judge of her own worth, gentlest of man's mind,  
First to face the Truth and last to leave old Truths behind-  
France, beloved of every soul that loves or serves its kind!

Rudyard Kipling

# Frankie's Trade

Old Horn to All Atlantic said:

*(A-hay O! To me O!)*

"Now where did Frankie learn his trade?

For he ran me down with a three-reef mains'I."

*(All round the Horn!)*

Atlantic answered:--"Not from me!

You'd better ask the cold North Sea,

For he ran me down under all plain canvas."

*(All round the Horn!)*

The North Sea answered: -- "He's my man,

For he came to me when he began--

Frankie Drake in an open coaster.

*(All round the Sands!)*

"I caught him young and I used him sore,

So you never shall startle Frankie more,

Without capsizing Earth and her waters.

*(All round the Sands!)*

"I did not favour him at all.

I made him pull and I made him haul--

And stand his trick with the common sailors.

*(All round the Sands!)*

"I froze him stiff and I fogged him blind,

And kicked him home with his road to find

By what he could see in a three-day snowy-storm.

*(All round the Sands!)*

"I learned him his trade o' winter nights,

'Twixt Mardy Fort and Dunkirk lights,

On a five-knot tide with the forts a-firing.

*(All round the Sands!)*

"Before his beard began to shoot,

I showed him the length of the Spaniard's foot--

And I reckon he clapped the boot on it later.

<i> (All round the Sands!)</i>

"If there's a risk which you can make,  
That's worse than he was used to take  
Nigh every week in the way of his business;

<i> (All round the Sands!)</i>

"If there's a trick that you can try,  
Which he hasn't met in time gone by,  
Not once or twice, but ten times over;

<i> (All round the Sands!)</i>

"If you can teach him aught that's new,

<i> (A-hay O! To me O!)

I'll give you Bruges and Newport too,  
And the ten tall churches that stand between  
Storm along, my gallant Captains!

(All round the Horn!)</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# Fuzzy-Wuzzy

(Soudan Expeditionary Force)

We've fought with many men acrost the seas,  
An' some of 'em was brave an' some was not:  
The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese;  
But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im:  
'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,  
'E cut our sentries up at Sua~kim~,  
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.  
So 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;  
We gives you your certificate, an' if you want it signed  
We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Khyber 'ills,  
The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
The Burman give us Irriwaddy chills,  
An' a Zulu ~impi~ dished us up in style:  
But all we ever got from such as they  
Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller;  
We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us 'oller.  
Then 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' the missis and the kid;  
Our orders was to break you, an' of course we went an' did.  
We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it wasn't 'ardly fair;  
But for all the odds agin' you, Fuzzy-Wuz, you broke the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,  
'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,  
So we must certify the skill 'e's shown  
In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords:  
When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush  
With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,  
An' 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush  
Will last an' 'ealthy Tommy for a year.  
So 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we would 'elp you to deplore;  
But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll call the bargain fair,  
For if you 'ave lost more than us, you crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,  
An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead;  
'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,  
An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.  
'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!  
'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't give a damn  
For a Regiment o' British Infantee!  
So 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;  
You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;  
An' 'ere's ~to~ you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air --  
You big black boundin' beggar -- for you broke a British square!

Rudyard Kipling

# Gallio's Song

*And Gallio cared for none of these things. -- Acts xviii. 17*

All day long to the judgment-seat  
The crazed Provincials drew--  
All day long at their ruler's feet  
Howled for the blood of the Jew.  
Insurrection with one accord  
Banded itself and woke,  
And Paul was about to open his mouth  
When Achaia's Deputy spoke--

"Whether the God descend from above  
Or the Man ascend upon high,  
Whether this maker of tents be Jove  
Or a younger deity--  
I will be no judge between your gods  
And your godless bickerings.  
Lictor, drive them hence with rods--  
I care for none of these things!

Were it a question of lawful due  
Or Caesar's rule denied,  
Reason would I should bear with you  
And order it well to be tried;  
But this is a question of words and names,  
I know the strife it brings.  
I will not pass upon any your claims.  
I care for none of these things.

One thing only I see most clear,  
As I pray you also see.  
Claudius Caesar hath set me here  
Rome's Deputy to be.  
It is Her peace that ye go to break--  
Not mine, nor any king's.  
But, touching your clamour of 'Conscience sake,'  
I care for none of these things.

Whether ye rise for the sake of a creed,  
Or riot in hope of spoil,  
Equally will I punish the deed,  
Equally check the broil;  
Nowise permitting injustice at all  
From whatever doctrine it springs--  
But--whether ye follow Priapus or Paul,  
I care for none of these things!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Gehazi

<i>1915</i>

Whence comest thou, Gehazi,  
So reverend to behold,  
In scarlet and in ermines  
And chain of England's gold?"

"From following after Naaman  
To tell him all is well,  
Whereby my zeal hath made me  
A Judge in Israel."

Well done; well done, Gehazi!  
Stretch forth thy ready hand,  
Thou barely 'scaped from judgment,  
Take oath to judge the land  
Unswayed by gift of money  
Or privy bribe, more base,  
Of knowledge which is profit  
In any market-place.

Search out and probe, Gehazi,  
As thou of all carist try,  
The truthful, well-weighed answer  
That tells the blacker lie --  
The loud, uneasy virtue  
The anger feigned at will,  
To overbear a witness  
And make the Court keep still.

Take order now, Gehazi,  
That no man talk aside  
In secret with his judges  
The while his case is tried.  
Lest he should show them -- reason  
To keep a matter hid,  
And subtly lead the questions  
Away from what he did.

Thou mirror of uprightness,  
What ails thee at thy vows?  
What means the risen whiteness  
Of the skin between thy brows?

The boils that shine and burrow,  
The sores that slough and bleed --  
The leprosy of Naaman  
On thee and all thy seed?  
Stand up, stand up, Gehazi,  
Draw close thy robe and go,  
Gehazi, Judge in Israel,  
A leper white as snow!

Rudyard Kipling

# General Joubert

*(Died, South African War, March 27, 1900)*

With those that bred, with those that loosed the strife,  
He had no part whose hands were clear of gain;  
But subtle, strong, and stubborn, gave his life  
To a lost cause, and knew the gift was vain.

Later shall rise a people, sane and great,  
Forged in strong fires, by equal war made one;  
Telling old battles over without hate --  
Not least his name shall pass from sire to son.

He may not meet the on sweep of our van  
In the doomed city when we close the score;  
Yet o'er his grave -- his grave that holds a man --  
Our deep-tongued guns shall answer his once more!

Rudyard Kipling

# Gentlemen-Rankers

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned,  
To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,  
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely crammed,  
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.

Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses,  
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,  
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin,  
But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,

Baa! Baa! Baa!

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,

Baa--aa--aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa! Yah! Bah!

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to empty kitchen slops,  
And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,  
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops  
And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.  
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be "Rider" to your troop,  
And branded with a blasted worsted spur,  
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy being cleanly  
Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you "Sir".

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep,  
And all we know most distant and most dear,  
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep,  
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?  
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-lantern gutters  
And the horror of our fall is written plain,  
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-washed ceiling,  
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,  
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,  
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.  
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,  
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,  
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf enfolds us  
And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,

Baa! Baa! Baa!

We're little black sheep who've gone astray,

Baa--aa--aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,

Damned from here to Eternity,

God ha' mercy on such as we,

Baa! Yah! Bah!

Rudyard Kipling

# Gertrude's Prayer

That which is marred at birth Time shall not mend,  
Nor water out of bitter well make clean;  
All evil thing returneth at the end,  
Or elseway walketh in our blood unseen.  
Whereby the more is sorrow in certaine--  
Dayspring mishandled cometh not againe.

To-bruized be that slender, steriting spray  
Out of the oake's rind that should betide  
A branch of girt and goodliness, straightway  
Her spring is turned on herself, and wried  
And knotted like some gall or veiney wen.--  
Dayspring mishandled cometh not againe.

Noontide repayeth never morning-bliss--  
Sith noon to morn is incomparable;  
And, so it be our dawning goth amiss,  
None other after--hour serveth well.  
Ah! Jesu-Moder, pitie my oe paine--  
Dayspring mishandled cometh not againe!

Rudyard Kipling

# Gethsemane

<i>1914-18</i>

The Garden called Gethsemane  
In Picardy it was,  
And there the people came to see  
The English soldiers pass.  
We used to pass -- we used to pass  
Or halt, as it might be,  
And ship our masks in case of gas  
Beyond Gethsemane.

The Garden called Gethsemane,  
It held a pretty lass,  
But all the time she talked to me  
I prayed my cup might pass.  
The officer sat on the chair,  
The men lay on the grass,  
And all the time we halted there  
I prayed my cup might pass.

It didn't pass -- it didn't pass --  
It didn't pass from me.  
I drank it when we met the gas  
Beyond Gethsemane.

Rudyard Kipling

## Giffen's Debt

Imprimis he was "broke." Thereafter left  
His Regiment and, later, took to drink;  
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,  
"Went Fantee" -- joined the people of the land,  
Turned three parts Mussulman and one Hindu,  
And lived among the Gauri villagers,  
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain.  
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood sahib  
Had come among them. Thus he spent his time,  
Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*  
(Who never asked for payment), always drunk,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels;  
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a dam,  
And all the good contractors scamped their work  
And all the bad material at hand  
Was used to dam the Gauri -- which was cheap,  
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri burst,  
And several hundred thousand cubic tons  
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,  
And drowned some five-and-twenty villagers,  
And did a lakh or two of detriment  
To crops and cattle. When the flood went down  
We found him dead, beneath an old dead horse,  
Full six miles down the valley. So we said  
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,  
And moralised upon him for a week,  
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Gauri, men  
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam,  
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,  
Accounting for the little loss of life  
(Only those five-and-twenty villagers)  
In this wise: -- On the evening of the flood,  
They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,  
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then  
And incarnation of the local God,

Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,  
And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,  
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages,  
And fell upon the simple villagers  
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat,  
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,  
And smote them with his flail-like whip, and drove  
Them clamorous with terror up the hill,  
And scattered, with the monster-neighing steed,  
Their crazy cottages about their ears,  
And generally cleared those villages.  
Then came the water, and the local God,  
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,  
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,  
Went down the valley with the flying trees  
And residue of homesteads, while they watched  
Safe on the mountain-side these wondrous things,  
And knew that they were much beloved of Heaven.

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly built,  
They raised a temple to the local God,  
And burnt all manner of unsavoury things  
Upon his altar, and created priests,  
And blew into a conch and banged a bell,  
And told the story of the Gauri flood  
With circumstance and much embroidery. . . .  
So hi, the whiskified Objectionable,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,  
Became the tutelary Deity  
Of all the Gauri valley villages,  
And may in time become a Solar Myth.

Rudyard Kipling

# Gipsy Vans

Unless you come of the gipsy stock  
That steals by night and day,  
Lock your heart with a double lock  
And throw the key away.  
Bury it under the blackest stone  
Beneath your father's hearth,  
And keep your eyes on your lawful own  
And your feet to the proper path.  
Then you can stand at your door and mock  
When the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't right that the Gorgio stock  
Should live as the Romany do.

Unless you come of the gipsy blood  
That takes and never spares,  
Bide content with your given good  
And follow your own affairs.  
Plough and harrow and roll your land,  
And sow what ought to be sowed;  
But never let loose your heart from your hand,  
Nor flitter it down the road!  
Then you can thrive on your boughten food  
As the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't nature the Gorgio blood  
Should love as the Romany do.

Unless you carry the gipsy eyes  
That see but seldom weep,  
Keep your head from the naked skies  
Or the stars'll trouble your sleep.  
Watch your moon through your window-pane  
And take what weather she brews;  
But don't run out in the midnight rain  
Nor home in the morning dews.  
Then you can buddle and shut your eyes  
As the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't fitting the Gorgio ryes  
Should walk as the Romany do.

Unless you come of the gipsy race  
That counts all time the same,  
Be you careful of Time and Place  
And Judgment and Good Name:  
Lose your life for to live your life  
The way that you ought to do;  
And when you are finished, your God and your wife  
And the Gipsies'll laugh at you!  
Then you can rot in your burying place  
As the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't reason the Gorgio race  
Should die as the Romany do.

Rudyard Kipling

# Gods Of The East

Because I sought it far from men,  
In deserts and alone,  
I found it burning overhead,  
The jewel of a Throne.

Because I sought--I sought it so  
And spent my days to find--  
It blazed one moment ere it left  
The blacker night behind.

We be the Gods of the East--  
Older than all--  
Masters of Mourning and Feast--  
How shall we fall?

\* \* \* \* \*

This I saw when the rites were done,  
And the lamps were dead and the Gods alone,  
And the grey snake coiled on the altar stone--  
Ere I fled from a Fear that I could not see,  
And the Gods of the East made mouths at me.

Rudyard Kipling

# Great-Heart

*Theodore Roosevelt*

The interpreter then called for a man-servant of his, one Great-Heart. --  
Bunyan's' Pilgrim's Process

Concerning brave Captains  
Our age hath made known  
For all men to honour,  
One standeth alone,  
Of whom, o'er both oceans,  
Both peoples may say:  
"Our realm is diminished  
With Great-Heart away."

In purpose unsparing,  
In action no less,  
The labours he praised  
He would seek and profess  
Through travail and battle,  
At hazard and pain. . . .  
And our world is none the braver  
Since Great-Heart was ta'en!

Plain speech with plain folk,  
And plain words for false things,  
Plain faith in plain dealing  
'Twixt neighbours or kings,  
He used and he followed,  
However it sped. . . .  
Oh, our world is none more honest  
Now Great-Heart is dead!

The heat of his spirit  
Struck warm through all lands;  
For he loved such as showed  
'Emselves men of their hands;  
In love, as in hate,  
Paying home to the last. . . .

But our world is none the kinder  
Now Great-Heart hath passed!

Hard-schooled by long power,  
Yet most humble of mind  
Where aught that he was  
Might advantage mankind.  
Leal servant, loved master,  
Rare comrade, sure guide. . . .  
Oh, our world is none the safer  
Now Great-Heart hath died!

Let those who would handle  
Make sure they can wield  
His far-reaching sword  
And his close-guarding shield:  
For those who must journey  
Henceforward alone  
Have need of stout convoy  
Now Great-Heart is gone.

Rudyard Kipling

# Gunga Din

You may talk o' gin and beer  
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;  
But when it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's got it.  
Now in Injia's sunny clime,  
Where I used to spend my time  
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,  
Of all them blackfaced crew  
The finest man I knew  
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din.  
    He was "Din! Din! Din!  
You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!  
    Hi! slippery ~hitherao~!  
    Water, get it! ~Panee lao~!                   [Bring water swiftly.]  
You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothin' much before,  
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,  
For a piece o' twisty rag  
An' a goatskin water-bag  
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.  
When the sweatin' troop-train lay  
In a sidin' through the day,  
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,  
We shouted "Harry By!"                   [Mr. Atkins's equivalent for "O brother."]  
Till our throats were bricky-dry,  
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve us all.  
    It was "Din! Din! Din!  
You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?  
    You put some ~juldee~ in it                   [Be quick.]  
    Or I'll ~marrow~ you this minute                   [Hit you.]  
If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one  
Till the longest day was done;  
An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.

If we charged or broke or cut,  
You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.  
With 'is ~mussick~ on 'is back,  
'E would skip with our attack,  
An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire",  
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide  
'E was white, clear white, inside  
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

[Water-skin.]

It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.  
When the cartridges ran out,  
You could hear the front-files shout,  
"Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

I shan't forgit the night  
When I dropped be'ind the fight  
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.  
I was chokin' mad with thirst,  
An' the man that spied me first  
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.  
'E lifted up my 'ead,  
An' he plugged me where I bled,  
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:  
It was crawlin' and it stunk,  
But of all the drinks I've drunk,  
I'm gratefulest to one from Gunga Din.

It was "Din! Din! Din!"  
'Ere's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;  
'E's chawin' up the ground,  
An' 'e's kickin' all around:  
For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!"

'E carried me away  
To where a dooli lay,  
An' a bullet come an' drilled the beggar clean.  
'E put me safe inside,  
An' just before 'e died,  
"I 'ope you liked your drink", sez Gunga Din.  
So I'll meet 'im later on  
At the place where 'e is gone --  
Where it's always double drill and no canteen;

'E'll be squattin' on the coals  
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!  
    Yes, Din! Din! Din!  
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!  
    Though I've belted you and flayed you,  
    By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

Rudyard Kipling

# Gypsy Vans

Unless you come of the gipsy stock  
That steals by night and day,  
Lock your heart with a double lock  
And throw the key away.  
Bury it under the blackest stone  
Beneath your father's hearth,  
And keep your eyes on your lawful own  
And your feet to the proper path.  
*Then you can stand at your door and mock  
When the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't right that the Gorgio stock  
Should live as the Romany do.*

Unless you come of the gipsy blood  
That takes and never spares,  
Bide content with your given good  
And follow your own affairs.  
Plough and harrow and roll your land,  
And sow what ought to be sowed;  
But never let loose your heart from your hand,  
Nor flitter it down the road!  
*Then you can thrive on your boughten food  
As the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't nature the Gorgio blood  
Should love as the Romany do.*

Unless you carry the gipsy eyes  
That see but seldom weep,  
Keep your head from the naked skies  
Or the stars'll trouble your sleep.  
Watch your moon through your window-pane  
And take what weather she brews;  
But don't run out in the midnight rain  
Nor home in the morning dews.  
*Then you can buddle and shut your eyes  
As the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't fitting the Gorgio ryes  
Should walk as the Romany do.*

Unless you come of the gipsy race  
That counts all time the same,  
Be you careful of Time and Place  
And Judgment and Good Name:  
Lose your life for to live your life  
The way that you ought to do;  
And when you are finished, your God and your wife  
And the Gipsies'll laugh at you!  
<i> Then you can rot in your burying place  
As the gipsy vans come through...  
For it isn't reason the Gorgio race  
Should die as the Romany do.</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# Hadramauti

Who knows the heart of the Christian? How does he reason?  
What are his measures and balances? Which is his season  
For laughter, forbearance or bloodshed, and what devils move him  
When he arises to smite us? I do not love him.  
He invites the derision of strangers—he enters all places.  
Booted, bareheaded he enters. With shouts and embraces  
He asks of us news of the household whom we reckon nameless.  
Certainly Allah created him forty-fold shameless!

So it is not in the Desert. One came to me weeping—  
The Avenger of Blood on his track—I took him in keeping.  
Demanding not whom he had slain, I refreshed him, I fed him  
As he were even a brother. But Eblis had bred him.

He was the son of an ape, ill at ease in his clothing.  
He talked with his head, hands and feet. I endured him with loathing.  
Whatever his spirit conceived his countenance showed it  
As a frog shows in a mud-puddle. Yet I abode it!

I fingered my beard and was dumb, in silence confronting him.  
His soul was too shallow for silence, e'en with Death hunting him.  
I said: "'Tis his weariness speaks," but, when he had rested,  
He chirped in my face like some sparrow, and, presently, jested!

Wherefore slew I that stranger? He brought me dishonour.  
I saddled my mare, Bijli, I set him upon her.  
I gave him rice and goat's flesh. He bared me to laughter.  
When he was gone from my tent, swift I followed after,  
Taking my sword in my hand. The hot wine had filled him.  
Under the stars he mocked me—therefore I killed him!

Rudyard Kipling

# Half-Ballad Of Waterval

*(Non-commissioned Officers in Charge of Prisoners)*

When by the labor of my 'ands  
I've 'elped to pack a transport tight  
With prisoners for foreign lands,  
I ain't transported with delight.  
I know it's only just an' right,  
But yet it somehow sickens me,  
For I 'ave learned at Waterval  
The meanin' of captivity.

Be'ind the pegged barb-wire strands,  
Beneath the tall electric light,  
We used to walk in bare-'ead bands,  
Explainin' 'ow we lost our fight;  
An' that is what they'll do to-night  
Upon the steamer out at sea,  
If I 'ave learned at Waterval  
The meanin' of captivity.

They'll never know the shame that brands--  
Black shame no livin' down makes white--  
The mockin' from the sentry-stands,  
The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.  
We are too bloomin'-much polite,  
But that is 'ow I'd 'ave us be . . .  
Since I 'ave learned at Waterval  
The meanin' of captivity.

They'll get those draggin' days all right,  
Spent as a foreigner commands,  
An' 'orror of the locked-up night,  
With 'Ell's own thinkin' on their 'ands.  
I'd give the gold o' twenty Rands  
(If it was mine) to set 'em free  
For I 'ave learned at Waterval  
The meanin' of captivity!



# Harp Song Of The Dane Women

What is a woman that you forsake her,  
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre.  
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

She has no house to lay a guest in  
But one chill bed for all to rest in,  
That the pale suns and the stray bergs nest in.

She has no strong white arms to fold you,  
But the ten-times-fingering weed to hold you  
Out on the rocks where the tide has rolled you.

Yet, when the signs of summer thicken,  
And the ice breaks, and the birch-buds quicken,  
Yearly you turn from our side, and sicken- -

Sicken again for the shouts and the slaughters.  
You steal away to the lapping waters,  
And look at your ship in her winter-quarters.

You forget our mirth, and talk at the tables,  
The kine in the shed and the horse in the stables  
To pitch her sides and go over her cables.

Then you drive out where the storm-clouds swallow,  
And the sound of your oar-blades, falling hollow,  
Is all we have left through the months to follow.

Ah, what is Woman that you forsake her,  
And the hearth-fire and the home-acre,  
To go with the old grey Widow-maker?

Rudyard Kipling

# Helen All Alone

There was darkness under Heaven  
For an hour's space--  
Darkness that we knew was given  
Us for special grace.  
Sun and noon and stars were hid,  
God had left His Throne,  
When Helen came to me, she did,  
Helen all alone!

Side by side (because our fate  
Damned us ere our birth)  
We stole out of Limbo Gate  
Looking for the Earth.  
Hand in pulling hand amid  
Fear no dreams have known,  
Helen ran with me, she did,  
Helen all alone!

When the Horror passing speech  
Hunted us along,  
Each laid hold on each, and each  
Found the other strong.  
In the teeth of Things forbid  
And Reason overthrown,  
Helen stood by me, she did,  
Helen all alone!

When, at last, we heard those Fires  
Dull and die away,  
When, at last, our linked desires  
Dragged us up to day;  
When, at last, our souls were rid  
Of what that Night had shown,  
Helen passed from me, she did,  
Helen all alone!

Let her go and find a mate,  
As I will find a bride,  
Knowing naught of Limbo Gate

Or Who are penned inside.  
There is knowledge God forbid  
More than one should own.  
So Helen went from me, she did,  
Oh, my soul, be glad she did!  
Helen all alone!

Rudyard Kipling

# Heriot's Ford

"What's that that hircles at my side?"

*<i>The foe that you must fight, my lord.</i>*

"That rides as fast as I can ride?"

*<i>The shadow of your might, my lord.</i>*

"Then wheel my horse against the foe!"

*<i>He's down and overpast, my lord.</i>*

You war against the sunset-glow,

*<i>The judgment follows fast, my lord!</i>*

"Oh, who will stay the sun's descent?"

*<i>King Joshua he is dead, my lord.</i>*

"I need an hour to repent!"

'Tis what our sister said, my lord.

"Oh, do not slay me in my sins!"

*<i>You're safe awhile with us, my lord.</i>*

"Nay, kill me ere my fear begins!"

*<i>We would not serve you thus, my lord.</i>*

"Where is the doom that I must face?"

*<i>Three little leagues away, my lord.</i>*

"Then mend the horses' laggard pace!"

*<i>We need them for next day, my lord.</i>*

"Next day--next day! Unloose my cords!"

*<i>Our sister needed none, my lord.</i>*

*<i>You had no mind to face our swords,</i>*

*<i>And--where can cowards run, my lord?</i>*

"You would not kill the soul alive?"

*<i>'Twas thus our sister cried, my lord.</i>*

"I dare not die with none to shrive."

*<i>But so our sister died, my lord.</i>*

"Then wipe the sweat from brow and cheek."

*<i>It runnels forth afresh, my lord.</i>*

"Uphold me--for the flesh is weak."

*<i>You've finished with the Flesh, my lord!</i>*

Rudyard Kipling

# His Apologies

Master, this is Thy Servant. He is rising eight weeks old.  
He is mainly Head and Tummy. His legs are uncontrolled.  
But Thou hast forgiven his ugliness, and settled him on Thy knee . . .  
Art Thou content with Thy Servant? He is  
very  
comfy with Thee.

Master, behold a Sinner? He hath committed a wrong.  
He hath defiled Thy Premises through being kept in too long.  
Wherefore his nose has been rubbed in the dirt, and his self-respect has been  
bruised.  
Master, pardon Thy Sinner, and see he is properly looséd.

Master - again Thy Sinner! This that was once Thy Shoe,  
He hath found and taken and carried aside, as fitting matter to chew.  
Now there is neither blacking nor tongue, and the Housemaid has us in tow.  
Master, remember Thy Servant is young, and tell her to let him go!

Master, extol Thy Servant! He hath met a most Worthy Foe!  
There has been fighting all over the Shop - and into the Shop also!  
Till cruel umbrellas parted the strife (or I might have been choking him yet).  
But Thy Servant has had the Time of his Life - and now shall we call on the vet?

Master, behold Thy Servant! Strange children came to play,  
And because they fought to caress him, Thy Servant wentedst away.  
But now that the Little Beasts have gone, he has returned to see  
(Brushed - with his Sunday collar on) what they left over from tea.

Master, pity Thy Servant! He is deaf and three parts blind,  
He cannot catch Thy Commandments. He cannot read Thy Mind.  
Oh, leave him not in his loneliness; nor make him that kitten's scorn.  
He hath had none other God than Thee since the year that he was born!

Lord, look down on Thy Servant! Bad things have come to pass,  
There is no heat in the midday sun, nor health in the wayside grass.  
His bones are full of an old disease - his torments run and increase.  
Lord, make haste with Thy Lightnings and grant him a, quick release!



## His Wedded Wife

Cry "Murder" in the market-place, and each  
Will turn upon his neighbour anxious eyes  
Asking: "Art thou the man?" We hunted Cain  
Some centuries ago across the world.  
This bred the fear our own misdeeds maintain  
To-day.

Rudyard Kipling

## How Fear Came

The stream is shrunk--the pool is dry,  
And we be comrades, thou and I;  
With fevered jowl and dusty flank  
Each jostling each along the bank;  
And, by one drouthy fear made still,  
Forgoing thought of quest or kill.  
Now 'neath his dam the fawn may see,  
The lean Pack-Wolf as cowed as he,  
And the tall buck, unflinching, note  
The fangs that tore his father's throat.  
The pools are shrunk--<i>the streams are dry,  
And we be playmates, thou and I,  
Till yonder cloud--Good Hunting!--Loose  
The rain that breaks our Water Truce.</i>

Rudyard Kipling

## How It All Began

So we settled it all when the storm was done  
As comfy as comfy could be;  
And I was to wait in the barn, my dears,  
Because I was only three.  
And Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot  
Because he was five and a man--  
And that's how it all began, my dears,  
And that's how it all began!

Rudyard Kipling

# How The Camel Got His Hump

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump  
Which well you may see at the Zoo;  
But uglier yet is the hump we get  
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,  
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,  
We get the hump--  
Cameelious hump--  
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,  
And a snarly-yarly voice.  
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl  
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me  
(And I know' there is one for you)  
When we get the hump--  
Cameelious hump--  
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
Or frowst with a book by the fire;  
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,  
And the Djinn of the Garden too,  
Have lifted the hump--  
The horrible hump--  
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo--  
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo!  
We all get hump--  
Cameelious hump--  
Kiddies and grown-ups too!



# How The Leopard Got His Spots

I am the Most Wise Baviaan, saying in Most wise tones,  
"Let us melt into the landscape -- just us two by our lones."  
People have come -- in a carriage -- calling. But Mummy is  
there. . . .

Yes, I can go if you take me--Nurse says she don't care.  
Let's go up to the pig-styes and sit on the farmyard rails!  
Let's say things to the bunnies, and watch 'em skitter their tails!  
Let's'-oh, anything, daddy, so long as it's you and me,  
And going truly exploring, and not being in till tea!  
Here's your boots (I've brought 'em), and here's your cap and stick,  
And here's your pipe and tobacco. Oh, come along out of it -- quick!

Rudyard Kipling

# How The Rhinoceros Got His Skin

This Uninhabited Island  
Is near Cape Gardafui;  
But it's hot--too hot--of Suez  
For the likes of you and me  
Ever to go in a P. & O.  
To call on the Cake Parsee.

Rudyard Kipling

# How The Whale Got His Throat

When the cabin port-holes are dark and green  
Because of the seas outside  
When the ship goes wop (with a wiggle between)  
And steward falls into the soup-tureen,  
And trunks begin to slide;  
When Nursey lies on the floor in a heap,  
And Mummy tells you to let her sleep,  
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed,  
Why, then you will know (if you haven't guessed)  
You're "Fifty North and Forty West!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Hunting Song Of The Seeonee Pack

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled  
Once, twice, and again!  
And a doe leaped up -- and a doe leaped up  
From the pond in the wood where the wild deer sup.  
This I, scouting alone, beheld,  
Once, twice, and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Sambhur belled  
Once, twice, and again!  
And a wolf stole back -- and a wolf stole back  
To carry the word to the waiting Pack;  
And we sought and we found and we bayed on his track  
Once, twice, and again!

As the dawn was breaking the Wolf-pack yelled  
Once, twice, and again!  
Feet in the jungle that leave no mark!  
Eyes that can see in the dark -- the dark!  
Tongue -- give tongue to it! Hark! O Hark!  
Once, twice, and again!

His spots are the joy of the Leopard: his horns are the Buffalo's pride --  
Be clean, for the strength of the hunter is known by the gloss of his hide.

If ye find that the Bullock can toss you, or the heavy-browed Sambhur can gore;  
Ye need not stop work to inform us; we knew it ten seasons before.

Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as Sister and Brother,  
For though they are little and fubsy, it may be the Bear is their mother.

"There is none like to me!" says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;  
But the Jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

Rudyard Kipling

## Hymn Before Action

The earth is full of anger,  
The seas are dark with wrath,  
The Nations in their harness  
Go up against our path:  
Ere yet we loose the legions --  
Ere yet we draw the blade,  
Jehovah of the Thunders,  
Lord God of Battles, aid!

High lust and froward bearing,  
Proud heart, rebellious brow --  
Deaf ear and soul uncaring,  
We seek Thy mercy now!  
The sinner that forswore Thee,  
The fool that passed Thee by,  
Our times are known before Thee --  
Lord, grant us strength to die!

For those who kneel beside us  
At altars not Thine own,  
Who lack the lights that guide us,  
Lord, let their faith atone.  
If wrong we did to call them,  
By honour bound they came;  
Let not Thy Wrath befall them,  
But deal to us the blame.

From panic, pride, and terror,  
Revenge that knows no rein,  
Light haste and lawless error,  
Protect us yet again.  
Cloak Thou our undeserving,  
Make firm the shuddering breath,  
In silence and unswerving  
To taste Thy lesser death!

Ah, Mary pierced with sorrow,  
Remember, reach and save  
The soul that comes to-morrow

Before the God that gave!  
Since each was born of woman,  
For each at utter need --  
True comrade and true foeman --  
Madonna, intercede!

E'en now their vanguard gathers,  
E'en now we face the fray --  
As Thou didst help our fathers,  
Help Thou our host to-day!  
Fulfilled of signs and wonders,  
In life, in death made clear --  
Jehovah of the Thunders,  
Lord God of Battles, hear!

Rudyard Kipling

# Hymn of Breaking Strain

THE careful text-books measure  
(Let all who build beware!)  
The load, the shock, the pressure  
Material can bear.  
So, when the buckled girder  
Lets down the grinding span,  
'The blame of loss, or murder,  
Is laid upon the man.  
Not on the Stuff - the Man!

But in our daily dealing  
With stone and steel, we find

The Gods have no such feeling  
Of justice toward mankind.  
To no set gauge they make us-  
For no laid course prepare-  
And presently o'ertake us  
With loads we cannot bear:  
Too merciless to bear.

The prudent text-books give it  
In tables at the end  
'The stress that shears a rivet  
Or makes a tie-bar bend-  
'What traffic wrecks macadam-  
What concrete should endure-  
but we, poor Sons of Adam  
Have no such literature,  
To warn us or make sure!

We hold all Earth to plunder -  
All Time and Space as well-  
Too wonder-stale to wonder  
At each new miracle;  
Till, in the mid-illusion  
Of Godhead 'neath our hand,  
Falls multiple confusion  
On all we did or planned-

The mighty works we planned.

We only of Creation  
(Oh, luckier bridge and rail)  
Abide the twin damnation-  
To fail and know we fail.  
Yet we - by which sole token  
We know we once were Gods-  
Take shame in being broken  
However great the odds-  
The burden of the Odds.

Oh, veiled and secret Power  
Whose paths we seek in vain,  
Be with us in our hour  
Of overthrow and pain;  
That we - by which sure token  
We know Thy ways are true -  
In spite of being broken,  
Because of being broken  
May rise and build anew  
Stand up and build anew.

Rudyard Kipling

# Hymn To Physical Pain

Dread Mother of Forgetfulness  
Who, when Thy reign begins,  
Wipest away the Soul's distress,  
And memory of her sins.

The trusty Worm that dieth not--  
The steadfast Fire also,  
By Thy contrivance are forgot  
In a completer woe.

Thine are the lidless eyes of night  
That stare upon our tears,  
Through certain hours which in our sight  
Exceed a thousand years:

Thine is the thickness of the Dark  
That presses in our pain,  
As Thine the Dawn that bids us mark  
Life's grinning face again.

Thine is the weariness outworn  
No promise shall relieve,  
That says at eve, "Would God 'twere morn"  
At morn, "Would God 'twere eve!"

And when Thy tender mercies cease  
And life unvexed is due,  
Instant upon the false release  
The Worm and Fire renew.

Wherefore we praise Thee in the deep,  
And on our beds we pray  
For Thy return that Thou may'st keep  
The Pains of Hell at bay!

Rudyard Kipling

# I Keep Six Honest...

I keep six honest serving-men  
(They taught me all I knew);  
Their names are What and Why and When  
And How and Where and Who.  
I send them over land and sea,  
I send them east and west;  
But after they have worked for me,  
I give them all a rest.

I let them rest from nine till five,  
For I am busy then,  
As well as breakfast, lunch, and tea,  
For they are hungry men.  
But different folk have different views;  
I know a person small-  
She keeps ten million serving-men,  
Who get no rest at all!

She sends'em abroad on her own affairs,  
From the second she opens her eyes-  
One million Hows, two million Wheres,  
And seven million Whys!

Rudyard Kipling

# If

If you can keep your head when all about you  
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;  
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,  
But make allowance for their doubting too:  
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;

If you can dream- -and not make dreams your master;  
If you can think- -and not make thoughts your aim,  
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
And treat those two impostors just the same:.  
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
And stoop and build'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,  
And lose, and start again at your beginnings,  
And never breathe a word about your loss:  
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
Except the Will which says to them: 'Hold on! '

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
Or walk with Kings- -nor lose the common touch,  
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
If all men count with you, but none too much:  
If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
And- -which is more- -you'll be a Man, my son!

Rudyard Kipling

# In Error

They burnt a corpse upon the sand--  
The light shone out afar;  
It guided home the plunging dhows  
That beat from Zanzibar.  
Spirit of Fire, where'er Thy altars rise,  
Thou art the Light of Guidance to our eyes!

Rudyard Kipling

## In Springtime

My garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush and the peach,  
And the *koil* sings above it, in the *siris* by the well,  
From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's chattering speech,  
And the blue jay screams and flutters where the cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.  
But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *koil's* note is strange;  
I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened bough.  
Give me back the leafless woodlands where the winds of Springtime range --  
Give me back one day in England, for it's Spring in England now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the brown fields blowing chill,  
From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the fragrance of the loam,  
And the hawk nests on the cliffside and the jackdaw in the hill,  
And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds of Home.  
But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of rose and peach is,  
Ah! *koil,* little *koil,* singing on the *siris* bough,  
In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless bell like speech is --  
Can you tell me aught of England or of Spring in England now?

Rudyard Kipling

# In The House Of Suddhoo

A stone's throw out on either hand  
From that well-ordered road we tread,  
And all the world is wild and strange;  
Churel and ghoul and Djinn and sprite  
Shall bear us company to-night,  
For we have reached the Oldest Land  
Wherein the powers of Darkness range.

Rudyard Kipling

# In The Matter Of One Compass

When, foot to wheel and back to wind,  
The helmsman dare not look behind,  
But hears beyond his compass-light,  
The blind bow thunder through the night,  
And, like a harpstring ere it snaps,  
The rigging sing beneath the caps;  
Above the shriek of storm in sail  
Or rattle of the blocks blown free,  
Set for the peace beyond the gale,  
This song the Needle sings the Sea;

*Oh, drunken Wave! Oh, driving Cloud!  
Rage of the Deep and sterile Rain,  
By love upheld, by God allowed,  
We go, but we return again!*

When leagued about the 'wildered boat  
The rainbow Jellies fill and float,  
And, lilted where the laver lingers,  
The Starfish trips on all her fingers;  
Where, 'neath his myriad spines ashock,  
The Sea-egg ripples down the rock,  
An orange wonder dimly guessed  
From darkness where the Cuttles rest,  
Moored o'er the darker deeps that hide  
The blind white Sea-snake and his bride,  
Who, drowsing, nose the long-lost Ships  
Let down through darkness to their lips --  
Safe-swung above the glassy death,  
Hear what the constant Needle saith:

*Oh, lipping Reef! Oh, listless Cloud,  
In slumber on a pulseless main!  
By Love upheld, by God allowed,  
We go, but we return again!*

E'en so through Tropic and through Trade,  
Awed by the shadow of new skies,  
As we shall watch old planets fade

And mark the stranger stars arise,  
So, surely, back through Sun and Cloud,  
So, surely, from the outward main  
By Love recalled, by God allowed,  
Shall we return -- return again!  
Yea, we return -- return again!

Rudyard Kipling

# In The Neolithic Age

In the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage  
For food and fame and woolly horses' pelt;  
I was singer to my clan in that dim, red Dawn of Man,  
And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.

Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Prehistoric spring  
Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove;  
And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and the Gods of Cliff and Berg  
Were about me and beneath me and above.

But a rival, of Solutr]/e, told the tribe my style was ~outr]/e~ --  
'Neath a tomahawk of diorite he fell.  
And I left my views on Art, barbed and tanged, below the heart  
Of a mammothistic etcher at Grenelle.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my hunting dogs fed full,  
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong;  
And I wiped my mouth and said, "It is well that they are dead,  
For I know my work is right and theirs was wrong."

But my Totem saw the shame; from his ridgepole shrine he came,  
And he told me in a vision of the night: --  
"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And every single one of them is right!"

. . . . .

Then the silence closed upon me till They put new clothing on me  
Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more frail;  
And I stepped beneath Time's finger, once again a tribal singer  
[And a minor poet certified by Tr--II].

Still they skirmish to and fro, men my messmates on the snow,  
When we headed off the aurochs turn for turn;  
When the rich Allobrogenses never kept amanuenses,  
And our only plots were piled in lakes at Berne.

Still a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeak, and rage,  
Still we pinch and slap and jabber, scratch and dirk;

Still we let our business slide -- as we dropped the half-dressed hide --  
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

Still the world is wondrous large, -- seven seas from marge to marge, --  
And it holds a vast of various kinds of man;  
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu,  
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the moose  
And the reindeer roared where Paris roars to-night: --  
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,  
And -- every -- single -- one -- of -- them -- is -- right!

Rudyard Kipling

# James I

*1603-25*

The child of Mary Queen of Scots,  
A shifty mother's shiftless son,  
Bred up among intrigues and plots,  
Learned in all things, wise in none.  
Ungainly, babbling, wasteful, weak,  
Shrewd, clever, cowardly, pedantic,  
The sight of steel would blanch his cheek,  
The smell of baccy drive him frantic.  
He was the author of his line--  
He wrote that witches should be burnt;  
He wrote that monarchs were divine,  
And left a son who--proved they weren't!

Rudyard Kipling

# Jane's Marriage

Jane went to Paradise:  
That was only fair.  
Good Sir Walter followed her,  
And armed her up the stair.  
Henry and Tobias,  
And Miguel of Spain,  
Stood with Shakespeare at the top  
To welcome Jane--

Then the Three Archangels  
Offered out of hand  
Anything in Heaven's gift  
That she might command.  
Azrael's eyes upon her,  
Raphael's wings above,  
Michael's sword against her heart,  
Jane said: "Love."

Instantly the under-  
Standing Seraphim  
Laid their fingers on their lips  
And went to look for him.  
Stole across the Zodiac,  
Harnessed Charles's Wain,  
And whispered round the Nebulae  
"Who loved Jane?"

In a private limbo  
Where none had thought to look,  
Sat a Hampshire gentleman  
Reading of a book.  
It was called Persuasion  
And it told the plain  
Story of the love between  
Him and Jane.

He heard the question,  
Circle Heaven through--  
Closed the book and answered:

"I did -- and do!"  
Quietly but speedily  
(As Captain Wentworth moved)  
Entered into Paradise  
The man Jane loved!

*Jane lies in Winchester, blessed be her shade!  
Praise the Lord for making her, and her for all she made.  
And while the stones of Winchester--or Milson Street--remain,  
Glory, Love, and Honour unto England's Jane!*

Rudyard Kipling

# Jubal And Tubal Cain

<i>Canadian</i>

Jubal sang of the Wrath of God  
And the curse of thistle and thorn--  
But Tubal got him a pointed rod,  
And scrabbled the earth for corn.  
Old--old as that early mould,  
Young as the sprouting grain--  
Yearly green is the strife between  
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the new-found sea,  
And the love that its waves divide--  
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree  
And passed to the further side.  
Black-black as the hurricane-wrack,  
Salt as the under-main-  
Bitter and cold is the hate they hold--  
Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years  
Uhen wars and wounds shall cease--  
But Tubal fashioned the hand-flung spears  
And showed his neighbours peace  
New--new as Nine-point-Two  
Older than Lamech's slain--  
Roaring and loud is the feud avowed  
Twix" Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar  
And the peaks that none may crown--  
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar  
And there he builded a town.  
High-high as the snowsheds lie,  
Low as the culverts drain--  
Wherever they be they can never agree--  
Jubal and Tubal Cain!



# Justice

October, 1918

Across a world where all men grieve  
And grieving strive the more,  
The great days range like tides and leave  
Our dead on every shore.  
Heavy the load we undergo,  
And our own hands prepare,  
If we have parley with the foe,  
The load our sons must bear.&lt;/i&gt;

Before we loose the word  
That bids new worlds to birth,  
Needs must we loosen first the sword  
Of Justice upon earth;  
Or else all else is vain  
Since life on earth began,  
And the spent world sinks back again  
Hopeless of God and Man.

A People and their King  
Through ancient sin grown strong,  
Because they feared no reckoning  
Would set no bound to wrong;  
But now their hour is past,  
And we who bore it find  
Evil Incarnate hell at last  
To answer to mankind.

For agony and spoil  
Of nations beat to dust,  
For poisoned air and tortured soil  
And cold, commanded lust,  
And every secret woe  
The shuddering waters saw.  
Willed and fulfilled by high and low.  
Let them relearn the Low.

That when the dooms are read,  
Not high nor low shall say:-  
' My haughty or my humble head  
Was saved me in this day.'  
That, till the end of time,  
Their remnant shall recall  
Their fathers old, confederate crime  
Availed them not at all.

That neither schools nor priests,  
Nor Kings may build again  
A people with the heart of beasts  
Made wise concerning men.  
Whereby our dead shall sleep  
In honour, unbetrayed,  
And we in faith and honour keep  
That peace for which they paid.

Rudyard Kipling

## Kaa's Hunting

His spots are the joy of the Leopard: his horns are the Buffalo's pride.  
Be clean, for the strength of the hunter is known by the gloss of his hide.  
If ye find that the bullock can toss you, or the heavy-browed Sambhur can gore;  
Ye need not stop work to inform us: we knew it ten seasons before.  
Oppress not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as Sister and Brother,  
For though they are little and fussy, it may be the Bear is their mother.  
'There is none like to me !' says the Cub in the pride of his earliest kill;  
But the jungle is large and the Cub he is small. Let him think and be still.

Rudyard Kipling

# Kim

Unto whose use the pregnant suns are poised,  
With idiot moons and stars retracting stars?  
Creep thou between -- thy coming's all unnoised.  
Heaven hath her high, as Earth her baser, wars.  
Heir to these tumults, this affright, that fray  
(By Adam's, fathers', own, sin bound alway);  
Peer up, draw out thy horoscope and say  
Which planet mends thy threadbare fate, or mars.

Rudyard Kipling

# Kitchener's School

*Being a translation of the song that was made by a Mohammedan schoolmaster of Bengal Infantry (some time on service at Suakim) when he heard that Kitchener was taking money from the English to build a Madrissa for Hubshees -- or a college for the Sudanese.*

Oh Hubshee, carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast!  
This is the message of Kitchener who did not break you in jest.  
It was permitted to him to fulfil the long-appointed years;  
Reaching the end ordained of old over your dead Emirs.

He stamped only before your walls, and the Tomb ye knew was dust:  
He gathered up under his armpits all the swords of your trust:  
He set a guard on your granaries, securing the weak from the strong:  
He said: -- "Go work the waterwheels that were abolished so long."

He said: -- "Go safely, being abased. I have accomplished my vow."  
That was the mercy of Kitchener. Cometh his madness now!  
He does not desire as ye desire, nor devise as ye devise:  
He is preparing a second host -- an army to make you wise.

Not at the mouth of his clean-lipped guns shall ye learn his name again,  
But letter by letter, from Kaf to Kaf, at the mouths of his chosen men.  
He has gone back to his own city, not seeking presents or bribes,  
But openly asking the English for money to buy you Hakims and scribes.

Knowing that ye are forfeit by battle and have no right to live,  
He begs for money to bring you learning -- and all the English give.  
It is their treasure -- it is their pleasure -- thus are their hearts inclined:  
For Allah created the English mad -- the maddest of all mankind!

They do not consider the Meaning of Things; they consult not creed nor clan.  
Behold, they clap the slave on the back, and behold, he ariseth a man!  
They terribly carpet the earth with dead, and before their cannon cool,  
They walk unarmed by twos and threes to call the living to school.

How is this reason (which is their reason) to judge a scholar's worth,  
By casting a ball at three straight sticks and defending the same with a fourth?  
But this they do (which is doubtless a spell) and other matters more strange,

Until, by the operation of years, the hearts of their scholars change:

Till these make come and go great boats or engines upon the rail  
(But always the English watch near by to prop them when they fail);  
Till these make laws of their own choice and Judges of their  
And all the mad English obey the Judges and say that that Law is good.

Certainly they were mad from of old; but I think one new thing,  
That the magic whereby they work their magic -- wherefrom their fortunes spring  
--

May be that they show all peoples their magic and ask no price in return.  
Wherefore, since ye are bond to that magic, O Hubshee, make haste and learn!

Certainly also is Kitchener mad. But one sure thing I know --  
If he who broke you be minded to teach you, to his Madrissa go!  
Go, and carry your shoes in your hand and bow your head on your breast,  
For he who did not slay you in sport, he will not teach you in jest.

Rudyard Kipling

# La Nuit Blanche

*A much-discerning Public hold  
The Singer generally sings  
And prints and sells his past for gold.*

*Whatever I may here disclaim,  
The very clever folk I sing to  
Will most indubitably cling to  
Their pet delusion, just the same.*

*I had seen, as the dawn was breaking  
And I staggered to my rest,  
Tari Devi softly shaking  
From the Cart Road to the crest.  
I had seen the spurs of Jakko  
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.  
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom, or Night of Drink?*

*In the full, fresh fragrant morning  
I observed a camel crawl,  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
On the ceiling and the wall;  
Then I watched a fender walking,  
And I heard grey leeches sing,  
And a red-hot monkey talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.*

*Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,  
Ran about the floor and cried,  
And they said that I had the "jims" on,  
And they dosed me with bromide,  
And they locked me in my bedroom --  
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse --  
Though I said: "To give my head room  
You had best unroof the house."*

*But my words were all unheeded,  
Though I told the grave M.D.*

That the treatment really needed  
Was a dip in open sea  
That was lapping just below me,  
Smooth as silver, white as snow,  
And it took three men to throw me  
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens  
Fizz like '81 champagne --  
Fly to sixes and to sevens,  
Wheel and thunder back again;  
And when all was peace and order  
Save one planet nailed askew,  
Much I wept because my warder  
Would not let me sit it true.

After frenzied hours of wating,  
When the Earth and Skies were dumb,  
Pealed an awful voice dictating  
An interminable sum,  
Changing to a tangle story --  
"What she said you said I said" --  
Till the Moon arose in glory,  
And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,  
And It couldn't wipe its eyes,  
And It muttered I was keeping  
Back the moonlight from the skies;  
So I patted it for pity,  
But it whistled shrill with wrath,  
And a huge black Devil City  
Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
On a thousand-year long race,  
But the bellying of the curtain  
Kept me always in one place;  
While the tumult rose and maddened  
To the roar of Earth on fire,  
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened  
To a whisper tense as wire.

In tolerable stillness  
Rose one little, little star,  
And it chuckled at my illness,  
And it mocked me from afar;  
And its brethren came and eyed me,  
Called the Universe to aid,  
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,  
'Neath' the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,  
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,  
And I knew my pains were ended,  
And I turned and tried to pray;  
But my speech was shattered wholly,  
And I wept as children weep.  
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,  
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

Rudyard Kipling

# Lady Geraldine's Hardship

*E.B. Browning*

I turned -- Heaven knows we women turn too much  
To broken reeds, mistaken so for pine  
That shame forbids confession -- a handle I turned  
(The wrong one, said the agent afterwards)  
And so flung clean across your English street  
Through the shrill-tinkling glass of the shop-front-paused,  
Artemis mazed 'mid gauds to catch a man,  
And piteous baby-caps and christening-gowns,  
The worse for being worn on the radiator.

. . . . .

My cousin Romney judged me from the bench:  
Propounding one sleek forty-shillinged law  
That takes no count of the Woman's oversoul.  
I should have entered, purred he, by the door --  
The man's retort -- the open obvious door --  
And since I chose not, he -- not he -- could change  
The man's rule, not the Woman's, for the case.  
Ten pounds or seven days... Just that... I paid!

Rudyard Kipling

# Late Came The God

Late came the God, having sent his forerunners who were  
not regarded--

Late, but in wrath;

Saying: "The wrong shall be paid, the contempt be rewarded  
On all that she hath."

He poisoned the blade and struck home, the full bosom receiving  
The wound and the venom in one, past cure or relieving.

He made treaty with Time to stand still that the grief might  
be fresh--

Daily renewed and nightly pursued through her soul to her  
flesh--

Mornings of memory, noontides of agony, midnights unslaked  
for her,

Till the stones of the streets of her Hells and her Paradise ached  
for her.

So she lived while her body corrupted upon her.

And she called on the Night for a sign, and a Sign was allowed,  
And she builded an Altar and served by the light of her Vision--

Alone, without hope of regard or reward, but uncowed,  
Resolute, selfless, divine.

These things she did in Love's honour...

What is a God beside Woman? Dust and derision!

Rudyard Kipling

# L'Envoi

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,  
And the ricks stand gray to the sun,  
Singing: -- "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the clover,  
And your English summer's done."

You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,  
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;  
You have heard the song -- how long! how long?  
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,  
We've seen the seasons through,  
And it's time to turn on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun,  
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;  
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,  
Or West to the Golden Gate;  
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,  
And the wildest tales are true,  
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
And life runs large on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are gray and old,  
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;  
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll  
Of a black Bilbao tramp;  
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,  
And a drunken Dago crew,  
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail  
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,  
Or the way of a man with a maid;  
But the fairest way to me is a ship's upon the sea  
In the heel of the North-East Trade.  
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,  
And the drum of the racing screw,  
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,

As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail --  
the trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,  
And the fenders grind and heave,  
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the crate,  
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;  
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,  
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"  
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
We're backing down on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,  
And the sirens hoot their dread!  
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep  
To the sob of the questing lead!  
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,  
With the Gunfleet Sands in view,  
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail,  
our own trail, the out trail,  
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail --  
the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light  
That holds the hot sky tame,  
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powdered floors  
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!  
Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear lass,  
And her ropes are taut with the dew,  
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
We're sagging south on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,  
And the shouting seas drive by,  
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,  
And the Southern Cross rides high!  
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,  
That blaze in the velvet blue.  
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail --  
the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start --  
We're steaming all-too slow,  
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle  
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind,  
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;  
You have heard the song -- how long! how long?  
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,  
And The Deuce knows what we may do --  
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

Rudyard Kipling

## L'Envoi To "Life's Handicap"

My new-cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson-blank the windows flare;  
By my own work, before the night,  
Great Overseer I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought,  
Thy hand compelled it, Master, Thine;  
Where I have failed to meet Thy thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame is mine.

One instant's toil to Thee denied  
Stands all Eternity's offence,  
Of that I did with Thee to guide  
To Thee, through Thee, be excellence.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain,  
Godlike to muse o'er his own trade  
And Manlike stand with God again.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay!

One stone the more swings to her place  
In that dread Temple of Thy Worth --  
It is enough that through Thy grace  
I saw naught common on Thy earth.

Take not that vision from my ken;  
Oh whatso'er may spoil or speed,  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need!

Rudyard Kipling

# Letting In The Jungle

Veil them, cover them, wall them round--  
Blossom, and creeper, and weed--  
Let us forget the sight and the sound,  
The smell and the touch of the breed!  
Fat black ash by the altar-stone,  
Here is the white-foot rain  
And the does bring forth in the fields unsown,  
And none shall affright them again;  
And the blind walls crumble, unknown, o'erthrown,  
And none shall inhabit again!

Rudyard Kipling

# Lichtenberg

*(New South Wales Contingent)*

Smells are surer than sounds or sights  
To make your heart-strings crack--  
They start those awful voices o' nights  
That whisper, " Old man, come back! "  
That must be why the big things pass  
And the little things remain,  
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,  
Riding in, in the rain.

There was some silly fire on the flank  
And the small wet drizzling down--  
There were the sold-out shops and the bank  
And the wet, wide-open town;  
And we were doing escort-duty  
To somebody's baggage-train,  
And I smelt wattle by Lichtenberg--  
Riding in, in the rain.

It was all Australia to me--  
All I had found or missed:  
Every face I was crazy to see,  
And every woman I'd kissed:  
All that I should n't ha' done, God knows!  
(As He knows I'll do it again),  
That smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,  
Riding in, in the rain!

And I saw Sydney the same as ever,  
The picnics and brass-bands;  
And my little homestead on Hunter River  
And my new vines joining hands.  
It all came over me in one act  
Quick as a shot through the brain--

With the smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,  
Riding in, in the rain.

I have forgotten a hundred fights,  
But one I shall not forget--  
With the raindrops bunging up my sights  
And my eyes bunged up with wet;  
And through the crack and the stink of the cordite  
(Ah Christ! My country again!)  
The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,  
Riding in, in the rain!

Rudyard Kipling

# Lispeth

Look, you have cast out Love! What Gods are these  
You bid me please?  
The Three in One, the One in Three? Not so!  
To my own Gods I go.  
It may be they shall give me greater ease  
Than your cold Christ and tangled Trinities.

Rudyard Kipling

# London Stone

WHEN you come to London Town,  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
Bring your flowers and lay them down  
At the place of grieving.

When you come to London Town,  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
Bow your head and mourn your own,  
With the others grieving.

For those minutes, let it wake  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
All the empty-heart and ache  
That is not cured by grieving.

For those minutes, tell no lie:  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
'Grave, this is thy victory;  
And the sting of death is grieving.'

Where's our help, from earth or heaven,  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
To comfort us for what we've given,  
And only gained the grieving.

Heaven's too far and earth too near,  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
But our neighbour's standing here,  
Grieving as we're grieving.

What's his burden every day?  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
Nothing man can count or weigh,  
But loss and love's own grieving.

What is the tie betwixt us two  
(Grieving-grieving!)  
That must last our whole lives through?  
'As I suffer, so do you.'

That may ease the grieving.

Rudyard Kipling

# Loot

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back,  
If you've ever snigged the washin' from the line,  
If you've ever crammed a gander in your bloomin' 'aversack,  
You will understand this little song o' mine.  
But the service rules are 'ard, an' from such we are debarred,  
For the same with English morals does not suit.

(~Cornet~: Toot! toot!)

W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is marchin' clobber  
With the --

(~Chorus~) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo! loo! Loot! loot! loot!

Ow the loot!

Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys git up an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot!

(~ff~) Whoopee! Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when 'e's thrustin' for your life,  
You must leave 'im very careful where 'e fell;  
An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you didn't feel 'is knife  
That you ain't told off to bury 'im as well.  
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they spade the beggars under  
Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;  
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain an' clear  
'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime.

(~Chorus~) With the loot, . . .

Now remember when you're 'acking round a gilded Burma god  
That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;  
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-rod  
'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.

When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some water on the floor  
Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot

(~Cornet~: Toot! toot!) --

When the ground begins to sink, shove your baynick down the chink,  
An' you're sure to touch the --

(~Chorus~) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Ow the loot! . . .

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'unting, you must always work in pairs --  
It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find --  
For a single man gets bottled on them twisty-wisty stairs,  
An' a woman comes and clob's 'im from be'ind.  
When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it seems beyond a doubt  
As if there weren't enough to dust a flute  
(~Cornet~: Toot! toot!) --  
Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ousetops take a look,  
For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the loot.  
(~Chorus~) Ow the loot! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quartermaster too,  
If you only take the proper way to go;  
~I~ could never keep my pickin's, but I've learned you all I knew --  
An' don't you never say I told you so.  
An' now I'll bid good-bye, for I'm gettin' rather dry,  
An' I see another tunin' up to toot  
(~Cornet~: Toot! toot!) --  
So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the Widow's clo'es,  
An' the Devil send 'em all they want o' loot!  
(~Chorus~) Yes, the loot,  
    Bloomin' loot!  
    In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!  
    It's the same with dogs an' men,  
    If you'd make 'em come again  
(~fff~) Whoop 'em forward with a Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!  
    Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Rudyard Kipling

# Lord Roberts

<i>1914</i>

He passed in the very battle-smoke  
Of the war that he had descried.  
Three hundred mile of cannon spoke  
When the Master-Gunner died.

He passed to the very sound of the guns;  
But, before his eye grew dim,  
He had seen the faces of the sons  
Whose sires had served with him,

He had touched their sword-hilts and greeted  
With the old sure word of praise;  
And there was virtue in touch and speech  
As it had been in old days.

So he dismissed them and took his rest,  
And the steadfast spirit went forth  
Between the adoring East and West  
And the tireless guns of the North.

Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,  
Flawless in faith and fame,  
Whom neither ease nor honours moved  
An hair's-breadth from his aim.

Never again the war-wise face,  
The weighed and urgent word  
That pleaded in the market-place-  
Pleaded and was not heard!

Yet from his life a new life springs  
Through all the hosts to come,  
And Glory is the least of things  
That follow this man home.



# Lukannon

I met my mates in the morning (and oh, but I am old!)  
Where roaring on the ledges the summer ground-swell rolled;  
I heard them lift the chorus that dropped the breakers' song --  
The beaches of Lukannon -- two million voices strong!

The song of pleasant stations beside the salt lagoons,  
The song of blowing squadrons that shuffled down the dunes,  
The song of midnight dances that churned the sea to flame --  
The beaches of Lukannon -- before the sealers came!

I met my mates in the morning (I'll never meet them more!);  
They came and went in legions that darkened all the shore.  
And through the foam-flecked offing as far as voice could reach  
We hailed the landing-parties and we sang them up the beach.

The beaches of Lukannon -- the winter-wheat so tall --  
The dripping, crinkled lichens, and the sea-fog drenching all!  
The platforms of our playground, all shining smooth and worn!  
The beaches of Lukannon -- the home where we were born!

I meet my mates in the morning, a broken, scattered band.  
Men shoot us in the water and club us on the land;  
Men drive us to the Salt House like silly sheep and tame,  
And still we sing Lukannon -- before the sealers came.

Wheel down, wheel down to southward; oh, Gooverooska go!  
And tell the Deep-Sea Viceroys! the story of our woe;  
Ere, empty as the shark's egg the tempest flings ashore,  
The beaches of Lukannon shall know their sons no more!

Rudyard Kipling

# Macdonough's Song

Whether the State can loose and bind  
In Heaven as well as on Earth:  
If it be wiser to kill mankind  
Before or after the birth--  
These are matters of high concern  
Where State-kept schoolmen are;  
But Holy State (we have lived to learn)  
Endeth in Holy War.

Whether The People be led by The Lord,  
Or lured by the loudest throat:  
If it be quicker to die by the sword  
Or cheaper to die by vote--  
These are things we have dealt with once,  
(And they will not rise from their grave)  
For Holy People, however it runs,  
Endeth in wholly Slave.

Whatsoever, for any cause,  
Seeketh to take or give  
Power above or beyond the Laws,  
Suffer it not to live!  
Holy State or Holy King--  
Or Holy People's Will--  
Have no truck with the senseless thing.  
Order the guns and kill!  
<i> Saying --after--me:--

Once there was The People--Terror gave it birth;  
Once there was The People and it made a Hell of Earth.  
Earth arose and crushed it. Listen, O ye slain!  
Once there was The People--it shall never be again!</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# Mandalay

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;  
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:  
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay:  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?  
On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'cross the Bay!

'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat -- jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,  
An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:

Bloomin' idol made o'mud --  
Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd --  
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!  
On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,  
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "~Kulla-lo-lo!~"  
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin' my cheek  
We useter watch the steamers an' the ~hathis~ pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak  
In the sludgy, sjudgy creek,  
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!  
On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that's all shove be'ind me -- long ago an' fur away,  
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;  
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:  
"If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else."

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else  
But them spicy garlic smells,  
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;  
On the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,

An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;  
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,  
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?  
    Beefy face an' grubby 'and --  
    Law! wot do they understand?  
    I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!  
    On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be --  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;  
    On the road to Mandalay,  
    Where the old Flotilla lay,  
    With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!  
    On the road to Mandalay,  
    Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
    An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

Rudyard Kipling

# M'Andrew's Hymn

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,  
An', taught by time, I tak' it so -- exceptin' always Steam.  
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God --  
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.  
John Calvin might ha' forged the same -- enorrnous, certain, slow --  
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame -- ~my~ "Institutio".  
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to please;  
I'll stand the middle watch up here -- alone wi' God an' these  
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain  
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.  
Slam-bang too much -- they knock a wee -- the crosshead-gibs are loose;  
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .  
Fine, clear an' dark -- a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,  
An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!  
His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy --  
One -- Two -- Three since he began --  
Three turns for Mistress Ferguson. . . and who's to blame the man?  
There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast or slow,  
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.  
(The year the ~Sarah Sands~ was burned. Oh roads we used to tread,  
Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws -- fra' Govan to Parkhead!)  
Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say:  
"Good-mornn, M'Andrew! Back again? An' how's your bilge to-day?"  
Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair  
To drink Madeira wi' three Earls -- the auld Fleet Engineer,  
That started as a boiler-whelp -- when steam and he were low.  
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi' tow.  
Ten pound was all the pressure then -- Eh! Eh! -- a man wad drive;  
An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder fifty-five!  
We're creepin' on wi' each new rig -- less weight an' larger power:  
There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots an hour!  
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam began  
Leaves me no doot for the machine: but what about the man?  
The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million mile o' sea:  
Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How far, O Lord, from Thee?  
That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind my first typhoon?  
It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the saloon.  
Three feet were on the stokehold-floor -- just slappin' to an' fro --  
An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks to show.

Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns -- deep in my soul an' black,  
 An' times like this, when things go smooth, my wickudness comes back.  
 The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the seas,  
 Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's our trespasses.  
 Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in my gaze,  
 The couples kittlin' in the dark between the funnel stays;  
 Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong --  
 Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong-Kong!  
 Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode --  
 Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!  
 An' waur than all -- my crownin' sin -- rank blasphemy an' wild.  
 I was not four and twenty then -- Ye wadna judge a child?  
 I'd seen the Tropics first that run -- new fruit, new smells, new air --  
 How could I tell -- blind-fou wi' sun -- the Deil was lurkin' there?  
 By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes;  
 By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies,  
 In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down the streets --  
 An' ijjit grinnin' in a dream -- for shells an' parrakeets,  
 An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried --  
 Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.  
 Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-breeze ca',  
 Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom: "M'Andrew, come awa'!"  
 Firm, clear an' low -- no haste, no hate -- the ghostly whisper went,  
 Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:  
 "Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel',  
 Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.  
 They mak' Him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt,  
 A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong to hurt,  
 Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,  
 But come wi' Us" (Now, who were ~They~?) "an' know the Leevin' God,  
 That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest,  
 But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the woman's breast."  
 An' there it stopped: cut off: no more; that quiet, certain voice --  
 For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take at choice.  
 'Twas on me like a thunderclap -- it racked me through an' through --  
 Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable an' new --  
 The Sin against the Holy Ghost? . . . An' under all, our screw.  
 That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin' swell,  
 Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest, Lord, I fell.  
 Third on the ~Mary Gloster~ then, and first that night in Hell!  
 Yet was Thy hand beneath my head, about my feet Thy care --  
 Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o' despair,

But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my prayer!  
We dared not run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire,  
An' I was drowsin' on the hatch -- sick -- sick wi' doubt an' tire:  
"~Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire!~"  
Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs -- again, an' once again,  
When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our moorin'-chain;  
An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see my duty plain.  
Light on the engine-room -- no more -- bright as our carbons burn.  
I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return.

Obsairve. Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard --  
Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord,  
But -- average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra' port to port --  
I ~am~ o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the thought?  
Maybe they steam from grace to wrath -- to sin by folly led, --  
It isna mine to judge their path -- their lives are on my head.  
Mine at the last -- when all is done it all comes back to me,  
The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea.  
We'll tak' one stretch -- three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer --  
Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington -- ye need an engineer.  
Fail there -- ye've time to weld your shaft -- ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke;  
Or make Kerguelen under sail -- three jiggers burned wi' smoke!  
An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go  
Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an' blow --  
The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an' shift  
Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the big South drift.  
(Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord: I've met them at their work,  
An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)  
Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings  
All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things.  
Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their baggage clear --  
The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes -- an' this is what I'll hear:  
"Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now."  
While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.  
They've words for every one but me -- shake hands wi' half the crew,  
Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.  
An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam' few pickin's here --  
No pension, an' the most we earn's four hunder pound a year.  
Better myself abroad? Maybe. ~I'd~ sooner starve than sail  
Wi' such as call a snifter-rod ~ross~. . . French for nightingale.  
Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I can not afford  
To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans --. I'm older than the Board.

A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close,  
 But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to ~those~.  
 (There's bricks that I might recommend -- an' clink the fire-bars cruel.  
 No! Welsh -- Wangarti at the worst -- an' damn all patent fuel!)  
 Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay.  
 My Deferential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay,  
 I blame no chaps wi' clearer head for aught they make or sell.  
 ~I~ found that I could not invent an' look to these -- as well.  
 So, wrestled wi' Apollyon -- Nah! -- fretted like a bairn --  
 But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn.  
 Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant to me --  
 E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .  
 ~Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find it runnin' hard?  
 Ye needn't swill the cap wi' oil -- this isn't the Cunard!  
 Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that off again!~  
 Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The Name in vain!  
 Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to oversee  
 Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.  
 The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro,  
 Till for the sake of -- well, a kiss -- I tak' 'em down below.  
 That minds me of our Viscount loon -- Sir Kenneth's kin -- the chap  
 Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.  
 I showed him round last week, o'er all -- an' at the last says he:  
 "Mister M'Andrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"  
 Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,  
 Manholin', on my back -- the cranks three inches off my nose.  
 Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,  
 Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?  
 I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns -- the loves an' doves they dream --  
 Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!  
 To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime  
 Whaurto -- uplifted like the Just -- the tail-rods mark the time.  
 The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs an' heaves,  
 An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:  
 Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,  
 Till -- hear that note? -- the rod's return  
 whings glimmerin' through the guides.  
 They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes  
 Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.  
 Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,  
 To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.  
 Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,

An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;  
 While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:  
 "Not unto us the praise, or man -- not unto us the praise!"  
 Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson -- theirs an' mine:  
 "Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"  
 Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,  
 An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.  
 Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,  
 Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!  
 But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand  
 My seven thousand horse-power here.  
 Eh, Lord! They're grand -- they're grand!  
 Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties stood,  
 Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good?  
 Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex,  
 Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man -- the Arrtifex!  
 ~That~ holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip,  
 An' by that light -- now, mark my word -- we'll build the Perfect Ship.  
 I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve -- not I.  
 But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. 'Be thanks to Thee, Most High!  
 An' I ha' done what I ha' done -- judge Thou if ill or well --  
 Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .  
     Losh! Yon's the "Stand by" bell.  
 Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-watch is set.  
 Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pelagian yet.  
 Now I'll tak' on. . . .  
     ~'Morrn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought  
 What your good leddy costs in coal? . . . I'll burn 'em down to port.

Rudyard Kipling

# Many Inventions

'Less you want your toes trod of you'd better get back at once,  
For the bullocks are walking two by two,  
The byles are walking two by two,  
And the elephants bring the guns.  
Ho! Yuss!  
Great-big-long-black-forty-pounder guns.  
Jiggery-jolty to and fro,  
Each as big as a launch in tow --  
Blind-dumb-broad-breeched--beggars o' battering-guns!

Rudyard Kipling

# Mary, Pity Women!

You call yourself a man,  
For all you used to swear,  
An' leave me, as you can,  
My certain shame to bear?  
I 'ear! You do not care --  
You done the worst you know.  
I 'ate you, grinnin' there. . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

Nice while it lasted, an' now it is over --  
Tear out your 'eart an' good-bye to your lover!  
What's the use o' grievin', when the mother that bore you  
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?

It aren't no false alarm,  
The finish to your fun;  
You -- you 'ave brung the 'arm,  
An' I'm the ruined one;  
An' now you'll off an' run  
With some new fool in tow.  
Your 'eart? You 'aven't none. . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

When a man is tired there is naught will bind 'im;  
All 'e solemn promised 'e will shove be'ind 'im.  
What's the good o' prayin' for The Wrath to strike 'im  
(Mary, pity women!), when the rest are like 'im?

What 'ope for me or -- it?  
What's left for us to do?  
I've walked with men a bit,  
But this -- but this is you.  
So 'elp me Christ, it's true!  
Where can I 'ide or go?  
You coward through and through! . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

All the more you give 'em the less are they for givin' --  
Love lies dead, an' you cannot kiss 'im livin'.

Down the road 'e led you there is no returnin'  
(Mary, pity women!), but you're late in learnin'!

You'd like to treat me fair?  
You can't, because we're pore?  
We'd starve? What do I care!  
We might, but ~this~ is shore!  
I want the name -- no more --  
The name, an' lines to show,  
An' not to be an 'ore. . . .  
Ah, Gawd, I love you so!

What's the good o' pleadin', when the mother that bore you  
(Mary, pity women!) knew it all before you?  
Sleep on 'is promises an' wake to your sorrow  
(Mary, pity women!), for we sail to-morrow!

Rudyard Kipling

# Mary's Son

If you stop to find out what your wages will be  
And how they will clothe and feed you,  
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Sea.  
For the Sea will never need you.

If you ask for the reason of every command,  
And argue with people about you,  
Willie, my son, don't you go on the Land,  
For the Land will do better without you.

If you stop to consider the work you have done  
And to boast what your labour is worth, dear,  
Angels may come for you, Willie, my son,  
But you'll never be wanted on Farth, dear!

Rudyard Kipling

# McAndrew's Hymn

Lord, Thou hast made this world below the shadow of a dream,  
An', taught by time, I tak' it so -- exceptin' always Steam.  
From coupler-flange to spindle-guide I see Thy Hand, O God --  
Predestination in the stride o' yon connectin'-rod.  
John Calvin might ha' forged the same -- enorrnous, certain, slow --  
Ay, wrought it in the furnace-flame -- ~my~ "Institutio".  
I cannot get my sleep to-night; old bones are hard to please;  
I'll stand the middle watch up here -- alone wi' God an' these  
My engines, after ninety days o' race an' rack an' strain  
Through all the seas of all Thy world, slam-bangin' home again.  
Slam-bang too much -- they knock a wee -- the crosshead-gibs are loose;  
But thirty thousand mile o' sea has gied them fair excuse. . . .  
Fine, clear an' dark -- a full-draught breeze, wi' Ushant out o' sight,  
An' Ferguson relievin' Hay. Old girl, ye'll walk to-night!  
His wife's at Plymouth. . . . Seventy --  
One -- Two -- Three since he began --  
Three turns for Mistress Ferguson. . . and who's to blame the man?  
There's none at any port for me, by drivin' fast or slow,  
Since Elsie Campbell went to Thee, Lord, thirty years ago.  
(The year the ~Sarah Sands~ was burned. Oh roads we used to tread,  
Fra' Maryhill to Pollokshaws -- fra' Govan to Parkhead!)  
Not but they're ceevil on the Board. Ye'll hear Sir Kenneth say:  
"Good-mornn, M'Andrew! Back again? An' how's your bilge to-day?"  
Miscallin' technicalities but handin' me my chair  
To drink Madeira wi' three Earls -- the auld Fleet Engineer,  
That started as a boiler-whelp -- when steam and he were low.  
I mind the time we used to serve a broken pipe wi' tow.  
Ten pound was all the pressure then -- Eh! Eh! -- a man wad drive;  
An' here, our workin' gauges give one hunder fifty-five!  
We're creepin' on wi' each new rig -- less weight an' larger power:  
There'll be the loco-boiler next an' thirty knots an hour!  
Thirty an' more. What I ha' seen since ocean-steam began  
Leaves me no doot for the machine: but what about the man?  
The man that counts, wi' all his runs, one million mile o' sea:  
Four time the span from earth to moon. . . . How far, O Lord, from Thee?  
That wast beside him night an' day. Ye mind my first typhoon?  
It scoughed the skipper on his way to jock wi' the saloon.  
Three feet were on the stokehold-floor -- just slappin' to an' fro --  
An' cast me on a furnace-door. I have the marks to show.

Marks! I ha' marks o' more than burns -- deep in my soul an' black,  
 An' times like this, when things go smooth, my wickudness comes back.  
 The sins o' four and forty years, all up an' down the seas,  
 Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Forgie's our trespasses.  
 Nights when I'd come on deck to mark, wi' envy in my gaze,  
 The couples kittlin' in the dark between the funnel stays;  
 Years when I raked the ports wi' pride to fill my cup o' wrong --  
 Judge not, O Lord, my steps aside at Gay Street in Hong-Kong!  
 Blot out the wastrel hours of mine in sin when I abode --  
 Jane Harrigan's an' Number Nine, The Reddick an' Grant Road!  
 An' waur than all -- my crownin' sin -- rank blasphemy an' wild.  
 I was not four and twenty then -- Ye wadna judge a child?  
 I'd seen the Tropics first that run -- new fruit, new smells, new air --  
 How could I tell -- blind-fou wi' sun -- the Deil was lurkin' there?  
 By day like playhouse-scenes the shore slid past our sleepy eyes;  
 By night those soft, lasceevious stars leered from those velvet skies,  
 In port (we used no cargo-steam) I'd daunder down the streets --  
 An' ijjit grinnin' in a dream -- for shells an' parrakeets,  
 An' walkin'-sticks o' carved bamboo an' blowfish stuffed an' dried --  
 Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put overside.  
 Till, off Sambawa Head, Ye mind, I heard a land-breeze ca',  
 Milk-warm wi' breath o' spice an' bloom: "M'Andrew, come awa'!"  
 Firm, clear an' low -- no haste, no hate -- the ghostly whisper went,  
 Just statin' eevidential facts beyon' all argument:  
 "Your mither's God's a graspin' deil, the shadow o' yoursel',  
 Got out o' books by meenisters clean daft on Heaven an' Hell.  
 They mak' Him in the Broomielaw, o' Glasgie cold an' dirt,  
 A jealous, pridefu' fetich, lad, that's only strong to hurt,  
 Ye'll not go back to Him again an' kiss His red-hot rod,  
 But come wi' Us" (Now, who were ~They~?) "an' know the Leevin' God,  
 That does not kipper souls for sport or break a life in jest,  
 But swells the ripenin' cocoanuts an' ripes the woman's breast."  
 An' there it stopped: cut off: no more; that quiet, certain voice --  
 For me, six months o' twenty-four, to leave or take at choice.  
 'Twas on me like a thunderclap -- it racked me through an' through --  
 Temptation past the show o' speech, unnameable an' new --  
 The Sin against the Holy Ghost? . . . An' under all, our screw.  
 That storm blew by but left behind her anchor-shiftin' swell,  
 Thou knowest all my heart an' mind, Thou knowest, Lord, I fell.  
 Third on the ~Mary Gloster~ then, and first that night in Hell!  
 Yet was Thy hand beneath my head, about my feet Thy care --  
 Fra' Deli clear to Torres Strait, the trial o' despair,

But when we touched the Barrier Reef Thy answer to my prayer!  
 We dared not run that sea by night but lay an' held our fire,  
 An' I was drowsin' on the hatch -- sick -- sick wi' doubt an' tire:  
 "~Better the sight of eyes that see than wanderin' o' desire!~"  
 Ye mind that word? Clear as our gongs -- again, an' once again,  
 When rippin' down through coral-trash ran out our moorin'-chain;  
 An' by Thy Grace I had the Light to see my duty plain.  
 Light on the engine-room -- no more -- bright as our carbons burn.  
 I've lost it since a thousand times, but never past return.

. . . . .

Obsairve. Per annum we'll have here two thousand souls aboard --  
 Think not I dare to justify myself before the Lord,  
 But -- average fifteen hunder souls safe-borne fra' port to port --  
 I ~am~ o' service to my kind. Ye wadna blame the thought?  
 Maybe they steam from grace to wrath -- to sin by folly led, --  
 It isna mine to judge their path -- their lives are on my head.  
 Mine at the last -- when all is done it all comes back to me,  
 The fault that leaves six thousand ton a log upon the sea.  
 We'll tak' one stretch -- three weeks an' odd by any road ye steer --  
 Fra' Cape Town east to Wellington -- ye need an engineer.  
 Fail there -- ye've time to weld your shaft -- ay, eat it, ere ye're spoke;  
 Or make Kerguelen under sail -- three jiggers burned wi' smoke!  
 An' home again, the Rio run: it's no child's play to go  
 Steamin' to bell for fourteen days o' snow an' floe an' blow --  
 The bergs like kelpies overside that girn an' turn an' shift  
 Whaur, grindin' like the Mills o' God, goes by the big South drift.  
 (Hail, snow an' ice that praise the Lord: I've met them at their work,  
 An' wished we had anither route or they anither kirk.)  
 Yon's strain, hard strain, o' head an' hand, for though Thy Power brings  
 All skill to naught, Ye'll understand a man must think o' things.  
 Then, at the last, we'll get to port an' hoist their baggage clear --  
 The passengers, wi' gloves an' canes -- an' this is what I'll hear:  
 "Well, thank ye for a pleasant voyage. The tender's comin' now."  
 While I go testin' follower-bolts an' watch the skipper bow.  
 They've words for every one but me -- shake hands wi' half the crew,  
 Except the dour Scots engineer, the man they never knew.  
 An' yet I like the wark for all we've dam' few pickin's here --  
 No pension, an' the most we earn's four hunder pound a year.  
 Better myself abroad? Maybe. ~I'd~ sooner starve than sail  
 Wi' such as call a snifter-rod ~ross~. . . French for nightingale.

Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I can not afford  
 To lie like stewards wi' patty-pans --. I'm older than the Board.  
 A bonus on the coal I save? Ou ay, the Scots are close,  
 But when I grudge the strength Ye gave I'll grudge their food to ~those~.  
 (There's bricks that I might recommend -- an' clink the fire-bars cruel.  
 No! Welsh -- Wangarti at the worst -- an' damn all patent fuel!)  
 Inventions? Ye must stay in port to mak' a patent pay.  
 My Deferential Valve-Gear taught me how that business lay,  
 I blame no chaps wi' clearer head for aught they make or sell.  
 ~I~ found that I could not invent an' look to these -- as well.  
 So, wrestled wi' Apollyon -- Nah! -- fretted like a bairn --  
 But burned the workin'-plans last run wi' all I hoped to earn.  
 Ye know how hard an Idol dies, an' what that meant to me --  
 E'en tak' it for a sacrifice acceptable to Thee. . . .  
 ~Below there! Oiler! What's your wark? Ye find it runnin' hard?  
 Ye needn't swill the cap wi' oil -- this isn't the Cunard!  
 Ye thought? Ye are not paid to think. Go, sweat that off again!~  
 Tck! Tck! It's deeficult to sweer nor tak' The Name in vain!  
 Men, ay an' women, call me stern. Wi' these to oversee  
 Ye'll note I've little time to burn on social repartee.  
 The bairns see what their elders miss; they'll hunt me to an' fro,  
 Till for the sake of -- well, a kiss -- I tak' 'em down below.  
 That minds me of our Viscount loon -- Sir Kenneth's kin -- the chap  
 Wi' Russia leather tennis-shoon an' spar-decked yachtin'-cap.  
 I showed him round last week, o'er all -- an' at the last says he:  
 "Mister M'Andrew, don't you think steam spoils romance at sea?"  
 Damned ijjit! I'd been doon that morn to see what ailed the throws,  
 Manholin', on my back -- the cranks three inches off my nose.  
 Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,  
 Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?  
 I'm sick of all their quirks an' turns -- the loves an' doves they dream --  
 Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam!  
 To match wi' Scotia's noblest speech yon orchestra sublime  
 Whaurto -- uplifted like the Just -- the tail-rods mark the time.  
 The crank-throws give the double-bass, the feed-pump sobs an' heaves,  
 An' now the main eccentrics start their quarrel on the sheaves:  
 Her time, her own appointed time, the rocking link-head bides,  
 Till -- hear that note? -- the rod's return  
 whings glimmerin' through the guides.  
 They're all awa'! True beat, full power, the clangin' chorus goes  
 Clear to the tunnel where they sit, my purrin' dynamos.  
 Interdependence absolute, foreseen, ordained, decreed,

To work, Ye'll note, at any tilt an' every rate o' speed.  
Fra' skylight-lift to furnace-bars, backed, bolted, braced an' stayed,  
An' singin' like the Mornin' Stars for joy that they are made;  
While, out o' touch o' vanity, the sweatin' thrust-block says:  
"Not unto us the praise, or man -- not unto us the praise!"  
Now, a' together, hear them lift their lesson -- theirs an' mine:  
"Law, Orrder, Duty an' Restraint, Obedience, Discipline!"  
Mill, forge an' try-pit taught them that when roarin' they arose,  
An' whiles I wonder if a soul was gied them wi' the blows.  
Oh for a man to weld it then, in one trip-hammer strain,  
Till even first-class passengers could tell the meanin' plain!  
But no one cares except mysel' that serve an' understand  
My seven thousand horse-power here.  
Eh, Lord! They're grand -- they're grand!  
Uplift am I? When first in store the new-made beasties stood,  
Were Ye cast down that breathed the Word declarin' all things good?  
Not so! O' that warld-liftin' joy no after-fall could vex,  
Ye've left a glimmer still to cheer the Man -- the Arrtifex!  
~That~ holds, in spite o' knock and scale, o' friction, waste an' slip,  
An' by that light -- now, mark my word -- we'll build the Perfect Ship.  
I'll never last to judge her lines or take her curve -- not I.  
But I ha' lived an' I ha' worked. 'Be thanks to Thee, Most High!  
An' I ha' done what I ha' done -- judge Thou if ill or well --  
Always Thy Grace preventin' me. . . .  
Losh! Yon's the "Stand by" bell.  
Pilot so soon? His flare it is. The mornin'-watch is set.  
Well, God be thanked, as I was sayin', I'm no Pelagian yet.  
Now I'll tak' on. . . .  
~'Mornn, Ferguson. Man, have ye ever thought  
What your good leddy costs in coal? . . . I'll burn 'em down to port.

Rudyard Kipling

# Memories

'The eradication of memories of the Great War. -SOCIALIST GOVERNMENT ORGAN

The Socialist Government speaks:

THOUGH all the Dead were all forgot  
And razed were every tomb,  
The Worm-the Worm that dieth not  
Compels Us to our doom.  
Though all which once was England stands  
Subservient to Our will,  
The Dead of whom we washed Our hands,  
They have observance still.

We laid no finger to Their load.  
We multiplied Their woes.  
We used Their dearly-opened road  
To traffic with Their foes:  
And yet to Them men turn their eyes,  
To Them are vows renewed  
Of Faith, Obedience, Sacrifice,  
Honour and Fortitude!

Which things must perish. But Our hour  
Comes not by staves or swords  
So much as, subtly, through the power  
Of small corroding words.  
No need to make the plot more plain  
By any open thrust;  
But-see Their memory is slain  
Long ere Their bones are dust!

Wisely, but yearly, filch some wreath-  
Lay some proud rite aside-  
And daily tarnish with Our breath  
The ends for which They died.  
Distract, deride, decry, confuse-  
(Or-if it serves Us-pray!)  
So presently We break the use

And meaning of Their day!

Rudyard Kipling

# Merrow Down

I

There runs a road by Merrow Down--  
A grassy track to-day it is--  
An hour out Guildford town,  
Above the river Wey it is.

Here, when they heard the hors-bells ring,  
The ancient Britons dressed and rode  
To which the dark Phoenicians bring  
Their goods along the Western Road.

Yes, here, or hereabouts, they met  
To hold their racial talks and such--  
To barter beads for Whitby jet,  
And tin for gay shell torques and such.

But long ago before that time  
(When bison used to roam on it)  
Did Taffy and her Daddy climb  
That Down, and had their home on it.

Then beavers built in Broadstonebrook  
And made a swamp where Bramley stands;  
And bears from Shere would come and look  
For Taffimai where Shamley stands.

The Wey, that Taffy called Wagai,  
Was more than six times bigger then;  
And all the Tribe of Tegumai  
They cut a noble figure then!

II

Of all the Tribe of Tegumai  
Who cut that figure, none remain,--  
On Merrow Down the cuckoos cry--  
The silence and the sun remain.

But as the faithful years return  
And hearts unwounded sing again,  
Comes Taffy dancing through the fern  
To lead the Surrey spring again.

Her brows are bound with bracken-fronds,  
And golden elf-locks fly above;  
Her eyes are bright as diamonds  
And bluer than the sky above.

In moccasins and deer-skin cloak,  
Unfearing, free and fair she flits,  
And lights her little damp-wood smoke  
To show her Daddy where she flits.

For far--oh, very far behind,  
So far she cannot call to him,  
Comes Tegumai alone to find  
The daughter that was all to him!

Rudyard Kipling

# Mesopotamia

<i>1917</i>

They shall not return to us, the resolute, the young,  
The eager and whole-hearted whom we gave:  
But the men who left them thriftily to die in their own dung,  
Shall they come with years and honour to the grave?

They shall not return to us; the strong men coldly slain  
In sight of help denied from day to day:  
But the men who edged their agonies and chid them in their pain,  
Are they too strong and wise to put away?

Our dead shall not return to us while Day and Night divide--  
Never while the bars of sunset hold.  
But the idle-minded overlings who quibbled while they died,  
Shall they thrust for high employments as of old?

Shall we only threaten and be angry for an hour:  
When the storm is ended shall we find  
How softly but how swiftly they have sidled back to power  
By the favour and contrivance of their kind?

Even while they soothe us, while they promise large amends,  
Even while they make a show of fear,  
Do they call upon their debtors, and take counsel with their  
friends,  
To conform and re-establish each career?

Their lives cannot repay us--their death could not undo--  
The shame that they have laid upon our race.  
But the slothfulness that wasted and the arrogance that slew,  
Shall we leave it unabated in its place?

Rudyard Kipling

# Mine-Sweepers

Dawn off the Foreland -- the young flood making  
Jumbled and short and steep --  
Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking --  
Awkward water to sweep.  
"Mines reported in the fairway,  
Warn all traffic and detain.  
Sent up Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain."

Noon off the Foreland -- the first ebb making  
Lumpy and strong in the bight.  
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking  
And the jackdaws wild with fright.  
"Mines located in the fairway,  
Boats now working up the chain,  
Sweepers -- Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain."

Dusk off the Foreland -- the last light going  
And the traffic crowding through,  
And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing  
Heading the whole review!  
"Sweep completed in the fairway,  
No more mines remain.  
Sent back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain."

Rudyard Kipling

# Mother O' Mine

If I were hanged on the highest hill,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!  
I know whose love would follow me still,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!  
I know whose tears would come down to me,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,  
I know whose prayers would make me whole,  
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

Rudyard Kipling

# Mowgli's Brothers

Now Chil the Kite brings home the night  
That Mang the Bat sets free--  
The herds are shut in byre and hut,  
For loosed till dawn are we.  
This is the hour of pride and power,  
Talon and tush and claw.  
Oh, hear the call!--Good hunting all  
That keep the Jungle Law!

Rudyard Kipling

# Mowgli's Song Against People

I will let loose against you the fleet-footed vines--  
I will call in the Jungle to stamp out your lines!  
The roofs shall fade before it,  
The house-beams shall fall;  
And the Karela, the bitter Karela,  
Shall cover it all!

In the gates of these your councils my people shall sing.  
In the doors of these your garner the Bat-folk shall cling;  
And the snake shall be your watchman,  
By a hearthstone unswept;  
For the Karela, the bitter Karela,  
Shall fruit where ye slept!

Ye shall not see my strikers; ye shall hear them and guess.  
By night, before the moon-rise, I will send for my cess,  
And the wolf shall be your herdsman  
By a landmark removed;  
For the Karela, the bitter Karela,  
Shall seed where ye loved!

I will reap your fields before you at the hands of a host.  
Ye shall glean behind my reapers for the bread that is lost;  
And the deer shall be your oxen  
On a headland untilled;  
For the Karela, the bitter Karela,  
Shall leaf where ye build!

I have untied against you the club-footed vines--  
I have sent in the Jungle to swamp out your lines!  
The trees--the trees are on you!  
The house-beams shall fall;  
And the Karela, the bitter Karela,  
Shall cover you all!

Rudyard Kipling

# Mulholland's Contract

The fear was on the cattle, for the gale was on the sea,  
An' the pens broke up on the lower deck an' let the creatures free --  
An' the lights went out on the lower deck, an' no one near but me.

I had been singin' to them to keep 'em quiet there,  
For the lower deck is the dangerousest, requirin' constant care,  
An' give to me as the strongest man, though used to drink and swear.

I see my chance was certain of bein' horned or trod,  
For the lower deck was packed with steers thicker'n peas in a pod,  
An' more pens broke at every roll -- so I made a Contract with God.

An' by the terms of the Contract, as I have read the same,  
If He got me to port alive I would exalt His Name,  
An' praise His Holy Majesty till further orders came.

He saved me from the cattle an' He saved me from the sea,  
For they found me 'tween two drowned ones where the roll had landed me --  
An' a four-inch crack on top of my head, as crazy as could be.

But that were done by a stanchion, an' not by a bullock at all,  
An' I lay still for seven weeks convalessing of the fall,  
An' readin' the shiny Scripture texts in the Seaman's Hospital.

An' I spoke to God of our Contract, an' He says to my prayer:  
"I never puts on My ministers no more than they can bear.  
So back you go to the cattle-boats an' preach My Gospel there.

"For human life is chancy at any kind of trade,  
But most of all, as well you know, when the steers are mad-afraid;  
So you go back to the cattle-boats an' preach 'em as I've said.

"They must quit drinkin' an' swearin', they mustn't knife on a blow,  
They must quit gamblin' their wages, and you must preach it so;  
For now those boats are more like Hell than anything else I know."

I didn't want to do it, for I knew what I should get,  
An' I wanted to preach Religion, handsome an' out of the wet,  
But the Word of the Lord were lain on me, an' I done what I was set.

I have been smit an' bruis]\ed, as warned would be the case,  
An' turned my cheek to the smiter exactly as Scripture says;  
But following that, I knocked him down an' led him up to Grace.

An' we have preaching on Sundays whenever the sea is calm,  
An' I use no knife or pistol an' I never take no harm,  
For the Lord abideth back of me to guide my fighting arm.

An' I sign for four-pound-ten a month and save the money clear,  
An' I am in charge of the lower deck, an' I never lose a steer;  
An' I believe in Almighty God an' preach His Gospel here.

The skippers say I'm crazy, but I can prove 'em wrong,  
For I am in charge of the lower deck with all that doth belong --  
~Which they would not give to a lunatic, and the competition so strong!~

Rudyard Kipling

# Municipal

*"Why is my District death-rate low?"*  
Said Binks of Hezabad.  
"Well, drains, and sewage-outfalls are  
"My own peculiar fad.  
"I learnt a lesson once, It ran  
"Thus," quoth that most veracious man: --</i>

It was an August evening and, in snowy garments clad,  
I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezabad;  
When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not like at all,  
A Commissariat elephant careering down the Mall.

I couldn't see he driver, and across my mind it rushed  
That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly gone <i>musth.</i>  
I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well get down,  
So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for the town.

The buggy was a new one and, praise Dykes, it stood the strain,  
Till he Waler jumped a bullock just above the City Drain;  
And the next that I remember was a hurricane of squeals,  
And the creature making toothpicks of my five-foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, distraught with fear,  
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while he snorted in my ear --  
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely and, in darkness and despair,  
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror-stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder -- tried to crawl a little higher --  
Found the Main Drain sewage outfall blocked, some eight feet up, with mire;  
And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very marrow froze,  
While the trunk was feeling blindly for a purchase on my toes!

It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was turning grey  
Before they called the drivers up and dragged the brute away.  
Then I sought the City Elders, and my words were very plain.  
They flushed that four-foot drain-head and -- it never choked again!

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the sun-for-garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly up a sewer.  
I believe in well-flushed culverts. . . .  
This is why the death-rate's small;  
And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred* yourself. That's all.

Rudyard Kipling

# My Boy Jack?

'Have you news of my boy Jack? '

Not this tide.

'When d'you think that he'll come back? '

Not with this wind blowing, and this tide.

'Has anyone else had word of him? '

Not this tide.

For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing and this tide.

'Oh, dear, what comfort can I find? '

None this tide,

Nor any tide,

Except he did not shame his kind-

Not even with that wind blowing, and that tide.

Then hold your head up all the more,

This tide,

And every tide;

Because he was the son you bore,

And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

Rudyard Kipling

# My Father's Chair

*Parliaments of Henry III., 1265*

There are four good legs to my Father's Chair--  
Priests and People and Lords and Crown.  
I sits on all of 'em fair and square,  
And that is reason it don't break down.

I won't trust one leg, nor two, nor three,  
To carry my weight when I sets me down.  
I wants all four of 'em under me--  
Priests and People and Lords and Crown.

I sits on all four and favours none--  
Priests, nor People, nor Lords, nor Crown:  
And I never tilts in my chair, my son,  
And that is the reason it don't break down.

When your time comes to sit in my Chair,  
Remember your Father's habits and rules,  
Sit on all four legs, fair and square,  
And never be tempted by one-legged stools!

Rudyard Kipling

# My Lady's Law

The Law whereby my lady moves  
Was never Law to me,  
But 'tis enough that she approves  
Whatever Law it be.

For in that Law, and by that Law  
My constant course I'll steer;  
Not that I heed or deem it dread,  
But that she holds it dear.

Tho' Asia sent for my content  
Her richest argosies,  
Those would I spurn, and bid return,  
If that should give her ease.

With equal heart I'd watch depart  
Each spiced sail from sight;  
Sans bitterness, desiring less  
Great gear than her delight.

Though Kings made swift with many a gift  
My proven sword to hire--  
I would not go nor serve 'em so--  
Except at her desire.

With even mind, I'd put behind  
Adventure and acclaim,  
And clean give o'er, esteeming more  
Her favour than my fame.

Yet such am I, yea, such am I--  
Sore bond and freest free,  
The Law that sways my lady's ways  
Is mystery to me!

Rudyard Kipling

# My New-Cut Ashlar

My New-Cut ashlar takes the light  
Where crimson-blank the windows flare.  
By my own work before the night,  
Great Overseer, I make my prayer.

If there be good in that I wrought  
Thy Hand compelled it, Master, Thine--  
Where I have failed to meet Thy Thought  
I know, through Thee, the blame was mine.

The depth and dream of my desire,  
The bitter paths wherein I stray--  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Fire,  
Thou knowest Who hast made the Clay.

Who, lest all thought of Eden fade,  
Bring'st Eden to the craftsman's brain--  
Godlike to muse o'er his own Trade  
And manlike stand with God again!

One stone the more swings into place  
In that dread Temple of Thy worth.  
It is enough that, through Thy Grace,  
I saw nought common on Thy Earth.

Take not that vision from my ken--  
Oh whatsoe'er may spoil or speed.  
Help me to need no aid from men  
That I may help such men as need!

Rudyard Kipling

# My Rival

I go to concert, party, ball --  
What profit is in these?  
I sit alone against the wall  
And strive to look at ease.  
The incense that is mine by right  
They burn before her shrine;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,  
My color comes and goes;  
I redden to my finger-tips,  
And sometimes to my nose.  
But She is white where white should be,  
And red where red should shine.  
The blush that flies at seventeen  
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek;  
I wish that I could sing  
All sorts of funny little songs,  
Not quite the proper thing.  
I'm very gauche and very shy,  
Her jokes aren't in my line;  
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen  
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go  
Each pink and white and neat,  
She's older than their mothers, but  
They grovel at Her feet.  
They walk beside Her 'rickshaw wheels --  
None ever walk by mine;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,  
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers")  
I trot along the Mall alone;

My prettiest frocks and sashes  
Don't help to fill my programme-card,  
And vainly I repine  
From ten to two A.M. Ah me!  
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"  
And "sweet retiring maid."  
I'm always at the back, I know,  
She puts me in the shade.  
She introduces me to men,  
"Cast" lovers, I opine,  
For sixty takes to seventeen,  
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow  
And end Her dancing days,  
She can't go on forever so  
At concerts, balls and plays.  
One ray of priceless hope I see  
Before my footsteps shine;  
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one  
When I am forty-nine.

Rudyard Kipling

# Natural Theology

*Primitive*

I ate my fill of a whale that died  
And stranded after a month at sea. . . .  
There is a pain in my inside.  
Why have the Gods afflicted me?  
Ow! I am purged till I am a wraith!  
Wow! I am sick till I cannot see!  
What is the sense of Religion and Faith:  
Look how the Gods have afflicted me!

*Pagan*

How can the skin of rat or mouse hold  
Anything more than a harmless flea?. . .  
The burning plague has taken my household.  
Why have my Gods afflicted me?  
All my kith and kin are deceased,  
Though they were as good as good could be,  
I will out and batter the family priest,  
Because my Gods have afflicted me!

*Medieval*

My privy and well drain into each other  
After the custom of Christendie. . . .  
Fevers and fluxes are wasting my mother.  
Why has the Lord afflicted me?  
The Saints are helpless for all I offer--  
So are the clergy I used to fee.  
Henceforward I keep my cash in my coffer,  
Because the Lord has afflicted me.

*Material*

I run eight hundred hens to the acre

They die by dozens mysteriously. . . .  
I am more than doubtful concerning my Maker,  
Why has the Lord afflicted me?  
What a return for all my endeavour--  
Not to mention the L. S. D!  
I am an atheist now and for ever,  
Because this God has afflicted me!

*Progressive*

Money spent on an Army or Fleet  
Is homicidal lunacy. . . .  
My son has been killed in the Mons retreat,  
Why is the Lord afflicting me?  
Why are murder, pillage and arson  
And rape allowed by the Deity?  
I will write to the Times, deriding our parson  
Because my God has afflicted me.

*Chorus*

We had a kettle: we let it leak:  
Our not repairing it made it worse.  
We haven't had any tea for a week. . .  
The bottom is out of the Universe!

*Conclusion*

This was none of the good Lord's pleasure,  
For the Spirit He breathed in Man is free;  
But what comes after is measure for measure,  
And not a God that afflicteth thee.  
As was the sowing so the reaping  
Is now and evermore shall be.  
Thou art delivered to thine own keeping.  
Only Thyself hath afflicted thee!

Rudyard Kipling

# Neighbours

The man that is open of heart to his neighbour,  
And stops to consider his likes and dislikes,  
His blood shall be wholesome whatever his labour,  
His luck shall be with him whatever he strikes.  
The Splendour of Morning shall duly possess him,  
That he may not be sad at the falling of eve.  
And, when he has done with mere living--God bless him!--  
A many shall sigh, and one Woman shall grieve!

But he that is costive of soul toward his fellow,  
Through the ways, and the works, and the woes of this life,  
Him food shall not fatten, him drink shall not mellow;  
And his innards shall brew him perpetual strife.  
His eye shall be blind to God's Glory above him;  
His ear shall be deaf to Earth's Laughter around;  
His Friends and his Club and his Dog shall not love him;  
And his Widow shall skip when he goes underground!

Rudyard Kipling

# Norman And Saxon

My son," said the Norman Baron, "I am dying, and you will be heir  
To all the broad acres in England that William gave me for my share  
When we conquered the Saxon at Hastings, and a nice little handful it is.  
But before you go over to rule it I want you to understand this:—

"The Saxon is not like us Normans, His manners are not so polite.  
But he never means anything serious till he talks about justice and right.  
When he stands like an ox in the furrow with his sullen set eyes on your own,  
And grumbles, "This isn't fair dealings," my son, leave the Saxon alone.

"You can horsewhip your Gascony archers, or torture your Picardy spears,  
But don't try that game on the Saxon; you'll have the whole brood round your  
ears.  
From the richest old Thane in the county to the poorest chained serf in the field,  
They'll be at you and on you like hornets, and, if you are wise, you will yield.

"But first you must master their language, their dialect, proverbs and songs.  
Don't trust any clerk to interpret when they come with the tale of their wrongs.  
Let them know that you know what they're saying; let them feel that you know  
what to say.

Yes, even when you want to go hunting, hear 'em out if it takes you all day.

"They'll drink every hour of the daylight and poach every hour of the dark,  
It's the sport not the rabbits they 're after (we 've plenty of game in the park).  
Don't hang them or cut off their fingers. That's wasteful as well as unkind,  
For a hard-bitten, South-country poacher makes the best man-at-arms you can  
find.

"Appear with your wife and the children at their weddings and funerals and  
feasts.

Be polite but not friendly to Bishops; be good to all poor parish priests.  
Say 'we,' 'us' and 'ours' when you're talking instead of 'you fellows' and 'I.'  
Don't ride over seeds; keep your temper; and never you tell 'em a lie!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Old Fighting-Men

All the world over, nursing their scars,  
Sit the old fighting-men broke in the wars--  
Sit the old fighting-men, surly and grim  
Mocking the lilt of the conquerors' hymn.

Dust of the battle o'erwhelmed them and hid.  
Fame never found them for aught that they did.  
Wounded and spent to the lazar they drew,  
Lining the road where the Legions roll through.

Sons of the Laurel who press to your meed,  
(Worthy God's pity most--you who succeed!)  
Ere you go triumphing, crowned, to the stars,  
Pity poor fighting-men, broke in the wars!

Rudyard Kipling

# Old Mother Laidinwool

Old Mother Laidinwool had nigh twelve months been dead.  
She heard the hops was doing well, an' so popped up her head  
For said she: "The lads I've picked with when I was young and fair,  
They're bound to be at hopping and I'm bound to meet 'em there!"

*Let me up and go  
Back to the work I know, Lord!  
Back to the work I know, Lord!  
For it is dark where I lie down, My Lord!  
An' it's dark where I lie down!*

Old Mother Laidinwool, she give her bones a shake,  
An' trotted down the churchyard-path as fast as she could make.  
She met the Parson walking, but she says to him, says she: --  
"Oh, don't let no one trouble for a poor old ghost like me!"

'Twas all a warm September an' the hops had flourished grand.  
She saw the folks get into 'em with stockin's on their hands--  
An' none of 'em was foreigners but all which she had known,  
And old Mother Laidinwool she blessed 'em every one.

She saw her daughters picking an' their children them-beside,  
An' she mowed among the babies an' she stilled 'em when they cried.  
She saw their clothes was bought, not begged, an' they was clean an' fat,  
An' old Mother Laidinwool she thanked the Lord for that.

Old Mother Laidinwool she waited on all day  
Until it come too dark to see an' people went away--  
Until it was too dark to see an' lights began to show,  
An' old Mother Laidinwool she hadn't where to go.

Old Mother Laidinwool she give her bones a shake  
An' trotted back to churchyard-mould as fast as she could make.  
She went where she was bidden to an' there laid down her ghost, . . .  
An' the Lord have mercy on you in the Day you need it most!

*Let me in again,  
Out of the wet an' rain, Lord!  
Out of the wet an' rain, Lord!*

For it's best as You shall say, My Lord!  
An' it's best as You shall say! </i>

Rudyard Kipling

# One Viceroy Resigns

*(Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne)*

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then?  
Good.  
We'll clear the Aides and khitmatgars away.  
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the knife --  
He keeps the Name Book, talks in English too,  
And almost thinks himself the Government.)  
O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so young.  
Forty from sixty -- twenty years of work  
And power to back the working. Ay def mi!  
You want to know, you want to see, to touch,  
And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.  
I wonder can I help you. Let me try.  
You saw -- what did you see from Bombay east?  
Enough to frighten any one but me?  
Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!  
You shouldn't take a man from Canada  
And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;  
Nor with a Reputation such as -- Bah!  
That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,  
My Reputation now full blown -- Your fault --  
Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,  
Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is led --  
One reads so much, one hears so little here.  
Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back  
To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,

Or books -- the refuge of the destitute.  
When you ... that brings me back to India. See!  
Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my turn.  
You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,  
And if you did it isn't worth the toil.  
Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;  
Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply  
By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,  
And you're as wise as ever. So am I.  
Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike

At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,  
(It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame  
Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.  
I'm clear -- my mark is made. Three months of drought  
Had ruined much. It rained and washed away  
The specks that might have gathered on my Name.  
I took a country twice the size of France,  
And shuttered up one doorway in the North.  
I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay,  
I pledged my Name on both -- they're yours to-night.  
Hold to them -- they hold fame enough for two.  
I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.  
Men there -- not German traders -- Crsthw-te knows --  
You'll find it in my papers. For the North  
Guns always -- quietly -- but always guns.  
You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to rule,  
And prize their Reputations. Have you met  
A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,  
And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?  
He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip  
And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.  
They look for nothing from the West but Death  
Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.  
They fight  
Until the middle classes take them back,  
One of ten millions plus a C.S.I.  
Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?  
Not altogether -- earnest, narrow men,  
But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,  
And end by writing letters to the Times,  
(Shall I write letters, answering H-nt-r -- fawn  
With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)  
They have their Reputations. Look to one --  
I work with him -- the smallest of them all,  
White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging horse  
Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,  
And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,  
But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;  
He has his Reputation -- wants the Lords  
By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,  
He values very much the hand that falls  
Upon his shoulder at the Council table --

Hates cats and knows his business; which is yours.  
Your business! twice a hundred million souls.  
Your business! I could tell you what I did  
Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth  
A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives,  
God knows to what new reef the man at the wheel!  
Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,  
Or rescued go their way; but he's no man  
To take his trick at the wheel again -- that's worse  
Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule  
(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,  
And I was -- some fool's wife and ducked and bowed  
To show the others I would stop and speak.  
Then the mule fell -- three galls, a hund-breadth each,  
Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsisname  
Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet thoul!  
"How could they make him carry such a load!"  
I saw -- it isn't often I dream dreams --  
More than the mule that minute -- smoke and flame  
From Simla to the haze below. That's weak.  
You're younger. You'll dream dreams before you've done.  
You've youth, that's one -- good workmen -- that means two  
Fair chances in your favor. Fate's the third.  
I know what I did. Do you ask me, "Preach"?  
I answer by my past or else go back  
To platitudes of rule -- or take you thus  
In confidence and say: "You know the trick:  
You've governed Canada. You know. You know!"  
And all the while commend you to Fate's hand  
(Here at the top on loses sight o' God),  
Commend you, then, to something more than you --  
The Other People's blunders and  
. . . that's all.  
I'd agonize to serve you if I could.  
It's incommunicable, like the cast  
That drops the tackle with the gut adry.  
Too much -- too little -- there's your salmon lost!  
And so I tell you nothing --with you luck,  
And wonder -- how I wonder! -- for your sake  
And triumph for my own. You're young, you're young,  
You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.  
I'm old. I followed Power to the last,

Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.  
 It's worth it -- on my sould I'm speaking plain,  
 Here by the claret glasses! -- worth it all.  
 I gave -- no matter what I gave -- I win.  
 I know I win. Mine's work, good work that lives!  
 A country twice the size of France -- the North  
 Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the rest  
 And better if you can. The Rains may serve,  
 Rupees may rise -- three pence will give you Fame --  
 It's rash to hope for sixpence -- If they rise  
 Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.  
 Oh!  
 I told you what the Congress meant or thought?  
 I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove  
 The full extent of time and thought you'll spare  
 To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor once  
 How little Begums see the light -- deduce  
 Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.  
 It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.  
 I told the Turk he was a gentlman.  
 I told the Russian that his Tartar veins  
 Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.  
 The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.  
 You're young -- you'll swear to ere you've reached the end.  
 The End! God help you, if there be a God.  
 (There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul  
 In that new land where all the wires are cut.  
 And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)  
 God help you! And I'd help you if I could,  
 But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was crude.  
 Sound claret after olives -- yours and mine;  
 But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.  
 (I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health.)  
 Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.  
 And, after all, the middle-classes grip  
 The middle-class -- for Brompton talk Earl's Court.  
 Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the Times --  
 A quarter-column of eye-searing print,  
 A leader once a quarter -- then a war;  
 The Strand abellow through the fog: "Defeat!"  
 "'Orrible slaughter!" While you lie awake  
 And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're free!

I wonder now. The four years slide away  
So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.  
R-y, C-lv-n, L-l, R-b-rts, B-ck, the rest,  
Princes and Powers of Darkness troops and trains,  
(I cannot sleep in trains), land piled on land,  
Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,  
White snows that mocked me, palaces -- with draughts,  
And W-stl-nd with the drafts he couldn't pay,  
Poor W-ls-n reading his obituary.  
Before he died, and H-pe, the man with bones,  
And A-tch-s-n a dripping mackintosh  
At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirrr"  
Half drowned by H-nt-r's silky: "Bat my lahnd."  
Hunterian always: M-rsh-l spinning plates  
Or standing on his head; the Rent Bill's roar,  
A hundred thousand speeches, must red cloth,  
And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,  
(I can't remember half their names) or reined  
My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.  
More trains, more troops, more dust, and then all's done.  
Four years, and I forget. If I forget  
How will they bear me in their minds? The North  
Safeguarded -- nearly (R-b-rts knows the rest),  
A country twice the size of France annexed.  
That stays at least. The rest may pass -- may pass --  
Your heritage -- and I can teach you nought.  
"High trust," "vast honor," "interests twice as vast,"  
"Due reverence to your Council" -- keep to those.  
I envy you the twenty years you've gained,  
But not the five to follow. What's that? One?  
Two! -- Surely not so late. Good-night. <i>Don't</i> dream.

Rudyard Kipling

# Oonts

(Northern India Transport Train)

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire?  
It isn't standin' up to charge nor lyin' down to fire;  
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road  
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat load.

O the oont\*, O the oont, O the commissariat oont!  
With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket full o' snakes;  
We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought to 'ear 'im grunt,  
An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed girth-rope breaks.

\* Camel: -- ~oo~ is pronounced like ~u~ in "bull", but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front".

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when night is drorin' in,  
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is skin?  
It ain't the chanst o' being rushed by Paythans from the 'ills,  
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin' frills!  
O the oont, O the oont, O the hairy scary oont!  
A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've got the night alarm!  
We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an' 'eads 'im off in front,  
An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life 'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's but a fool,  
The elephant's a gentleman, the battery-mule's a mule;  
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is said an' done,  
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in one.  
O the oont, O the oont, O the Gawd-forsaken oont!  
The lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin' where 'e lies,  
'E's blocked the whole division from the rear-guard to the front,  
An' when we get him up again -- the beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight -- 'e smells most awful vile;  
'E'll lose 'isself for ever if you let 'im stray a mile;  
'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl the 'ole night through,  
An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits 'isself in two.  
O the oont, O the oont, O the floppin', droppin' oont!

When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin' eye is dim,  
The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes is out in front --  
It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's kites an' crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done, an' when the roads is blind,  
An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears the shots be'ind,  
Ho! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is past:  
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge at last.  
O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin', bloatin' oont!  
The late lamented camel in the water-cut 'e lies;  
We keeps a mile be'ind 'im an' we keeps a mile in front,  
But 'e gets into the drinkin'-casks, and then o' course we dies.

Rudyard Kipling

## Our Fathers Also

Thrones, Powers, Dominions, Peoples, Kings,  
Are changing 'neath our hand.  
Our fathers also see these things  
But they do not understand.

By--they are by with mirth and tears,  
Wit or the works of Desire-  
Cushioned about on the kindly years  
Between the wall and the fire.

The grapes are pressed, the corn is shocked--  
Standeth no more to glean;  
For the Gates of Love and Learning locked  
When they went out between.

All lore our Lady Venus bares,  
Signalled it was or told  
By the dear lips long given to theirs  
And longer to the mould.

All Profit, all Device, all Truth,  
Written it was or said  
By the mighty men of their mighty youth,  
Which is mighty being dead.

The film that floats before their eyes  
The Temple's Veil they call;  
And the dust that on the Shewbread lies  
Is holy over all.

Warn them of seas that slip our yoke,  
Of slow-conspiring stars-  
The ancient Front of Things unbroke  
But heavy with new wars?

By--they are by with mirth and tears,  
Wit or the waste of Desire-  
Cushioned about on the kindly years  
Between the wall and the fire!

Rudyard Kipling

# Our Fathers Of Old

Excellent herbs had our fathers of old--  
Excellent herbs to ease their pain--  
Alexanders and Marigold,  
Eyebright, Orris, and Elecampane--  
Basil, Rocket, Valerian, Rue,  
( Almost singing themselves they run)  
Vervain, Dittany, Call-me-to-you--  
Cowslip, Melilot, Rose of the Sun.  
Anything green that grew out of the mould  
Was an excellent herb to our fathers of old.

Wonderful tales had our fathers of old,  
Wonderful tales of the herbs and the stars-  
The Sun was Lord of the Marigold,  
Basil and Rocket belonged to Mars.  
Pat as a sum in division it goes--  
(Every herb had a planet bespoke)--  
Who but Venus should govern the Rose?  
Who but Jupiter own the Oak?  
Simply and gravely the facts are told  
In the wonderful books of our fathers of old.

Wonderful little, when all is said,  
Wonderful little our fathers knew.  
Half their remedies cured you dead--  
Most of their teaching was quite untrue--  
"Look at the stars when a patient is ill.  
(Dirt has nothing to do with disease),  
Bleed and blister as much as you will,  
Bister and bleed him as oft as you please."  
Whence enormous and manifold  
Errors were made by our fathers of old.

Yet when the sickness was sore in the land,  
And neither planets nor herbs assuaged,  
They took their lives in their lancet-hand  
And, oh, what a wonderful war they waged!  
Yes, when the crosses were chalked on the door-  
(Yes, when the terrible dead-cart rolled! )

Excellent courage our fathers bore--  
None too learned, but nobly bold  
Into the fight went our fathers of old.

If it be certain, as Galen says--  
And sage Hippocrates holds as much--  
"That those afflicted by doubts and dismays  
Are mightily helped by a dead man's touch,"  
Then, be good to us, stars above!  
Then, be good to us, herbs below!  
We are afflicted by what we can prove,  
We are distracted by what we know.  
So-ah, so!  
Down from your heaven or up from your mould  
Send us the hearts of our Fathers of old!

Rudyard Kipling

# Our Lady Of The Sackcloth

There was a Priest at Philae,  
Tongue-tied, feeble, and old;  
And the daily prayer to the Virgin  
Was all the Office he could.

The others were ill-remembered,  
Mumbled and hard to hear;  
But to Mary, the two-fold Virgin,  
Always his voice rang clear.

And the congregation mocked him,  
And the weight of the years he bore,  
And they sent word to the Bishop  
That he should not serve them more.

(Never again at the Offering  
When the Bread and the Body are one:  
Oh, never the picture of Mary  
Watching him serve her Son!)

Kindly and wise was the Bishop.  
Unto the Priest said he: -  
"Patience till thou art stronger,  
And keep meantime with me.

"Patience a little; it may be  
The Lord shall loosen thy tongue  
And then thou shalt serve at the Offering  
As it was when we were young."

And the Priest obeyed and was silent,  
And the Bishop gave him leave  
To walk alone in the desert  
Where none should see him grieve.

(Never again at the Offering  
When the Wine and the Blood are one!  
Oh, never the picture of Mary  
Watching him honour her Son!)

Saintly and clean was the Bishop,  
Ruling himself aright  
With prayer and fast in the daytime  
And scourge and vigil at night.

Out of his zeal he was minded  
To add one penance the more –  
A garment of harshest sackcloth  
Under the robes he wore.

He gathered the cloth in secret  
Lest any should know and praise –  
The shears, the palm and the packthread –  
And laboured it many ways.

But he had no skill in the making,  
And failed and fretted the while;  
Till the stood a Woman before him,  
Smiling as Mothers smile.

Her feet were burned by the desert –  
Like a desert-dweller she trod –  
Even the two-fold Virgin,  
Spouse and Bearer of God!

She took the shears and the sacking,  
The needle and stubborn thread,  
She cut, she shaped, and she sewed them,  
And, "This shall be blessed," she said.

She passed in the white hot noontide,  
On a wave of the quivering air;  
And the Bishop's eyes were opened,  
And he fell on his face in prayer.

But – far from the smouldering censers –  
Far from the chanted praise –  
Oh, far from the pictures of Mary  
That had watched him all his days –

Far in the desert by Philae

The old Priest walked forlorn,  
Till he saw in the head of her Riders  
A Queen of the Desert-born.

High she swayed on her camel,  
Beautiful to behold:  
And her beast was belled with silver,  
And her veils were spotted with gold!

Low she leaned from her litter –  
Soft she spoke in his ear: -  
“Nay, I have watched thy sorrow!  
Nay, but the end is near!

“For again thou shalt serve at the Offering  
And thy tongue shall be loosed in praise,  
And again thou shalt sing unto Mary  
Who has watched thee all thy days.

“Go in peace to the Bishop,  
Carry him word from me –  
That the Woman who sewed the sackcloth  
Would have him set thee free!”

Rudyard Kipling

# Outsong In The Jungle

*Baloo*

For the sake of him who showed  
One wise Frog the Jungle-Road,  
Keep the Law the Man-Pack make  
For thy blind old Baloo's sake!  
Clean or tainted, hot or stale,  
Hold it as it were the Trail,  
Through the day and through the night,  
Questing neither left nor right.  
For the sake of him who loves  
Thee beyond all else that moves,  
When thy Pack would make thee pain,  
Say: " Tabaqui sings again."  
When thy Pack would work thee ill,  
Say: "Shere Khan is yet to kill."  
When the knife is drawn to slay,  
Keep the Law and go thy way.  
(Root and honey, palm and spathe,  
Guard a cub from harm and scathe!)  
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,  
Jungle-Favour go with thee!

*Kaa*

Anger is the egg of Fear--  
Only lidless eyes see clear.  
Cobra-poison none may leech--  
Even so with Cobra-speech.  
Open talk shall call to thee  
Strength, whose mate is Courtesy.  
Send no lunge beyond thy length.  
Lend no rotten bough thy strength.  
Gauge thy gape with buck or goat,  
Lest thine eye should choke thy throat.  
After gorging, wouldst thou sleep ?  
Look thy den be hid and deep,  
Lest a wrong, by thee forgot,

Draw thy killer to the spot.  
East and West and North and South,  
Wash thy hide and close thy mouth.  
(Pit and rift and blue pool-brim,  
Middle-Jungle follow him!)  
Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,  
Jungle-Favour go with thee!

*Bagheera*

In the cage my life began;  
Well I know the worth of Man.  
By the Broken Lock that freed--  
Man-cub, ware the Man-cub's breed!  
Scenting-dew or starlight pale,  
Choose no tangled tree-cat trail.  
Pack or council, hunt or den,  
Cry no truce with Jackal-Men.  
Feed them silence when they say:  
"Come with us an easy way."  
Feed them silence when they seek  
Help of thine to hurt the weak.

Make no bandar's boast of skill;  
Hold thy peace above the kill.  
Let nor call nor song nor sign  
Turn thee from thy hunting-line.  
(Morning mist or twilight clear,  
Serve him, Wardens of the Deer!)  
*Wood and Water, Wind and Tree,*  
Jungle-Favour go with thee!

The Three

On the trail that thou must tread  
To the threshold of our dread,  
Where the Flower blossoms red;  
Through the nights when thou shalt lie  
Prisoned from our Mother-sky,

Hearing us, thy loves, go by;  
In the dawns when thou shalt wake  
To the toil thou canst not break,  
Heartsick for the Jungle's sake;  
Wood and Water, Wind air Tree,  
Wisdom, Strength, and Courtesy,  
Jungle-Favour go with thee!

Rudyard Kipling

## Pagett, M.P.

*The toad beneath the harrow knows  
Exactly where each tooth-point goes.  
The butterfly upon the road  
Preaches contentment to that toad.*

Pagett, M.P., was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith --  
He spoke of the heat of India as the "Asian Solar Myth";  
Came on a four months' visit, to "study the East," in November,  
And I got him to sign an agreement vowing to stay till September.

March came in with the koil. Pagett was cool and gay,  
Called me a "bloated Brahmin," talked of my "princely pay."  
March went out with the roses. "Where is your heat?" said he.  
"Coming," said I to Pagett, "Skittles!" said Pagett, M.P.

April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-heat, --  
Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a treat.  
He grew speckled and mumpy-hammered, I grieve to say,  
Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm, -- Pagett went down with the sun.  
All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.  
Imprimis -- ten day's "liver" -- due to his drinking beer;  
Later, a dose of fever --slight, but he called it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the Chota Bursat --  
Lowered his portly person -- made him yearn to depart.  
He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or "overpaid,"  
But seemed to think it a wonder that any one stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy, -- Pagett was ill with fear.  
'Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life was dear.  
He babbled of "Eastern Exile," and mentioned his home with tears;  
But I haven't seen my children for close upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,  
(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett, went off in a swoon.  
That was an end to the business; Pagett, the perjured, fled

With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar Myths" in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth died out on my lips  
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their "Eastern trips,"  
And the sneers of the traveled idiots who duly misgovern the land,  
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand.

Rudyard Kipling

# Pan In Vermont

About the 15th of this month you may expect our Mr. -- , with the usual Spring Seed, etc., Catalogues.– Florist's Announcement.

It's forty in the shade to-day, the spouting eaves declare;  
The boulders nose above the drift, the southern slopes are bare;  
Hub-deep in slush Apollo's car swings north along the Zodiac.  
Good luck, the Spring is back, and Pan is on the road!

His house is Gee & Tellus' Sons, – so goes his jest with men –  
He sold us Zeus knows what last year; he'll take us in again.  
Disguised behind the livery-team, fur-coated, rubber-shod –  
Yet Apis from the bull-pen lows – he knows his brother God!

Now down the lines of tasseled pines the yearning whispers wake –  
Pithys of old thy love behold! Come in for Hermes's sake!  
How long since that so-Boston boot with reeling Maenads ran!  
Numen adest! Let be the rest. Pipe and we pay, O Pan.

(What though his phlox and hollyhocks ere half a month demised?  
What though his ampelopsis clambered not as advertised?  
Though every seed was guaranteed and every standard true –  
Forget, forgive they did not live! Believe, and buy anew!)

Now o'er a careless knee he flings the painted page abroad –  
Such bloom hath never eye beheld this side of Eden Sword;  
Such fruit Pomona marks her own, yea, Liber oversees,  
That we may reach (one dollar each) the Lost Hesperides!

Serene, assenting, unabashed, he writes our orders down: –  
Blue Asphodel on all our paths – a few true bays for crown –  
Uncankered bud, immoral flower, and leaves that never fall –  
Apples of Gold, of Youth, of Health – and – thank you, Pan, that's all....

He's off along the drifted pent to catch the Windsor train,  
And swindle every citizen from Keene to Lake Champlain.  
But where his goat's-hoof cut the crust – beloved, look below –  
He's left us (I'll forgive him all) the may-flower 'neath her snow!



# Parade-Song Of The Camp-Animals

## *Elephants of the Gun-Teams*

We lent to Alexander the strength of Hercules,  
The wisdom of our foreheads, the cunning of our knees.  
We bowed our necks to service--they ne'er were loosed again,--  
Make way there, way for the ten-foot teams  
Of the Forty-Pounder train!

## *Gun-Bullocks*

Those heroes in their harnesses avoid a cannon-ball,  
And what they know of powder upsets them one and all;  
Then we come into action and tug the guns again,--  
Make way there, way for the twenty yoke  
Of the Forty-Pounder train!

## *Cavalry Horses*

By the brand on my withers, the finest of tunes  
Is played by the Lancers, Hussars, and Dragoons,  
And it's sweeter than "Stables" or "Water" to me,  
The Cavalry Canter of "Bonnie Dundee!"

Then feed us and break us and handle and groom,  
And give us good riders and plenty of room,  
And launch us in column of squadron and see  
The Way of the War-horse to "Bonnie Dundee!"

## *Screw-Gun Mules*

As me and my companions were scrambling up a hill,  
The path was lost in rolling stones, but we went forward still;  
For we can wriggle and climb, my lads, an turn up everywhere  
And it's our delight on a mountain height, with a leg or two to spare!

Good luck to every sergeant, then, that lets us pick our road:

Bad luck to all the driver-men that cannot pack a load!  
For we can wriggle and climb, my lads, and turn up everywhere,  
And it's our delight on a mountain height, with a leg or two to spare!

*Commissariat Camels*

We haven't a camelty tune of our own  
To help us trollop along,  
But every neck is a hair-trombone  
(Rtt-ta-ta-ta! is a hair-trombone! )  
And this is our marching-song:  
*Can't! Don't! Shan't! Won't!*  
Pass it along the line!  
Somebody's pack has slid from his back,  
'Wish it were only mine!  
Somebody's load has tipped off in the road--  
Cheer for a halt and a row!  
*Urrr! Yarrh! Grr! Arrh!*  
Somebody's catching it now!

*All The Beasts Together*

Children of the Camp are we,  
Serving each in his degree;  
Children of the yoke and goad,  
Pack and harness, pad and load.  
See our line across the plain,  
Like a heel-rope bent again,  
Reaching, writhing, rolling far,  
Sweeping all away to war!  
While the men that walk beside,  
Dusty, silent, heavy-eyed,  
Cannot tell why we or they  
March and suffer day by day.  
*Children of the Camp are we,  
Serving each in his degree;  
Children of the yoke and goad,  
Pack and harness, pad and load!*



# Pharaoh And The Sergeant

*" . . . Consider that the meritorious services of the Sergeant Instructors attached to the Egyptian Army have been inadequately acknowledged. . . . To the excellence of their work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H.H. the Khedive." -- Extract from Letter, 1897*

Said England unto Pharaoh, "I must make a man of you,  
That will stand upon his feet and play the game;  
That will Maxim his oppressor as a Christian ought to do,"  
And she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant Whatisname.  
It was not a Duke nor Earl, nor yet a Viscount --  
It was not a big brass General that came;  
But a man in khaki kit who could handle men a bit,  
With his bedding labelled Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "Though at present singing small,  
You shall hum a proper tune before it ends,"  
And she introduced old Pharaoh to the Sergeant once for all,  
And left 'em in the desert making friends.  
It was not a Crystal Palace nor Cathedral;  
It was not a public-house of common fame;  
But a piece of red-hot sand, with a palm on either hand,  
And a little hut for Sergeant Whatisname.

Said England unto Pharaoh, "You 've had miracles before,  
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood;  
But if you watch the Sergeant he can show you something more. '  
He's a charm for making riflemen from mud."  
It was neither Hindustani, French, nor Coptics;  
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same,  
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick),  
And Pharaoh harked to Sergeant Whatisname.

(There were y ears that no one talked of; there were times of horrid doubt --  
There was faith and hope and whacking and despair --  
While the Sergeant gave the Cautions and he combed old Pharaoh out,  
And England didn't seem to know nor care.  
That is England's awful way o' doing business --  
She would serve her God (or Gordon) just the same --

For she thinks her Empire still is the Strand and Hol born Hill,  
And she didn't think of Sergeant Whatisname.)

Said England to the Sergeant, "You can let my people go!"  
(England used 'em cheap and nasty from the start),  
And they entered 'em in battle on a most astonished foe --  
But the Sergeant he had hardened Pharaoh's heart  
Which was broke, along of all the plagues of Egypt,  
Three thousand years before the Sergeant came  
And he mended it again in a little more than ten,  
Till Pharaoh fought like Sergeant Whatisname.

It was wicked bad campaigning (cheap and nasty from the first),  
There was heat and dust and coolie-work and sun,  
There were vipers; flies, and sandstorms, there was cholera and thirst,  
But Pharaoh done the best he ever done.  
Down the desert, down the railway, down the river,  
Like Israelites From bondage so he came,  
'Tween the clouds o' dust and fire to the land of his desire,  
And his Moses, it was Sergeant Whatisname!

We are eating dirt in handfuls for to save our daily bread,  
Which we have to buy from those that hate us most,  
And we must not raise the money where the Sergeant raised the dead,  
And it's wrong and bad and dangerous to boast.  
But he did it on the cheap and on the quiet,  
And he's not allowed to forward any claim --  
Though he drilled a black man white, though he made a mummy fight,  
He will still continue Sergeant Whatisname --  
Private, Corporal, Colour-Sergeant, and Instructor --  
But the everlasting miracle's the same!

Rudyard Kipling

# Philadelphia

If you're off to Philadelphia in the morning,  
You mustn't take my stories for a guide.  
There's little left, indeed, of the city you will read of,  
And all the folk I write about have died.  
Now few will understand if you mention Talleyrand,  
Or remember what his cunning and his skill did;  
And the cabmen at the wharf do not know Count Zinzendorf,  
Nor the Church in Philadelphia he builded.

It is gone, gone, gone with lost Atlantis,  
(Never say I didn't give you warning).  
In Seventeen Ninety-three 'twas there for all to see,  
But it's not in Philadelphia this morning.

If you're off to Philadelphia in the morning,  
You mustn't go by anything I've said.  
Bob Bicknell's Southern Stages have been laid aside for ages,  
But the Limited will take you there instead.  
Toby Hirte can't be seen at One Hundred and Eighteen  
North Second Street--no matter when you call;  
And I fear you'll search in vain for the wash-house down the lane  
Where Pharaoh played the fiddle at the ball.

It is gone, gone, gone with Thebes the Golden,  
(Never say I didn't give you warning).  
In Seventeen Ninety-four 'twas a famous dancing floor--  
But it's not in Philadelphia this morning.

If you're off to Philadelphia in the morning,  
You must telegraph for rooms at some Hotel.  
You needn't try your luck at Epply's or "The Buck,"  
Though the Father of his Country liked them well.  
It is not the slightest use to inquire for Adam Goos,  
Or to ask where Pastor Meder has removed--so  
You must treat as out of date the story I relate  
Of the Church in Philadelphia he loved so.

He is gone, gone, gone with Martin Luther  
(Never say I didn't give you warning)

In Seventeen Ninety-five he was, (rest his soul!) alive.  
But he's not in Philadelphia this morning.

If you're off to Philadelphia this morning,  
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,  
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land behind  
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.  
Still the pine-woods scent the noon; still the catbird sings his  
tune;  
Still autumn sets the maple-forest blazing;  
Still the grape-vine through the dusk flings her soul-compelling  
musk;  
Still the fire-flies in the corn make night amazing!  
They are there, there, there with Earth immortal  
( Citizens, I give you friendly warning )  
The things that truly last when men and times have passed,  
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning!

Rudyard Kipling

# Pig

Go, stalk the red deer o'er the heather,  
Ride, follow the fox if you can!  
But, for pleasure and profit together,  
Allow me the hunting of Man--  
The chase of the Human, the search for the Soul  
To its ruin--the hunting of Man.

Rudyard Kipling

# Pink Dominoes

<i>"They are fools who kiss and tell" --  
Wisely has the poet sung.  
Man may hold all sorts of posts  
If he'll only hold his tongue.</i>

Jenny and Me were engaged, you see,  
On the eve of the Fancy Ball;  
So a kiss or two was nothing to you  
Or any one else at all.

Menny would go in a domino --  
Pretty and pink but warm;  
While I attended, clad in a splendid  
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes exchanged  
Early that afternoon,  
At Number Four to waltz no more,  
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

I wish you to see that Jenny and Me  
Had barely exchanged our troth;  
So a kiss or two was strictly due  
By, from, and between us both.

When Three was over, an eager lover,  
I fled to the gloom outside;  
And a Domino came out also  
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,  
I slipped my arm around her;  
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),  
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she said  
Was certainly not my own;  
But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek

She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame  
She'd doffed her domino;  
And I had embraced an alien waist --  
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two  
Dominoes pink, and one  
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,  
Our big Political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,  
And her eye was a blue cerulean;  
And the name she said when she turned her head  
Was not in the least like "Julian."

Rudyard Kipling

# Poor Honest Men

Your jar of Virginny  
Will cost you a guinea,  
Which you reckon too much by five shillings or ten;  
But light your churchwarden  
And judge it according,  
When I've told you the troubles of poor honest men.

From the Capes of the Delaware,  
As you are well aware,  
We sail which tobacco for England-but then,  
Our own British cruisers,  
They watch us come through, sirs,  
And they press half a score of us poor honest men!

Or if by quick sailing  
(Thick weather prevailing)  
We leave them behind (as we do now and then)  
We are sure of a gun from  
Each frigate we run from,  
Which is often destruction to poor honest men!

Broadsides the Atlantic  
We tumble short-handed,  
With shot-holes to plug and new canvas to bend;  
And off the Azores,  
Dutch, Dons and Monsieurs  
Are waiting to terrify poor honest men.

Napoleon's embargo  
Is laid on all cargo  
Which comfort or aid to King George may intend;  
And since roll, twist and leaf,  
Of all comforts is chief,  
They try for to steal it from poor honest men!  
With no heart for fight,  
We take refuge in flight,  
But fire as we run, our retreat to defend;  
Until our stern-chasers  
Cut up her fore-braces,

And she flies off the wind from us poor honest men!

'Twix' the Forties and Fifties,  
South-eastward the drift is,  
And so, when we think we are making Land's End  
Alas, it is Ushant  
With half the King's Navy  
Blockading French ports against poor honest men!

But they may not quit station  
(Which is our salvation)  
So swiftly we stand to the Nor'ard again;  
And finding the tail of  
A homeward-bound convoy,  
We slip past the Scillies like poor honest men.

'Twix' the Lizard and Dover,  
We hand our stuff over,  
Though I may not inform how we do it, nor when.  
But a light on each quarter,  
Low down on the water,  
Is well understood by poor honest men.

Even then we have dangers,  
From meddlesome strangers,  
Who spy on our business and are not content  
To take a smooth answer,  
Except with a handspike...  
And they say they are murdered by poor honest men!

To be drowned or be shot  
Is our natural lot,  
Why should we, moreover, be hanged in the end- -  
After all our great pains  
For to dangle in chains  
As though we were smugglers, not poor honest men?

Rudyard Kipling

# Poseidon's Law

When the robust and Brass-bound Man commissioned first for sea  
His fragile raft, Poseidon laughed, and "Mariner," said he,  
"Behold, a Law immutable I lay on thee and thine,  
That never shall ye act or tell a falsehood at my shrine.

"Let Zeus adjudge your landward kin whose votive meal and sale  
At easy-cheated altars win oblivion for the fault,  
But you the unhoodwinked wave shall test--the immediate gulf condemn--  
Except ye owe the Fates a jest, be slow to jest with them.

Ye shall not clear by Greekly speech, nor cozen from your path  
The twinkling shoal, the leeward beach, or Hadria's white-lipped wrath;  
Nor tempt with painted cloth for wood my fraud-avenging hosts;  
Nor make at all, or all make good, your bulwarks and your boasts.

Now and henceforward serve unshod, through wet and wakeful shifts,  
A present and oppressive God, but take, to aid, my gifts--  
The wide and windward-opening eye, the large and lavish hand,  
The soul that cannot tell a lie--except upon the land!"

In dromond and in catafract--wet, wakeful, windward-eyed--  
He kept Poseidon's Law intact (his ship and freight beside),  
But, once discharged the dromond's hold, the bireme beached once more,  
Splendaciously mendacious rolled the Brass-bound Man ashore....

The thranite now and thalamite are pressures low and high,  
And where three hundred blades bit white the twin-propellers ply.  
The God that hailed, the keel that sailed are changed beyond recall,  
But the robust and Brass-bound Man he is not changed at all!

From Punt returned, from Phormio's Fleet, from Javan and Gadire,  
He strongly occupies the seat about the tavern fire,  
And, moist with much Falernian or smoked Massilian juice,  
Revenues there the Brass-bound Man his long-enforced truce!

Rudyard Kipling

## Possibilities

Ay, lay him 'neath the Simla pine --  
A fortnight fully to be missed,  
Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,  
A chair is vacant where we dine.

His place forgets him; other men  
Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.  
His fortune is the Great Perhaps  
And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,  
Our mundance revel on the height,  
Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light  
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball  
With lighted rooms and braying band;  
And he shall hear and understand  
"Dream Faces" better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapours flee  
Across Sanjaolie after rain,  
His soul may climb the hill again  
To each of field of victory.

Unseen, who women held so dear,  
The strong man's yearning to his kind  
Shall shake at most the window-blind,  
Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

In his own place of power unkown,  
His Light o' Love another's flame,  
And he and alien and alone!

Yet may he meet with many a friend --  
Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen  
Among us when *"God save the Queen"*  
Shows even "extras" have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,  
And, when at four the lights expire,  
The crew shall gather round the fire  
And mock our laughter in the gloom;

Talk as we talked, and they ere death --  
Flirt wanly, dance in ghostly-wise,  
With ghosts of tunes for melodies,  
And vanish at the morning's breath.

Rudyard Kipling

# Prelude

I have eaten your bread and salt.  
I have drunk your water and wine.  
In deaths ye died I have watched beside,  
And the lives ye led were mine.

Was there aught that I did not share  
In vigil or toil or ease, --  
One joy or woe that I did not know,  
Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of our life  
For a sheltered people's mirth,  
In jesting guise -- but ye are wise,  
And ye know what the jest is worth.

Rudyard Kipling

# Prophets At Home

Prophets have honour all over the Earth,  
Except in the village where they were born,  
Where such as knew them boys from birth  
Nature-ally hold 'em in scorn.  
When Prophets are naughty and young and vain,  
They make a won'erful grievance of it;  
(You can see by their writings how they complain),  
But O, 'tis won'erful good for the Prophet!

There's nothing Nineveh Town can give  
(Nor being swallowed by whales between),  
Makes up for the place where a man's folk live,  
Which don't care nothing what he has been.  
He might ha' been that, or he might ha' been this,  
But they love and they hate him for what he is.

Rudyard Kipling

# Public Waste

*Walpole talks of "a man and his price."  
List to a ditty queer --  
The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-  
Resident-Engineer,  
Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,  
By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.*

By the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in letters of brass  
That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the Railways of State,  
Because of the gold on his breeks, and the subjects wherein he must pass;  
Because in all matters that deal not with Railways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had laboured from boyhood to eld  
On the Lines of the East and the West, and eke of the North and South;  
Many Lines had he built and surveyed -- important the posts which he held;  
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb when he opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jettier still --  
Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study and knowledge --  
Never clanked sword by his side -- Vauban he knew not nor drill --  
Nor was his name on the list of the men who had passed through the "College."

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their little tin souls,  
Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled no spurs at his heels,  
Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on the Government rolls  
For the billet of "Railway Instructor to Little Tin Gods on Wheels."

Letters not seldom they wrote him, "having the honour to state,"  
It would be better for all men if he were laid on the shelf.  
Much would accrue to his bank-book, an he consented to wait  
Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth for himself,

"Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law of the Fifty and Five,  
Even to Ninety and Nine" -- these were the terms of the pact:  
Thus did the Little Tin Gods (lon may Their Highnesses thrive!)  
Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who managed the Bhamo State Line

(The wick was on mile and one furlong -- a guaranteed twenty-inch gauge),  
So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims to resign,  
And died, on four thousand a month, in the ninetieth year of his age!

Rudyard Kipling

# Puck's Song

See you the ferny ride that steals  
Into the oak-woods far?  
O that was whence they hewed the keels  
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings  
To Bayham's mouldering walls?  
O there we cast the stout railings  
That stand around St. Paul's.

See you the dimpled track that runs  
All hollow through the wheat?  
O that was where they hauled the guns  
That smote King Philip's fleet.

(Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,  
Men sent in ancient years,  
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,  
The arrows at Poitiers!)

See you our little mill that clacks,  
So busy by the brook?  
She has ground her corn and paid her  
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,  
And the dread ditch beside?  
O that was where the Saxons broke  
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread  
About the gates of Rye?  
O that was where the Northmen fled,  
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,  
Where the red oxen browse?  
O there was a City thronged and known,  
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you after rain, the trace  
Of mound and ditch and wall?  
O that was a Legion's camping-place,  
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade,  
Like shadows on the Downs?  
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,  
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,  
Salt Marsh where now is corn--  
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,  
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,  
Water or wood or air,  
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,  
Where you and I will fare!

Rudyard Kipling

# Quiquern

The People of the Eastern Ice, they are melting like the snow--  
They beg for coffee and sugar; they go where the white men go.  
The People of the Western Ice, they learn to steal and fight;  
They sell their furs to the trading-post; they sell their souls to  
the white.

The People of the Southern Ice, they trade with the whaler's  
crew;  
Their women have many ribbons, but their tents are torn and few.  
But the People of the Elder Ice, beyond the white man's ken--  
Their spears are made of the narwhal-horn, and they are the last  
of the Men!

Rudyard Kipling

# Rebirth

If any God should say,  
'I will restore  
The world her yesterday  
Whole as before  
My Judgment blasted it'- who would not lift  
Heart, eye, and hand in passion o'er the gift?

If any God should will  
To wipe from mind  
The memory of this ill  
Which is Mankind  
In soul and substance now- who would not bless  
Even to tears His loving-tenderness?

If any God should give  
Us leave to fly  
These present deaths we live,  
And safely die  
In those lost lives we lived ere we were born-  
What man but would not laugh the excuse to scorn?

For we are what we are-  
So broke to blood  
And the strict works of war-  
So long subdued  
To sacrifice, that threadbare Death commands  
Hardly observance at our busier hands.

Yet we were what we were,  
And, fashioned so,  
It pleases us to stare  
At the far show  
Of unbelievable years and shapes that flit,  
In our own likeness, on the edge of it.

Rudyard Kipling

# Recessional

*June 22, 1897*

God of our fathers, known of old—  
Lord of our far-flung battle-line—  
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
The captains and the kings depart—  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

Far-call'd our navies melt away—  
On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—  
Such boasting as the Gentiles use  
Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget, lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

# Recessional (A Victorian Ode)

God of our fathers, known of old --  
Lord of our far-flung battle line --  
Beneath whose awful hand we hold  
Dominion over palm and pine --  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget -- lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies --  
The Captains and the Kings depart --  
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
An humble and a contrite heart.  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
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Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe --  
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,  
Or lesser breeds without the Law --  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
Lest we forget -- lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard --  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

Anonymous Submission



# Red Dog

For our white and our excellent nights--for the nights of swift  
running,  
Fair ranging, far seeing, good hunting, sure cunning!  
For the smells of the dawning, untainted, ere dew has departed!  
For the rush through the mist, and the quarry blind-started!  
For the cry of our mates when the sambhur has wheeled and is  
standing at bay!  
For the risk and the riot of night!  
For the sleep at the lair-mouth by day!  
It is met, and we go to the fight.  
Bay! O bay!

Rudyard Kipling

# Ride To Kandahar

Then we brought the lances down--then the trumpets blew--  
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.  
Ridin'--ridin'--ridin' two an' two!  
Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-ra-a!  
All the way to Kandahar,  
Ridin' two an' two.

Rudyard Kipling

# Rikki-Tikki-Tavi

At the hole where he went in  
Red-Eye called to Wrinkle-Skin.  
Hear what little Red-Eye saith:  
"Nag, come up and dance with death! "

Eye to eye and head to head,  
<i>(Keep the measure, Nag.)</i>  
This shall end when one is dead;  
<i>(At thy pleasure, Nag.)</i>

Turn for turn and twist for twist--  
<i>(Run and hide thee, Nag.)</i>  
Hah! The hooded Death has missed!  
<i>( Woe betide thee, Nag!)</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# Rimini

*Marching Song of a Roman Legion of the Later Empire*

When I left Rome for Lalage's sake,  
By the Legions' Road to Rimini,  
She vowed her heart was mine to take  
With me and my shield to Rimini--  
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini--)  
And I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gaul  
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall  
As white as the neck of Lalage--  
(As cold as the heart of Lalage!)  
And I've lost Britain, and I've lost Gaul,  
And I've lost Rome and, worst of all,  
I've lost Lalage!

When you go by the Via Aurelia  
As thousands have traveled before  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who never saw Rome any more!  
Oh, dear was the sweetheart that kissed him,  
And dear was the mother that bore;  
But his shield was picked up in the heather,  
And he never saw Rome any more!

And he left Rome, etc.

When you go by the Via Aurelia  
That runs from the City to Gaul,  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who rose to be master of all!  
He carried the sword and the buckler,  
He mounted his guard on the Wall,  
Till the Legions elected him Caesar,  
And he rose to be master of all!

And he left Rome, etc.

It's twenty-five marches to Narbo,

It's forty-five more up the Rhone,  
And the end may be death in the heather  
Or life on an Emperor's throne.  
But whether the Eagles obey us,  
Or we go to the Ravens--alone,  
I'd sooner be Lalage's lover  
Than sit on an Emperor's throne!

We've all left Rome for Lalage's sake, etc.

Rudyard Kipling

# Rimmon

*<i>1903 -- After Boer War</i>*

Duly with knees that feign to quake--  
Bent head and shaded brow,--  
Yet once again, for my father's sake,  
In Rimmon's House I bow.

The curtains part, the trumpet blares,  
And the eunuchs howl aloud;  
And the gilt, swag-bellied idol glares  
Insolent over the crowd.

*<i>"This is Rimmon, Lord of the Earth--  
"Fear Him and bow the knee!"</i>*

And I watch my comrades hide their mirth  
That rode to the wars with me.

For we remember the sun and the sand  
And the rocks whereon we trod,  
Ere we came to a scorched and a scornful land  
That did not know our God;

As we remember the sacrifice,  
Dead men an hundred laid--  
Slain while they served His mysteries,  
And that He would not aid--

Not though we gashed ourselves and wept,  
For the high-priest bade us wait;  
Saying He went on a journey or slept,  
Or was drunk or had taken a mate.

*<i>(Praise ye Rimmon, King of Kings,  
Who ruleth Earth and Sky!</i>*

And again I bow as the censer swings  
And the God Enthroned goes by.)

Ay, we remember His sacred ark

And the virtuous men that knelt  
To the dark and the hush behind the dark  
Wherein we dreamed He dwelt;

Until we entered to hale Him out  
And found no more than an old  
Uncleanly image girded about  
The loins with scarlet and gold.

Him we o'erset with the butts of our spears--  
Him and his vast designs--  
To be scorn of our muleteers  
And the jest of our halted line.

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,  
In the dung and the dust He lay,  
Till the priests ran and chattered awhile  
And we wiped Him and took Him away.

Hushing the matter before it was known,  
They returned to our fathers afar,  
And hastily set Him afresh on His throne  
Because he had won us the war.

Wherefore with knees that feign to quake--  
Bent head and shaded brow--  
To this dog, for my father's sake,  
In the Rimmon's House I bow!

Rudyard Kipling

# Road Song Of The Bandar-Log

Here we go in a flung festoon,  
Half-way up to the jealous moon!  
Don't you envy our pranceful bands?  
Don't you wish you had extra hands?  
Would n't you like if your tails were -- so --  
Curved in the shape of a Cupid's bow?  
Now you're angry, but -- never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

Here we sit in a branchy row,  
Thinking of beautiful things we know;  
Dreaming of deeds that we mean to do,  
All complete, in a minute or two --  
Something noble and grand and good,  
Won by merely wishing we could.  
Now we're going to -- never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!

All the talk we ever have heard  
Uttered by bat or beast or bird --  
Hide or fin or scale or feather --  
Jabber it quickly and all together!  
Excellent! Wonderful! Once again!  
Now we are talking just like men.  
Let 's pretend we are... never mind,  
Brother, thy tail hangs down behind!  
This is the way of the Monkey-kind.

Rudyard Kipling

# Romulus And Remus

<i>Canadian</i>

Oh, little did the Wolf-Child care--  
When first he planned his home,  
What City should arise and bear  
The weight and state of Rome.

A shiftless, westward-wandering tramp,  
Checked by the Tiber flood,  
He reared a wall around his camp  
Of uninspired mud.

But when his brother leaped the Wall  
And mocked its height and make,  
He guessed the future of it all  
And slew him for its sake.

Swift was the blow--swift as the thought  
Which showed him in that hour  
How unbelief may bring to naught  
The early steps of Power.

Foreseeing Time's imperilled hopes  
Of Glory, Grace, and Love--  
All singers, Caesars, artists, Popes--  
Would fail if Remus throve,

He sent his brother to the Gods,  
And, when the fit was o'er,  
Went on collecting turves and clods  
To build the Wall once more!

Rudyard Kipling

# Route Marchin'

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains,  
A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind the Rains;  
Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,  
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road;  
    With its best foot first  
    And the road a-sliding past,  
    An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;  
    While the Big Drum says,  
    With 'is "rowdy-dowdy-dow!~" --  
    "~Kiko kissywarsti~ don't you ~hamsher argy jow?~"\*

\* Why don't you get on?

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire when you see,  
There's the peacock round the corner an' the monkey up the tree,  
An' there's that rummy silver grass a-wavin' in the wind,  
An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-sling be'ind.  
    While it's best foot first, . . .

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down must come,  
Like a lot of button mushrooms when you pick 'em up at 'ome.  
But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column starts,  
While the women and the kiddies sit an' shiver in the carts.  
    An' it's best foot first, . . .

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes an' sings,  
An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of other things,  
An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we wonders what they're at,  
An' 'ow they would admire for to hear us sling the ~bat~.\*  
    An' it's best foot first, . . .

\* Language. Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin' at your ease,  
To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them feather-'eaded trees,  
For although there ain't no women, yet there ain't no barrick-yards,  
So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they plays at cards.

Till it's best foot first, . . .

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grumblin' sore,  
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore;  
An' if your 'eels are blistered an' they feels to 'urt like 'ell,  
You drop some tallow in your socks an' that will make 'em well.

For it's best foot first, . . .

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,  
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, and the Band;  
Ho! get away you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,  
There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand Trunk Road;  
With its best foot first  
And the road a-sliding past,  
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;  
While the Big Drum says,  
With 'is "rowdy-dowdy-dow!~" --  
"~Kiko kissywarsti~ don't you ~hamsher argy jow?~"

Rudyard Kipling

# Russia To The Pacifists

<i>1918</i>

God rest you, peaceful gentlemen, let nothing you dismay,  
But--leave your sports a little while--the dead are borne  
this way!

Armies dead and Cities dead, past all count or care.

God rest you, merry gentlemen, what portent see you there?

Singing:--Break ground for a wearied host

That have no ground to keep.

Give them the rest that they covet most . . .

And who shall next to sleep, good sirs,

In such a trench to sleep?

God rest you, peaceful gentlemen, but give us leave to pass.

We go to dig a nation's grave as great as England was.

For this Kingdom and this Glory and this Power and this Pride

Three hundred years it flourished--in three hundred days it  
died.

Singing:--Pour oil for a frozen throng,

That lie about the ways.

Give them the warmth they have lacked so  
long . . .

And what shall be next to blaze, good sirs,

On such a pyre to blaze?

God rest you, thoughtful gentlemen, and send your sleep is light!

Remains of this dominion no shadow, sound, or sight,

Except the sound of weeping and the sight of burning fire,

And the shadow of a people that is trampled into mire.

Singing:--Break bread for a starving folk

That perish in the field.

Give them their food as they take the yoke . . .

And who shall be next to yield, good sirs,

For such a bribe to yield?

God rest you merry gentlemen, and keep you in your mirth!

Was ever Kingdom turned so soon to ashes, blood and earth?

'Twixt the summer and the snow-seeding-time and frost--

Arms and victual, hope and counsel, name and country lost!  
Singing:--<i>Let down by the foot and the head--  
Shovel and smooth it all !  
So do we bury a Nation dead . . .</i>  
And who shall be next to fall, good sirs,  
With your good help to fall?

Rudyard Kipling

# Sappers

When the Waters were dried an' the Earth did appear,  
("It's all one," says the Sapper),  
The Lord He created the Engineer,  
Her Majesty's Royal Engineer,  
With the rank and pay of a Sapper!

When the Flood come along for an extra monsoon,  
'Twas Noah constructed the first pontoon  
To the plans of Her Majesty's, etc.

But after fatigue in the wet an' the sun,  
Old Noah got drunk, which he wouldn't ha' done  
If he'd trained with, etc.

When the Tower o' Babel had mixed up men's ~bat~,  
Some clever civilian was managing that,  
An' none of, etc.

When the Jews had a fight at the foot of a hill,  
Young Joshua ordered the sun to stand still,  
For he was a Captain of Engineers, etc.

When the Children of Israel made bricks without straw,  
They were learnin' the regular work of our Corps,  
The work of, etc.

For ever since then, if a war they would wage,  
Behold us a-shinin' on history's page --  
First page for, etc.

We lay down their sidings an' help 'em entrain,  
An' we sweep up their mess through the bloomin' campaign,  
In the style of, etc.

They send us in front with a fuse an' a mine  
To blow up the gates that are rushed by the Line,  
But bent by, etc.

They send us behind with a pick an' a spade,

To dig for the guns of a bullock-brigade  
Which has asked for, etc.

We work under escort in trousers and shirt,  
An' the heathen they plug us tail-up in the dirt,  
Annoying, etc.

We blast out the rock an' we shovel the mud,  
We make 'em good roads an' -- they roll down the ~khud~,  
Reporting, etc.

We make 'em their bridges, their wells, an' their huts,  
An' the telegraph-wire the enemy cuts,  
An' it's blamed on, etc.

An' when we return, an' from war we would cease,  
They grudge us adornin' the billets of peace,  
Which are kept for, etc.

We build 'em nice barracks -- they swear they are bad,  
That our Colonels are Methodist, married or mad,  
Insultin', etc.

They haven't no manners nor gratitude too,  
For the more that we help 'em, the less will they do,  
But mock at, etc.

Now the Line's but a man with a gun in his hand,  
An' Cavalry's only what horses can stand,  
When helped by, etc.

Artillery moves by the leave o' the ground,  
But ~we~ are the men that do something all round,  
For ~we~ are, etc.

I have stated it plain, an' my argument's thus  
("It's all one," says the Sapper),  
There's only one Corps which is perfect -- that's us;  
An' they call us Her Majesty's Engineers,  
Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,  
With the rank and pay of a Sapper!



# Screw-Guns

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,  
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule,  
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a beggar forgets  
It's only the pick of the Army

that handles the dear little pets -- 'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns -- the screw-guns they all love you!

So when we call round with a few guns,

o' course you will know what to do -- hoo! hoo!

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender --

it's worse if you fights or you runs:

You can go where you please, you can skid up the trees,

but you don't get away from the guns!

They sends us along where the roads are, but mostly we goes where they ain't:  
We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an' trust to the stick o' the paint:  
We've chivied the Naga an' Looshai, we've give the Afreedeman fits,  
For we fancies ourselves at two thousand,  
we guns that are built in two bits -- 'Tss! 'Tss!  
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an' teaches 'im 'ow to behave;  
If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an' rattles 'im into 'is grave.  
You've got to stand up to our business an' spring without snatchin' or fuss.  
D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns?

By God, you must lather with us -- 'Tss! 'Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns . . .

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's a-moanin' below,  
We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub,  
we're out on the rocks an' the snow,  
An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what carries away to the plains  
The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules --  
the jinglety-jink o' the chains -- 'Tss! 'Tss!  
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin',  
an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,  
An' a drop into nothin' beneath you as straight as a beggar can spit:  
With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves,

an' the sun off the snow in your face,  
An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes  
to hold the old gun in 'er place -- 'Tss! 'Tss!  
For you all love the screw-guns . . .

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool,  
I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my old brown mule.  
The monkey can say what our road was --  
the wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.  
Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's!  
Out drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold fast -- 'Tss! 'Tss!  
For you all love the screw-guns -- the screw-guns they all love you!  
So when we take tea with a few guns,  
o' course you will know what to do -- hoo! hoo!  
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender --  
it's worse if you fights or you runs:  
You may hide in the caves, they'll be only your graves,  
but you can't get away from the guns!

Rudyard Kipling

# Seal Lullaby

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,  
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.  
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us  
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.  
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;  
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!  
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,  
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

Rudyard Kipling

# Sea-Wife

There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,  
And a wealthy wife is she;  
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men  
And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,  
And some in sight o' shore,  
And word goes back to the weary wife  
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,  
Or hearth or garth or bield,  
She willed her sons to the white harvest,  
And that is a bitter yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,  
To ride the horse of tree,  
And syne her sons come back again  
Far-spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again  
With little into their hands,  
But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men  
In the new and naked lands;

But the faith of men that ha' brothered men  
By more than easy breath,  
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men  
In the open books of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,  
But poor in the goods o' men;  
So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth  
They sell for their teeth again.

For whether they lose to the naked life  
Or win to their hearts' desire,  
They tell it all to the weary wife  
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind  
That makes the white ash spin;  
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides  
Her sons go out and in;

(Out with great mirth that do desire  
Hazard of trackless ways,  
In with content to wait their watch  
And warm before the blaze);

And some return by failing light,  
And some in waking dream,  
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts  
That ride the rough roof-beam.

Home, they come home from all the ports,  
The living and the dead;  
The good wife's sons come home again  
For her blessing on their head!

Rudyard Kipling

# Sepulchral

*From the Greek Anthologies*

Swifter than aught 'neath the sun the car of Simonides moved  
him.

Two things he could not out-run--Death and a Woman who  
loved him.

Rudyard Kipling

# Sestina Of The Tramp-Royal

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em all,  
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the world.  
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them good  
For such as cannot use one bed too long,  
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave done,  
An' go observin' matters till they die.

What do it matter where or 'ow we die,  
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it all --  
The different ways that different things are done,  
An' men an' women lovin' in this world --  
Takin' our chances as they come along,  
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are good?

In cash or credit -- no, it aren't no good;  
You 'ave to 'ave the 'abit or you'd die,  
Unless you lived your life but one day long,  
Nor didn't prophesy nor fret at all,  
But drew your tucker some'ow from the world,  
An' never bothered what you might ha' done.

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't done?  
I've turned my 'and to most, an' turned it good,  
In various situations round the world --  
For 'im that doth not work must surely die;  
But that's no reason man should labour all  
'Is life on one same shift; life's none so long.

Therefore, from job to job I've moved along.  
Pay couldn't 'old me when my time was done,  
For something in my 'ead upset me all,  
Till I 'ad dropped whatever 'twas for good,  
An', out at sea, be'eld the dock-lights die,  
An' met my mate -- the wind that tramps the world!

It's like a book, I think, this bloomin' world,  
Which you can read and care for just so long,  
But presently you feel that you will die  
Unless you get the page you're readin' done,

An' turn another -- likely not so good;  
But what you're after is to turn 'em all.

Gawd bless this world! Whatever she 'ath done --  
Excep' when awful long -- I've found it good.  
So write, before I die, "'E liked it all!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Seven Watchmen

<i>1918</i>

Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower,  
Watching what had come upon mankind,  
Showed the Man the Glory and the Power,  
And bade him shape the Kingdom to his mind.  
"All things on Earth your will shall win you."  
( 'Twas so their council ran)  
" But the Kingdom--the Kingdom is within you,"  
Said the Man's own mind to the Man.  
For time--and some time--  
As it was in the bitter years before  
So it shall be in the over-sweetened hour--  
That a man's mind is wont to tell him more  
Than Seven Watchmen sitting in a tower.

Rudyard Kipling

# Shillin' A Day

My name is O'Kelly, I've heard the Revelly  
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,  
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,  
Lucknow and Etawah,  
And fifty-five more all endin' in "pore".  
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and the thickness,  
Of sorrow and sickness I've known on my way,  
But I'm old and I'm nervis,  
I'm cast from the Service,  
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.  
(~Chorus~) Shillin' a day,  
    Bloomin' good pay --  
    Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I  
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,  
When we rode Hell-for-leather  
Both squadrons together,  
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.  
But it's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'  
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,  
So if me you be'old  
In the wet and the cold,  
By the Grand Metropold, won't you give me a letter?  
(~Full chorus~) Give 'im a letter --  
    'Can't do no better,  
    Late Troop-Sergeant-Major an' -- runs with a letter!  
    Think what 'e's been,  
    Think what 'e's seen,  
    Think of his pension an' ----  
  
GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Rudyard Kipling

# Sir Richard's Song

*(A. D. 1066)*

I followed my Duke ere I was a lover,  
To take from England fief and fee;  
But now this game is the other way over--  
But now England hath taken me!

I had my horse, my shield and banner,  
And a boy's heart, so whole and free;  
But now I sing in another manner--  
But now England hath taken me!

As for my Father in his tower,  
Asking news of my ship at sea,  
He will remember his own hour--  
Tell him England hath taken me!

As for my Mother in her bower,  
That rules my Father so cunningly,  
She will remember a maiden's power--  
Tell her England hath taken me!

As for my Brother in Rouen City,  
A nimble and naughty' page is he,  
But he will come to suffer and pity--  
Tell him England hath taken me!

As for my little Sister waiting  
In the pleasant orchards of Normandie,  
Tell her youth is the time for mating--  
Tell her England hath taken me!

As for my comrades in camp and highway  
That lift their eyebrows scornfully,  
Tell them their way is not my way--  
Tell them England hath taken me!

Kings and Princes and Barons famed,

Knights and Captains in your degree;  
Hear me a little before I am blamed--  
Seeing England hath taken me!

Howso great man's strength be reckoned,  
There are two things he cannot flee.  
Love is the first, and Death is the second-  
And Love in England hath taken me!

Rudyard Kipling

# Snarleyow

This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps  
Which is first among the women an' amazin' first in war;  
An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't remember now,  
But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o' ~Snarleyow~.

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;  
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;  
But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog  
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped dog!

They was movin' into action, they was needed very sore,  
To learn a little schoolin' to a native army corps,  
They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was tuckin' down the brow,  
When a tricky, trundlin' roundshot give the knock to ~Snarleyow~.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im -- 'e was almost tore in two --  
But he tried to follow after as a well-trained 'orse should do;  
'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's Brother squeals:  
'Pull up, pull up for ~Snarleyow~ -- 'is head's between 'is 'eels!'

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was goin' round,  
An' there ain't no 'Stop, conductor!' when a batt'ry's changin' ground;  
Sez 'e: 'I broke the beggar in, an' very sad I feels,  
But I couldn't pull up, not for ~you~ -- your 'ead between your 'eels!'

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a droppin' shell  
A little right the batt'ry an' between the sections fell;  
An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the limber wheels,  
There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels.

Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words was very plain,  
'For Gawd's own sake get over me, an' put me out o' pain.'  
They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they judged that it was best,  
So they took an' drove the limber straight across 'is back an' chest.

The Driver 'e give nothin' 'cept a little coughin' grunt,  
But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came to 'Action Front!'  
An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your Monday head  
'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:  
You 'avn't got no families when servin' of the Queen --  
You 'avn't got no brothers, fathers, sisters, wives, or sons --  
If you want to win your battles take an' work your bloomin' guns!  
    Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;  
    Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;  
    But down in the lead with the wheel at the flog  
    Turns the bold Bombardier to a little whipped dog!

Rudyard Kipling

# Soldier An' Sailor Too

As I was spittin' into the Ditch aboard o' the ~Crocodile~,  
I seed a man on a man-o'-war got up in the Reg'lars' style.  
'E was scrapin' the paint from off of 'er plates,  
an' I sez to 'im, "Oo are you?"  
Sez 'e, 'I'm a Jolly -- 'Er Majesty's Jolly -- soldier an' sailor too!  
Now 'is work begins by Gawd knows when, and 'is work is never through;  
'E isn't one o' the reg'lar Line, nor 'e isn't one of the crew.  
'E's a kind of a giddy harumfrodite -- soldier an' sailor too!

An' after I met 'im all over the world, a-doin' all kinds of things,  
Like landin' 'isself with a Gatlin' gun to talk to them 'eathen kings;  
'E sleeps in an 'ammick instead of a cot,  
an' 'e drills with the deck on a slew,  
An' 'e sweats like a Jolly -- 'Er Majesty's Jolly -- soldier an' sailor too!  
For there isn't a job on the top o' the earth the beggar don't know, nor do --  
You can leave 'im at night on a bald man's 'ead, to paddle 'is own canoe --  
'E's a sort of a bloomin' cosmopolouse -- soldier an' sailor too.

We've fought 'em in trooper, we've fought 'em in dock,  
and drunk with 'em in between,  
When they called us the seasick scull'ry-maids,  
an' we called 'em the Ass Marines;  
But, when we was down for a double fatigue, from Woolwich to Bernardmyo,  
We sent for the Jollies -- 'Er Majesty's Jollies -- soldier an' sailor too!  
They think for 'emselves, an' they steal for 'emselves,  
and they never ask what's to do,  
But they're camped an' fed an' they're up an' fed before our bugle's blew.  
Ho! they ain't no limpin' procrastitutes -- soldier an' sailor too.

You may say we are fond of an 'arness-cut, or 'ootin' in barrick-yards,  
Or startin' a Board School mutiny along o' the Onion Guards;  
But once in a while we can finish in style for the ends of the earth to view,  
The same as the Jollies -- 'Er Majesty's Jollies -- soldier an' sailor too!  
They come of our lot, they was brothers to us;  
they was beggars we'd met an' knew;  
Yes, barrin' an inch in the chest an' the arm, they was doubles o' me an' you;  
For they weren't no special chrysanthemums -- soldier an' sailor too!

To take your chance in the thick of a rush, with firing all about,

Is nothing so bad when you've cover to 'and, an' leave an' likin' to shout;  
But to stand an' be still to the ~Birken'ead~ drill  
is a damn tough bullet to chew,  
An' they done it, the Jollies -- 'Er Majesty's Jollies --  
soldier an' sailor too!  
Their work was done when it 'adn't begun; they was younger nor me an' you;  
Their choice it was plain between drownin' in 'eaps  
an' bein' mopped by the screw,  
So they stood an' was still to the ~Birken'ead~ drill, soldier an' sailor too!

We're most of us liars, we're 'arf of us thieves,  
an' the rest are as rank as can be,  
But once in a while we can finish in style  
(which I 'ope it won't 'appen to me).  
But it makes you think better o' you an' your friends,  
an' the work you may 'ave to do,  
When you think o' the sinkin' ~Victorier~'s Jollies -- soldier an' sailor too!  
Now there isn't no room for to say ye don't know --  
they 'ave proved it plain and true --  
That whether it's Widow, or whether it's ship, Victorier's work is to do,  
An' they done it, the Jollies -- 'Er Majesty's Jollies --  
soldier an' sailor too!

Rudyard Kipling

# Soldier, Soldier

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Why don't you march with my true love?"

"We're fresh from off the ship an' 'e's maybe give the slip,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

New love! True love!

Best go look for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love.

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
What did you see o' my true love?"

"I seed 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle-green,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Did ye see no more o' my true love?"

"I seed 'im runnin' by when the shots begun to fly --  
But you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?"

"I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay so white --  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
I'll up an' tend to my true love!"

"'E's lying on the dead with a bullet through 'is 'ead,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
I'll down an' die with my true love!"

"The pit we dug'll 'ide 'im an' the twenty men beside 'im --  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Do you bring no sign from my true love?"

"I bring a lock of 'air that 'e allus used to wear,  
An' you'd best go look for a new love."

"Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
O then I know it's true I've lost my true love!"  
"An' I tell you truth again -- when you've lost the feel o' pain  
You'd best take me for your true love."

True love! New love!

Best take 'im for a new love,

The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd better dry your eyes,

An' you'd best take 'im for your true love.

Rudyard Kipling

# Song Of Diego Valdez

<i>1902</i>

The God of Fair Beginnings  
Hath prospered here my hand --  
The cargoes of my lading,  
And the keels of my command.  
For out of many ventures  
That sailed with hope as high,  
My own have made the better trade,  
And Admiral am I.

To me my King's much honour,  
To me my people's love --  
To me the pride of Princes  
And power all pride above;  
To me the shouting cities,  
To me the mob's refrain: --  
'Who knows not noble Valdez  
'Hath never heard of Spain.'

But I remember comrades --  
Old playmates on new seas --  
Whenas we traded orpiment  
Among the savages --  
A thousand leagues to south'ard  
And thirty years removed --  
They knew nor noble Valdez,  
But me they knew and loved.

Then they that found good liquor,  
They drank it not alone,  
And they that found fair plunder,  
They told us every one,  
About our chosen islands  
Or secret shoals between,  
When, weary from far voyage,  
We gathered to careen.

There burned our breaming-fagots

All pale along the shore:  
There rose our worn pavilions --  
A sail above an oar:  
As flashed each yeaming anchor  
Through mellow seas afire,  
So swift our careless captains  
Rowed each to his desire.

Where lay our loosened harness?  
Where turned our naked feet?  
Whose tavern 'mid the palm-trees?  
What quenchings of what heat?  
Oh, fountain in the desert!  
Oh, cistern in the waste!  
Oh, bread we ate in secret!  
Oh, cup we spilled in haste!

The youth new-taught of longing,  
The widow curbed and wan,  
The goodwife proud at season,  
And the maid aware of man --  
All souls unslaked, consuming,  
Defrauded in delays,  
Desire not more their quittance  
Than I those forfeit days!

I dreamed to wait my pleasure  
Unchanged my spring would bide:  
Wherefore, to wait my pleasure,  
I put my spring aside  
Till, first in face of Fortune,  
And last in mazed disdain,  
I made Diego Valdez  
High Admiral of Spain.

Then walked no wind 'neath Heaven  
Nor surge that did not aid --  
I dared extreme occasion,  
Nor ever one betrayed.  
They wrought a deeper treason --  
(Led seas that served my needs!)  
They sold Diego Valdez

To bondage of great deeds.

The tempest flung me seaward,  
And pinned and bade me hold  
The course I might not alter --  
And men esteemed me bold!  
The calms embayed my quarry,  
The fog-wreath sealed his eyes;  
The dawn-wind brought my topsails --  
And men esteemed me wise!

Yet, 'spite my tyrant triumphs,  
Bewildered, dispossessed --  
My dream held I beore me  
My vision of my rest;  
But, crowned by Fleet and People,  
And bound by King and Pope --  
Stands here Diego Valdez  
To rob me of my hope.

No prayer of mine shall move him.  
No word of his set free  
The Lord of Sixty Pennants  
And the Steward of the Sea.  
His will can loose ten thousand  
To seek their loves again --  
But not Diego Valdez,  
High Admiral of Spain.

There walks no wind 'neath Heaven  
Nor wave that shall restore  
The old careening riot  
And the clamorous, crowded shore --  
The fountain in the desert,  
The cistern in the waste,  
The bread we ate in secret,  
The cup we spilled in haste.

Now call I to my Captains --  
For council fly the sign --  
Now leap their zealous galleys,  
Twelve-oared, across the brine.

To me the straiter prison,  
To me the heavier chain --  
To me Diego Valdez,  
High Admiral of Spain!

Rudyard Kipling

# Song Of The Fifth River

Where first by Eden Tree  
The Four Great Rivers ran,  
To each was appointed a Man  
Her Prince and Ruler to be.

But after this was ordained  
(The ancient legends' tell),  
There came dark Israel,  
For whom no River remained.

Then He Whom the Rivers obey  
Said to him: "Fling on the ground  
A handful of yellow clay,  
And a Fifth Great River shall run,  
Mightier than these Four,  
In secret the Earth around;  
And Her secret evermore,  
Shall be shown to thee and thy Race."

So it was said and done.  
And, deep in the veins of Earth,  
And, fed by a thousand springs  
That comfort the market-place,  
Or sap the power of King,  
The Fifth Great River had birth,  
Even as it was foretold--  
The Secret River of Gold!

And Israel laid down  
His sceptre and his crown,  
To brood on that River bank  
Where the waters flashed and sank  
And burrowed in earth and fell  
And bided a season below,  
For reason that none might know,  
Save only Israel

He is Lord of the Last--  
The Fifth, most wonderful, Flood.

He hears Her thunder past  
And Her Song is in his blood.  
He can foresay: "She will fall,"  
For he knows which fountain dries  
Behind which desert-belt  
A thousand leagues to the South.

He can foresay: "She will rise."  
He knows what far snows melt  
Along what mountain-wall  
A thousand leagues to the North,  
He snuffs the coming drouth  
As he snuffs the coming rain,  
He knows what each will bring forth,  
And turns it to his gain.

A Ruler without a Throne,  
A Prince without a Sword,  
Israel follows his quest.  
In every land a guest,  
Of many lands a lord,  
In no land King is he.  
But the Fifth Great River keeps  
The secret of Her deeps  
For Israel alone,  
As it was ordered to be.

Rudyard Kipling

# Song Of The Galley Slaves

We pulled for you when the wind was against us and the sails  
were low.

Will you never let us go?

We ate bread and onions when you took towns, or ran aboard  
quickly when you were beaten back by the foe.

The Captains walked up and down the deck in fair weather sing-  
ing songs, but we were below.

We fainted with our chins on the oars and you did not see that  
we were idle, for we still swung to and fro.

Will you never let us go?

The salt made the oar-hands like shark-skin; our knees were  
cut to the bone with salt-cracks; our hair was stuck to  
our foreheads; and our lips were cut to the gums, and you  
whipped us because we could not row.

Will you never let us go?

But, in a little time, we shall run out of the port-holes as the water  
runs along the oar-blade, and though you tell the others  
to row after us you will never catch us till you catch the  
oar-thresh and tie up the winds in the belly of the sail.

Aho!

Will you never let us go?

Rudyard Kipling

# Song Of The Red War-Boat

Shove off from the wharf-edge! Steady!  
Watch for a smooth! Give way!  
If she feels the lop already  
She'll stand on her head in the bay.  
It's ebb-it's dusk-it's blowing  
The shoals are a mile of white,  
But (snatch her along!) we're going  
To find our master to-night.

For we hold that in all disaster  
Of shipwreck, storm, or sword,  
A Man must stand by his Master  
When once he has pledged his word.

Raging seas have we rowed in  
But we seldom saw them thus,  
Our master is angry with  
Odin-Odin is angry with us!  
Heavy odds have we taken,  
But never before such odds.  
The Gods know they are forsaken  
We must risk the wrath of the Gods!

Over the crest she flies from,  
Into its hollow she drops,  
Cringes and clears her eyes from  
The wind-torn breaker-tops,  
Ere out on the shrieking shoulder  
Of a hill-high surge she drives.  
Meet her! Meet her and hold her!  
Pull for your scoundrel lives!

The thunders bellow and clamour  
The harm that they meant to do!  
There goes Thor's own Hammer  
Cracking the dark in two!  
Close! But the blow has missed her,  
Here comes the wind of the blow!  
Row or the squall'll twist her

Broadside on to it!-Row!

Heark'ee, Thor of the Thunder!  
We are not here for a jest  
For wager, warfare, or p]under,  
Or to put your power to test.  
This work is none of our wishing-  
We would house at home if we might  
But our master is wrecked out fishing.  
We go to find him to-night.

For we hold that in all disaster  
As the Gods Themselves have said  
A Man must stand by his Master  
Till one of the two is dead.

That is our way of thinking,  
Now you can do as you will,  
While we try to save her from sinking  
And hold her head to it still,  
Bale her and keep her moving,  
Or she'll break her back in the trough  
Who said the weather's improving,  
Or the swells are taking off ?

Sodden, and chafed and aching,  
Gone in the loins and knees  
No matter-the day is breaking,  
And there's far less weight to the seas!  
Up mast, and finish baling  
In oars, and out with the mead  
The rest will be two-reef sailing.  
That was a night indeed!

But we hold that in all disaster  
(And faith. we have found it true.  
If only you stand by your Master,  
The Gods will stand by you!

Rudyard Kipling

# Sussex

GOD gave all men all earth to love,  
But since our hearts are small,  
Ordained for each one spot should prove  
Belovèd over all;  
That, as He watched Creation's birth,  
So we, in godlike mood,  
May of our love create our earth  
And see that it is good.  
So one shall Baltic pines content,  
As one some Surrey glade,  
Or one the palm-grove's droned lament  
Before Levuka's Trade.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

No tender-hearted garden crowns,  
No bosomed woods adorn  
Our blunt, bow-headed, whale-backed Downs,  
But gnarled and writhen thorn—  
Bare slopes where chasing shadows skim,  
And, through the gaps revealed,  
Belt upon belt, the wooded, dim,  
Blue goodness of the Weald.

Clean of officious fence or hedge,  
Half-wild and wholly tame,  
The wise turf cloaks the white cliff edge  
As when the Romans came.  
What sign of those that fought and died  
At shift of sword and sword?  
The barrow and the camp abide,  
The sunlight and the sward.

Here leaps ashore the full Sou'west  
All heavy-winged with brine,  
Here lies above the folded crest  
The Channel's leaden line;

And here the sea-fogs lap and cling,  
And here, each warning each,  
The sheep-bells and the ship-bells ring  
Along the hidden beach.

We have no waters to delight  
Our broad and brookless vales—  
Only the dewpond on the height  
Unfed, that never fails—  
Whereby no tattered herbage tells  
Which way the season flies—  
Only our close-bit thyme that smells  
Like dawn in Paradise.

Here through the strong and shadeless days  
The tinkling silence thrills;  
Or little, lost, Down churches praise  
The Lord who made the hills:  
But here the Old Gods guard their round,  
And, in her secret heart,  
The heathen kingdom Wilfrid found  
Dreams, as she dwells, apart.

Though all the rest were all my share,  
With equal soul I'd see  
Her nine-and-thirty sisters fair,  
Yet none more fair than she.  
Choose ye your need from Thames to Tweed,  
And I will choose instead  
Such lands as lie 'twixt Rake and Rye,  
Black Down and Beachy Head.

I will go out against the sun  
Where the rolled scarp retires,  
And the Long Man of Wilmington  
Looks naked toward the shires;  
And east till doubling Rother crawls  
To find the fickle tide,  
By dry and sea-forgotten walls,  
Our ports of stranded pride.

I will go north about the shaws

And the deep ghylls that breed  
Huge oaks and old, the which we hold  
No more than Sussex weed;  
Or south where windy Piddinghoe's  
Begilded dolphin veers  
And red beside wide-bankèd Ouse  
Lie down our Sussex steers.

So to the land our hearts we give  
Till the sure magic strike,  
And Memory, Use, and Love make live  
Us and our fields alike—  
That deeper than our speech and thought,  
Beyond our reason's sway,  
Clay of the pit whence we were wrought  
Yearns to its fellow-clay.

God gives all men all earth to love,  
But since man's heart is small,  
Ordains for each one spot shall prove  
Beloved over all.  
Each to his choice, and I rejoice  
The lot has fallen to me  
In a fair ground—in a fair ground—  
Yea, Sussex by the sea!

Rudyard Kipling

# Tarrant Moss

I closed and drew for my love's sake  
That now is false to me,  
And I slew the Reiver of Tarrant Moss  
And set Dumeny free.

They have gone down, they have gone down,  
They are standing all arow -  
Twenty knights in the peat-water,  
That never struck a blow!

Their armour shall not dull nor rust,  
Their flesh shall not decay,  
For Tarrant Moss holds them in trust,  
Until the Judgment Day.

Their soul went from them in their youth,  
Ah God, that mine had gone,  
Whenas I leaned on my love's truth  
And not on my sword alone!

Whenas I leaned on lad's belief  
And not on my naked blade -  
And I slew a thief, and an honest thief,  
For the sake of a worthless maid.

They have laid the Reiver low in his place,  
They have set me up on high,  
But the twenty knights in the peat-water  
Are luckier than I!

And ever they give me gold and praise  
And ever I mourn my loss -  
For I struck the blow for my false love's sake  
And not for the Men of the Moss!

Rudyard Kipling

# That Day

It got beyond all orders an' it got beyond all 'ope;  
It got to shammin' wounded an' retirin' from the 'alt.  
'Ole companies was lookin' for the nearest road to slope;  
It were just a bloomin' knock-out -- an' our fault!

Now there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,  
Nor there ain't no band to play;  
An' I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did,  
Or seen what I seed that day!

We was sick o' bein' punished, an' we let 'em know it, too;  
An' a company-commander up an' 'it us with a sword,  
An' some one shouted "'Ook it!" an' it come to ~sove-ki-poo~,  
An' we chucked our rifles from us -- O my Gawd!

There was thirty dead an' wounded on the ground we wouldn't keep --  
No, there wasn't more than twenty when the front begun to go;  
But, Christ! along the line o' flight they cut us up like sheep,  
An' that was all we gained by doin' so.

I 'eard the knives be'ind me, but I dursn't face my man,  
Nor I don't know where I went to, 'cause I didn't 'alt to see,  
Till I 'eard a beggar squealin' out for quarter as 'e ran,  
An' I thought I knew the voice an' -- it was me!

We was 'idin' under bedsteads more than 'arf a march away;  
We was lyin' up like rabbits all about the countryside;  
An' the major cursed 'is Maker 'cause 'e lived to see that day,  
An' the colonel broke 'is sword acrost, an' cried.

We was rotten 'fore we started -- we was never disci~plined~;  
We made it out a favour if an order was obeyed;  
Yes, every little drummer 'ad 'is rights an' wrongs to mind,  
So we had to pay for teachin' -- an' we paid!

The papers 'id it 'andsome, but you know the Army knows;  
We was put to groomin' camels till the regiments withdrew,  
An' they gave us each a medal for subduin' England's foes,  
An' I 'ope you like my song -- because it's true!

An' there ain't no chorus 'ere to give,  
Nor there ain't no band to play;  
But I wish I was dead 'fore I done what I did,  
Or seen what I seed that day!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of Jakko Hill

One moment bid the horses wait,  
Since tiffin is not laid till three,  
Below the upward path and straight  
You climbed a year ago with me.  
Love came upon us suddenly  
And loosed - an idle hour to kill -  
A headless, armless armory  
That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait  
Through Time and to Eternity!  
Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate  
With more than Godlike constancy  
I cut the date upon a tree -  
Here stand the clumsy figures still:  
'10-7-85, A.D.'  
Damp with the mist of Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,  
And until Death fidelity!  
Whose horse is waiting at your gate?  
Whose 'rickshaw-wheels ride over me?  
No Saint's, I swear; and - let me see  
To-night what names your programme fill -  
We drift asunder merrily,  
As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill.

L'ENVOI.

Princess, behold our ancient state  
Has clean departed; and we see  
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate  
That bound light bonds on you and me.  
Amen! Here ends the comedy  
Where it began in all good will;  
Since Love and Leave together flee  
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Absent-Minded Beggar

When you've shouted ' Rule Britannia,' when you've sung ' God save the Queen,'  
When you've finished killing Kruger with your mouth,  
Will you kindly drop a shilling in my little tambourine  
For a gentleman in khaki ordered South?

He's an absent-minded beggar, and his weaknesses are great -  
But we and Paul must take him as we find him -  
He is out on active service, wiping something off a slate  
And he's left a lot of little things behind him!

Duke's son - cook's son - son of a hundred kings  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay!)

Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and who's to look after their things?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay - pay - pay !

There are girls he married secret, asking no permission to,  
For he knew he wouldn't get it if he did.

There is gas and coals and vittles, and the house-rent falling due,  
And its more than rather likely there's a kid.

There are girls he's walked with casual. They'll be sorry now he's gone,  
For an absent-minded beggar they will find him,

But it ain't the time for sermons with the winter coming on  
We must help the girl that Tommy's left behind him!

Cook's son - Duke's son - son of a belted Earl

Son of a Lambeth publican - it's all the same to-day !

Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and who's to look after the girl?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, J1 and pay - pay - pay !

There are families by thousands, far too proud to beg or speak,  
And they'll put their sticks and bedding up the spout,  
And they'll live on half o' nothing, paid 'em punctual once a week,  
'Cause the man that earns the wage is ordered out.

He's an absent-minded beggar, but he heard his country call,  
And his reg'rment didn't need to send to find him!

He chucked his job and joined it - so the job before us all  
Is to help the home that Tommy's left behind him !

Duke's job - cook's job - gardener, baronet, groom.

Mews or palace or paper-shop, there's someone gone away!

Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and who's to look after the room?)

Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay - pay - pay !

Let us manage so as, later, we can look him in the face,  
And tell him - what he'd very much prefer  
That, while he saved the Empire, his employer saved his place,  
And his mates (that's you and me) looked out for her.  
He's an absent-minded beggar and he may forget it all,  
But we do not want his kiddies to remind him  
That we sent 'em to the workhouse while their daddy hammered Paul,  
So we'll help the homes that Tommy left behind him !  
Cook's home - Duke's home - home of a millionaire,  
(Fifty thousand horse and foot going to Table Bay !)  
Each of 'em doing his country's work  
(and what have you got to spare?)  
Pass the hat for your credit's sake, and pay - pay - pay!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Advertisement

Whether to wend through straight streets strictly,  
Trimly by towns perfectly paved;  
Or after office, as fitteth thy fancy,  
Faring with friends far among fields;  
There is none other equal in action,  
Sith she is silent, nimble, unnoisome,  
Lordly of leather, gaudily gilded,  
Burgeoning brightly in a brass bonnet,  
Certain to steer well between wains.

Rudyard Kipling

# The American Rebellion

Before

Twas not while England's sword unsheathed  
Put half a world to flight,  
Nor while their new-built cities breathed  
Secure behind her might;  
Not while she poured from Pole to Line  
Treasure and ships and men--  
These worshippers at Freedom's shrine  
They did not quit her then!

Not till their toes were driven forth  
By England o'er the main--  
Not till the Frenchman from the North  
Had gone with shattered Spain;  
Not till the clean-swept oceans showed  
No hostile flag unrolled,  
Did they remember that they owed  
To Freedom--and were bold!

After

The snow lies thick on Valley Forge,  
The ice on the Delaware,  
But the poor dead soldiers of King George  
They neither know nor care.

Not though the earliest primrose break  
On the sunny side of the lane,  
And scuffling rookeries awake  
Their England's spring again.

They will not stir when the drifts are gone,  
Or the ice melts out of the bay:  
And the men that served with Washington  
Lie all as still as they.

They will not stir though the mayflower blows  
In the moist dark woods of pine,

And every rock-strewn pasture shows  
Mullein and columbine.

Each for his land, in a fair fight,  
Encountered strove, and died,  
And the kindly earth that knows no spite  
Covers them side by side.

She is too busy to think of war;  
She has all the world to make gay;  
And, behold, the yearly flowers are  
Where they were in our fathers' day!

Golden-rod by the pasture-wall  
When the columbine is dead,  
And sumach leaves that turn, in fall,  
Bright as the blood they shed.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Answer

A Rose, in tatters on the garden path,  
Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst His Wrath,  
Because a sudden wind at twilight's hush  
Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush.  
And God, Who hears both sun-dried dust and sun,  
Had pity, whispering to that luckless one,  
"Sister, in that thou sayest We did not well --  
What voices heardst thou when thy petals fell?"  
And the Rose answered, "In that evil hour  
A voice said, `Father, wherefore falls the flower?  
For lo, the very gossamers are still.'  
And a voice answered, `Son, by Allah's will!'"

Then softly as a rain-mist on the sward,  
Came to the Rose the Answer of the Lord:  
"Sister, before We smote the dark in twain,  
Ere yet the stars saw one another plain,  
Time, Tide, and Space, We bound unto the task  
That thou shouldst fall, and such an one should ask."  
Whereat the withered flower, all content,  
Died as they die whose days are innocent;  
While he who questioned why the flower fell  
Caught hold of God and saved his soul from Hell.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Anvil

England's on the anvil--hear the hammers ring--  
    Clanging from the Severn to the Tyne!  
Never was a blacksmith like our Norman King--  
    England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into line!

England's on the anvil! Heavy are the blows!  
    (But the work will be a marvel when it's done.)  
Little bits of Kingdoms cannot stand against their foes.  
    England's being hammered hammered, hammered into one!

There shall be one people--it shall serve one Lord--  
    (Neither Priest nor Baron shall escape!)  
It shall have one speech and law, soul and strength and sword.  
    England's being hammered, hammered, hammered into  
    shape!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Appeal

It I have given you delight  
By aught that I have done,  
Let me lie quiet in that night  
Which shall be yours anon:

And for the little, little, span  
The dead are born in mind,  
Seek not to question other than  
The books I leave behind.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of Ahmed Shah

This is the ballad of Ahmed Shah  
Dealer in tats in the Sudder Bazar,  
By the gate that leads to the Gold Minar  
How he was done by a youth from Morar.

Ahmed Shah was a man of peace -  
His beard and turban were thick with grease:  
His paunch was huge and his speech was slow  
And he swindled the subalterns high and low,  
Scores of subalterns came to try  
The tats that he sold - and remained to buy,  
Scores of subalterns later on  
Found that their flashiest mounts were 'gone' -  
Some in the front and some behind  
Some were roarers and some went blind -  
Scores of subalterns over their 'weeds'  
Cursed old Ahmed and all his deeds.  
But Ahmed Shah in his gully sat still -  
And ever he fashioned a Little Black Pill!

Yet a judgement was brewing for Ahmed Shah,  
Like a witches cauldron, in far Morar  
And the youth that brewed it has eyes of blue  
And his cheek was beardless and boundless too.  
Softly he mused o'er a trichi thick:-  
'By the Beard of the Prophet I've got the trick!'  
Then he rose from his chair with an artless grin  
And called the Battery Sergeant in:-  
'Sergeant' he said 'Hasst aught for me  
In the way of a 'caster' with lots of gee ?'  
The sergeant pondered and answered slow  
'There's a red-roan gelding that's bound to go  
At the next Committee. 'E ain't no use  
Excep' for kickin' recruits to the deuce,  
'E's chained in the sick lines.'  
The subaltern's brow  
Was puckered with thought for a moment. Then  
The sergeant was richer by rupees ten.  
'When the next Committee sits' quoth he

'O Sergeant buy up that brute for me.'

So the plot was laid and the long weeks passed  
And the red-road gelding was duly cast.  
They led him in chains to the subaltern's stall  
And gave him his gram' through a hole in the wall.  
The subaltern mixed it. When morning came  
The red-road gelding was strangely tame.  
He bit not nor kicked nor essayed to slay  
And he and the sub went north that day  
Till they came to the gully of Ahmed Shah  
The man and the horse from far Morar.  
The subaltern stated his funds were low  
And he came - mehrbani - to 'sell karo'.  
Then Ahmed Shah with his eyes agog  
Broke the Tenth Command in the decalogue,  
For the roan was a monster in size and thews  
And stood over sixteen hand in his shoes.  
'Sahib kitna mangta?' With brow serene  
The subaltern softly answered 'Teen'.  
He haggled an hour, that dealer thrifty  
Till the price was lowered to do sow fifty  
And the money was paid in greasy rupees  
While the red-roan gelding drowsed at his ease.  
The subaltern left him - and Ahmed smiled -  
'By Allah, how mad is this pink-faced child  
I will stuff that ghorah with attah and goor  
And sell him again to some English soor  
For a clear eight-fifty!'... and e'en as he spoke  
The devil they'd drugged in the red-roan woke !  
Then the head-ropes snapped and the heel-ropes drew  
And the stallions squealed as the roan went through  
And the syces ran as men run for life  
And the yard was troubled with equine strife  
Till the berserk-rage of the beat was o'er  
And he dropped to slumber at Ahmed's door!

Then a veil was lifted from Ahmed's eyes  
And he raised the eyelids and punched the thighs  
Felt the tense pulse slacken - the muscles still -  
And fathomed the Trcik of the Opium Pill!  
His own old dodge that had brought him pelf

Had the subaltern turned against himself!

Did he swear, though his three best tats were lame  
And half of the city would hear of his shame ?  
Did he seek the law courts? With downcast eye  
He hailed an ekka that jingled by,  
And drove to the station, where filled with peace  
The subaltern counted the greasy rupees.

What passed between them? I cannot say,  
The subaltern turns the question away  
With an innocent laugh: but the men of Morar  
Say he still gets ponies from Ahmed Shah.  
Ponies to bet on - but not to buy -  
Weeds to look at but devils to fly  
And once in a while comes a tiny pill-box.  
The Doctor abets him...Whenever I'm able  
I plunge to my last clean shirt on their stable!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of Boh Da Thone

This is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,  
Erst a Pretender to Theebaw's throne,  
Who harried the district of Alalone:  
How he met with his fate and the V.P.P.\*  
At the hand of Harendra Mukerji,  
Senior Gomashta, G.B.T.

\* Value Payable Parcels Post: in which the Government collects the money for the sender.

Boh Da Thone was a warrior bold:  
His sword and his Snider were bossed with gold,

And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore  
Was stiff with bullion, but stiffer with gore.

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the weak  
From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak:

He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,  
He filled old ladies with kerosene:

While over the water the papers cried,  
"The patriot fights for his countryside!"

But little they cared for the Native Press,  
The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped in the byre,  
Who died in the swamp and were tombed in the mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Command,  
For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone  
Was Captain O'Neil of the "Black Tyrone",

And his was a Company, seventy strong,  
Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and Meath  
Who went to their death with a joke in their teeth,

And worshipped with fluency, fervour, and zeal  
The mud on the boot-heels of "Crook" O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labours lay,  
And ever their quarry would vanish away,

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone  
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone:

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,  
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

The word of a scout -- a march by night --  
A rush through the mist -- a scattering fight --

A volley from cover -- a corpse in the clearing --  
The glimpse of a loin-cloth and heavy jade earring --

The flare of a village -- the tally of slain --  
And. . .the Boh was abroad "on the raid" again!

They cursed their luck, as the Irish will,  
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,  
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the "Kalends of Greece", men said,  
"When Crook and his darlings come back with the head."

They had hunted the Boh from the hills to the plain --  
He doubled and broke for the hills again:

They had crippled his power for rapine and raid,  
They had routed him out of his pet stockade,

And at last, they came, when the Day Star tired,  
To a camp deserted -- a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,  
And the body upon it was stark and cold.

The wind of the dawn went merrily past,  
The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.

And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke  
A spirtle of fire, a whorl of smoke --

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone  
Was blessed with a slug in the ulnar-bone --  
The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.

(Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-wire  
Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

. . . . .

The shot-wound festered -- as shot-wounds may  
In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the Captain swore,  
"I'd like to be after the Boh once more!"

The fever held him -- the Captain said,  
"I'd give a hundred to look at his head!"

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirred,  
But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and dank,  
That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School son,  
He thought -- but abandoned the thought -- of a gun.

His sleep was broken by visions dread  
Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

He kept his counsel and went his way,  
And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

. . . . .

And the months went on, as the worst must do,  
And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn strife,  
And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mould,  
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

And little she knew the arms that embraced  
Had cloven a man from the brow to the waist:

And little she knew that the loving lips  
Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,

And the eye that lit at her lightest breath  
Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.

(For these be matters a man would hide,  
As a general rule, from an innocent Bride.)

And little the Captain thought of the past,  
And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

. . . . .

But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,  
The Government Bullock Train toted its load.

Speckless and spotless and shining with ~ghee~,  
In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.

And ever a phantom before him fled  
Of a scowling Boh with a silver head.

Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies slaved,  
And the cartmen flogged and the escort raved;

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,

Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his heels!

Then belching blunderbuss answered back  
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,

And the blithe revolver began to sing  
To the blade that twanged on the locking-ring,

And the brown flesh blued where the bay'net kissed,  
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a twist,

And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes  
Watched the souls of the dead arise,

And over the smoke of the fusillade  
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.

Oh, gayest of scimmages man may see  
Is a well-worked rush on the G.B.T.!

The Babu shook at the horrible sight,  
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,

But Fate had ordained that the Boh should start  
On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,

And out of that cart, with a bellow of woe,  
The Babu fell -- flat on the top of the Boh!

For years had Harendra served the State,  
To the growth of his purse and the girth of his ~p]^et~.

There were twenty stone, as the tally-man knows,  
On the broad of the chest of this best of Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged  
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle -- severe was the shock --  
He dropped like a bullock -- he lay like a block;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,

Heard the labouring life-breath hissed out in his ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified  
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

. . . . .

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his ease,  
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,

Where the ~whit~ of the bullet, the wounded man's scream  
Are mixed as the mist of some devilish dream --

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles  
Where the hill-daisy blooms and the gray monkey gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released from the steel,  
The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

. . . . .

Up the hill to Simoorie -- most patient of drudges --  
The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner trudges.

"For Captain O'Neil, ~Sahib~. One hundred and ten  
Rupees to collect on delivery."

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-jack and hammer  
Tore waxcloth, split teak-wood, and chipped out the dammer;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery's snow,  
With a crash and a thud, rolled -- the Head of the Boh!

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which ran: --

"IN FIELDING FORCE SERVICE.

~Encampment~,

th Jan.

"Dear Sir, -- I have honour to send, ~as you said~,  
For final approval (see under) Boh's Head;

"Was took by myself in most bloody affair.  
By High Education brought pressure to bear.

"Now violate Liberty, time being bad,  
To mail V.P.P. (rupees hundred) Please add

"Whatever Your Honour can pass. Price of Blood  
Much cheap at one hundred, and children want food;

"So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain  
True love and affection for Govt. Bullock Train,

"And show awful kindness to satisfy me,  
I am,  
Graceful Master,  
Your  
H. MUKERJI."

. . . . .

As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake's power,  
As the smoker's eye fills at the opium hour,

As a horse reaches up to the manger above,  
As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of love,

From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and slow,  
The Captain bent down to the Head of the Boh.

And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It lay  
'Twixt the winking new spoons and the napkins' array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago days --  
The hand-to-hand scuffle -- the smoke and the blaze --

The forced march at night and the quick rush at dawn --  
The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn --

The stench of the marshes -- the raw, piercing smell  
When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the yell --

The oaths of his Irish that surged when they stood

Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kuttamow flood.

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide  
The Captain went out on the Past from his Bride,

Back, back, through the springs to the chill of the year,  
When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to Tsaleer.

As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through deep water,  
In his eye lit the passionless passion of slaughter,

And men who had fought with O'Neil for the life  
Had gazed on his face with less dread than his wife.

For she who had held him so long could not hold him --  
Though a four-month Eternity should have controlled him --

But watched the twin Terror -- the head turned to head --  
The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed savage Red --

The spirit that changed from her knowing and flew to  
Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue to.

But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it unfearing,  
And muttered aloud, "So you kept that jade earring!"

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to friend,  
"Old man, you fought well, but you lost in the end."

. . . . .

The visions departed, and Shame followed Passion: --  
"He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

"~I'll~ write to Harendra!" With language unsainted  
The Captain came back to the Bride. . .who had fainted.

. . . . .

And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie  
And look at their baby, a twelve-month old Hour,

A pert little, Irish-eyed Kathleen Mavournin --  
She's always about on the Mall of a mornin' --

And you'll see, if her right shoulder-strap is displaced,  
This: ~Gules~ upon ~argent~, a Boh's Head, ~erased!~

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of Bolivar

Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,  
Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain:  
Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away --  
We that took the ~Bolivar~ out across the Bay!

We put out from Sunderland loaded down with rails;  
We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo shifted;  
We put out from Sunderland -- met the winter gales --  
Seven days and seven nights to the Start we drifted.  
Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack white as snow,  
All the coals adrift adeck, half the rails below,  
Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a dray --  
Out we took the ~Bolivar~, out across the Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and let us by;  
Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and fo'c'sle short;  
Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulkhead fly;  
Left the ~Wolf~ behind us with a two-foot list to port.  
Trailing like a wounded duck, working out her soul;  
Clanging like a smithy-shop after every roll;  
Just a funnel and a mast lurching through the spray --  
So we threshed the ~Bolivar~ out across the Bay!

'Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when she'd break;  
Wondered every time she raced if she'd stand the shock;  
Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at her strake;  
Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the plumber-block.  
Banged against the iron decks, bilges choked with coal;  
Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of heart and soul;  
Last we prayed she'd buck herself into judgment Day --  
Hi! we cursed the ~Bolivar~ knocking round the Bay!

O her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be still --  
Up and down and back we went, never time for breath;  
Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her by the heel,  
And the stars ran round and round dancin' at our death.  
Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off between;  
'Heard the rotten rivets draw when she took it green;  
'Watched the compass chase its tail like a cat at play --

That was on the ~Bolivar~, south across the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head to swell --  
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they was we --  
Some damned Liner's lights go by like a long hotel;  
Cheered her from the ~Bolivar~ swampin' in the sea.

Then a grayback cleared us out, then the skipper laughed;  
"Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell -- rig the winches aft!  
Yoke the kicking rudder-head -- get her under way!"  
So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across the Bay!

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,  
In we came, an' time enough, 'cross Bilbao Bar.  
Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we  
Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea!

Seven men from all the world, back to town again,  
Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain:  
Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay,  
'Cause we took the "Bolivar" safe across the Bay?

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of East And West

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face,  
tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Border-side,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:  
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,  
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.  
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:  
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"  
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:  
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.  
At dusk he harries the Abazai -- at dawn he is into Bonair,  
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,  
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.  
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,  
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.  
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,  
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."  
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell  
and the head of the gallows-tree.  
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat --  
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.  
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,  
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.  
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.  
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."  
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dustdevils go,  
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.  
The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,  
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.  
There was rock to the left and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,  
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,  
 The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.  
 The dun he fell at a water-course -- in a woful heap fell he,  
 And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.  
 He has knocked the pistol out of his hand -- small room was there to strive,  
 "'Twas only by favour of mine," quoth he, "ye rode so long alive:  
 There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,  
 But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.  
 If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,  
 The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:  
 If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,  
 The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."  
 Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,  
 But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.  
 If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,  
 Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.  
 They will feed their horse on the standing crop,  
     their men on the garnered grain,  
 The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.  
 But if thou thinkest the price be fair, -- thy brethren wait to sup,  
 The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn, -- howl, dog, and call them up!  
 And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,  
 Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"  
 Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.  
 "No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.  
 May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;  
 What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"  
 Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:  
 Take up the mare for my father's gift -- by God, she has carried a man!"  
 The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;  
 "We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.  
 So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,  
 My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups twain."  
 The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it muzzle-end,  
 "Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he;  
     "will ye take the mate from a friend?"  
 "A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk of a limb.  
 Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"  
 With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a mountain-crest --  
 He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a lance in rest.  
 "Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop of the Guides,  
 And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder rides.

Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and bed,  
Thy life is his -- thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.  
So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes are thine,  
And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the Border-line,  
And thou must make a trooper tough and hack thy way to power --  
Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in Peshawur."

They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they found no fault,  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened bread and salt:  
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,  
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Wondrous Names of God.  
The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,  
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.  
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear --  
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.  
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son.

"Put up the steel at your sides!

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief --  
to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face,  
tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of Fisher's Boarding-House

That night, when through the mooring-chains  
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,  
To blunder down by Garden Reach  
And rot at Kedgerree,  
The tale the Hughli told the shoal  
The lean shoal told to me.

'T was Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,  
Where sailor-men reside,  
And there were men of all the ports  
From Mississip to Clyde,  
And regally they spat and smoked,  
And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea  
That gave them scanty bread,  
They lied about the Earth beneath,  
The Heavens overhead,  
For they had looked too often on  
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,  
Of shame and lust and fraud,  
They backed their toughest statements with  
The Brimstone of the Lord,  
And crackling oaths went to and fro  
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
Who carried on his hairy chest  
The maid Ultruda's charm --  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Withouth-the-Ears,  
And Pamba the Malay,  
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,  
And Luz from Vigo Bay,

And Honest Jack who sold them slops  
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,  
A lean Bostonian he --  
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,  
Yank, Dane, and Portuguee,  
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
The rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,  
Collinga knew her fame,  
From Tarnau in Galicia  
To Juan Bazaar she came,  
To eat the bread of infamy  
And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel --  
Rich spoil of war was hers,  
In hose and gown and ring and chain,  
From twenty mariners,  
And, by Port Law, that week, men called  
her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt -- what landsmen know --  
That neither gifts nor gain  
Can hold a winking Light o' Love  
Or Fancy's flight restrain,  
When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes  
On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,  
From Howrah to the Bay,  
And he may die before the dawn  
Who liquored out the day,  
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
And laughter shook the chest beneath  
The maid Ultruda's charm --

The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

"You speak to Salem Hardieker;  
"You was his girl, I know.  
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,  
"Und round the Skaw we go,  
"South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,  
"To Besser in Saro."

When love rejected turns to hate,  
All ill betide the man.  
"You speak to Salem Hardieker" --  
She spoke as woman can.  
A scream -- a sob -- "He called me -- names!"  
And then the fray began.

An oath from Salem Hardieker,  
A shriek upon the stairs,  
A dance of shadows on the wall,  
A knife-thrust unawares --  
And Hans came down, as cattle drop,  
Across the broken chairs.

. . . . .

In Anne of Austria's trembling hands  
The weary head fell low: --  
"I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight  
"For Besser in Saro;  
"Und there Ultruda comes to me  
"At Easter, und I go

"South, down the Cattegat -- What's here?  
"There -- are -- no -- lights -- to guide!"  
The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,  
And Anne of Austria cried  
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,

But Anne of Austria looted first  
The maid Ultruda's charm --  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of Minepit Shaw

About the time that taverns shut  
And men can buy no beer,  
Two lads went up to the keepers' hut  
To steal Lord Pelham's deer.

Night and the liquor was in their heads--  
They laughed and talked no bounds,  
Till they waked the keepers on their beds  
And the keepers loosed the hounds.

They had killed a hart, they had killed a hind,  
Ready to carry away,  
When they heard a whimper down the wind  
And they heard a bloodhound bay.

They took and ran across the fern,  
Their crossbows in their hand,  
Till they met a man with a green lantern  
That called and bade 'em stand.

"What are ye doing, O Flesh and Blood,  
And what's your foolish will,  
That you must break into Minepit Wood  
And wake the Folk of the Hill?"

"Oh, we've broke into Lord Pelham's park,  
And killed Lord Pelham's deer,  
And if ever you heard a little dog bark  
You'll know why we come here.

"We ask you let us go our way,  
As fast as we can flee,  
For if ever you heard a bloodhound bay  
You'll know how pressed we be."

"Oh, lay your crossbows on the bank  
And drop the knives from your hand,  
And though the hounds be at your flank  
I'll save you where you stand!"

They laid their crossbows on the bank,  
They threw their knives in the wood,  
And the ground before them opened and sank  
And saved 'em where they stood.

"Oh, what's the roaring in our ears  
That strikes us well-nigh dumb?"  
"Oh, that is just how things appears  
According as they come."

"What are the stars before our eyes  
That strike us well-nigh blind?"  
"Oh, that is just how things arise  
According as you find."

"And why's our bed so hard to the bones  
Excepting where it's cold?"  
"Oh, that's because it is precious stones  
Excepting where 'tis gold.

"Think it over as you stand,  
For I tell you without fail,  
If you haven't got into Fairyland  
You're not in Lewes Gaol."

All night long they thought of it,  
And, come the dawn, they saw  
They'd tumbled into a great old pit,  
At the bottom of Minepit Shaw.

And the keeper's hound had followed 'em close,  
And broke her neck in the fall;  
So they picked up their knives and their crossbows  
And buried the dog. That's all.

But whether the man was a poacher too  
Or a Pharisee' so bold--  
I reckon there's more things told than are true.  
And more things true than are told!



# The Ballad Of The "Clampherdown"

It was our war-ship ~Clampherdown~  
Would sweep the Channel clean,  
Wherefore she kept her hatches close  
When the merry Channel chops arose,  
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,  
And a great stern-gun beside;  
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,  
They racked their stays and stanchions free  
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship ~Clampherdown~,  
Fell in with a cruiser light  
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun  
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run  
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles --  
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork --  
And once she fired and twice she fired,  
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired  
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,  
The deck-beams break below,  
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,  
And botch the shattered plates again."  
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile --  
As ye shoot at the flying duck --  
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,  
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,  
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,  
The feed-pipes burst below --  
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,

You can hear the twisted runners jam."  
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship ~Clampherdown~,  
And grimly did she roll;  
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire  
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire  
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,  
And faster still fall we;  
And it is not meet for English stock  
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock  
The death they cannot see."

"Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,  
We drift upon her beam;  
We dare not ram, for she can run;  
And dare ye fire another gun,  
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship ~Clampherdown~  
That carried an armour-belt;  
But fifty feet at stern and bow  
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,  
To the hail of the ~Nordenfeldt~.

"Captain, they hack us through and through;  
The chilled steel bolts are swift!  
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,  
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be."  
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship ~Clampherdown~,  
Swung round upon the tide,  
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,  
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,  
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,  
They bid you send your sword."  
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.

They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now;  
Out cutlasses and board!"

It was our war-ship ~Clampherdown~  
Spewed up four hundred men;  
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,  
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight  
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,  
From conning-tower to hold.  
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;  
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare to the feet,  
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking ~Clampherdown~  
Heaved up her battered side --  
And carried a million pounds in steel,  
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,  
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the ~Clampherdown~  
Stood out to sweep the sea,  
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,  
As it was in the days of long ago,  
And as it still shall be.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of The Cars

*Wardour Street Border Ballad*

"Now this is the price of a stirrup-cup,"  
The kneeling doctor said.  
And syne he bade them take him up,  
For he saw that the man was dead.

They took him up, and they laid him down  
( And, oh, he did not stir ),  
And they had him into the nearest town  
To wait the Coroner.

They drew the dead-cloth over the face,  
They closed the doors upon,  
And the cars that were parked in the market-place  
Made talk of it anon.

Then up and spake a Daimler wide,  
That carries the slatted tank: --  
"Tis we must purge the country-side  
And no man will us thank.

"For while they pray at Holy Kirk  
The souls should turn from sin,  
We cock our bonnets to the work,  
And gather the drunken in. --

"And if we spare them for the nonce, --  
Or their comrades jack them free, --  
They learn more under our dumb-irons  
Than they learned at time mother's knee."

Then up and spake an Armstrong bold,  
And Siddeley, was his name: --  
"I saw a man lie stark and cold  
By Grantham as I came.

"There was a blind turn by a brook,

A guard-rail and a fail:  
But the drunken loon that overtook  
He got no hurt at all!

"I ha' trodden the wet road and the dry --  
But and the shady lane; '  
And why the guiltless soul should die,  
Good reason find I nane."

Then up and spake the Babe Austin --  
Had barely room for two --  
"'Tis time and place that make the sin,  
And not the deed they do.

"For when a man drives with his dear,  
I ha' seen it come to pass  
That an arm too close or a lip too near  
Has killed both lad and lass.

"There was a car at eventide  
And a sidelings kiss to steal --  
The God knows how the couple died,  
But I mind the inquest weel.

"I have trodden the black tar and the heath --  
But and the cobble-stone;  
And why the young go to their death,  
Good reason find I none."

Then spake a Morris from Oxenford,  
( 'Was keen to a Cowley Friar ): --  
"How shall we judge the ways of the Lord  
That are but steel and fire?

"Between the oil-pits under earth  
And the levin-spark from the skies,  
We but adventure and go forth  
As our man shall devise:

"And if he have drunken a hoop too deep,  
No kinship can us move

To draw him home in his market-sleep  
Or spare his waiting love.

"There is never a lane in all England  
Where a mellow man can go,  
But he must look on either hand  
And back and front also.

"But he must busk him every tide,  
At prick of horn, to leap  
Either to hide in ditch beside  
Or in the bankes steep.

"And whether he walk in drink or muse,  
Or for his love be bound,  
We have no wit to mark and chuse,  
But needs must slay or wound."

. . . . .

They drew the dead-cloth from its face.  
The Crowner looked thereon;  
And the cars that were parked in the market-place  
Went all their ways anon.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of The Clampherdown

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*  
Would sweep the Channel clean,  
Wherefore she kept her hatches close  
When the merry Channel chops arose,  
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton  
And a great stern-gun beside.  
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,  
They racked their stays and stanchions free  
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,  
Fell in with a cruiser light  
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun  
And a pair of heels wherewith to run  
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles --  
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork --  
And once she fired and twice she fired,  
Till the bow-gun dropped like a lily tired  
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,  
The deck-beams break below,  
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,  
And botch the shattered plates again."  
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile --  
As ye shoot at the flying duck --  
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,  
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless blue,  
And the great stern-turret stuck.

"Captain, the turret fills with steam,  
The feed-pipes burst below --  
You can hear the hiss of the helpless ram,

You can hear the twisted runners jam."  
And he answered, "Turn and go!"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,  
And grimly did she roll;  
Swung round to take the cruiser's fire  
As the White Whale faces the Thresher's ire  
When they war by the frozen Pole.

"Captain, the shells are falling fast,  
And faster still fall we;  
And it is not meet for English stock  
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock  
The death they cannot see."

"Lie down, lie down, my bold A.B.,  
We drift upon her beam;  
We dare not ram, for she can run;  
And dare ye fire another gun,  
And die in the peeling steam?"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*  
That carried an armour-belt;  
But fifty feet at stern and bow  
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,  
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

"Captain, they hack us through and through;  
The chilled steel bolts are swift!  
We have emptied our bunkers in open sea,  
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should be."  
And he answered, "Let her drift."

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*,  
Swung round upon the tide,  
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,  
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran forth,  
And she ground the cruiser's side.

"Captain, they cry, the fight is done,  
They bid you send your sword."  
And he answered, "Grapple her stern and bow.

They have asked for the steel. They shall have it now;  
Out cutlasses and board!"

It was our war-ship *Clampherdown*  
Spewed up four hundred men;  
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,  
As they rolled in the waist and heard the fight,  
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,  
From conning-tower to hold.  
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet;  
They were stripped to the waist, they were bare to the feet,  
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking *Clampherdown*  
Heaved up her battered side --  
And carried a million pounds in steel,  
To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,  
And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the *Clampherdown*  
Stood out to sweep the sea,  
On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,  
As it was in the days of long ago,  
And as it still shall be!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ballad Of The Red Earl

*It is not for them to criticize too minutely the methods the Irish followed, though they might deplore some of their results. During the past few years Ireland had been going through what was tantamount to a revolution. -- EARL SPENCER*

Red Earl, and will ye take for guide  
The silly camel-birds,  
That ye bury your head in an Irish thorn,  
On a desert of drifting words?

Ye have followed a man for a God, Red Earl,  
As the Lord o' Wrong and Right;  
But the day is done with the setting sun  
Will ye follow into the night?

He gave you your own old words, Red Earl,  
For food on the wastrel way;  
Will ye rise and eat in the night, Red Earl,  
That fed so full in the day?

Ye have followed fast, ye have followed far,  
And where did the wandering lead?  
From the day that ye praised the spoken word  
To the day ye must gloss the deed.

And as ye have given your hand for gain,  
So must ye give in loss;  
And as ye ha' come to the brink of the pit,  
So must ye loup across.

For some be rogues in grain, Red Earl,  
And some be rogues in fact,  
And rogues direct and rogues elect;  
But all be rogues in pact.

Ye have cast your lot with these, Red Earl;  
Take heed to where ye stand.  
Ye have tied a knot with your tongue, Red Earl,

That ye cannot loose with your hand.

Ye have travelled fast, ye have travelled far,  
In the grip of a tightening tether,  
Till ye find at the end ye must take for friend  
The quick and their dead together.

Ye have played with the Law between your lips,  
And mouthed it daintilee;  
But the gist o' the speech is ill to teach,  
For ye say: "Let wrong go free."

Red Earl, ye wear the Garter fair,  
And gat your place from a King:  
Do ye make Rebellion of no account,  
And Treason a little thing?

And have ye weighed your words, Red Earl,  
That stand and speak so high?  
And is it good that the guilt o' blood,  
Be cleared at the cost of a sigh?

And is it well for the sake of peace,  
Our tattered Honour to sell,  
And higgle anew with a tainted crew --  
Red Earl, and is it well?

Ye have followed fast, ye have followed far,  
On a dark and doubtful way,  
And the road is hard, is hard, Red Earl,  
And the price is yet to pay.

Ye shall pay that price as ye reap reward  
For the toil of your tongue and pen --  
In the praise of the blamed and the thanks of the shamed,  
And the honour o' knavish men.

They scarce shall veil their scorn, Red Earl,  
And the worst at the last shall be,  
When you tell your heart that it does not know  
And your eye that it does not see.



# The Bee-Boy's Song

*Bees! Bees! Hark to your bees!*  
*"Hide from your neighbours as much as you please,*  
*But all that has happened, to us you must tell,*  
*Or else we will give you no honey to sell!"*

A maiden in her glory,  
Upon her wedding - day,  
Must tell her Bees the story,  
Or else they'll fly away.  
Fly away -- die away --  
Dwindle down and leave you!  
But if you don't deceive your Bees,  
Your Bees will not deceive you.

Marriage, birth or buryin',  
News across the seas,  
All you're sad or merry in,  
You must tell the Bees.  
Tell 'em coming in an' out,  
Where the Fanners fan,  
'Cause the Bees are just about  
As curious as a man!

Don't you wait where the trees are,  
When the lightnings play,  
Nor don't you hate where Bees are,  
Or else they'll pine away.  
Pine away -- dwine away --  
Anything to leave you!  
But if you never grieve your Bees,  
Your Bees'll never grieve you.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Bees And Flies

A Farmer of the Augustan Age  
Perused in Virgil's golden page  
The story of the secret won  
From Proteus by Cyrene's son--  
How the dank sea-god showed the swain  
Means to restore his hives again.  
More briefly, how a slaughtered bull  
Breeds honey by the bellyful.

The egregious rustic put to death  
A bull by stopping of its breath,  
Disposed the carcass in a shed  
With fragrant herbs and branches spread,  
And, having well performed the charm,  
Sat down to wait the promised swarm.

Nor waited long. The God of Day  
Impartial, quickening with his ray  
Evil and good alike, beheld  
The carcass--and the carcass swelled.  
Big with new birth the belly heaves  
Beneath its screen of scented leaves.  
Past any doubt, the bull conceives!

The farmer bids men bring more hives  
To house the profit that arrives;  
Prepares on pan and key and kettle,  
Sweet music that shall make 'em settle;  
But when to crown the work he goes,  
Gods! What a stink salutes his nose!

Where are the honest toilers? Where  
The gravid mistress of their care?  
A busy scene, indeed, he sees,  
But not a sign or sound of bees.  
Worms of the riper grave unhid  
By any kindly coffin-lid,  
Obscene and shameless to the light,  
Seethe in insatiate appetite,

Through putrid offal, while above  
The hissing blow-fly seeks his love,  
Whose offspring, supping where they supt,  
Consume corruption twice corrupt.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Beginner

*After He Has Been Extemporising On an Instrument Not Of His Own Invention*  
-- Browning

Lo! What is this that I make -- sudden, supreme, unrehearsed --  
This that my clutch in the crowd pressed at a venture has raised?  
Forward and onward I sprang when I thought (as I ought) I reversed,  
And a cab like martagon opes and I sit in the wreckage dazed.

And someone is taking my name, and the driver is rending the air  
With cries for my blood and my gold, and a snickering news-boy brings  
My cap, wheel-pashed from the kerb. I must run her home for repair,  
Where she leers with her bonnet awry--flat on the nether springs!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Beginning

<i>1914-18</i>

It was not part of their blood,  
It came to them very late  
With long arrears to make good,  
When the English began to hate.

They were not easily moved,  
They were icy-willing to wait  
Till every count should be proved,  
Ere the English began to hate.

Their voices were even and low,  
Their eyes were level and straight.  
There was neither sign nor show,  
When the English began to hate.

It was not preached to the crowd,  
It was not taught by the State.  
No man spoke it aloud,  
When the English began to hate.

It was not suddenly bred,  
It will not swiftly abate,  
Through the chill years ahead,  
When Time shall count from the date  
That the English began to hate.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Beginning Of The Armadilloes

I've never sailed the Amazon,  
I've never reached Brazil;  
But the Don and Magdalena,  
They can go there when they will!

Yes, weekly from Southampton  
Great steamers, white and gold,  
Go rolling down to Rio  
(Roll down--roll down to Rio!).  
And I'd like to roll to Rio  
Some day before I'm old!

I've never seen a Jaguar,  
Nor yet an Armadill--  
He's dilloing in his armour,  
And I s'pose I never will,

Unless I go to Rio  
These wonders to behold--  
Roll down--roll down to Rio--  
Roll really down to Rio!  
Oh, I'd love to roll to Rio  
Some day before I'm old!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Beginnings

It was not part of their blood,  
It came to them very late  
With long arrears to make good,  
When the English began to hate.

They were not easily moved,  
They were icy-willing to wait  
Till every count should be proved,  
Ere the English began to hate.

Their voices were even and low,  
Their eyes were level and straight.  
There was neither sign nor show,  
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It will not swiftly abate,  
Through the chill years ahead,  
When Time shall count from the date  
That the English began to hate.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Bell Buoy

They christened my brother of old--  
And a saintly name he bears--  
They gave him his place to hold  
At the head of the belfry-stairs,  
Where the minister-towers stand  
And the breeding kestrels cry.  
Would I change with my brother a league inland?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not I!

In the flush of the hot June prime,  
O'er sleek flood-tides afire,  
I hear him hurry the chime  
To the bidding of checked Desire;  
Till the sweated ringers tire  
And the wild bob-majors die.  
Could I wait for my turn in the godly choir?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not I!

When the smoking scud is blown--  
When the greasy wind-rack lowers--  
Apart and at peace and alone,  
He counts the changeless hours.  
He wars with darkling Powers  
(I war with a darkling sea);  
Would he stoop to my work in the gusty mirk?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not he!

There was never a priest to pray  
There was never a hand to toll,  
When they made me guard of the bay,  
And moored me over the shoal.  
I rock, I reel, and I roll--  
My four great hammers ply--  
Could I speak or be still at the Church's will?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not I!

The landward marks have failed,  
The fog-bank glides unguessed,  
The seaward lights are veiled,

The spent deep feigns her rest:  
But my ear is laid to her breast,  
I lift to the swell--I cry!  
Could I wait in sloth on the Church's oath?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not I!

At the careless end of night  
I thrill to the nearing screw;  
I turn in the clearing light  
And I call to the drowsy crew;  
And the mud boils foul and blue  
As the blind bow backs away.  
Will they give me their thanks if they clear the banks?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not they!

The beach-pools cake and skim,  
The bursting spray-heads freeze,  
I gather on crown and rim  
The grey, grained ice of the seas,  
Where, sheathed from bitt to trees,  
The plunging colliers lie.  
Would I barter my place for the Church's grace?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not I!

Through the blur of the whirling snow,  
Or the black of the inky sleet,  
The lanterns gather and grow,  
And I look for the homeward fleet.  
Rattle of block and sheet--  
"Ready about-stand by!"  
Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay?  
<i>(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)</i> Not I!

I dip and I surge and I swing  
In the rip of the racing tide,  
By the gates of doom I sing,  
On the horns of death I ride.  
A ship-length overside,  
Between the course and the sand,  
Fretted and bound I bide  
Peril whereof I cry.  
Would I change with my brother a league inland?

*(Shoal! 'Ware shoal!)* Not I!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Bells And Queen Victoria

<i>1911</i>

<i>"Gay go up and gay go down</i>  
<i>To ring the Bells of London Town."</i>  
<i>When London Town's asleep in bed</i>  
<i>You'll hear the Bells ring overhead.</i>  
<i>In excelsis gloria!</i>  
<i>Ringing for Victoria,</i>  
<i>Ringing for their mighty mistress--ten years dead!</i>

## THE BELLS:

Here is more gain than Gloriana guessed--  
Then Gloriana guessed or Indies bring--  
Then golden Indies bring. A Queen confessed--  
A Queen confessed that crowned her people King.  
Her people King, and crowned a11 Kings above,  
Above a11 Kings have crowned their Queen their love--  
Have crowned their love their Queen, their Queen their love!  
Denying her, we do ourselves deny,  
Disowning her are we ourselves disowned.  
Mirror was she of our fidelity,  
And handmaid of our destiny enthroned;  
The very marrow of Youth's dream, and still  
Yoke-mate of wisest Age that worked her will!

Our fathers had declared to us her praise--  
Her praise the years had proven past all speech.  
And past all speech our loyal hearts always,  
Always our hearts lay open, each to each--  
Therefore men gave the treasure of their blood  
To this one woman--for she understood!

<i>Four o' the clock! Now all the world is still.</i>  
<i>Oh, London Bells, to all the world declare</i>  
<i>The Secret of the Empire--read who will!</i>  
<i>The Glory of the People--touch who dare!</i>

## THE BELLS:

Power that has reached itself all kingly powers,  
<i>St. Margaret's:</i> By love o'erpowered--  
<i>St. Martin's:</i> By love o'erpowered--  
<i>St. Clement Danes:</i> By love o'erpowered,  
The greater power confers!

## THE BELLS:

For we were hers, as she, as she was ours,  
<i>Bow Bells:</i> And she was ours--  
<i>St. Paul's:</i> And she was ours--  
<i>Westminster:</i> And she was ours,  
As we, even we, were hers!

## THE BELLS

As we were hers!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Benefactors

Ah! What avails the classic bent  
And what the cultured word,  
Against the undoctored incident  
That actually occurred?

And what is Art whereto we press  
Through paint and prose and rhyme—  
When Nature in her nakedness  
Defeats us every time?

It is not learning, grace nor gear,  
Nor easy meat and drink,  
But bitter pinch of pain and fear  
That makes creation think.

When in this world's unpleasing youth  
Our godlike race began,  
The longest arm, the sharpest tooth,  
Gave man control of man;

Till, bruised and bitten to the bone  
And taught by pain and fear,  
He learned to deal the far-off stone,  
And poke the long, safe spear.

So tooth and nail were obsolete  
As means against a foe,  
Till, bored by uniform defeat,  
Some genius built the bow.

Then stone and javelin proved as vain  
As old-time tooth and nail;  
Till, spurred anew by fear and pain,  
Man fashioned coats of mail.

Then was there safety for the rich  
And danger for the poor,  
Till someone mixed a powder which  
Redressed the scale once more.

Helmet and armour disappeared  
With sword and bow and pike,  
And, when the smoke of battle cleared,  
All men were armed alike....

And when ten million such were slain  
To please one crazy king,  
Man, schooled in bulk by fear and pain,  
Grew weary of the thing;

And, at the very hour designed  
To enslave him past recall,  
His tooth-stone-arrow-gun-shy mind  
Turned and abolished all.

All Power, each Tyrant, every Mob  
Whose head has grown too large,  
Ends by destroying its own job  
And works its own discharge;

And Man, whose mere necessities  
Move all things from his path,  
Trembles meanwhile at their decrees,  
And deprecates their wrath!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Betrothed

"You must choose between me and your cigar."  
-- BREACH OF PROMISE CASE, CIRCA 1885.

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,  
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarrelled about Havanas -- we fought o'er a good cheroot,  
And I knew she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box -- let me consider a space;  
In the soft blue veil of the vapour musing on Maggie's face.

Maggie is pretty to look at -- Maggie's a loving lass,  
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Larranaga, there's calm in a Henry Clay;  
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away --

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown --  
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty -- grey and dour and old --  
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been the dark of the Days that Are,  
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar --

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket --  
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to the socket!

Open the old cigar-box -- let me consider a while.  
Here is a mild Manila -- there is a wifely smile.

Which is the better portion -- bondage bought with a ring,  
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent -- comforters true and tried,  
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride?

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,  
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close,

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,  
With only a Suttee's passion -- to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,  
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,  
When they hear my harem is empty will send me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths withal,  
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides,  
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between  
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelvemonth clear,  
But I have been Priest of Cabanas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light  
Of stums that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,  
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey or leave me bogged in the mire?  
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box -- let me consider anew --  
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;  
And a woman is only a woman, but a good Cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba -- I hold to my first-sworn vows.  
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for Spouse!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Birthright

*The miracle of our land's speech--so known  
And long received, none marvel when 'tis shown!*

We have such wealth as Rome at her most pride  
Had not or (having) scattered not so wide;  
Nor with such arrant prodigality,  
Beneath her any pagan's foot let lie...  
Lo! Diamond that cost some half their days  
To find and t'other half to bring to blaze:  
Rubies of every heat, wherethrough we scan  
The fiercer and more fiery heart of man:  
Emerald that with the uplifted billow vies,  
And Sapphires evening remembered skies:  
Pearl perfect, as immortal tears must show,  
Bred, in deep waters, of a piercing woe;  
And tender Turkis, so with charms y-writ,  
Of woven gold, Time dares not bite on it.  
Thereafter, in all manners worked and set,  
Jade, coral, amber, crystal ivories, jet,--  
Showing no more than various fancies, yet  
Each a Life's token or Love's amulet  
Which things, through timeless arrogance of use,  
We neither guard nor garner, but abuse;  
So that our scholars--nay, our children-pling  
In sport or jest treasure to arm a King;  
And the gross crowd, at feast or market, hold  
Traffic perforce with dust of gems and gold!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Bother

*Clough*

Hastily Adam our driver swallowed a curse in the darkness--  
Petrol nigh at end and something wrong with a sprocket  
Made him speer for the nearest town, when lo! at the crossways  
Four blank letterless arms the virginal signpost extended.  
"Look!" thundered Hugh the Radical. "This is the England we  
boast of--  
Bland, white-bellied, obese, but utterly useless for business.  
They are repainting the signs and have left the job in the middle.  
They are repainting the signs and traffic may stop till they've  
done it,  
Which is to say: till the son-of-a-gun of a local contractor,  
Having laboriously wiped out every name for  
Probably thirty miles round, be minded to finish his labour!  
Had not the fool the sense to paint out and paint in together?"

Thus, not seeing his speech belied his Radical Gospel  
(Which is to paint out the earth and then write "Damn" on the  
shutter),  
Hugh embroidered the theme imperially and stretched it  
From some borough in Wales through our Australian possessions,  
Making himself, reformer-wise, a bit of a nuisance  
Till, with the help of Adam, we cast him out on the landscape.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Boy Scouts' Patrol Song

<i>1913</i>

These are <i>our</i> regulations --  
There's just one law for the Scout  
And the first and the last, and the present and the past,  
And the future and the perfect is "Look out!"  
I, thou and he, look out!  
We, ye and they, look out!  
Though you didn't or you wouldn't  
Or you hadn't or you couldn't;  
You jolly well <i>must</i> look out!

Look out, when you start for the day  
That your kit is packed to your mind;  
There is no use going away  
With half of it left behind.  
Look out that your laces are tight,  
And your boots are easy and stout,  
Or you'll end with a blister at night.  
<i>(Chorus)</i> All Patrols look out!

Look out for the birds of the air,  
Look out for the beasts of the field --  
They'll tell you how and where  
The other side's concealed.  
When the blackbird bolts from the copse,  
Or the cattle are staring about,  
The wise commander stops  
<i>And (chorus)</i> All Patrols look out!

Look out when your front is clear,  
And you feel you are bound to win.  
Look out for your flank and your rear --  
That's where surprises begin.  
For the rustle that isn't a rat,  
For the splash that isn't a trout,  
For the boulder that may be a hat  
<i>(Chorus)</i> All Patrols look out!

For the innocent knee-high grass,  
For the ditch that never tells,  
Look out! Look out ere you pass --  
And look out for everything else!  
A sign mis-read as you run  
May turn retreat to a rout --  
For all things under the sun  
<i>(Chorus)</i> All Patrols look out!

Look out when your temper goes  
At the end of a losing game;  
When your boots are too tight for your toes;  
And you answer and argue and blame.  
It's the hardest part of the Low,  
But it has to be learnt by the Scout --  
For whining and shirking and "jaw"  
<i>(Chorus)</i> All Patrols look out!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Braggart

*Mat. Prior*

Petrolio, vaunting his Mercedes' power,  
Vows she can cover eighty miles an hour.  
I tried the car of old and know she can.  
But dare he ever make her? Ask his man!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Broken Men

For things we never mention,  
For Art misunderstood --  
For excellent intention  
That did not turn to good;  
From ancient tales' renewing,  
From clouds we would not clear --  
Beyond the Law's pursuing  
We fled, and settled here.

We took no tearful leaving,  
We bade no long good-byes;  
Men talked of crime and thieving,  
Men wrote of fraud and lies.  
To save our injured feelings  
'T was time and time to go --  
Behind was dock and Dartmoor,  
Ahead lay Callao!

The widow and the orphan  
That pray for ten per cent,  
They clapped their trailers on us  
To spy the road we went.  
They watched the foreign sailings  
(They scan the shipping still),  
And that's your Christian people  
Returning good for ill!

God bless the thoughtfull islands  
Where never warrants come;  
God bless the just Republics  
That give a man a home,  
That ask no foolish questions,  
But set him on his feet;  
And save his wife and daughters  
From the workhouse and the street!

On church and square and market  
The noonday silence falls;  
You'll hear the drowsy mutter

Of the fountain in our halls.  
Asleep amid the yuccas  
The city takes her ease --  
Till twilight brings the land-wind  
To the clicking jalousies.

Day long the diamond weather,  
The high, unaltered blue --  
The smell of goats and incense  
And the mule-bells tinkling through.  
Day long the warder ocean  
That keeps us from our kin,  
And once a month our levee  
When the English mail comes in.

You'll find us up and waiting  
To treat you at the bar;  
You'll find us less exclusive  
Than the average English are.  
We'll meet you with a carriage,  
Too glad to show you round,  
But -- we do not lunch on steamers,  
For they are English ground.

We sail o' nights to England  
And join our smiling Boards --  
Our wives go in with Viscounts  
And our daughters dance with Lords,  
But behind our princely doings,  
And behind each coup we make,  
We feel there's Something Waiting,  
And -- we meet It when we wake.

Ah God! One sniff of England --  
To greet our flesh and blood --  
To hear the traffic slurring  
Once more through London mud!  
Our towns of wasted honour --  
Our streets of lost delight!  
How stands the old Lord Warden?  
Are Dover's cliffs still white?



# The Bronckhurst Divorce Case

In the daytime, when she moved about me,  
In the night, when she was sleeping at my side, --  
I was wearied, I was wearied of her presence.  
Day by day and night by night I grew to hate her --  
Would God that she or I had died!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Burden

One grief on me is laid  
Each day of every year,  
Wherein no soul can aid,  
Whereof no soul can hear:  
Whereto no end is seen  
Except to grieve again--  
Ah, Mary Magdalene,  
Where is there greater pain?

To dream on dear disgrace  
Each hour of every day--  
To bring no honest face  
To aught I do or say:  
To lie from morn till e'en--  
To know my lies are vain--  
Ah, Mary Magdalene,  
Where can be greater pain?

To watch my steadfast fear  
Attend mine every way  
Each day of every year--  
Each hour of every day:  
To burn, and chill between--  
To quake and rage again--  
Ah, Mary Magdalene,  
Where shall be greater pain:

*<i>One grave to me was given--</i>*  
*<i>To guard till Judgment Day--</i>*  
*<i>But God looked down from Heaven</i>*  
*<i>And rolled the Stone away!</i>*  
*<i>One day of all my years--</i>*  
*<i>One hour of that one day--</i>*  
*<i>His Angel saw my tears</i>*  
*<i>And rolled the Stone away!</i>*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Burial

*C. F. Rhodes, buried in the Matoppos, April 10, 1902*

When that great Kings return to clay,  
Or Emperors in their pride,  
Grief of a day shall fill a day,  
Because its creature died.  
But we -- we reckon not with those  
Whom the mere Fates ordain,  
This Power that wrought on us and goes  
Back to the Power again.

Dreamer devout, by vision led  
Beyond our guess or reach,  
The travail of his spirit bred  
Cities in place of speech.  
So huge the all-mastering thought that drove --  
So brief the term allowed --  
Nations, not words, he linked to prove  
His faith before the crowd.

It is his will that he look forth  
Across the world he won --  
The granite of the ancient North --  
Great spaces washed with sun.

There shall he patient take his seat  
(As when the Death he dared),  
And there await a people's feet  
In the paths that he prepared.

There, till the vision he foresaw  
Splendid and whole arise,  
And unimagined Empires draw  
To council 'neath his skies,  
The immense and brooding Spirit still  
Shall quicken and control.  
Living he was the land, and dead,  
His soul shall be her soul!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Butterfly That Stamped

There was never a Queen like Balkis,  
From here to the wide world's end;  
But Balkis talked to a butterfly  
As you would talk to a friend.

There was never a King like Solomon  
Not since the world began;  
But Solomon talked to a butterfly  
As a man would talk to a man.

She was Queen of Sabea--  
And he was Asia's Lord--  
But they both of 'em talked to butterflies  
When they took their walks abroad!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Camels Hump

The Camel's hump is an ugly lump  
Which well you may see at the Zoo;  
But uglier yet is the hump we get  
From having too little to do.

Kiddies and grown-ups too-oo-oo,  
If we haven't enough to do-oo-oo,  
We get the hump-  
Cameelious hump-  
The hump that is black and blue!

We climb out of bed with a frouzly head,  
And a snarly-yarly voice.  
We shiver and scowl and we grunt and we growl  
At our bath and our boots and our toys;

And there ought to be a corner for me  
(And I know' there is one for you)  
When we get the hump-  
Cameelious hump-  
The hump that is black and blue!

The cure for this ill is not to sit still,  
Or frowst with a book by the fire;  
But to take a large hoe and a shovel also,  
And dig till you gently perspire;

And then you will find that the sun and the wind,  
And the Djinn of the Garden too,  
Have lifted the hump-  
The horrible hump-  
The hump that is black and blue!

I get it as well as you-oo-oo-  
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo!  
We all get hump-  
Cameelious hump-  
Kiddies and grown-ups too!



# The Captive

Not with an outcry to Allah nor any complaining  
He answered his name at the muster and stood to the chaining.  
When the twin anklets were nipped on the leg-bars that held them,  
He brotherly greeted the armourers stooping to weld them.  
Ere the sad dust of the marshalled feet of the chain-gang swallowed him,  
Observing him nobly at ease, I alighted and followed him,  
Thus we had speech by the way, but not touching his sorrow--  
Rather his red Yesterday and his regal To-morrow,  
Wherein he stately moved to the clink of his chains unregarded,  
Nowise abashed but contented to drink of the potion awarded  
Saluting aloofly his Fate, he made haste with his story,  
And the words of his mouth were as slaves spreading carpets of glory  
Embroidered with names of the Djinns--a miraculous weaving--  
But the cool and perspicuous eye overbore unbelieving.  
So I submitted myself to the limits of rapture--  
Bound by this man we had bound, amid captives his capture--  
Till he returned me to earth and the visions departed.  
But on him be the Peace and the Blessing; for he was greathearted!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Centaurs

Up came the young Centaur-colts from the plains they were  
fathered in--

Curious, awkward, afraid.

Burrs on their hocks and their tails, they were branded and gathered in  
Mobs and run up to the yard to be made.

Starting and shying at straws, with sidlings and plungings,  
Buckings and whirlings and bolts;  
Greener than grass, but full-ripe for their bridling and lungings,  
Up to the yards and to Chiron they bustled the colts...

First the light web and the cavesson; then the linked keys  
To jingle and turn on the tongue. Then, with cocked ears,  
The hours of watching and envy, while comrades at ease  
Passaged and backed, making naught of these terrible gears.

Next, over-pride and its price at the low-seeming fence  
Too oft and too easily taken -- the world-beheld fall!  
And none in the yard except Chiron to doubt the immense,  
Irretrievable shame of it all!...

Last, the trained squadron, full-charge -- the sound of a going  
Through dust and spun clods, and strong kicks, pelted in as  
they went,  
And repaid at top-speed; till the order to halt without slowing  
Showed every colt on his haunches--and Chiron content!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Changelings

*R.N.V.R, Sea Constables*

Or ever the battered liners sank  
With their passengers to the dark  
I was head of a Walworth Bank,  
And you were a grocer's clerk.

I was a dealer in stocks and shares,  
And you in butters and teas;  
And we both abandoned our own affairs  
And took to the dreadful seas.

Wet and worry about our ways--  
Panic, onset and flight--  
Had us in charge for a thousand days  
And thousand-year-long night.

We saw more than the nights could hide--  
More than the waves could keep--  
And--certain faces over the side  
Which do not go from our sleep.

We were more tired than words can tell  
While the pied craft fled by,  
And the swinging mounds of the Western swell  
Hoisted us Heavens-high...

Now there is nothing -- not even our rank--  
To witness what we have been;  
And I am returned to my Walworth Bank  
And you to your margarine!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Children

These were our children who died for our lands: they were dear in our sight.  
We have only the memory left of their hometreasured sayings and laughter.  
The price of our loss shall be paid to our hands, not another's hereafter.  
Neither the Alien nor Priest shall decide on it. That is our right.  
But who shall return us the children ?

At the hour the Barbarian chose to disclose his pretences,  
And raged against Man, they engaged, on the breasts that they bared for us,  
The first felon-stroke of the sword he had longtime prepared for us -  
Their bodies were all our defence while we wrought our defences.

They bought us anew with their blood, forbearing to blame us,  
Those hours which we had not made good when the Judgment o'ercame us.  
They believed us and perished for it. Our statecraft, our learning  
Delivered them bound to the Pit and alive to the burning  
Whither they mirthfully hastened as jostling for honour.  
Not since her birth has our Earth seen such worth loosed upon her!

Nor was their agony brief, or once only imposed on them.  
The wounded, the war-spent, the sick received no exemption:  
Being cured they returned and endured and achieved our redemption,  
Hopeless themselves of relief, till Death, marvelling, closed on them.

That flesh we had nursed from the first in all cleanness was given  
To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice of Heaven -  
By the heart-shaking jests of Decay where it lolled on the wires  
To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes - to be cindered by fires -  
To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale mutilation  
From crater to crater. For this we shall take expiation.

But who shall return us our children?

Rudyard Kipling

# The Children's Song

Land of our Birth, we pledge to thee  
Our love and toil in the years to be;  
When we are grown and take our place  
As men and women with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,  
Oh, help Thy children when they call;  
That they may build from age to age  
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,  
With steadfastness and careful truth;  
That, in our time, Thy Grace may give  
The Truth whereby the Nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,  
Controlled and cleanly night and day;  
That we may bring, if need arise,  
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends  
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;  
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed  
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the Strength that cannot seek,  
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;  
That, under Thee, we may possess  
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us Delight in simple things,  
And Mirth that has no bitter springs;  
Forgiveness free of evil done,  
And Love to all men 'neath the sun!

*Land of our Birth, our faith, our pride,  
For whose dear sake our fathers died;  
Oh, Motherland, we pledge to thee  
Head, heart and hand through the years to be!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Choice (The American Spirit Speaks)

To the Judge of Right and Wrong  
With Whom fulfillment lies  
Our purpose and our power belong,  
Our faith and sacrifice.

Let Freedom's land rejoice!  
Our ancient bonds are riven;  
Once more to us the eternal choice  
Of good or ill is given.

Not at a little cost,  
Hardly by prayer or tears,  
Shall we recover the road we lost  
In the drugged and doubting years,

But after the fires and the wrath,  
But after searching and pain,  
His Mercy opens us a path  
To live with ourselves again.

In the Gates of Death rejoice!  
We see and hold the good-  
Bear witness, Earth, we have made our choice  
For Freedom's brotherhood.

Then praise the Lord Most High  
Whose Strength hath saved us whole,  
Who bade us choose that the Flesh should die  
And not the living Soul!

Rudyard Kipling

# The City Of Brass

"Here was a people whom after their works thou shalt see wept over for their lost dominion: and in this palace is the last information respecting lords collected in the dust." –The Arabian Nights.

In a land that the sand overlays – the ways to her gates are untrod –  
A multitude ended their days whose gates were made splendid by God,  
Till they grew drunk and were smitten with madness and went to their fall,  
And of these is a story written: but Allah Alone knoweth all!

When the wine stirred in their heart their bosoms dilated.  
They rose to suppose themselves kings over all things created –  
To decree a new earth at a birth without labour or sorrow –  
To declare: "We prepare it to-day and inherit to-morrow."  
They chose themselves prophets and priests of minute understanding,  
Men swift to see done, and outrun, their extremest commanding –  
Of the tribe which describe with a jibe the perversions of Justice –  
Panders avowed to the crowd whatsoever its lust is.

Swiftly these pulled down the walls that their fathers had made them –  
The impregnable ramparts of old, they razed and relaid them  
As playgrounds of pleasure and leisure, with limitless entries,  
And havens of rest for the wastrels where once walked the sentries;  
And because there was need of more pay for the shouters and marchers,  
They disbanded in face of their foemen their yeomen and archers.  
They replied to their well-wishers' fears – to their enemies laughter,  
Saying: "Peace! We have fashioned a God Which shall save us hereafter.  
We ascribe all dominion to man in his factions conferring,  
And have given to numbers the Name of the Wisdom unerring."

They said: "Who has hate in his soul? Who has envied his neighbour?  
Let him arise and control both that man and his labour."  
They said: "Who is eaten by sloth? Whose unthrift has destroyed him?  
He shall levy a tribute from all because none have employed him."  
They said: "Who hath toiled, who hath striven, and gathered possession?  
Let him be spoiled. He hath given full proof of transgression."  
They said: "Who is irked by the Law? Though we may not remove it.  
If he lend us his aid in this raid, we will set him above it!  
So the robber did judgment again upon such as displeased him,

The slayer, too, boasted his slain, and the judges released him.

As for their kinsmen far off, on the skirts of the nation,  
They harried all earth to make sure none escaped reprobation.  
They awakened unrest for a jest in their newly-won borders,  
And jeered at the blood of their brethren betrayed by their orders.  
They instructed the ruled to rebel, their rulers to aid them;  
And, since such as obeyed them not fell, their Viceroy's obeyed them.  
When the riotous set them at naught they said: "Praise the upheaval!  
For the show and the world and the thought of Dominion is evil!"  
They unwound and flung from them with rage, as a rag that defied them,  
The imperial gains of the age which their forefathers piled them.  
They ran panting in haste to lay waste and embitter for ever  
The wellsprings of Wisdom and Strengths which are Faith and Endeavour.  
They nosed out and dugged up and dragged forth and exposed to derision  
All doctrine of purpose and worth and restraint and prevision:

And it ceased, and God granted them all things for which they had striven,  
And the heart of a beast in the place of a man's heart was given. . . .

When they were fullest of wine and most flagrant in error,  
Out of the sea rose a sign – out of Heaven a terror.  
Then they saw, then they heard, then they knew – for none troubled to hide it,  
A host had prepared their destruction, but still they denied it.  
They denied what they dared not abide if it came to the trail;  
But the Sward that was forged while they lied did not heed their denial.  
It drove home, and no time was allowed to the crowd that was driven.  
The preposterous-minded were cowed – they thought time would be given.  
There was no need of a steed nor a lance to pursue them;  
It was decreed their own deed, and not a chance, should undo them.  
The tares they had laughingly sown were ripe to the reaping.  
The trust they had leagued to disown was removed from their keeping.  
The eaters of other men's bread, the exempted from hardship,  
The excusers of impotence fled, abdicating their wardship,  
For the hate they had taught through the State brought the State no defender,  
And it passed from the roll of the Nations in headlong surrender!

Rudyard Kipling

# The City Of Sleep

Over the edge of the purple down,  
Where the single lamplight gleams,  
Know ye the road to the Merciful Town  
That is hard by the Sea of Dreams--  
Where the poor may lay their wrongs away,  
And the sick may forget to weep?  
But we--pity us! Oh, pity us!  
We wakeful; ah, pity us! --  
We must go back with Policeman Day--  
Back from the City of Sleep!

Weary they turn from the scroll and crown,  
Fetter and prayer and plough--  
They that go up to the Merciful Town,  
For her gates are closing now.  
It is their right in the Baths of Night  
Body and soul to steep,  
But we--pity us! ah, pity us!  
We wakeful; oh, pity us!--  
We must go back with Policeman Day--  
Back from the City of Sleep!

Over the edge of the purple down,  
Ere the tender dreams begin,  
Look--we may look--at the Merciful Town,  
But we may not enter in!  
Outcasts all, from her guarded wall  
Back to our watch we creep:  
We--pity us! ah, pity us!  
We wakeful; oh, pity us!--  
We that go back with Policeman Day--  
Back from the City of Sleep!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Coastwise Lights

Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;  
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.  
From reef and rock and skerry -- over headland, ness, and voe --  
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors;  
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the siren hoots and roars --  
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail --  
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark and bid the helmsman have a care,  
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer;  
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains  
The lover from the sea-rim drawn -- his love in English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;  
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith, and Hull;  
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea --  
The white wall-sided war-ships or the whalers of Dundee!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn!  
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!  
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us, main to main,  
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;  
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!  
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,  
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Coiner

*To be sung by the unlearned to the tune of "King John and the Abbot of Canterbury," and by the learned to "Tempest-a-brewing."*

Against the Bermudas we foundered, whereby  
This Master, that Swabber, yon Bo'sun, and I  
(Our pinnacle and crew being drowned in the main)  
Must beg for our bread through old England again.

For a bite and a sup, and a bed of clean straw,  
We'll tell you such marvels as man never saw,  
On a Magical Island which no one did spy  
Save this Master, that Swabber, yon Bo'sun, and I.

Seven months among Mermaids and Devils and Sprites,  
And Voices that howl in the cedars o'nights,  
With further enchantments we underwent there.  
Good Sirs, 'tis a tale to draw guts from a bear!

'Twixt Dover and Southwark it paid us our way,  
Where we found some poor players were labouring a play;  
And, willing to search what such business might be,  
We entered the yard, both to hear and to see.

One hailed us for seamen and courteous-ly  
Did guide us apart to a tavern near by  
Where we told him our tale (as to many of late),  
And he gave us good cheer, so we gave him good weight.

Mulled sack and strong waters on bellies well lined  
With beef and black pudding do strengthen the mind;  
And seeing him greedy for marvels, at last  
From plain salted truth to flat leasing we passed.

But he, when on midnight our reckoning he paid,  
Says, "Never match coins with a Coiner by trade,  
Or he'll turn your lead pieces to metal as rare  
As shall fill him this globe, and leave something to spare...."

We slept where they laid us, and when we awoke  
Was a crown or five shillings in every man's poke.  
We bit them and rang them, and, finding them good,  
We drank to that Coiner as honest men should!

For a cup and a crust, and a truss, etc.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Comforters

Until thy feet have trod the Road  
Advise not wayside folk,  
Nor till thy back has borne the Load  
Break in upon the broke.

Chase not with undesired largesse  
Of sympathy the heart  
Which, knowing her own bitterness,  
Presumes to dwell apart.

Employ not that glad hand to raise  
The God-forgotten head  
To Heaven and all the neighbours' gaze--  
Cover thy mouth instead.

The quivering chin, the bitten lip,  
The cold and sweating brow,  
Later may yearn for fellowship--  
Not now, you ass, not now!

Time, not thy ne'er so timely speech,  
Life, not thy views thereon,  
Shall furnish or deny to each  
His consolation.

Or, if impelled to interfere  
Exhort, uplift, advise,  
Lend not a base, betraying ear  
To all the victim's cries.

Only the Lord can understand  
When those first pangs begin,  
How much is reflex action and  
How much is really sin.

E'en from good words thyself refrain,  
And tremblingly admit  
There is no anodyne for pain  
Except the shock of it.

So, when thine own dark hour shall fall,  
Unchallenged canst thou say:  
"I never worried you at all,  
For God's sake go away!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Consolations Of Memory

*<i>Circa 1904 -- Done out of Boethius by Geoffrey Chaucer</i>*

Blessed was our first age and morning-time. Then were no  
waies tarren, ne no cars numberen, but each followed his owne  
playing-busyness to go about singly or by large interspaces,  
for to leden his viage after his luste and layen under clene hedge.  
Jungling there was not, nor the overtaking wheele, and all those  
now cruel clarions were full-hushed and full-still. Then nobile  
horses, lest they should make the chariots moveable to run by  
cause of this new feare, we did not press, and were apayed by  
sweete thankes of him that drave. There was not cursings ne  
adventure of death blinded bankes betweene, but good-fellowship  
of yoke-mates at ignorance equal, and a one pillar of dust cov-  
ered all exodus.... But, see now how the blacke road hath  
strippen herself of hearte and beauty where the dumbe lampe of  
Tartarus winketh red, etc.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Conundrum Of The Workshops

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,  
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and scratched with a stick in the mould;  
And the first rude sketch that the world had seen was joy to his mighty heart,  
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves, "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to fashion his work anew --  
The first of his race who cared a fig for the first, most dread review;  
And he left his lore to the use of his sons -- and that was a glorious gain  
When the Devil chuckled "Is it Art?" in the ear of the branded Cain.

They fought and they talked in the North and the South,  
they talked and they fought in the West,  
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the poor Red Clay had rest --  
Had rest till that dank blank-canvas dawn when the dove was preened to start,  
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's human, but is it Art?"

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench the stars apart,  
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's striking, but is it Art?"  
The stone was dropped at the quarry-side and the idle derrick swung,  
While each man talked of the aims of Art, and each in an alien tongue.

The tale is as old as the Eden Tree -- and new as the new-cut tooth --  
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows he is master of Art and Truth;  
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,  
The Devil drum on the darkened pane: "You did it, but was it Art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice-peg,  
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,  
We know that the tail must wag the dog, for the horse is drawn by the cart;  
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old: "It's clever, but is it Art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on the Club-room's green and gold,  
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mould --  
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves,  
and the ink and the anguish start,  
For the Devil mutters behind the leaves: "It's pretty, but is it Art?"

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where the Four Great Rivers flow,  
And the Wreath of Eve is red on the turf as she left it long ago,

And if we could come when the sentry slept and softly scurry through,  
By the favour of God we might know as much -- as our father Adam knew!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Conversion Of Aurelian Mcgoggin

Ride with an idle whip, ride with an unused heel,  
But, once in a way, there will come a day  
When the colt must be taught to feel  
The lash that falls, and the curb that galls, and the sting  
of the rowelled steel.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Covenant

We thought we ranked above the chance of ill.  
Others might fall, not we, for we were wise--  
Merchants in freedom. So, of our free-will  
We let our servants drug our strength with lies.  
The pleasure and the poison had its way  
On us as on the meanest, till we learned  
That he who lies will steal, who steals will slay.  
Neither God's judgment nor man's heart was turned.

Yet there remains His Mercy--to be sought  
Through wrath and peril till we cleanse the wrong  
By that last right which our forefathers claimed  
When their Law failed them and its stewards were bought.  
This is our cause. God help us, and make strong  
Our will to meet Him later, unashamed!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Crab That Played With The Sea

China-going P. & O.'s  
Pass Pau Amma's playground close,  
And his Pusat Tasek lies  
Near the track of most B.I.'s.  
N.Y.K. and N.D.L.  
Know Pau Amma's home as well  
As the Fisher of the Sea knows  
"Bens," M.M.'s and Rubattinos.  
But (and this is rather queer)  
A.T.L.'s can qiot come here;  
O. and O. and D.O.A.  
Must go round another way.  
Orient, Anchor, Bibby, Hall,  
Never go that way at all.  
U.C.S. would have a fit  
If it found itself on it.  
And if "Beavers" took their cargoes  
To Penang instead of Lagos,  
Or a fat Shaw-Savill bore  
Passengers to Singapore,  
Or a White Star were to try a  
Little trip to Sourabaya,  
Or a B.S.A. went on  
Past Natal to Cheribon,  
The the great Mr. Lloyds would come  
Whith a wire and drag them home!

. . . . .

You will know what my riddle means  
When you've eaten mangosteens.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Craftsman

Once, after long-drawn revel at The Mermaid,  
He to the overbearing Boanerges  
Jonson, uttered (if half of it were liquor,  
Blessed be the vintage!)

Saying how, at an alehouse under Cotswold,  
He had made sure of his very Cleopatra,  
Drunk with enormous, salvation-con temning  
Love for a tinker.

How, while he hid from Sir Thomas's keepers,  
Crouched in a ditch and drenched by the midnight  
Dews, he had listened to gipsy Juliet  
Rail at the dawning.

How at Bankside, a boy drowning kittens  
Winced at the business; whereupon his sister--  
Lady Macbeth aged seven--thrust 'em under,  
Sombrely scornful.

How on a Sabbath, hushed and compassionate--  
She being known since her birth to the townsfolk--  
Stratford dredged and delivered from Avon  
Dripping Ophelia

So, with a thin third finger marrying  
Drop to wine-drop domed on the table,  
Shakespeare opened his heart till the sunrise--  
Entered to hear him.

London wakened and he, imperturbable,  
Passed from waking to hurry after shadows . . .  
Busied upon shows of no earthly importance?  
Yes, but he knew it!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Cure

Long years ago, ere R--lls or R--ce  
Trebled the mileage man could cover;  
When Sh--nks's Mare was H--bs--n's Choice,  
And Bl--r--ot had not flown to Dover:  
When good hoteliers looked askance  
If any power save horse-flesh drew vans--  
'Time was in easy, hand-made France,  
I met the Cure of Saint Juvans.

He was no babbler, but, at last,  
One learned from things he left unspoken  
How in some fiery, far-off past,  
His, and a woman's, heart were broken.  
He sought for death, but found it not,  
Yet, seeking, found his true vocation,  
And fifty years, by all forgot,  
Toiled at a simple folk's salvation.

His pay was lower than our Dole;  
The piteous little church he tended  
Had neither roof nor vestments whole  
Save what his own hard fingers mended:  
While, any hour, at every need  
(As Conscience or La Grippe assailed 'em),  
His parish bade him come with speed,  
And, foot or cart, he never failed 'em,

His speech--to suit his hearers--ran  
From pure Parisian to gross peasant,  
With interludes North African  
If any Legionnaire were present:  
And when some wine-ripe atheist mocked  
His office or the Faith he knelt in,  
He left the sinner dumb and shocked  
By oaths his old Battalion dealt in.

And he was learned in Death and Life;  
And he was Logic's self (as France is).  
He knew his flock-man, maid, and wife--

Their forebears, failings, and finances.  
Spite, Avarice, Devotion, Lies--  
Passion ablaze or sick Obsession--  
He dealt with each physician-wise;  
Stern or most tender, at Confession...

To-day? God knows where he may lie--  
His Cross of weathered beads above him:  
But one not worthy to untie  
His shoe-string, prays you read--and love him!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Dawn Wind

*The Fifteenth Century*

At two o'clock in the morning, if you open your window and  
listen,  
You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going to call the sun.  
And the trees in the shadow rustle, and the trees in the moonlight  
glisten,  
And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that the night is  
done.

So do the cows in the field. They graze for an hour and lie down,  
Dozing and chewing the cud; or a bird in the ivy wakes,  
Chirruping one note and is still, and the restless Wind stares on,  
Fidgeting far down the road, till, softly, the darkness breaks.

Back comes the Wind full strength with a blow like an angel's  
wing,  
Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts: "The Sun! The  
Sun!"  
And the light floods over the fields and the birds begin to sing,  
And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is day and his work  
is done.

So when the world is asleep, and there seems no hope of her  
waking  
Out of some long, bad dream that makes her mutter and moan,  
Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters breaking,  
And every one smiles at his neighbor and tells him his soul is  
his own!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Dead King

*EDWARD VII.*

*Who in the Realm to-day lays down dear life for the sake of a land more dear?*

*And, unconcerned for his own estate, toils till the last grudging sands have run?*

*Let him approach. It is proven here*

*Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our King himself, has done.*

For to him above all was Life good, above all he commanded  
Her abundance full-handed.

The peculiar treasure of Kings was his for the taking:

All that men come to in dreams he inherited waking: --

His marvel of world-gathered armies -- one heart and all races;  
His seas 'neath his keels when his war-castles foamed to their places;  
The thundering foreshores that answered his heralded landing;  
The huge lighted cities adoring, the assemblies upstanding;  
The Councils of Kings called in haste to learn how he was minded --  
The kingdoms, the Powers, and the Glories he dealt with unblinded.

To him came all captains of men, all achievers of glory

Hot from the press of their battles they told him their story.

They revealed him their lives in an hour and, saluting departed,

Joyful to labour afresh -- he had made them new-hearted.

And, since he weighed men from his youth, and no lie long deceived him,

He spoke and exacted the truth, and the basest believed him.

And God poured him an exquisite wine, that was daily renewed to him,  
In the clear-welling love of his peoples that daily accrued to him.

Honour and service we gave him, rejoicingly fearless;

Faith absolute, trust beyond speech and a friendship as peerless.

And since he was Master and Servant in all that we asked him,

We leaned hard on his wisdom in all things, knowing not how we tasked him.

For on him each new day laid command, every tyrannous hour,

To confront, or confirm, or make smooth some dread issue of power;

To deliver true, judgment aright at the instant, unaided,

In the strict, level, ultimate phrase that allowed or dissuaded;  
To foresee, to allay, to avert from us perils unnumbered,  
To stand guard on our gates when he guessed that the watchmen had  
slumbered;  
To win time, to turn hate, to woo folly to service and, mightily schooling  
His strength to the use of his Nations, to rule as not ruling.

These were the works of our King; Earth's peace was the proof of them.  
God gave him great works to fulfil, and to us the behoof of them.  
We accepted his toil as our right -- none spared, none excused him.  
When he was bowed by his burden his rest was refused him.  
We troubled his age with our weakness -- the blacker our shame to us!  
Hearing his People had need of him, straightway he came to us.

As he received so he gave -- nothing grudged, naught denying,  
Not even the last gasp of his breath when he strove for us, dying.  
For our sakes, without question, he put from him all that he cherished.  
Simply as any that serve him he served and he perished.  
All that Kings covet was his, and he flung it aside for us.  
Simply as any that die in his service he died for us!

*<i>Who in the Realm to-day has choice of the easy road or the hard to  
tread?</i>*

*<i>And, much concerned for his own estate, would sell his soul to remain in the  
sun?</i>*

*<i>Let him depart nor look on Our dead.</i>*

*<i>Our King asks nothing of any man more than Our King himself has done.</i>*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Declaration Of London

<i>On the reassembling of Parliament after the Coronation, the Government have no intention of allowing their followers to vote according to their convictions on the Declaration of London, but insist on a strictly party vote.-- Daily Papers</i>

We were all one heart and one race  
When the Abbey trumpets blew.  
For a moment's breathing-space  
We had forgotten you.  
Now you return to your honoured place  
Panting to shame us anew.

We have walked with the Ages dead--  
With our Past alive and ablaze.  
And you bid us pawn our honour for bread,  
This day of all the days!  
And you cannot wait till our guests are sped,  
Or last week's wreath decays?

The light is still in our eyes  
Of Faith and Gentlehood,  
Of Service and Sacrifice;  
And it does not match our mood,  
To turn so soon to your treacheries  
That starve our land of her food.

Our ears still carry the sound  
Of our once-Imperial seas,  
Exultant after our King was crowned,  
Beneath the sun and the breeze.  
It is too early to have them bound  
Or sold at your decrees.

Wait till the memory goes,  
Wait till the visions fade,  
We may betray in time, God knows,  
But we would not have it said,  
When you make report to our scornful foes,

That we kissed as we betrayed!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Decline Of The West

Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan  
brown,  
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles, and he weareth the  
Christian down;  
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of  
the late deceased,  
And the epitaph drear: "A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the  
East."

Rudyard Kipling

# The Deep-Sea Cables

The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar --  
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.  
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,  
Or the great gray level plains of ooze where the shell-burred cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world -- here on the tie-ribs of earth  
Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat --  
Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth --  
For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.

They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father Time;  
Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.  
Hush! Men talk to-day o'er the waste of the ultimate slime,  
And a new Word runs between: whispering, "Let us be one!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Derelict

~And reports the derelict ~Mary Pollock~ still at sea.~  
SHIPPING NEWS.

I was the staunchest of our fleet  
Till the sea rose beneath our feet  
Unheralded, in hatred past all measure.  
Into his pits he stamped my crew,  
Buffeted, blinded, bound and threw,  
Bidding me eyeless wait upon his pleasure.

Man made me, and my will  
Is to my maker still,  
Whom now the currents con, the rollers steer --  
Lifting forlorn to spy  
Trailed smoke along the sky,  
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

Wrenched as the lips of thirst,  
Wried, dried, and split and burst,  
Bone-bleached my decks, wind-scoured to the graining;  
And jarred at every roll  
The gear that was my soul  
Answers the anguish of my beams' complaining.

For life that crammed me full,  
Gangs of the prying gull  
That shriek and scabble on the riven hatches!  
For roar that dumbed the gale,  
My hawse-pipes guttering wail,  
Sobbing my heart out through the uncounted watches!

Blind in the hot blue ring  
Through all my points I swing --  
Swing and return to shift the sun anew.  
Blind in my well-known sky  
I hear the stars go by,  
Mocking the prow that cannot hold one true!

White on my wasted path  
Wave after wave in wrath  
Frets 'gainst his fellow, warring where to send me.  
Flung forward, heaved aside,  
Witless and dazed I bide  
The mercy of the comber that shall end me.

North where the bergs careen,  
The spray of seas unseen  
Smokes round my head and freezes in the falling;  
South where the corals breed,  
The footless, floating weed  
Folds me and fouls me, strake on strake upcrawling.

I that was clean to run  
My race against the sun --  
Strength on the deep, am bawd to all disaster --  
Whipped forth by night to meet  
My sister's careless feet,  
And with a kiss betray her to my master!

Man made me, and my will  
Is to my maker still --  
To him and his, our peoples at their pier:  
Lifting in hope to spy  
Trailed smoke along the sky,  
Falling afraid lest any keel come near!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Destroyers

1898

The strength of twice three thousand horse  
That seeks the single goal;  
The line that holds the rending course,  
The hate that swings the whole;  
The stripped hulls, slinking through the gloom,  
At gaze and gone again --  
The Brides of Death that wait the groom --  
The Choosers of the Slain!

Offshore where sea and skyline blend  
In rain, the daylight dies;  
The sullen, shouldering sweets attend  
Night and our sacrifice.  
Adown the stricken capes no flare --  
No mark on spit or bar, --  
Birdled and desperate we dare  
The blindfold game of war.

Nearer the up-flung beams that spell  
The council of our foes;  
Clearer the barking guns that tell  
Their scattered flank to close.  
Sheer to the trap they crowd their way  
From ports for this unbarred.  
Quiet, and count our laden prey,  
The convoy and her guard!

On shoal with carce a foot below,  
Where rock and islet throng,  
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw  
Their anxious lights along.  
Not here, not here your danger lies --  
(Stare hard, O hooded eyne!)  
Save were the dazed rock-pigeons rise  
The lit cliffs give no sign.

Therefore -- to break the rest ye seek,  
The Narrow Seas to clear --  
Hark to the siren's whimpering shriek --  
The driven death is here!  
Look to your van a league away, --  
What midnight terror stays  
The bulk that checks against the spray  
Her crackling tops ablaze?

Hit, and hard hit! The blow went home,  
The muffled, knocking stroke --  
The steam that overruns the foam --  
The foam that thins to smoke --  
The smoke that clokes the deep aboil --  
The deep that chokes her throes  
Till, streaked with ash and sleeked with oil,  
The lukewarm whirlpools close!

A shadow down the sickened wave  
Long since her slayer fled:  
But hear their chattering quick-fires rave  
Astern, abeam, ahead!  
Panic that shells the drifting spar --  
Loud waste with none to check --  
Mad fear that rakes a scornful star  
Or sweeps a consort's deck.

Now, while their silly smoke hangs thick,  
Now ere their wits they find,  
Lay in and lance them to the quick --  
Our gallied whales are blind!  
Good luck to those that see end end,  
Good-bye to those that drown --  
For each his chance as chance shall send --  
And God for all! Shut down!

<i>The strength of twice three thousand horse</i>  
<i>That serve the one command;</i>  
<i>The hand that heaves the headlong force,</i>  
<i>The hate that backs the hand:</i>  
<i>The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,</i>  
<i>The mine that splits the main;</i>

*The white-hot wake, the 'wilderling speed --*  
*The Choosers of the Slain!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Disciple

He that hath a Gospel  
To loose upon Mankind,  
Though he serve it utterly--  
Body, soul and mind--  
Though he go to Calvary  
Daily for its gain--  
It is His Disciple  
Shall make his labour vain.

He that hath a Gospel  
For all earth to own--  
Though he etch it on the steel,  
Or carve it on the stone--  
Not to be misdoubted  
Through the after-days--  
It is His Disciple  
Shall read it many ways.

It is His Disciple  
(Ere Those Bones are dust )  
Who shall change the Charter,  
Who shall split the Trust--  
Amplify distinctions,  
Rationalize the Claim;  
Preaching that the Master  
Would have done the same.

It is His Disciple  
Who shall tell us how  
Much the Master would have scrapped  
Had he lived till now--  
What he would have modified  
Of what he said before.  
It is His Disciple  
Shall do this and more....

He that hath a Gospel  
Whereby Heaven is won  
( Carpenter, or cameleer,

Or Maya's dreaming son ),  
Many swords shall pierce Him,  
Mingling blood with gall;  
But His Own Disciple  
Shall wound Him worst of all!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Dove Of Dacca

The freed dove flew to the Rajah's tower—  
Fled from the slaughter of Moslem kings—  
And the thorns have covered the city of Gaur.  
Dove—dove—oh, homing dove!  
Little white traitor, with woe on thy wings!

The Rajah of Dacca rode under the wall;  
He set in his bosom a dove of flight—  
`If she return, be sure that I fall."  
Dove—dove—oh, homing dove!  
Pressed to his heart in the thick of the fight.

"Fire the palace, the fort, and the keep—  
Leave to the foeman no spoil at all.  
In the flame of the palace lie down and sleep  
If the dove—if the dove—if the homing dove  
Come, and alone, to the palace wall."

The Kings of the North they were scattered abroad—  
The Rajah of Dacca he slew them all.  
Hot from slaughter he stooped at the ford,  
And the dove—the dove—oh, the homing dove!  
She thought of her cote on the palace-wall.

She opened her wings and she flew away—  
Fluttered away beyond recall;  
She came to the palace at break of day.  
Dove—dove—oh, homing dove,  
Flying so fast for a kingdom's fall!

The Queens of Dacca they slept in flame—  
Slept in the flame of the palace old—  
To save their honour from Moslem shame.  
And the dove—the dove—oh, the homing dove,  
She cooed to her young where the smoke-cloud rolled!

The Rajah of Dacca rode far and fleet,  
Followed as fast as a horse could fly,  
He came and the palace was black at his feet;

And the dove—the dove—the homing dove,  
Circled alone in the stainless sky.

So the dove flew to the Rajah's tower—  
Fled from the slaughter of Moslem kings;  
So the thorns covered the city of Gaur,  
And Dacca was lost for a white dove's wings.  
Dove—dove—oh, homing dove,  
Dacca is lost from the Roll of the Kings!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Dutch In The Medway

If wars were won by feasting,  
Or victory by song,  
Or safety found in sleeping sound,  
How England would be strong!  
But honour and dominion  
Are not maintained so,  
They're only got by sword and shot,  
And this the Dutchmen know!

The moneys that should feed us,  
You spend on your delight,  
How can you then have sailor-men  
To aid you in your fight?  
Our fish and cheese are rotten,  
Which makes the scurvy grow—  
We cannot serve you if we starve,  
And this the Dutchmen know!

Our ships in every harbour  
Be neither whole nor sound,  
And, when we seek to mend a leak,  
No oakum can be found,  
Or, if it is, the caulkers,  
And carpenters also,  
For lack of pay have gone away,  
And this the Dutchmen know!

Mere powder, guns, and bullets,  
We scarce can get at all,  
Their price was spent in merriment  
And revel at Whitehall,  
While we in tattered doublets  
From ship to ship must row,  
Beseeching friends for odds and ends—  
And this the Dutchmen know!

No King will heed our warnings,  
No Court will pay our claims—  
Our King and Court for their disport

Do sell the very Thames!  
For, now De Ruyter's topsails,  
Off naked Chatham show,  
We dare not meet him with our fleet—  
And this the Dutchmen know!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Dying Chauffeur

*Adam Lindsay Gordon*

Wheel me gently to the garage, since my car and I must part--  
No more for me the records and the run.  
That cursed left-hand cylinder the doctors call my heart  
Is pinking past redemption -- I am done!

They'll never strike a mixture that'll help me pull my load.  
My gears are stripped--I cannot set my brakes.  
I am entered for the finals down the timeless untimed Road  
To the Maker of the makers of all makes!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Dykes

We have no heart for the fishing, we have no hand for the oar —  
All that our fathers taught us of old pleases us now no more;  
All that our own hearts bid us believe we doubt where we do not deny —  
There is no proof in the bread we eat or rest in the toil we ply.

Look you, our foreshore stretches far through sea-gate, dyke, and groin —  
Made land all, that our fathers made, where the flats and the fairway join.  
They forced the sea a sea-league back. They died, and their work stood fast.  
We were born to peace in the lee of the dykes, but the time of our peace is past.

Far off, the full tide clambers and slips, mouthing and testing all,  
Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying along the wall;  
Turning the shingle, returning the shingle, changing the set of the sand...  
We are too far from the beach, men say, to know how the outworks stand.

So we come down, uneasy, to look, uneasily pacing the beach.  
These are the dykes our fathers made: we have never known a breach.  
Time and again has the gale blown by and we were not afraid;  
Now we come only to look at the dykes — at the dykes our fathers made.

O'er the marsh where the homesteads cower apart the harried sunlight flies,  
Shifts and considers, wanes and recovers, scatters and sickens and dies —  
An evil ember bedded in ash — a spark blown west by the wind...  
We are surrendered to night and the sea — the gale and the tide behind!

At the bridge of the lower saltings the cattle gather and blare,  
Roused by the feet of running men, dazed by the lantern glare.  
Unbar and let them away for their lives—the levels drown as they stand,  
Where the flood-wash forces the sluices aback and the ditches deliver inland.

Ninefold deep to the top of the dykes the galloping breakers stride,  
And their overcarried spray is a sea — a sea on the landward side.  
Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves, going they snatch with their  
teeth,  
Till the bents and the furze and the sand are dragged out, and the old-time  
hurdles beneath.

Bid men gather fuel for fire, the tar, the oil and the tow —  
Flame we shall need, not smoke, in the dark if the riddled seabanks go.

Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows how the dawn shall prove?)  
Each with his rope between his feet and the trembling bells above.

Now we can only wait till the day, wait and apportion our shame.  
These are the dykes our fathers left, but we would not look to the same.  
Time and again were we warned of the dykes, time and again we delayed:  
Now, it may fall, we have slain our sons, as our fathers we have betrayed.

Walking along the wreck of the dykes, watching the work of the seas!  
These were the dykes our fathers made to our great profit and ease.  
But the peace is gone and the profit is gone, with the old sure days withdrawn...  
That our own houses show as strange when we come back in the dawn!

Rudyard Kipling

# The 'Eathen

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
'E keeps 'is side-arms awful: 'e leaves 'em all about,  
An' then comes up the regiment an' pokes the 'eathen out.

All along o' dirtiness, all along o' mess,  
All along o' doin' things rather-more-or-less,  
All along of abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho, \*  
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

\* abby-nay: Not now. kul: To-morrow. hazar-ho: Wait a bit.

The young recruit is 'aughty -- 'e draf's from Gawd knows where;  
They bid 'im show 'is stockin's an' lay 'is mattress square;  
'E calls it bloomin' nonsense -- 'e doesn't know no more --  
An' then up comes 'is Company an' kicks 'im round the floor!

The young recruit is 'ammered -- 'e takes it very 'ard;  
'E 'angs 'is 'ead an' mutters -- 'e sulks about the yard;  
'E talks o' "cruel tyrants" 'e'll swing for by-an'-by,  
An' the others 'ears an' mocks 'im, an' the boy goes orf to cry.

The young recruit is silly -- 'e thinks o' suicide;  
'E's lost 'is gutter-devil; 'e 'asn't got 'is pride;  
But day by day they kicks 'im, which 'elps 'im on a bit,  
Till 'e finds 'isself one mornin' with a full an' proper kit.

Gettin' clear o' dirtiness, gettin' done with mess,  
Gettin' shut o' doin' things rather-more-or-less;  
Not so fond of abby-nay, kul, nor hazar-ho,  
Learns to keep 'is rifle an' 'isself jus' so!

The young recruit is 'appy -- 'e throws a chest to suit;  
You see 'im grow mustaches; you 'ear 'im slap 'is boot;  
'E learns to drop the "bloodies" from every word 'e slings,  
An' 'e shows an 'ealthy brisket when 'e strips for bars an' rings.

The cruel-tyrant-sergeants they watch 'im 'arf a year;  
They watch 'im with 'is comrades, they watch 'im with 'is beer;

They watch 'im with the women at the regimental dance,  
And the cruel-tyrant-sergeants send 'is name along for "Lance".

An' now 'e's 'arf o' nothin', an' all a private yet,  
'Is room they up an' rags 'im to see what they will get;  
They rags 'im low an' cunnin', each dirty trick they can,  
But 'e learns to sweat 'is temper an' 'e learns to sweat 'is man.

An', last, a Colour-Sergeant, as such to be obeyed,  
'E schools 'is men at cricket, 'e tells 'em on parade;  
They sees 'em quick an' 'andy, uncommon set an' smart,  
An' so 'e talks to orficers which 'ave the Core at 'eart.

'E learns to do 'is watchin' without it showin' plain;  
'E learns to save a dummy, an' shove 'im straight again;  
'E learns to check a ranker that's buyin' leave to shirk;  
An' 'e learns to make men like 'im so they'll learn to like their work.

An' when it comes to marchin' he'll see their socks are right,  
An' when it comes to action 'e shows 'em 'ow to sight;  
'E knows their ways of thinkin' and just what's in their mind;  
'E knows when they are takin' on an' when they've fell be'ind.

'E knows each talkin' corpril that leads a squad astray;  
'E feels 'is innards 'eavin', 'is bowels givin' way;  
'E sees the blue-white faces all tryin' 'ard to grin,  
An' 'e stands an' waits an' suffers till it's time to cap 'em in.

An' now the hugly bullets come peckin' through the dust,  
An' no one wants to face 'em, but every beggar must;  
So, like a man in irons which isn't glad to go,  
They moves 'em off by companies uncommon stiff an' slow.

Of all 'is five years' schoolin' they don't remember much  
Excep' the not retreatin', the step an' keepin' touch.  
It looks like teachin' wasted when they duck an' spread an' 'op,  
But if 'e 'adn't learned 'em they'd be all about the shop!

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "'Oo comes on?"  
And now it's "Get the doolies," an' now the captain's gone;  
An' now it's bloody murder, but all the while they 'ear  
'Is voice, the same as barrick drill, a-shepherdin' the rear.

'E's just as sick as they are, 'is 'eart is like to split,  
But 'e works 'em, works 'em, works 'em till he feels 'em take the bit;  
The rest is 'oldin' steady till the watchful bugles play,  
An' 'e lifts 'em, lifts 'em, lifts 'em through the charge that wins the day!

The 'eathen in 'is blindness bows down to wood an' stone;  
'E don't obey no orders unless they is 'is own;  
The 'eathen in 'is blindness must end where 'e began,  
But the backbone of the Army is the non-commissioned man!

Keep away from dirtiness -- keep away from mess.  
Don't get into doin' things rather-more-or-less!  
Let's ha' done with abby-nay, kul, an' hazar-ho;  
Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Egg-Shell

The wind took off with the sunset--  
The fog came up with the tide,  
When the Witch of the North took an Egg-shell  
With a little Blue Devil inside.  
"Sink," she said, "or swim," she said,  
"It's all you will get from me.  
And that is the finish of him!" she said  
And the Egg-shell went to sea.

The wind fell dead with the midnight--  
The fog shut down like a sheet,  
When the Witch of the North heard the Egg-shell  
Feeling by hand for a fleet.  
"Get!" she said, "or you're gone," she said.,  
But the little Blue Devil said "No!  
"The sights are just coming on," he said,  
And he let the Whitehead go.

The wind got up with the morning--  
The fog blew off with the rain,  
When the Witch of the North saw the Egg-shell  
And the little Blue Devil again.  
"Did you swim?" she said. "Did you sink?" she said,  
And the little Blue Devil replied:  
"For myself I swam, but I think," he said,  
"There's somebody sinking outside."

Rudyard Kipling

# The English Flag

Above the portico a flag-staff, bearing the Union Jack,  
remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately  
when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts,  
and seemed to see significance in the incident. -- DAILY PAPERS.

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro --  
And what should they know of England who only England know? --  
The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag,  
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to yelp at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer -- to plaster anew with dirt?  
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English coward's shirt?  
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to sell or share.  
What is the Flag of England? Winds of the World, declare!

The North Wind blew: -- "From Bergen my steel-shod vanguards go;  
I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko floe;  
By the great North Lights above me I work the will of God,  
And the liner splits on the ice-field or the Dogger fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my doors with flame,  
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell navies came;  
I took the sun from their presence, I cut them down with my blast,  
And they died, but the Flag of England blew free ere the spirit passed.

"The lean white bear hath seen it in the long, long Arctic night,  
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts the Northern Light:  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my bergs to dare,  
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

The South Wind sighed: -- "From the Virgins my mid-sea course was ta'en  
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,  
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and the long-backed breakers croon  
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy, locked lagoon.

"Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid outer keys,  
I waked the palms to laughter -- I tossed the scud in the breeze --  
Never was isle so little, never was sea so lone,

But over the scud and the palm-trees an English flag was flown.

"I have wrenched it free from the halliard to hang for a wisp on the Horn;  
I have chased it north to the Lizard -- ribboned and rolled and torn;  
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift in a hopeless sea;  
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and seen the slave set free.

"My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling albatross,  
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the Southern Cross.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my reefs to dare,  
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth, for it is there!"

The East Wind roared: -- "From the Kuriles, the Bitter Seas, I come,  
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring the English home.  
Look -- look well to your shipping! By the breath of my mad typhoon  
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached your best at Kowloon!

"The reeling junks behind me and the racing seas before,  
I raped your richest roadstead -- I plundered Singapore!  
I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded snake she rose,  
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost with the startled crows.

"Never the lotus closes, never the wild-fowl wake,  
But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for England's sake --  
Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride or maid --  
Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is stayed.

"The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying wild-ass knows,  
The scared white leopard winds it across the taintless snows.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my sun to dare,  
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth, for it is there!"

The West Wind called: -- "In squadrons the thoughtless galleons fly  
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-bred people die.  
They make my might their porter, they make my house their path,  
Till I loose my neck from their rudder and whelm them all in my wrath.

"I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is drawn from the hole,  
They bellow one to the other, the frightened ship-bells toll,  
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the shroud with my breath,  
And they see strange bows above them and the two go locked to death.

"But whether in calm or wrack-wreath, whether by dark or day,  
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their plates away,  
First of the scattered legions, under a shrieking sky,  
Dipping between the rollers, the English Flag goes by.

"The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it -- the frozen dews have kissed --  
The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star in the mist.  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but my breath to dare,  
Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth, for it is there!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The English Way

After the fight at Otterburn,  
Before the ravens came,  
The Witch-wife rode across the fern  
And spoke Earl Percy's name.

'Stand up-stand up, Northumberland!  
I bid you answer true,  
If England's King has under his hand  
A Captain as good as you?'

Then up and spake the dead Percy-  
Oh, but his wound was sore!  
'Five hundred Captains as good,' said he,  
'And I trow five hundred more.

'But I pray you by the lifting skies,  
And the young wind over the grass,  
That you take your eyes from off my eyes,  
And let my spirit pass.'

'Stand up-stand up, Northumberland!  
I charge you answer true,  
If ever you dealt in steel and brand,  
How went the fray with you?'

'Hither and yon,' the Percy said;  
'As every fight must go;  
For some they fought and some they fled,  
And some struck ne'er a blow.

'But I pray you by the breaking skies,  
And the first call from the nest,  
That you turn your eyes away from my eyes,  
And let me to my rest.'

'Stand up-stand up, Northumberland!  
I will that you answer true,  
If you and your men were quick again,  
How would it be with you?'

'Oh, we would speak of hawk and hound,  
And the red deer where they rove,  
And the merry foxes the country round,  
And the maidens that we love.

'We would not speak of steel or steed,  
Except to grudge the cost;  
And he that had done the doughtiest deed  
Would mock himself the most.

'But I pray you by my keep and tower,  
And the tables in my hall,  
And I pray you by my lady's bower  
(Ah, bitterest of all!)

'That you lift your eyes from outen my eyes,  
Your hand from off my breast,  
And cover my face from the red sun-rise,  
And loose me to my rest!'

She has taken her eyes from out of his eyes-  
Her palm from off his breast,  
And covered his face from the red sun-rise,  
And loosed him to his rest.

'Sleep you, or wake, Northumberland-  
You shall not speak again,  
And the word you have said 'twixt quick and dead  
I lay on Englishmen.

'So long as Severn runs to West  
Or Humber to the East,  
That they who bore themselves the best  
Shall count themselves the least.

'While there is fighting at the ford,  
Or flood along the Tweed,  
That they shall choose the lesser word  
To cloke the greater deed.

'After the quarry and the kill-

The fair fight and the fame-  
With an ill face and an ill grace  
Shall they rehearse the same.

'Greater the deed, greater the need  
Lightly to laugh it away,

Shall be the mark of the English breed  
Until the Judgment Day!'

Rudyard Kipling

## The Exiles' Line

Now the new year reviving old desires,  
The restless soul to open sea aspires,  
Where the Blue Peter flickers from the fore,  
And the grimed stoker feeds the engine-fires.  
Coupons, alas, depart with all their rows,  
And last year's sea-met loves where Grindley knows;  
But still the wild wind wakes off Gardafui,  
And hearts turn eastward with the P. and O's.

Twelve knots an hour, be they more or less -  
Oh slothful mother of much idleness,  
Whom neither rivals spur nor contracts speed!  
Nay, bear us gently! Wherefore need we press?

The Tragedy of all our East is laid  
On those white decks beneath the awning shade -  
Birth, absence, longing, laughter, love and tears,  
And death unmaking ere the land is made.

And midnight madneses of souls distraught  
Whom the cool seas call through the open port,  
So that the table lacks one place next morn,  
And for one forenoon men forego their sport.

The shadow of the rigging to and fro  
Sways, shifts, and flickers on the spar-deck's snow,  
And like a giant trampling in his chains,  
The screw-blades gasp and thunder deep below;

And, leagued to watch one flying-fish's wings,  
Heaven stoops to sea, and sea to Heaven clings;  
While, bent upon the ending of his toil,  
The hot sun strides, regarding not these things:

For the same wave that meets our stem in spray  
Bore Smith of Asia eastward yesterday,  
And Delhi Jones and Brown of Midnapore  
To-morrow follow on the self-same way.

Linked in the chain of Empire one by one,  
Flushed with long leave, or tanned with many a sun,  
The Exiles' Line brings out the exiles line  
And ships them homeward when their work is done.

Yea, heedless of the shuttle through the loom,  
The flying keels fulfil the web of doom.  
Sorrow or shouting; what is that to them?  
Make out the cheque that pays for cabin room!

And how so many score of times ye flit  
With wife and babe and caravan of kit,  
Not all thy travels past shall lower one fare,  
Not all thy tears abate one pound of it.

And how so high throe earth-born dignity,  
Honour and state, go sink it in the sea,  
Till that great one upon the quarter deck,  
Brow-bound with gold, shall give thee leave to be.

Indeed, indeed from that same line we swear  
Off for all time, and mean it when we swear;  
And then, and then we meet the Quartered Flag,  
And, surely for the last time, pay the fare.

And Green of Kensington, estray ed to view  
In three short months the world he never knew,  
Stares with blind eyes upon the Quartered  
Flag And sees no more than yellow, red and blue.

But we, the gypsies of the East, but we  
Waifs of the land and wastrels of the sea  
Come nearer home beneath the Quartered Flag  
Than ever home shall come to such as we.

The camp is struck, the bungalow decays,  
Dead friends and houses desert mark our ways,  
Till sickness send us down to Prince's Dock  
To meet the changeless use of many days.

Bound in the wheel of Empire, one by one,  
The chain-gangs of the East from sire to son,

The Exiles' Line takes out the exiles line  
And ships them homeward when their work is done.

How runs the old indictment? Dear and slow,  
So much and twice so much. We gird, but go.  
For all the soul of our sad East is there,  
Beneath the house-flag of the P. and O.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Expert

Youth that trafficked long with Death,  
And to second life returns,  
Squanders little time or breath  
On his fellow--man's concerns.  
Earned peace is all he asks  
To fulfill his broken tasks.

Yet, if he find war at home  
(Waspish and importunate),  
He hath means to overcome  
Any warrior at his gate;  
For the past he buried brings  
Back unburiable things--

Nights that he lay out to spy,  
Whence and when the raid might start;  
Or prepared in secrecy  
Sudden blows to break its heart--  
All the lore of No-Man's Land  
Steels his soul and arms his hand.

So, if conflict vex his life  
Where he thought all conflict done,  
He, resuming ancient strife,  
Springs his mine or trains his gun;  
And, in mirth more dread than wrath,  
Wipes the nuisance from his path!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Explanation

Love and Death once ceased their strife  
At the Tavern of Man's Life.  
Called for wine, and threw -- alas! --  
Each his quiver on the grass.  
When the bout was o'er they found  
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.  
Hastily they gathered then  
Each the loves and lives of men.  
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived!  
Mingled arrows each one sheaved;  
Death's dread armoury was stored  
With the shafts he most abhorred;  
Love's light quiver groaned beneath  
Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe  
At the Tavern long ago.  
Tell me, do our masters know,  
Loosing blindly as they fly,  
Old men love while young men die?

Rudyard Kipling

# The Explorer

"There's no sense in going further --  
it's the edge of cultivation,"  
So they said, and I believed it --  
broke my land and sowed my crop --  
Built my barns and strung my fences  
in the little border station  
Tucked away below the foothills  
where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience,  
rang interminable changes  
In one everlasting Whisper  
day and night repeated -- so:  
"Something hidden. Go and find it.  
Go and look behind the Ranges --  
Something lost behind the Ranges.  
Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience;  
never told my nearest neighbours --  
Stole away with pack and ponies --  
left 'em drinking in the town;  
And the faith that moveth mountains  
didn't seem to help my labours  
As I faced the sheer main-ranges,  
whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em,  
turning flanks and dodging shoulders,  
Hurried on in hope of water,  
headed back for lack of grass;  
Till I camped above the tree-line --  
drifted snow and naked boulders --  
Felt free air astir to windward --  
knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder;  
but that night the Norther found me --  
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies;

so I called the camp Despair.  
(It's the Railway Cap today, though.)  
Then my whisper waked to hound me:  
"Something lost behind the Ranges.  
Over yonder! Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted --  
knew His Hand was certain o'er me.  
Still -- it might be self-delusion --  
scores of better men had died --  
I could reach the township living,  
but ... He knows what terrors tore me ...  
But I didn't ... but I didn't.  
I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers,  
and the flowers turned to aloes,  
And the aloes sprung to thickets  
and a brimming stream ran by;  
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub,  
and the water drained to shallows,  
And I dropped again on  
desert-blasted earth and blasting sky ...

I remember lighting fires;  
I remember sitting by them;  
I remember seeing faces,  
hearing voices through the smoke;  
I remember they were fancy --  
for I threw a stone to try 'em.  
"Something lost behind the Ranges"  
was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy.  
I remember that I knew it  
When I heard myself hallooing  
to the funny folk I saw.  
Very full of dreams that desert;  
but my two legs took me through it ...  
And I used to watch 'em moving  
with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered --  
White Man's country past disputing --  
Rolling grass and open timber,  
with a hint of hills behind --  
There I found me food and water,  
and I lay a week recruiting,  
Got my strength and lost my nightmares.  
Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey --  
chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em --  
Week by week I pried and sampled --  
week by week my findings grew.  
Saul, he went to look for donkeys,  
and by God he found a kingdom!  
But by God, who sent His Whisper,  
I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains,  
where the hair-poised snowslide shivers --  
Down and through the big fat marshes  
that the virgin ore-bed stains,  
Till I heard the mild-wide mutterings  
of unimagined rivers,  
And beyond the nameless timber  
saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities,  
traced the easy grades between 'em;  
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting  
fifty thousand head an hour;  
Counted leagues of water frontage  
through the axe-ripe woods that screen 'em --  
Saw the plant to feed a people --  
up and waiting for the power!

Well, I know who'll take the credit --  
all the clever chaps that followed --  
Came a dozen men together --  
never knew my desert fears;  
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted,  
used the water holes I'd hollowed.

They'll go back and do the talking.  
They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships --  
not the cities that I set there.  
They will rediscover rivers --  
not my rivers heard at night.  
By my own old marks and bearings  
they will show me how to get there,  
By the lonely cairns I builded  
they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river:  
Have I claimed one single acre?  
Have I kept one single nugget --  
(barring samples?) No, not I!  
Because my price was paid me  
ten times over by my Maker.  
But you wouldn't understand it.  
You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle;  
water-transit sure and steady,  
(That should keep the railway rates down;)  
coal and iron at your doors.  
God took care to hide that country  
till He judged His people ready,  
Then He chose me for His Whisper,  
and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "never-never country" --  
yes, your "edge of cultivation"  
And "no sense in going further" --  
till I crossed the range to see.  
God forgive me! No, I didn't.  
It's God's present to our nation.  
Anybody might have found it --  
but His Whisper came to Me!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Fabulists

<i>1914-18</i>

When all the world would keep a matter hid,  
Since Truth is seldom Friend to any crowd,  
Men write in Fable, as old AEsop did,  
Jesting at that which none will name aloud.  
And this they needs must do, or it will fall  
Unless they please they are not heard at all.

When desperate Folly daily laboureth  
To work confusion upon all we have,  
When diligent Sloth demandeth Freedom's death,  
And banded Fear commandeth Honour's grave--  
Even in that certain hour before the fall,  
Unless men please they are not heard at all.

Needs must all please, yet some not all for need,  
Needs must all toil, yet some not all for gain,  
But that men taking pleasure may take heed  
Whom present toil shall snatch from later pain.  
Thus some have toiled, but their reward was small  
Since, though they pleased, they were not heard at all.

This was the lock that lay upon our lips,  
This was the yoke that we have undergone,  
Denying us all pleasant fellowships  
As in our time and generation.  
Our pleasures unpursued age past recall,  
And for our pains--we are not heard at all.

What man hears aught except the groaning guns?  
What man heeds aught save what each instant brings?  
When each man's life all imaged life outruns,  
What man shall pleasure in imaginings?  
So it hath fallen, as it was bound to fall,  
We are not, nor we were not, heard at all.



# The Fairies' Siege

I have been given my charge to keep--  
Well have I kept the same!  
Playing with strife for the most of my life,  
But this is a different game.  
I'll not fight against swords unseen,  
Or spears that I cannot view--  
Hand him the keys of the place on your knees--  
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true!

Ask him his terms and accept them at once.  
Quick, ere we anger him, go!  
Never before have I flinched from the guns,  
But this is a different show.  
I'll not fight with the Herald of God  
(I know what his Master can do!)  
Open the gate, he must enter in state,  
'Tis the Dreamer whose dreams come true!

I'd not give way for an Emperor,  
I'd hold my road for a King--  
To the Triple Crown I would not bow down--  
But this is a different thing.  
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,  
Sentry, pass him through!  
Drawbridge let fall, 'tis the Lord of us all,  
The Dreamer whose dreams come true!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Fall Of Jock Gillespie

This fell when dinner-time was done --  
'Twixt the first an' the second rub --  
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again  
To his rooms ahist the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,  
An' syne we thocht him fou,  
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,  
An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,  
That held the Spade its Ace --  
God save the lad! Whence comes the licht  
"That wimples on his face?"

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,  
An' ower the card-brim wunk: --  
"I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,  
"May be that I am drunk."

"There's whusky brewed in Galashils  
"An' L. L. L. forbye;  
"But never liquor lit the lowe  
"That keeks fra' oot your eye.

"There's a third o' hair on your dress-coat breast,  
"Aboon the heart a wee?"  
"Oh! that is fra' the lang-haired Skye  
"That slobbers ower me."

"Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin' beasts,  
"An' terrier dogs are fair,  
"But never yet was terrier born,  
"Wi' ell-lang gowden hair!

"There's a smirch o' pouter on your breast,  
"Below the left lappel?"  
"Oh! that is fra' my auld cigar,  
"Whenas the stump-end fell."

"Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,  
"For ye are short o' cash,  
"An' best Havanas Couldna leave  
"Sae white an' pure an ash.

"This nicht ye stopped a story braid,  
"An' stopped it wi' a curse.  
"Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel' --  
"An' capped it wi' a worse!

"Oh! we're no fou! Oh! we're no fou!  
"But plainly we can ken  
"Ye're fallin', fallin' fra the band  
"O' cantie single men!"

An' it fell when sirris-shaws were sere,  
An' the nichts were lang and mirk,  
In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,  
Oor Jocke gaed to the Kirk!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Feet Of The Young Men

Now the Four-way Lodge is opened, now the Hunting Winds are loose --  
Now the Smokes of Spring go up to clear the brain;  
Now the Young Men's hearts are troubled for the whisper of the Trues,  
Now the Red Gods make their medicine again!  
Who hath seen the beaver busied? Who hath watched the black-tail mating?  
Who hath lain alone to hear the wild-goose cry'  
Who hath worked the chosen water where the ouananiche is waiting,  
Or the sea-trout's jumping-crazy for the fly?

*He must go -- go -- go away from here!*  
*On the other side the world he's overdue.*  
*'Send your road is clear before you where the old Spring-fret comes o'er*  
*you,*  
*And the Red Gods call for you!*

So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow-round the bow,  
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust;  
And for one the lakeside lilies where the bull-moose waits the cow,  
And for one the mule-train coughing in the dust.  
Who hath smelt smelt-smoke at twilight? Who hath heard the birch-log burning?  
Who is quick to read the noises of the night?  
Let him follow with the others for the Young Men's feet are turning  
Too the camps of proved desire and known delight!

*Let him go -- go, etc.*

I

Do you know the blackened timber -- do you know that racing stream  
With the raw, right-angled log-jam at the end;  
And the bar of sun-warmed shingle where a man may bask and dream  
To the click of shod canoe-poles round the bend'  
I is there that we are going with our rods and reels and traces,  
To a silent, smoky Indian that we know --  
To a couch of new-pulled hemlock, with the starlight on our faces,  
For the Red Gods call us out and we must go!

*They must go -- go, etc.*

## II

Do you know the shallow Baltic where the seas are steep and short,  
Where the bluff, lee-boarded fishing-luggers ride?  
Do you know the joy of threshing leagues to leeward of your port  
On a coast you've lost the chart of overside?  
It is there that I am going, with an extra hand to bale her --  
Just one able 'long-shore loafer that I know.  
He can take his chance of drowning, while I sail and sail and sail her,  
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

*He must go -- go, etc.*

## III

Do you know the pile-built village where the sago-dealers trade --  
Do you know the reek of fish and wet bamboo?  
Do you know the steaming stillness of the orchid-scented glade  
When the blazoned, bird-winged butterflies flap through?  
It is there that I am going with my camphor, net, and boxes,  
To a gentle, yellow pirate that I know --  
To my little wailing lemurs, to my palms and flying-foxes,  
For the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

*He must go -- go, etc.*

## IV

Do you know the world's white roof-tree -- do you know that windy rift  
Where the baffling mountain-eddies chop and change?  
Do you know the long day's patience, belly-down on frozen drift,  
While the head of heads is feeding out of range?  
It is there that I am going, where the boulders and the snow lie,  
With a trusty, nimble tracker that I know.  
I have sworn an oath, to keep it on the Horns of Ovis Poli,  
And the Red Gods call me out and I must go!

*He must go -- go, etc.*

How the Four-way Lodge is opened -- now the Smokes of Council rise --  
Pleasant smokes, ere yet 'twixt trail and trail they choose --  
Now the girths and ropes are tested: now they pack their last supplies:  
Now our Young Men go to dance before the Trues!  
Who shall meet them at those altars -- who shall light them to that shrine?  
Velvet-footed, who shall guide them to their goal?  
Unto each the voice and vision: unto each his spoor and sign --  
Lonely mountain in the Northland, misty sweat-bath 'neath the Line --  
And to each a man that knows his naked soul!

White or yellow, black or copper, he is waiting, as a lover,  
Smoke of funnel, dust of hooves, or beat of train --  
Where the high grass hides the horseman or the glaring flats discover --  
Where the steamer hails the landing, or the surf-boat brings the rover --  
Where the rails run out in sand-rift . . . Quick! ah, heave the camp-kit over,  
For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

*<i>And we go -- go -- go away from here!</i>*  
*<i>On the other side the world we're overdue!</i>*  
*<i>'Send the road is clear before you when the old Spring-fret comes o'er  
you,</i>*  
*<i>And the Red Gods call for you!</i>*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Female Of The Species

When the Himalayan peasant meets the he-bear in his pride,  
He shouts to scare the monster who will often turn aside.  
But the she-bear thus accosted rends the peasant tooth and nail,  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When Nag, the wayside cobra, hears the careless foot of man,  
He will sometimes wriggle sideways and avoid it if he can,  
But his mate makes no such motion where she camps beside the trail -  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

When the early Jesuit fathers preached to Hurons and Choctaws,  
They prayed to be delivered from the vengeance of the squaws -  
'Twas the women, not the warriors, turned those stark enthusiasts pale -  
For the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man's timid heart is bursting with the things he must not say,  
For the Woman that God gave him isn't his to give away;  
But when hunter meets with husband, each confirms the others tale -  
The female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Man, a bear in most relations, worm and savage otherwise,  
Man propounds negotiations, Man accepts the compromise;  
Very rarely will he squarely push the logic of a fact  
To its ultimate conclusion in unmitigated act.

Fear, or foolishness, impels him, ere he lay the wicked low,  
To concede some form of trial even to his fiercest foe.  
Mirth obscene diverts his anger; Doubt and Pity oft perplex  
Him in dealing with an issue - to the scandal of the Sex!

But the Woman that God gave him, every fibre of her frame  
Proves her launched for one sole issue, armed and engined for the same,  
And to serve that single issue, lest the generations fail,  
The female of the species must be deadlier than the male.

She who faces Death by torture for each life beneath her breast  
May not deal in doubt or pity - must not swerve for fact or jest.  
These be purely male diversions - not in these her honor dwells -  
She, the Other Law we live by, is that Law and nothing else!

She can bring no more to living than the powers that make her great  
As the Mother of the Infant and the Mistress of the Mate;  
And when Babe and Man are lacking and she strides unclaimed to claim  
Her right as femme (and baron), her equipment is the same.

She is wedded to convictions - in default of grosser ties;  
Her contentions are her children, Heaven help him, who denies!  
He will meet no cool discussion, but the instant, white-hot wild  
Wakened female of the species warring as for spouse and child.

Unprovoked and awful charges - even so the she-bear fights;  
Speech that drips, corrodes and poisons - even so the cobra bites;  
Scientific vivisection of one nerve till it is raw,  
And the victim writhes with anguish - like the Jesuit with the squaw!

So it comes that Man, the coward, when he gathers to confer  
With his fellow-braves in council, dare not leave a place for her  
Where, at war with Life and Conscience, he uplifts his erring hands  
To some God of abstract justice - which no woman understands.

And Man knows it! Knows, moreover, that the Woman that God gave him  
Must command but may not govern; shall enthrall but not enslave him.  
And She knows, because She warns him and Her instincts never fail,  
That the female of Her species is more deadly than the male!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Files

Files

The Files -

Office Files !

Oblige me by referring to the Files.

Every question man can raise,

Every phrase of every phrase

Of that question is on record in the Files -

(Threshed out threadbare - fought and finished in the Files

Ere the Universe at large

Was our new-tipped arrows' targe -

Ere we rediscovered Mammon and his wiles

Faeza gentle reader, spent her-five-and-twentieth leader

(You will find him, and some others, in the Files).

Warn all coming Robert Brownings and Carlyles,

It will interest them to hunt among the Files

Where unvisited, a-cold,

Lie the crowded years of old

In that Kensal-Green of greatness called the Files

(In our newspaPère-la-Chaise the Office Files),

Where the dead men lay them down

Meekly sure of long renown,

And above them, sere and swift,

Packs the daily deepening drift

Of the all-recording, all-effacing Files

The obliterating, automatic Files.

Count the mighty men who slung

Ink, Evangel, Sword, or Tongue

When Reform and you were young

Made their boasts and spake according in the Files

(Hear the ghosts that wake applauding in the Files!)

Trace each all-forgot career

From long primer through brevier

Unto Death, a para minion in the Files

(Para minion-solid-bottom of the Files). . . .

Some successful Kings and Queens adorn the Files.

They were great, their views were leaded,

And their deaths were triple-headed,

So they catch the eye in running through the Files

(Show as blazes in the mazes of the Files);

For their 'paramours and priests,'  
 And their gross, jack-booted feasts,  
 And their 'epoch-marking actions' see the Files.  
 Was it Bomba fled the blue Sicilian isles?  
 Was it Saffi, a professor  
 Once of Oxford, brought redress or  
 Garibaldi? Who remembers  
 Forty-odd-year-old Septembers? -  
 Only sextons paid to dig among the Files (Such as I am, born and bred among  
 the Files).  
 You must hack through much deposit  
 Ere you know for sure who was it  
 Came to burial with such honour in the Files (Only seven seasons back beneath  
 the Files).  
 'Very great our loss and grievous - 'So our best and brightest leave us,  
 'And it ends the Age of Giants,' say the Files;  
 All the '60-'70-'80'-'90 Files  
 (The open-minded, opportunist Files ?  
 The easy ' O King, live for ever ' Files).  
 It is good to read a little in the Files;  
 'Tis a sure and sovereign balm  
 Unto philosophic calm,  
 Yea, and philosophic doubt when Life beguiles  
 When you know Success is Greatness,  
 When you marvel at your lateness  
 In apprehending facts so plain to Smiles  
 (Self-helpful, wholly strenuous Samuel Smiles).  
 When your Imp of Blind Desire  
 Bids you set the Thames afire,  
 You'll remember men have done so - in the Files.  
 You'll have seen those flames transpire - in the Files  
 (More than once that flood has run so - in the Files).  
 When the Conchimarlian horns  
 Of the reboantic Norns  
 Usher gentlemen and ladies  
 With new lights on Heaven and Hades,  
 Guaranteeing to Eternity  
 All yesterday's modernity;  
 When Brocken-spectres made by  
 Some one's breath on ink parade by,  
 Very earnest and tremendous,  
 Let not shows of shows offend us.

When of everything we like we  
Shout ecstatic: ' Quod ubique,  
'Quod ab omnibus means semper!  
Oh, my brother, keep your temper!  
Light your pipe and take a look along the Files.  
You've a better chance to guess  
At the meaning of Success  
(Which is Greatness - vide Press)  
When you've seen it in perspective in the Files !

Rudyard Kipling

# The Fires

Men make them fires on the hearth  
Each under his roof-tree,  
And the Four Winds that rule the earth  
They blow the smoke to me.

Across the high hills and the sea  
And all the changeful skies,  
The Four Winds blow the smoke to me  
Till the tears are in my eyes.

Until the tears are in my eyes.  
And my heart is wellnigh broke  
For thinking on old memories  
That gather in the smoke.

With every shift of every wind  
The homesick memories come,  
From every quarter of mankind  
Where I have made me a home.

Four times a fire against the cold  
And a roof against the rain --  
Sorrow fourfold and joy fourfold  
The Four Winds bring again!

How can I answer which is best  
Of all the fires that burn?  
I have been too often host or guest  
At every fire in turn.

How can I turn from any fire,  
On any man's hearthstone?  
I know the wonder and desire  
That went to build my own!

How can I doubt man's joy or woe  
Where'er his house-fires shine.  
Since all that man must undergo  
Will visit me at mine?

Oh, you Four Winds that blow so strong  
And know that his is true,  
Stoop for a little and carry my song  
To all the men I knew!

Where there are fires against the cold,  
Or roofs against the rain --  
With love fourfold and joy fourfold,  
Take them my songs again!

Rudyard Kipling

# The First Chantey

Mine was the woman to me, darkling I found her;  
Haling her dumb from the camp, took her and bound her.  
Hot rose her tribe on our track ere I had proved her;  
Hearing her laugh in the gloom, greatly I loved her.

Swift through the forest we ran; none stood to guard us,  
Few were my people and far; then the flood barred us --  
Him we call Son of the Sea, sullen and swollen.  
Panting we waited the death, stealer and stolen.

Yet ere they came to my lance laid for the slaughter,  
Lightly she leaped to a log lapped in the water;  
Holding on high and apart skins that arrayed her,  
Called she the God of the Wind that He should aid her.

Life had the tree at that word (Praise we the Giver!)  
Otter-like left he the bank for the full river.  
Far fell their axes behind, flashing and ringing,  
Wonder was on me and fear -- yet she was singing!

Low lay the land we had left. Now the blue bound us,  
Even the Floor of the Gods level around us.  
Whisper there was not, nor word, shadow nor showing,  
Till the light stirred on the deep, glowing and growing.

Then did He leap to His place flaring from under,  
He the Compeller, the Sun, bared to our wonder.  
Nay, not a league from our eyes blinded with gazing,  
Cleared He the gate of the world, huge and amazing!

This we beheld (and we live) -- the Pit of the Burning!  
Then the God spoke to the tree for our returning;  
Back to the beach of our flight, fearless and slowly,  
Back to our slayers went he: but we were holy.

Men that were hot in that hunt, women that followed,  
Babes that were promised our bones, trembled and wallowed:  
Over the necks of the Tribe crouching and fawning --  
Prophet and priestess we came back from the dawning!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Flight

When the grey geese heard the Fool's tread  
Too near to where they lay,  
They lifted neither voice nor head,  
But took themselves away.

No water broke, no pinion whirred-  
There went no warning call.  
The steely, sheltering rushes stirred  
A little--that was all.

Only the osiers understood,  
And the drowned meadows spied  
What else than wreckage of a flood  
Stole outward on that tide.

But the far beaches saw their ranks  
Gather and greet and grow  
By myriads on the naked banks  
Watching their sign to go;

Till, with a roar of wings that churned  
The shivering shoals to foam,  
Flight after flight took air and turned -  
To find a safer home;

And far below their steadfast wedge,  
They heard (and hastened on)  
Men thresh and clamour through the sedge  
Aghast that they were gone!

And, when men prayed them come anew  
And nest where they were bred,  
"Nay, fools foretell what knaves will do,"  
Was all the grey geese said.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Flowers

To our private taste, there is always something a little exotic,  
almost artificial, in songs which, under an English aspect and dress,  
are yet so manifestly the product of other skies. They affect us  
like translations; the very fauna and flora are alien, remote;  
the dog's-tooth violet is but an ill substitute for the rather primrose,  
nor can we ever believe that the wood-robin sings as sweetly in April  
as the English thrush. -- THE ATHENÆUM.

Buy my English posies!  
Kent and Surrey may --  
Violets of the Undercliff  
Wet with Channel spray;  
Cowslips from a Devon combe --  
Midland furze afire --  
Buy my English posies  
And I'll sell your heart's desire!

Buy my English posies!  
You that scorn the May,  
Won't you greet a friend from home  
Half the world away?  
Green against the draggled drift,  
Faint and frail and first --  
Buy my Northern blood-root  
And I'll know where you were nursed:  
Robin down the logging-road whistles, "Come to me!"  
Spring has found the maple-grove, the sap is running free;  
All the winds of Canada call the ploughing-rain.  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!  
Here's to match your need --  
Buy a tuft of royal heath,  
Buy a bunch of weed  
White as sand of Muysenberg  
Spun before the gale --  
Buy my heath and lilies

And I'll tell you whence you hail!  
Under hot Constantia broad the vineyards lie --  
Throned and thorned the aching berg props the speckless sky --  
Slow below the Wynberg firs trails the tilted wain --  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!  
You that will not turn --  
Buy my hot-wood clematis,  
Buy a frond o' fern  
Gathered where the Erskine leaps  
Down the road to Lorne --  
Buy my Christmas creeper  
And I'll say where you were born!  
West away from Melbourne dust holidays begin --  
They that mock at Paradise woo at Cora Lynn --  
Through the great South Otway gums sings the great South Main --  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!  
Here's your choice unsold!  
Buy a blood-red myrtle-bloom,  
Buy the kowhai's gold  
Flung for gift on Taupo's face,  
Sign that spring is come --  
Buy my clinging myrtle  
And I'll give you back your home!  
Broom behind the windy town; pollen o' the pine --  
Bell-bird in the leafy deep where the ~ratas~ twine --  
Fern above the saddle-bow, flax upon the plain --  
Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your love again!

Buy my English posies!  
Ye that have your own  
Buy them for a brother's sake  
Overseas, alone.  
Weed ye trample underfoot  
Floods his heart abrim --  
Bird ye never heeded,  
Oh, she calls his dead to him!  
Far and far our homes are set round the Seven Seas;  
Woe for us if we forget, we that hold by these!

Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land --  
Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Four Angels

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Earth came down, and offered Earth in fee;  
But Adam did not need it,  
Nor the plough he would not speed it,  
Singing: --"Earth and Water, Air and Fire,  
What more can mortal man desire?"  
(The Apple Tree's in bud)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Waters offered all the Seas in fee;  
But Adam would not take 'em,  
Nor the ships he wouldn't make 'em,  
Singing:--"Water, Earth and Air and Fire,  
What more can mortal man desire? "  
(The Apple Tree's in leaf.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Air he offered all the Air in fee;  
But Adam did not crave it,  
Nor the flight he wouldn't brave it,  
Singing: --"Air and Water, Earth and Fire,  
What more can mortal man desire:"  
(The Apple Tree's in bloom.)

As Adam lay a-dreaming beneath the Apple Tree  
The Angel of the Fire rose up and not a word said he;  
But he wished a flame and made it,  
And in Adam's heart he laid it,  
Singing: --"Fire, Fire, burning Fire!  
Stand up, and reach your heart's desire!"  
(The Apple Blossom's set.)

As Adam was a-working outside of Eden-Wall,  
He used the Earth, he used the Seas, he used the Air and all;  
Till out of black disaster  
He arose to be a master  
Of Earth and Water, Air and Fire,  
But never reached his heart's desire!  
(The Apple Tree's cut down!)

Rudyard Kipling

# The Four Points

*Thomas Tusser*

Ere stopping or turning, to put forth a hande  
Is a charm that thy daies may be long in the land.

Though seventy-times-seven thee Fortune befriend,  
O'ertaking at corners is Death in the end.

Sith main-roads for side-roads care nothing, have care  
Both to slow and to blow when thou interest there.

Drink as thou canst hold it, but after is best;  
For Drink with men's Driving makes Crowners to Quest.

Rudyard Kipling

# The French Wars

<i>Napoleonic</i>

The boats of Newhaven and Folkestone and Dover  
To Dieppe and Boulogne and to Calais cross over;  
And in each of those runs there is not a square yard  
Where the English and French haven't fought and fought hard!

If the ships that were sunk could be floated once more,  
They'd stretch like a raft from the shore to the shore,  
And we'd see, as we crossed, every pattern and plan  
Of ship that was built since sea-fighting began.

There'd be biremes and brigantines, cutters and sloops,  
Cogs, carracks and galleons with gay gilded poops--  
Hoys, caravels, ketches, corvettes and the rest,  
As thick as regattas, from Ramsgate to Brest.

But the galley's of Caesar, the squadrons of Sluys,  
And Nelson's crack frigates are hid from our eyes,  
Where the high Seventy-fours of Napoleon's days  
Lie down with Deal luggers and French chasse-marees.

They'll answer no signal--they rest on the ooze,  
With their honey-combed guns and their skeleton crews--  
And racing above them, through sunshine or gale,  
The Cross-Channel packets come in with the Mail.

Then the poor sea-sick passengers, English and French,  
Must open their trunks on the Custom-house bench,  
While the officers rummage for smuggled cigars  
And nobody thinks of our blood-thirsty wars!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Galley-Slave

Oh gallant was our galley from her caren steering-wheel  
To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel;  
The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,  
But no galley on the waters with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our masts were stepped in gold --  
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;  
The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,  
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made the galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we revelled now and then --  
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like men!  
As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's bliss,  
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark --  
They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the shark --  
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped  
We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit gang were we --  
The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters of the sea!  
By the heands that drove her forward as she plunged and yawed and sheered,  
Woman, Man, or god or Devil, was there anything we feared?

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it and a wilder never blew;  
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley struggle through.  
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow, Parting, Death?  
Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my place;  
There's my name upon the deck-beam -- let it stand a little space.  
I am free -- to watch my messmates beating out to open main,  
Free of all that Life can offer -- save to handle sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of clinging steel,  
By the welt the whips have left me, by the scars that never heal;  
By eyes grown old with staring through the sunwash on the brine,  
I am paid in full for service. Would that service still were mine!

f times and seasons and of woe the years bring forth,  
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of the North.  
When the niggers break the hatches and the decks are gay with gore,  
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the shore,

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or rocket-flare,  
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find her servants there.  
Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of years gone by,  
To the bench that broke their manhood, they shall lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted, shipped away --  
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that day,  
When the skies are black above them, and the decks ablaze beneath,  
And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more --  
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.  
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?  
God be thanked! Whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled with Men!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Gift Of The Sea

The dead child lay in the shroud,  
And the widow watched beside;  
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept  
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the mother laughed at all.  
"I have lost my man in the sea,  
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,  
"What more can ye do to me?"

The widow watched the dead,  
And the candle guttered low,  
And she tried to sing the Passing Song  
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,  
"That lay against my heart."  
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"  
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,  
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,  
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,  
"'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.  
"'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin,  
For why should the christened soul cry out  
That never knew of sin?"

"O feet I have held in my hand,  
O hands at my heart to catch,  
How should they know the road to go,  
And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,  
With the little quilt atop,  
That it might not hurt from the cold or the dirt,  
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch  
And strained her eyes to see,  
And opened the door on the bitter shore  
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,  
There was neither spirit nor spark,  
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said,  
"'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed:  
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;  
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,  
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

"The terns are blown inland,  
The gray gull follows the plough.  
'Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,  
O mother, I hear it now!"

"Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;  
The child is passed from harm,  
'Tis the ache in your breast that broke your rest,  
And the feel of an empty arm."

She put her mother aside,  
"In Mary's name let be!  
For the peace of my soul I must go," she said,  
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,  
Where the twisted weed was piled,  
She came to the life she had missed by an hour,  
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,  
And back to her mother she came,  
But it would not feed and it would not heed,  
Though she gave it her own child's name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,

And her own in the shroud lay stark;  
And "God forgive us, mother," she said,  
"We let it die in the dark!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Gipsy Trail

The white moth to the closing bine,  
The bee to the opened clover,  
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood  
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,  
Ever the trail held true,  
Over the world and under the world,  
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,  
Out of the grime and the gray  
(Morning waits at the end of the world),  
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp  
The red crane to her reed,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,  
By the tie of a roving breed.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,  
The buck to the stony plain,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,  
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!  
Out on a clean sea-track -  
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail  
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran  
North where the blue bergs sail,  
And the bows are grey with the frozen spray,  
And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran  
Sheer to the Austral Light,  
Where the besom of God is the wild South wind,  
Sweeping the sea-floors white.

Follow the Romany patteran  
West to the sinking sun,  
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift.  
And the east and west are one.

Follow the Romany patteran  
East where the silence broods  
By a purple wave on an opal beach  
In the hush of the Mahim woods.

'The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome wold,  
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
As it was in the days of old.'

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid -  
Light of my tents, be fleet.  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
And the world is all at our feet!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Glory Of The Garden

Our England is a garden that is full of stately views,  
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and avenues,  
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting by;  
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets the eye.

For where the thick laurels grow, along the thin red wall,  
You will find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the heart of all;  
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dungpits and the tanks,  
The rollers, carts and drain-pipes, with the barrows and the planks.

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and 'prentice boys  
Told off to do as they are bid and to it without noise;  
For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to scare the birds,  
The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a rose,  
And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that grows;  
But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the sand and loam,  
For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made  
By singing:--"Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade,  
While better men than we go out and start their working lives  
At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head so thick,  
There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a heart so sick,  
But it can find some needful job that's crying to be done,  
For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till further orders,  
It it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on borders;  
And when your back stops aching and your hands begin to harden,  
You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him sees  
That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his knees,  
So when your work is finished, you can wash your hands and pray  
For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!

*For the Glory of the Garden, that it may not pass away!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Gods Of The Copybook Headings

As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,  
I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market-Place.  
Peering through reverent fingers I watch them flourish and fall.  
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings, I notice, outlast them all.

We were living in trees when they met us. They showed us each in turn.  
That water would certainly wet us, as Fire would certainly burn:  
But we found them lacking in Uplift, Vision, and Breadth of Mind,  
So we left them to teach the Gorilas while we followed the March of Mankind.

We moved as the Spirit listed. They never altered their pace,  
Being neither clud nor wind-borne like the Gods of the Market-Place;  
But they always caught up with our progress, and presently word would come  
That a tribe had been wiped off its icefield, or the lights had gone out in Rome.

With the Hopes that our World is built on they were utterly out of touch.  
They denied that the Moon was Stilton; they denied she was even Dutch.  
They denied that Wishes were Horses; they denied that a Pig had Wings.  
So we worshiped the Gods of the Market Who promiced these beautiful things.

When the Cambrian measures were forming, They promiced perpetual peace.  
They swore, if we gave them our weapons, that the wars of the tribes would  
cease.  
But when we disarmed They sold us and delivered us bound to our foe,  
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: 'Stick to the Devil you know.'

On the first Feminian Sandstones we were promiced the Fuller Life  
(Which started by loving our neighbor and ended by loving his wife)  
Till our women had no more children and the men lost reason and faith,  
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: 'The Wages of Sin is Death/'

In the Carboniferous Epoch we were promised abundance for all,  
By robbing selective Peter to pay for collective Paul;  
But, though we had plenty of money, there was nothing our money could buy,  
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings said: 'If you don't work you die.'

The the Gods of the Market tumbled, and their smooth-tounged wizards  
withdrew,  
And the hearts of the meanest were humbled and began to belive it was true

That All is not Gold that Glitters, and Two and Two make Four---  
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings limped up to explain it once more

As it will be in the future, it was at the birth of Man---  
There are only four things certain since Social Progress began:---  
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her mire,  
And the burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to the Fire;  
And that after this is accomplished, and the brave new world begins  
When all men are paid for existing and no man must pay for his sins,  
As surely as Water will wet us, as surely as Fire will burn,  
The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Grave Of The Hundred Heads

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester  
Who weeps for her only son;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.*

A Snider squibbed in the jungle,  
Somebody laughed and fled,  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Picked up their Subaltern dead,  
With a big blue mark in his forehead  
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Jemadar Hira Lal,  
Took command of the party,  
Twenty rifles in all,  
Marched them down to the river  
As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,  
A blanket over his face --  
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,  
The men of an alien race --  
They made a *samadh* in his honor,  
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,  
They swore by the salt they ate,  
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib  
Should go to his God in state;  
With fifty file of Burman  
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Marched till the break of day,  
Till they came to the rebel village,  
The village of Pabengmay --

A *jingal* covered the clearing,  
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Bidding them load with ball,  
Halted a dozen rifles  
Under the village wall;  
Sent out a flanking-party  
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Shouted and smote and slew,  
Turning the grinning jingal  
On to the howling crew.  
The Jemadar's flanking-party  
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,  
Long was the list of slain,  
Five score heads were taken,  
Five score heads and twain;  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket  
Red as his palms that day,  
Red as the blazing village --  
The village of Pabengmay,  
And the *"drip-drip-drip"* from the baskets  
Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies  
High as a tall man's chin,  
Head upon head distorted,  
Set in a sightless grin,  
Anger and pain and terror  
Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Put the head of the Boh  
On the top of the mound of triumph,  
The head of his son below,

With the sword and the peacock-banner  
That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samadh* was perfect,  
Thus was the lesson plain  
Of the wrath of the First Shikaris --  
The price of a white man slain;  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,  
A hush fell over the shore,  
And Bohs that were brave departed,  
And Sniders squibbed no more;  
For he Burmans said  
That a *kullah's* head  
Must be paid for with heads five score.

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester  
Who weeps for her only son;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Greek National Anthem

We knew thee of old,  
Oh divinely restored,  
By the light of thine eyes  
And the light of thy Sword.

From the graves of our slain  
Shall thy valour prevail  
As we greet thee again --  
Hail, Liberty! Hail!

Long time didst thou dwell  
Mid the peoples that mourn,  
Awaiting some voice  
That should bid thee return.

Ah, slow broke that day  
And no man dared call,  
For the shadow of tyranny  
Lay over all:

And we saw thee sad-eyed,  
The tears on thy cheeks  
While thy raiment was dyed  
In the blood of the Greeks.

Yet, behold now thy sons  
With impetuous breath  
Go forth to the fight  
Seeking Freedom or Death.

From the graves of our slain  
Shall thy valour prevail  
As we greet thee again  
Hail, Liberty! Hail!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Gypsy-Trail

The white moth to the closing bine,  
The bee to the opened clover,  
And the gipsy blood to the gipsy blood  
Ever the wide world over.

Ever the wide world over, lass,  
Ever the trail held true,  
Over the world and under the world,  
And back at the last to you.

Out of the dark of the gorgio camp,  
Out of the grime and the gray  
(Morning waits at the end of the world),  
Gipsy, come away!

The wild boar to the sun-dried swamp  
The red crane to her reed,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,  
By the tie of a roving breed.

The pied snake to the rifted rock,  
The buck to the stony plain,  
And the Romany lass to the Romany lad,  
And both to the road again.

Both to the road again, again!  
Out on a clean sea-track --  
Follow the cross of the gipsy trail  
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran  
North where the blue bergs sail,  
And the bows are grey with the frozen spray,  
And the masts are shod with mail.

Follow the Romany patteran  
Sheer to the Austral Light,  
Where the besom of God is the wild South wind,  
Sweeping the sea-floors white.

Follow the Romany patteran  
West to the sinking sun,  
Till the junk-sails lift through the houseless drift.  
And the east and west are one.

Follow the Romany patteran  
East where the silence broods  
By a purple wave on an opal beach  
In the hush of the Mahim woods.

"The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,  
The deer to the wholesome wold,  
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,  
As it was in the days of old."

The heart of a man to the heart of a maid --  
Light of my tents, be fleet.  
Morning waits at the end of the world,  
And the world is all at our feet!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Heritage

Our Fathers in a wondrous age,  
Ere yet the Earth was small,  
Ensured to us a heritage,  
And doubted not at all  
That we the children of their heart,  
Which then did beat so high,  
In later rime should play like part  
For our posterity.

A thousand years they steadfast built,  
To 'vantage us and ours,  
The Walls that were a world's despair,  
The sea-constraining Towers:  
Yet in their midmost pride they knew,  
And unto Kings made known,  
Not all from these their strength they drew,  
Their faith from brass or stone.

Youth's passion, manhood's fierce intent,  
With age's judgment wise,  
They spent, and counted not they spent,  
At daily sacrifice.  
Not lambs alone nor purchased doves .  
Or tithe of trader's gold--  
Their lives most dear, their dearer loves,  
They offered up of old.

Refraining e'en from lawful things,  
They bowed the neck to bear  
The unadorned yoke that brings  
Stark toil and sternest care.  
Wherefore through them is Freedom sure;  
Wherefore through them we stand,  
From all but sloth and pride secure,  
In a delightsome land.

Then, fretful, murmur not they gave  
So great a charge to keep,  
Nor dream that awestruck Time shall save

Their labour while we sleep.  
Dear-bought and clear, a thousand year,  
Our fathers' title runs.  
Make we likewise their sacrifice,  
Defrauding not our sons.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Holy War

*1917*

*For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul, that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most mighty adverse potentate unless the townsmen gave consent thereto. --Bunyan's Holy War.*

A tinker out of Bedford,  
A vagrant oft in quod,  
A privet under Fairfax,  
A minister of God--

*Two hundred years and thirty  
Ere Armageddon came  
His single hand portrayed it,  
And Bunyan was his name!*

He mapped for those who follow,  
The world in which we are--  
"This famous town of Mansoul"  
That takes the Holy War.  
Her true and traitor people,  
The gates along her wall,  
From Eye Gate unto Feel Gate,  
John Bunyan showed them all.

All enemy divisions,  
Recruits of every class,  
And highly-screened positions  
For flame or poison-gas;  
The craft that we call modern,  
The crimes that we call new,  
John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed  
In sixteen Eighty-two.

Likewise the Lords of Looseness  
That hamper faith and works,  
The Perseverance-Doubters,  
And Present-Comfort shirks,

With brittle intellectuals  
Who crack beneath a strain--  
John Bunyan met that helpful set  
In Charles the Second's reign.

Emmanuel's vanguard dying  
For right and not for rights,  
My Lord Apollyon lying  
To the State-kept Stockholmites,  
The Pope, the swithering Neutrals  
The Kaiser and his Gott--  
Their roles, their goals, their naked souls--  
He knew and drew the lot.

Now he hath left his quarters,  
In Bunhill Fields to lie,  
The wisdom that he taught us  
Is proven prophecy--  
One watchword through our Armies,  
One answer from our Lands:--  
"No dealings with Diabolus  
As long as Mansoul stands!"

*A pedlar from a hovel,  
The lowest of the low,  
The Father of the Novel,  
Salvation's first Defoe,  
Eight blinded generations  
Ere Armageddon came,  
He showed us how to meet it,  
And Bunyan was his name!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Hour Of The Angel

Sooner or late--in earnest or in jest--  
(But the stakes are no jest) Ithuriel's Hour  
Will spring on us, for the first time, the test  
Of our sole unbacked competence and power  
Up to the limit of our years and dower  
Of judgment--or beyond. But here we have  
Prepared long since our garland or our grave.

For, at that hour, the sum of all our past,  
Act, habit, thought, and passion, shall be cast  
In one addition, be it more or less,  
And as that reading runs so shall we do;  
Meeting, astounded, victory at the last,  
Or, first and last, our own unworthiness.  
And none can change us though they die to save!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Houses

*1898 -- A Song of the Dominions*

'Twixt my house and thy house the pathway is broad,  
In thy house or my house is half the world's hoard;  
By my house and thy house hangs all the world's fate,  
On thy house and my house lies half the world's hate.

For my house and thy house no help shall we find  
Save thy house and my house -- kin cleaving to kind;  
If my house be taken, thine tumbleth anon.  
If thy house be forfeit, mine followeth soon.

'Twixt my house and thy house what talk can there be  
Of headship or lordship, or service or fee?  
Since my house to thy house no greater can send  
Than thy house to my house -- friend comforting friend;  
And thy house to my house no meaner can bring  
Than my house to thy house -- King counselling King.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Hyaenas

After the burial-parties leave  
And the baffled kites have fled;  
The wise hyaenas come out at eve  
To take account of our dead.

How he died and why he died  
Troubles them not a whit.  
They snout the bushes and stones aside  
And dig till they come to it.

They are only resolute they shall eat  
That they and their mates may thrive,  
And they know that the dead are safer meat  
Than the weakest thing alive.

(For a goat may butt, and a worm may sting,  
And a child will sometimes stand;  
But a poor dead soldier of the King  
Can never lift a hand.)

They whoop and halloo and scatter the dirt  
Until their tushes white  
Take good hold in the army shirt,  
And tug the corpse to light,

And the pitiful face is shewn again  
For an instant ere they close;  
But it is not discovered to living men --  
Only to God and to those

Who, being soulless, are free from shame,  
Whatever meat they may find.  
Nor do they defile the dead man's name --  
That is reserved for his kind.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Hymn To Physical Pain

Dread Mother of Forgetfulness  
Who, when Thy reign begins,  
Wipest away the Soul's distress,  
And memory of her sins.

The trusty Worm that dieth not--  
The steadfast Fire also,  
By Thy contrivance are forgot  
In a completer woe.

Thine are the lidless eyes of night  
That stare upon our tears,  
Through certain hours which in our sight  
Exceed a thousand years:

Thine is the thickness of the Dark  
That presses in our pain,  
As Thine the Dawn that bids us mark  
Life's grinning face again.

Thine is the weariness outworn  
No promise shall relieve,  
That says at eve, "Would God 'twere morn"  
At morn, "Would God 'twere eve!"

And when Thy tender mercies cease  
And life unvexed is due,  
Instant upon the false release  
The Worm and Fire renew.

Wherefore we praise Thee in the deep,  
And on our beds we pray  
For Thy return that Thou may'st keep  
The Pains of Hell at bay!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Idiot Boy

*Wordsworth*

He wandered down the mountain grade  
Beyond the speed assigned--  
A youth whom Justice often stayed  
And generally fined.

He went alone, that none might know  
If he could drive or steer.  
Now he is in the ditch, and Oh!  
The differential gear!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Instructor

*(Non-commissioned Officers of the Line)*

At times when under cover I 'ave said,  
To keep my spirits up an' raise a laugh,  
'Earin 'im pass so busy over-'ead--  
Old Nickel-Neck, 'oo is n't on the Staff --  
"There's one above is greater than us all"

Before 'im I 'ave seen my Colonel fall,  
An 'watched 'im write my Captain's epitaph,  
So that a long way off it could be read--  
He 'as the knack o' makin' men feel small--  
Old Whistle Tip, 'oo is n't on the Staff.

There is no sense in fleein" (I 'ave fled),  
Better go on an' do the belly-crawl,  
An' 'ope' 'e 'll it some other man instead  
Of you 'e seems to 'unt so speshual--  
Fitzzy van Spitz, 'oo is n't on the Staff.

An' thus in mem'ry's cinematograph,  
Now that the show is over, I recall  
The peevish voice an' 'oary mushroom 'ead  
Of 'im we owned was greater than us all,  
'Oo give instruction to the quick an' the dead--  
The Shudderin" Beggar--not upon the Staff!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Inventor

*R. W. Emerson*

Time and Space decreed his lot,  
But little Man was quick to note:  
When Time and Space said Man might not,  
Bravely he answered, "Nay! I mote."

I looked on old New England.  
Time and Space stood fast.  
Men built altars to Distance  
At every mile they passed.

Yet sleek with oil, a Force was hid  
Making mock of all they did,  
Ready at the appointed hour  
To yield up to Prometheus  
The secular and well-drilled Power  
The Gods secreted thus.

And over high Wantastiquer  
Emulous my lightnings ran,  
Unregarded but after,  
To fall in with my plan.

I beheld two ministries,  
One of air and one of earth--  
At a thought I married these,  
And my New Age came to birth!

For rarely my purpose errs  
Though oft it seems to pause,  
And rods and cylinders  
Obey my planets' laws.

Oil I drew from the well,  
And Franklin's spark from its blue;  
Time and Distance fell,  
And Man went forth anew.

On the prairie and in the street  
So long as my chariots roll  
I bind wings to Adam's feet,  
And, presently, to his soul!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Irish Guards

<i>1918</i>

We're not so old in the Army List,  
But we're not so young at our trade,  
For we had the honour at Fontenoy  
Of meeting the Guards' Brigade.  
'Twas Lally, Dillon, Bulkeley, Clare,  
And Lee that led us then,  
And after a hundred and seventy years  
We're fighting for France again!  
<i>Old Days! The wild geese are fighting,  
Head to the sform as they faced if before !  
For where there are Irish there's bound to be fighting,  
And when there's no fighting, it's Ireland no more!  
Ireland no more!</i>

The fashion's all for khaki now,  
But once through France we went  
Full-dressed in scarlet Army cloth,  
The English-left at Ghent.  
They're fighting on our side to-day  
But, before they changed their clothes,  
The half of Europe knew our fame,  
As all of Ireland knows!  
<i>Old Days! The wild geese are flying,  
Head to the sform as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish there's memory undying,  
And when we forget, it is Ireland no more!  
Ireland no more!</i>

From Barry Wood to Gouzeaucourt,  
From Boyne to Pilkem Ridge,  
The ancient days come back no more  
Than water under the bridge.  
But the bridge it stands and the water runs  
As red as yesterday,  
And the Irish move to the sound of the guns  
Like salmon to the sea.

*Old Days! The wild geese are ranging,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish their hearts are unchanging,  
And when they are changed, it is Ireland no more!  
Ireland no more!*

We're not so old in the Army List,  
But we're not so new in the ring,  
For we carried our packs with Marshal Saxe  
When Louis was our King.  
But Douglas Haig's our Marshal now  
And we're King George's men,  
And after one hundred and seventy years  
We're fighting for France again!  
*Ah, France! And did we stand by you,  
When life was made splendid with gifts and rewards?  
Ah, France! And will we deny you  
In the hour of your agony, Mother of Swords?  
Old Days! The wild geese are flying,  
Head to the storm as they faced it before!  
For where there are Irish there's loving and fighting  
And when we stop either, it's Ireland no more!  
Ireland no more!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Jacket

Through the Plagues of Egyp' we was chasin' Arabi,  
Gettin' down an' shovin' in the sun;  
An' you might 'ave called us dirty, an' you might ha' called us dry,  
An' you might 'ave 'eard us talkin' at the gun.  
But the Captain 'ad 'is jacket, an' the jacket it was new --  
( 'Orse Gunners, listen to my song! )  
An' the wettin' of the jacket is the proper thing to do,  
Nor we didn't keep 'im waitin' very long.

One day they gave us orders for to shell a sand redoubt,  
Loadin' down the axle-arms with case;  
But the Captain knew 'is dooty, an' he took the crackers out  
An' he put some proper liquor in its place.  
An' the Captain saw the shrapnel, which is six-an'-thirty clear.  
( 'Orse Gunners, listen to my song! )  
"Will you draw the weight," sez 'e, "or will you draw the beer?"  
An' we didn't keep 'im waitin' very long.  
~For the Captain, etc.~

Then we trotted gentle, not to break the bloomin' glass,  
Though the Arabites 'ad all their ranges marked;  
But we dursn't 'ardly gallop, for the most was bottled Bass,  
An' we'd dreamed of it since we was disembarked:  
So we fired economic with the shells we 'ad in 'and,  
( 'Orse Gunners, listen to my song! )  
But the beggars under cover 'ad the impidence to stand,  
An' we couldn't keep 'em waitin' very long.  
~And the Captain, etc.~

So we finished 'arf the liquor (an' the Captain took champagne),  
An' the Arabites was shootin' all the while;  
An' we left our wounded 'appy with the empties on the plain,  
An' we used the bloomin' guns for pro-jec-tile!  
We limbered up an' galloped -- there were nothin' else to do --  
( 'Orse Gunners, listen to my song! )  
An' the Battery came a-boundin' like a boundin' kangaroo,  
But they didn't watch us comin' very long.  
~As the Captain, etc.~

We was goin' most extended -- we was drivin' very fine,  
An' the Arabites were loosin' 'igh an' wide,  
Till the Captain took the glassy with a rattlin' right incline,  
An' we dropped upon their 'eads the other side.  
Then we give 'em quarter -- such as 'adn't up and cut,  
( 'Orse Gunners, listen to my song! )  
An' the Captain stood a limberful of fizzy -- somethin' Brutt,  
But we didn't leave it fizzing very long.  
~For the Captain, etc.~

We might ha' been court-martialled, but it all come out all right  
When they signalled us to join the main command.  
There was every round expended, there was every gunner tight,  
An' the Captain waved a corkscrew in 'is 'and.  
~But the Captain 'ad 'is jacket, etc.~

Rudyard Kipling

# The Jester

There are three degrees of bliss  
At the foot of Allah's Throne  
And the highest place is his  
Who saves a brother's soul  
At peril of his own.  
There is the Power made known!

There are three degrees of bliss  
In Garden of Paradise,  
And the second place is his  
Who saves his brother's soul  
By excellent advice.  
For there the Glory lies!

There the are three degrees of bliss  
And three abodes of the Blest,  
And the lowest place is his  
Who had saved a soul by jest  
And a brother's soul in sport...  
But there do the Angels resort!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Juggler's Song

When the drums begin to beat  
Down the street,  
When the poles are fetched and guyed,  
When the tight-rope's stretched and tied,  
When the dance-girls make salaam,  
When the snake-bag wakes alarm,  
When the pipes set up their drone,  
When the sharp-edged knives are thrown  
When the red-hot coals are shown,  
To be swallowed by-and-by--  
Arre, Brethren, here come I!

Stripped to loin-cloth in the sun,  
Search me well and watch me close!  
Tell me how my tricks are done--  
Tell me how the mango grows!

Give a man who is not made  
To his trade  
Swords to fling and catch again,  
Coins to ring and snatch again,  
Men to harm and cure again,  
Snakes to charm and lure again--  
He'll be hurt by his own blade,  
By his serpents disobeyed,  
By his clumsiness bewrayed,  
By the people laughed to scorn--  
So 'tis not with juggler born!

Pinch of dust or withered flower,  
Chance-flung nut or borrowed staff,  
Serve his need and shore his power,  
Bind the spell or loose the laugh!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Junk And The Dhow

*"An Unqualified Pilot"*

Once a pair of savages found a stranded tree.  
*(One-piecee stick -pidgin -- two piecee man.  
Straddle-um-paddle-um-push -um off to sea.  
That way Foleign Debbil-boat began.)*  
But before, and before, and ever so long before  
Any shape of sailing-craft was known,  
The Junk and Dhow had a stern and a bow,  
And a mast and a sail of their own--ahoy! alone!  
As they crashed across the Oceans on their own!

Once there was a pirate-ship, being blown ashore--  
*(Plitty soon pilum up, s'posee no can tack..  
Seven-piecee stlong man pullum sta'boa'd oar.  
That way bling her head aloud and sail-o back.)*  
But before, and before, an ever so long before  
Grand Commander Noah took the wheel,  
The Junk and the Dhow, though they look like anyhow,  
Had rudders reaching deep below their keel--ahoy! akeel!  
As they laid the Eastern Seas beneath their keel!

Once there was galliot yawing in a tide.  
*(Too much foolee side-slip. How can stop?  
Man catchee tea box lid--lasha longaside.  
That way make her plenty glip and sail first-chop.)*  
But before and before, and ever so long before  
And such contrivances were used,  
The whole Confucian sea-board had standardized the lee-board.  
And hauled it up or dropped it as they choosed--or chose--or  
chused!  
According to the weather, when they cruised!

Once there was a caravel in a beam-sea roll--  
*(Ca'qo shiftee--alla dliftee-no can livee long.  
S'posum' nail-o boa'd across--makee ploper hol'?  
That way ca'qo sittum still, an' ship mo' stlong.)*  
But before, and before, and ever so long before

Any square-rigged vessel hove in sight,  
The Canton deep-sea craft carried bulkheads fore and aft,  
And took good care to keep 'em water-tight-atite-atite!  
From Amboyne to the Great Australian Bight!

Once there was a sailor-man singing just this way--  
<i>(Too muchee yowl-o, sickum best flend!  
Singee all-same pullee lope--haul and belay!  
Hully up and coilum down an'-- bite off end!)</i>  
But before, and before, and ever so long before  
Any sort of chanty crossed our lips,  
The Junk and the Dhow, though they look like anyhow,  
Were the Mother and the Father of all Ships--ahoy!--a'ships  
And of half the new inventions in our Ships!  
From Tarifa to Formosa in our Ships!  
From Socotra to Selankhor of the windlass and the anchor,  
And the Navigators Compass in our Ships--ahoy!--our Ships!  
<i>(O, hully up and coilum down and--bite--off--end!)</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# The Justice's Tale

<i>Chaucer</i>

With them there rode a lustie Engineere  
Wel skilled to handel everich waie her geere,  
Hee was soe wise ne man colde showe him naught  
And out of Paris was hys learning brought.  
Frontlings mid brazen wheeles and wandes he sat,  
And on hys heade he bare an leathern hat.  
Hee was soe certaine of his gouvernance,  
That, by the Road, he tooke everie chaunce.  
For simple people and for lordlings eke  
Hee wolde not bate a del but onlie squeeke  
Behinde their backes on an horne hie  
Until they crope into a piggestie.  
He was more wood than bull in china-shoppe,  
And yet for coves and dogges wolde hee stop,  
Not our of Marcie but for Preudence-sake--  
Than hys dependaunce ever was hys brake.

Rudyard Kipling

# The King

"Farewell, Romance!" the Cave-men said;  
"With bone well carved he went away,  
Flint arms the ignoble arrowhead,  
And jasper tips the spear to-day.  
Changed are the Gods of Hunt and Dance,  
And he with these. Farewell, Romance!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Lake-folk sighed;  
"We lift the weight of flatling years;  
The caverns of the mountain-side  
Hold him who scorns our hutted piers.  
Lost hills whereby we dare not dwell,  
Guard ye his rest. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Soldier spoke;  
"By sleight of sword we may not win,  
But scuffle 'mid uncleanly smoke  
Of arquebus and culverin.  
Honour is lost, and none may tell  
Who paid good blows. Romance, farewell!"

"Farewell, Romance!" the Traders cried;  
Our keels ha' lain with every sea;  
The dull-returning wind and tide  
Heave up the wharf where we would be;  
The known and noted breezes swell  
Our trudging sail. Romance, farewell!"

"Good-bye, Romance!" the Skipper said;  
"He vanished with the coal we burn;  
Our dial marks full steam ahead,  
Our speed is timed to half a turn.  
Sure as the ferried barge we ply  
'Twixt port and port. Romance, good-bye!"

"Romance!" the season-tickets mourn,  
"~He~ never ran to catch his train,  
But passed with coach and guard and horn --  
And left the local -- late again!"

Confound Romance! . . . And all unseen  
Romance brought up the nine-fifteen.

His hand was on the lever laid,  
His oil-can soothed the worrying cranks,  
His whistle waked the snowbound grade,  
His fog-horn cut the reeking Banks;  
By dock and deep and mine and mill  
The Boy-god reckless laboured still!

Robed, crowned and throned, he wove his spell,  
Where heart-blood beat or hearth-smoke curled,  
With unconsidered miracle,  
Hedged in a backward-gazing world;  
Then taught his chosen bard to say:  
"Our King was with us -- yesterday!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The King And The Sea

After His Realms and States were moved  
To bare their hearts to the King they loved,  
Tendering themselves in homage and devotion,  
The Tide Wave up the Channel spoke  
To all those eager, exultant folk:-  
'Hear now what Man was given you by the Ocean!

'There was no thought of Orb or Crown  
When the single wooden chest went down  
To the steering-flat, and the careless Gunroom haled him  
To learn by ancient and bitter use,  
How neither Favour nor Excuse,  
Nor aught save his sheer self henceforth availed him.

'There was no talk of birth or rank  
By the slung hammock or scrubbed plank  
In the steel-grated prisons where I cast him;  
But niggard hours and a narrow space  
For rest-and the naked light on his face-  
While the ship's traffic flowed, unceasing, past him.

'Thus I schooled him to go and come-  
To speak at the word-at a sign be dumb;  
To stand to his task, not seeking others to aid him;  
To share in honour what praise might fall  
For the task accomplished, and-over all-  
To swallow rebuke in silence. Thus I made him.

'I loosened every mood of the deep  
On him, a child and sick for sleep,  
Through the long watches that no time can measure,  
When I drove him, deafened and choked and blind,  
At the wave-tops cut and spun by the wind;  
Lashing him, face and eyes, with my displeasure.

'I opened him all the guile of the seas-  
Their sullen, swift-sprung treacheries,  
To be fought, or forestalled, or dared, or dismissed with laughter.  
I showed him Worth by Folly concealed,

And the flaw in the soul that a chance revealed  
(Lessons remembered-to bear fruit thereafter).  
'I dealt him Power beneath his hand,  
For trial and proof, with his first Command-  
Himself alone, and no man to gainsay him.  
On him the End, the Means, and the Word,  
And the harsher judgment if he erred,  
And-outboard-Ocean waiting to betray him.

'Wherefore, when he came to be crowned,  
Strength in Duty held him bound,  
So that not Power misled nor ease ensnared him  
Who had spared himself no more than his seas had spared him!'

After His Lieges, in all His Lands,  
Had laid their hands between His hands,  
And His ships thundered service and devotion,  
The Tide Wave, ranging the Planet, spoke  
On all Our foreshores as it broke:-  
'Know now what Man 1 gave you-I, the Ocean!'

Rudyard Kipling

# The Kingdom

Now we are come to our Kingdom,  
And the State is thus and thus;  
Our legions wait at the Palace gate—  
Little it profits us.  
Now we are come to our Kingdom!

Now we are come to our Kingdom,  
And the Crown is ours to take—  
With a naked sword at the Council board,  
And under the throne the snake.  
Now we are come to our Kingdom !

Now we are come to our Kingdom,  
And the Realm is ours by right,  
With shame and fear for our daily cheer,  
And heaviness at night.  
Now we are come to our Kingdom !

Now we are come to our Kingdom,  
But my love's eyelids fall.  
All that I wrought for, all that I fought for,  
Delight her nothing at all.  
My crown is of withered leaves,  
For she sits in the dust and grieves.  
Now we are come to our Kingdom !

Rudyard Kipling

# The King's Ankus

These are the Four that are never content, that have never be  
filled since the Dews began--

Jacala's mouth, and the glut of the Kite, and the hands of the  
Ape, and the Eyes of Man.

Rudyard Kipling

# The King's Job

*The Tudor Monarchy*

Once on a time was a King anxious to understand  
What was the wisest thing a man could do for his land.  
Most of his population hurried to answer the question,  
Each with a long oration, each with a new suggestion.  
They interrupted his meals--he wasn't safe in his bed from 'em--  
They hung round his neck and heels, and at last His Majesty fled  
from 'em.

He put on a leper's cloak (people leave lepers alone),  
Out of the window he broke, and abdicated his throne.  
All that rapturous day, while his Court and his ministers mourn  
him,  
He danced on his own highway till his own Policeman warned  
him.

Gay and cheerful he ran (lepers don't cheer as a rule)  
Till he found a philosopher-man teaching an infant-school.  
The windows were open wide, the King sat down on the grass,  
And heard the children inside reciting "Our King is an ass."  
The King popped in his head: "Some people would call this  
treason,  
But I think you are right," he said; "Will you kindly give me your  
reason?"

Lepers in school are as rare as kings with a leper's dress on,  
But the class didn't stop or stare; it calmly went on with the  
lesson:

*"The wisest thing, we suppose, that a man can do for his land.  
Is the work that lies under his nose, with the tools that lie under  
his hand."*

The King whipped off his cloak, and stood in his crown before  
'em.

He said: "My dear little folk, *Ex ore parvulorum*--."  
(Which is Latin for "Children know more than grown-ups would  
credit")

You have shown me the road to go, and I propose to tread it."  
Back to his Kingdom he ran, and issued a Proclamation,  
"Let every living man return to his occupation!"

Then he explained to the mob who cheered in his palace and round it,

"I've been to look for a job, and Heaven be praised I've found it!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The King's Pilgrimage

Our King went forth on pilgrimage  
His prayers and vows to pay  
To them that saved our heritage  
And cast their own away.

And there was little show of pride,  
Or prows of belted steel,  
For the clean-swept oceans every side  
Lay free to every keel.

And the first land he found, it was shoal and banky ground -  
Where the broader seas begin,  
And a pale tide grieving at the broken harbour-mouth  
Where they worked the death-ships in.

And there was neither gull on the wing,  
Nor wave that could not tell  
Of the bodies that were buckled in the life-buoy's ring  
That slid from swell to swell.

All that they had they gave - they gave; and they shall not return,  
For these are those that have no grave where any heart may mourn.

And the next land he found, it was low and hollow ground -  
Where once the cities stood,  
But the man-high thistle had been master of it all,  
Or the bulrush by the flood.

And there was neither blade of grass,  
Nor lone star in the sky  
But shook to see some spirit pass  
And took its agony.

And the next land be found, it was bare and hilly round -  
Where once the bread-corn grew,  
But the fields were cankered and the water was defiled,  
And the trees were riven through.

And there was neither paved highway,

Nor secret path in the wood,  
But had borne its weight of the broken clay  
And darkened 'neath the blood.

Father and mother they put aside, and the nearer love also -  
An hundred thousand men who died whose graves shall no man  
know.

And the last land he found, it was fair and level ground  
About a carven stone,  
And a stark Sword brooding on the bosom of the Cross  
Where high and low are one.

And there was grass and the living trees,  
And the flowers of the spring,  
And there lay gentlemen from out of all the seas  
That ever called him King.

'Twixt Nieuport sands and the eastward lands where the Four Red Rivers spring,  
Five hundred thousand gentlemen of those that served their King.

All that they had they gave - they gave -  
In sure and single faith.  
There can no knowledge reach the grave  
To make them grudge their death  
Save only if they understood  
That, after all was done,  
We they redeemed denied their blood  
And mocked the gains it won.

Rudyard Kipling

# The King's Task

After the sack of the City when Rome was sunk to a name,  
In the years that the lights were darkened, or ever St. Wilfrid  
came,

Low on the borders of Britain (the ancient poets sing)  
Between the Cliff and the Forest there ruled a Saxon King.

Stubborn all were his people from cottar to overlord--

Not to be cowed by the cudgel, scarce to be schooled by the  
sword;

Quick to turn at their pleasure, cruel to cross in their mood,  
And set on paths of their choosing as the hogs of Andred's Wood.

Laws they made in the Witan--the laws of flaying and fine--

Common, loppage and pannage, the theft and the track of kine--  
Statutes of tun and of market for the fish and the malt and the  
meal--

The tax on the Bramber packhorse and the tax on the Hastings  
keel.

Over the graves of the Druids and under the wreck of Rome,  
Rudely but surely they bedded the plinth of the days to come.

Behind the feet of the Legions and before the Norseman's ire

Rudely but greatly begat they the framing of State and Shire.

Rudely but deeply they laboured, and their labour stands till now,

If we trace on our ancient headlands the twist of their eight--ox  
plough...

There came a king from Hamlun, by Bosenham he came,

He filled Use with slaughter, and Lewes he gave to flame.

He smote while they sat in the Witan--sudden he smote and sore,

That his fleet was gathered at Selsea ere they mustered at Cymen's  
Ore.

Blithe went the Saxons to battle, by down and wood and mere,

But thrice the acorns ripened ere the western mark was clear.

Thrice was the beechmast gathered, and the Beltane fires burned

Thrice and, the beeves were salted thrice ere the host returned.

They drove that king from Hamtun, by Bosenhame o'erthrown,

Our of Rugnor to Wilton they made his land their own.

Camps they builded at Gilling, at Basing and Alresford,

But wrath abode in the Saxons from cottar to overlord.

Wrath at the weary war-game, at the foe that snapped and ran,

Wolf-wise feigning and flying, and wolf-wise snatching his man.

Wrath for their spears unready, their levies new to the blade--

Shame for the helpless sieges and the scornful ambushade.  
At hearth and tavern and market, wherever the tale was told,  
Shame and wrath had the Saxons because of their boasts of old.  
And some would drink and deny it, and some would pray and atone;

But the most part, after their anger, avouched that the sin was their own.

Wherefore, girding together, up to the Witan they came,  
And as they had shouldered their bucklers so did they shoulder their blame;

(For that was the wont of the Saxons, the ancient poets sing),  
And first they spoke in the Witan and then they spoke to the King:

"Edward King of the Saxons, thou knowest from sire to son,

"One is the King and his People--in gain and ungain one.

"Count we the gain together. With doubtings and spread dismays

"We have broken a foolish people--but after many days.

"Count we the loss together. Warlocks hampered our arms.

"We were tricked as by magic, we were turned as by charms.

"We went down to the battle and the road was plain to keep,

"But our angry eyes ever holden, and we struck as they strike in sleep--

"Men new shaken from slumber, sweating with eyes a-stare

"Little blows uncertain, dealt on the useless air.

"Also a vision betrayed us and a lying tale made bold,

"That we looked to hold what we had not and to have what we did not hold:

That a shield should give us shelter--that a sword should give us power--

A shield snatched up at a venture and a hilt scarce handled an hour:

"That being rich in the open, we should be strong in the close--

"And the Gods would sell us a cunning for the day that we met our foes.

"This was the work of wizards, but not with our foe they bide,

"In our own camp we took them, and their names are Sloth and Pride.

"Our pride was before the battle, our sloth ere we lifted spear:

"But hid in the heart of the people, as the fever hides in the mere:

"Waiting only the war-game, the heat of the strife to rise

"As the ague fumes round Oxeney when the rotting reed-bed dries.

"But now we are purged of that fever--cleansed by the letting  
of blood,  
"Something leaner of body--something keener of mood.  
"And the men new--freed from the levies return to the fields again,  
"Matching a hundred battles, cottar and lord and thane;  
"And they talk loud in the temples where the ancient war-  
gods are;  
"They thumb and mock and belittle the holy harness of war.  
"They jest at the sacred chariots, the robes and the gilded staff.  
"These things fill them with laughter, they lean on their spears  
and laugh.  
"The men grown old in the war-game, hither and thither they  
range--  
"And scorn and laughter together are sire and dam of change;  
"And change may be good or evil--but we know not what it will  
bring;  
"Therefore our King must teach us. That is thy task, O King!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ladies

I've taken my fun where I've found it;  
I've roged an' I've ranged in my time;  
I've 'ad my pickin' o' sweet'earts,  
An' four o' the lot was prime.  
One was an 'arf-caste widow,  
One was a woman at Prome,  
One was the wife of a ~jemadar-sais~,  
An' one is a girl at 'ome.

[Head-groom.]

Now I aren't no 'and with the ladies,  
For, takin' 'em all along,  
You never can say till you've tried 'em,  
An' then you are like to be wrong.  
There's times when you'll think that you mightn't,  
There's times when you'll know that you might;  
But the things you will learn from the Yellow an' Brown,  
They'll 'elp you a lot with the White!

I was a young un at 'Oogli,  
Shy as a girl to begin;  
Aggie de Castrer she made me,  
An' Aggie was clever as sin;  
Older than me, but my first un --  
More like a mother she were --  
Showed me the way to promotion an' pay,  
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma,  
Actin' in charge o' Bazar,  
An' I got me a tiddy live 'eathen  
Through buyin' supplies off 'er pa.  
Funny an' yellow an' faithful --  
Doll in a teacup she were,  
But we lived on the square, like a true-married pair,  
An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then we was shifted to Neemuch  
(Or I might ha' been keepin' 'er now),  
An' I took with a shiny she-devil,

The wife of a nigger at Mhow;  
'Taught me the gipsy-folks' ~bolee~; [Slang.]  
Kind o' volcano she were,  
For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was white,  
And I learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'ome in the trooper,  
'Long of a kid o' sixteen --  
Girl from a convent at Meerut,  
The straightest I ever 'ave seen.  
Love at first sight was 'er trouble,  
~She~ didn't know what it were;  
An' I wouldn't do such, 'cause I liked 'er too much,  
But -- I learned about women from 'er!

I've taken my fun where I've found it,  
An' now I must pay for my fun,  
For the more you 'ave known o' the others  
The less will you settle to one;  
An' the end of it's sittin' and thinkin',  
An' dreamin' Hell-fires to see;  
So be warned by my lot (which I know you will not),  
An' learn about women from me!

What did the Colonel's Lady think?  
Nobody never knew.  
Somebody asked the Sergeant's wife,  
~An'~ she told 'em true!  
When you get to a man in the case,  
They're like as a row of pins --  
For the Colonel's Lady an' Judy O'Grady  
Are sisters under their skins!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Lament Of The Border Cattle Thief

O woe is me for the merry life  
I led beyond the Bar,  
And a treble woe for my winsome wife  
That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,  
My shield and sabre fine,  
And heaved me into the Central jail  
For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,  
The Jat may tend his grain,  
But there'll be neither loot nor fire  
Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jat  
When once my fetters fall,  
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut  
When I am loosed from thrall.

It's woe to bend the stubborn back  
Above the grinching quern,  
It's woe to hear the leg-bar clack  
And jingle when I turn!

But for the sorrow and the shame,  
The brand on me and mine,  
I'll pay you back in leaping flame  
And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before  
In charity set free,  
If I may reach my hold once more  
I'll reive an honest three.

For every time I raised the low  
That scared the dusty plain,  
By sword and cord, by torch and tow  
I'll light the land with twain!

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,  
Young ~Sahib~ with the yellow hair --  
Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,  
Fat herds below Bonair!

The one I'll shoot at twilight-tide,  
At dawn I'll drive the other;  
The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,  
The white man for his brother.

'Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,  
War till my sinews fail;  
For the wrong you have done to a chief of men,  
And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl.

And if I fall to your hand afresh  
I give you leave for the sin,  
That you cram my throat with the foul pig's flesh,  
And swing me in the skin!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Land

When Julius Fabricius, Sub-Prefect of the Weald,  
In the days of Diocletian owned our Lower River-field,  
He called to him Hobdenius-a Briton of the Clay,  
Saying: "What about that River-piece for layin' in to hay?"

And the aged Hobden answered: "I remember as a lad  
My father told your father that she wanted dreenin' bad.  
An' the more that you neeglect her the less you'll get her clean.  
Have it jest as you've a mind to, but, if I was you, I'd dreen."

So they drained it long and crossways in the lavish Roman style--  
Still we find among the river-drift their flakes of ancient tile,  
And in drouthy middle August, when the bones of meadows show,  
We can trace the lines they followed sixteen hundred years ago.

Then Julius Fabricius died as even Prefects do,  
And after certain centuries, Imperial Rome died too.  
Then did robbers enter Britain from across the Northern main  
And our Lower River-field was won by Ogier the Dane.

Well could Ogier work his war-boat --well could Ogier wield his brand--  
Much he knew of foaming waters--not so much of farming land.  
So he called to him a Hobden of the old unaltered blood,  
Saying: "What about that River-piece; she doesn't look no good?"

And that aged Hobden answered "'Tain't for me not interfere.  
But I've known that bit o' meadow now for five and fifty year.  
Have it jest as you've a mind to, but I've proved it time on ' time,  
If you want to change her nature you have got to give her lime!"

Ogier sent his wains to Lewes, twenty hours' solemn walk,  
And drew back great abundance of the cool, grey, healing chalk.  
And old Hobden spread it broadcast, never heeding what was in't.--  
Which is why in cleaning ditches, now and then we find a flint.

Ogier died. His sons grew English -- Anglo-Saxon was their name--  
Till out of blossomed Normandy another pirate came;  
For Duke William conquered England and divided with his men,  
And our Lower River-field he gave to William of Warenne.

But the Brook (you know her habit) rose one rainy autumn night  
And tore down sodden flitches of the bank to left and right.  
So, said William to his Bailiff as they rode their dripping rounds:  
"Hob, what about that River-bit--the Brook's got up no bounds? "

And that aged Hobden answered: "'Tain't my business to advise,  
But ye might ha' known 'twould happen from the way the valley lies.  
Where ye can't hold back the water you must try and save the sile.  
Hev it jest as you've a mind to, but, if I was you, I'd spile!"

They spiled along the water-course with trunks of willow-trees,  
And planks of elms behind 'em and immortal oaken knees.  
And when the spates of Autumn whirl the gravel-beds away  
You can see their faithful fragments, iron-hard in iron clay.

. . . . .

*Georgii Quinti Anno Sexto,* I, who own the River-field,  
Am fortified with title-deeds, attested, signed and sealed,  
Guaranteeing me, my assigns, my executors and heirs  
All sorts of powers and profits which-are neither mine nor theirs,

I have rights of chase and warren, as my dignity requires.  
I can fish-but Hobden tickles--I can shoot--but Hobden wires.  
I repair, but he reopens, certain gaps which, men allege,  
Have been used by every Hobden since a Hobden swapped a hedge.

Shall I dog his morning progress o'er the track-betraying dew?  
Demand his dinner-basket into which my pheasant flew?  
Confiscate his evening faggot under which my conies ran,  
And summons him to judgment? I would sooner summons Pan.

His dead are in the churchyard--thirty generations laid.  
Their names were old in history when Domesday Book was made;  
And the passion and the piety and prowess of his line  
Have seeded, rooted, fruited in some land the Law calls mine.

Not for any beast that burrows, not for any bird that flies,  
Would I lose his large sound council, miss his keen amending eyes.  
He is bailiff, woodman, wheelwright, field-surveyor, engineer,  
And if flagrantly a poacher--'tain't for me to interfere.

"Hob, what about that River-bit?" I turn to him again,  
With Fabricius and Ogier and William of Warenne.  
"Hev it jest as you've a mind to, but"-and here he takes command.  
For whoever pays the taxes old Mus' Hobden owns the land.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Landau

*Praed*

There was a landau deep and wide,  
Cushioned for Sleep's own self to sit on--  
The glory of the country-side  
From Tanner's End to Marlow Ditton.  
John of the broad and brandied cheek  
(Well I recall its eau-de-vie hues!)  
Drove staid Sir Ralph five days a week  
At speeds which we considered Jehu's...

But now' poor John sleeps very sound,  
And neither hears nor smells the fuss  
Of the young Squire's nine-hundred-pound--  
*Er-Mors communis omnibus.*  
And I who in my daily stroll  
Observe the reckless chauffeur crowd her,  
*Laudator temporis,* extol  
The times before the Act allowed her.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Last Chantey

"~And there was no more sea.~"

Thus said The Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim  
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:

"Lo! Earth has passed away  
On the smoke of Judgment Day.

That Our word may be established shall We gather up the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:

"Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee!

But the war is done between us,  
In the deep the Lord hath seen us --

Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may sink the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betray]ed Him:

"Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?

How once a year I go  
To cool me on the floe?

And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea!"

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind:

(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee):

"I have watch and ward to keep  
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,

And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:

"Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we!

If we worked the ship together  
Till she foundered in foul weather,

Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on the sea?"

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:

"Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we;

But Thy arm was strong to save,  
And it touched us on the wave,

And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets tore the sea."

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:  
"Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily.  
There were fourteen score of these,  
And they blessed Thee on their knees,  
When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under Malta by the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,  
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:  
"Our thumbs are rough and tarred,  
And the tune is something hard --  
May we lift a Deep-sea Chantey such as seamen use at sea?"

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers --  
Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:  
"Ho, we revel in our chains  
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;  
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea!"

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner --  
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee):  
"Oh, the ice-blink white and near,  
And the bowhead breaching clear!  
Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,  
Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lee!  
Must we sing for evermore  
On the windless, glassy floor?  
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea!"

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him,  
And 'stablished his borders unto all eternity,  
That such as have no pleasure  
For to praise the Lord by measure,  
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,  
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;  
And the ships shall go abroad  
To the Glory of the Lord  
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Last Department

Twelve hundred million men are spread  
About this Earth, and I and You  
Wonder, when You and I are dead,  
"What will those luckless millions do?"

None whole or clean, " we cry, "or free from stain  
Of favour." Wait awhile, till we attain  
The Last Department where nor fraud nor fools,  
Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favour, or Affection -- what are these  
To the grim Head who claims our services?  
I never knew a wife or interest yet  
Delay that pukka step, miscalled "decease";

When leave, long overdue, none can deny;  
When idleness of all Eternity  
Becomes our furlough, and the marigold  
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,  
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,  
No longer Brown reverses Smith's appeals,  
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,  
As mud between the beams thereof is wrought;  
And One who wrote on phosphates for the crops  
Is subject-matter of his own Report.

These be the glorious ends whereto we pass --  
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;  
And He shall see the mallie steals the slab  
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,  
A draught of water, or a horse's firght --  
The droning of the fat Sheristadar  
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

For you or Me. Do those who live decline  
The step that offers, or their work resign?  
Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,  
Five hundred men can take your place or mine.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Last Lap

How do we know, by the bank-high river,  
Where the mired and sulky oxen wait,  
And it looks as though we might wait for ever,  
How do we know that the floods abate?  
There is no change in the current's brawling--  
Louder and harsher the freshet scolds;  
Yet we can feel she is falling, falling  
And the more she threatens the less she holds,  
Down to the drift, with no word spoken,  
The wheel-chained wagons slither and slue....  
Achtung! The back of the worst is broken!  
And--lash your leaders!--we're through--we're through!

How do we know, when the port-fog holds us  
Moored and helpless, a mile from the pier,  
And the week-long summer smother enfolds us--  
How do we know it is going to clear?  
There is no break in the blindfold weather,  
But, one and another, about the bay,  
The unseen capstans clink together,  
Getting ready to up and away.  
A pennon whimpers--the breeze has found us--  
A headsail jumps through the thinning haze.  
The whole hull follows, till--broad around us--  
The clean-swept ocean says: "Go your ways!"

How do we know, when the long fight rages,  
On the old, stale front that we cannot shake,  
And it looks as though we were locked for ages,  
How do we know they are going to break?  
There is no lull in the level firing,  
Nothing has shifted except the sun.  
Yet we can feel they are tiring, tiring--  
Yet we can tell they are ripe to run.  
Something wavers, and, while we wonder,  
Their centre-trenches are emptying out,  
And, before their useless flanks go under,  
Our guns have pounded retreat to rout!



# The Last Ode

*Nov. 27, 8 B.C. Horace, BK. V. Ode 31*

As watchers couched beneath a Bantine oak,  
Hearing the dawn-wind stir,  
Know that the present strength of night is broke  
Though no dawn threaten her  
Till dawn's appointed hour--so Virgil died,  
Aware of change at hand, and prophesied

Change upon all the Eternal Gods had made  
And on the Gods alike--  
Fated as dawn but, as the dawn, delayed  
Till the just hour should strike--

A Star new-risen above the living and dead;  
And the lost shades that were our loves restored  
As lovers, and for ever. So he said;  
Having received the word...

Maecenas waits me on the Esquiline:  
Thither to-night go I....  
And shall this dawn restore us, Virgil mine  
To dawn? Beneath what sky?

Rudyard Kipling

# The Last Of The Light Brigade

There were thirty million English who talked of England's might,  
There were twenty broken troopers who lacked a bed for the night.  
They had neither food nor money, they had neither service nor trade;  
They were only shiftless soldiers, the last of the Light Brigade.

They felt that life was fleeting; they knew not that art was long,  
That though they were dying of famine, they lived in deathless song.  
They asked for a little money to keep the wolf from the door;  
And the thirty million English sent twenty pounds and four!

They laid their heads together that were scarred and lined and grey;  
Keen were the Russian sabres, but want was keener than they;  
And an old Troop-Sergeant muttered, "Let us go to the man who writes  
The things on Balaclava the kiddies at school recites."

They went without bands or colours, a regiment ten-file strong,  
To look for the Master-singer who had crowned them all in his song;  
And, waiting his servant's order, by the garden gate they stayed,  
A desolate little cluster, the last of the Light Brigade.

They strove to stand to attention, to straighten the toil-bowed back;  
They drilled on an empty stomach, the loose-knit files fell slack;  
With stooping of weary shoulders, in garments tattered and frayed,  
They shambled into his presence, the last of the Light Brigade.

The old Troop-Sergeant was spokesman, and "Beggin' your pardon," he said,  
"You wrote o' the Light Brigade, sir. Here's all that isn't dead.  
An' it's all come true what you wrote, sir, regardin' the mouth of hell;  
For we're all of us nigh to the workhouse, an, we thought we'd call an' tell.

"No, thank you, we don't want food, sir; but couldn't you take an' write  
A sort of 'to be continued' and 'see next page' o' the fight?  
We think that someone has blundered, an' couldn't you tell 'em how?  
You wrote we were heroes once, sir. Please, write we are starving now."

The poor little army departed, limping and lean and forlorn.  
And the heart of the Master-singer grew hot with "the scorn of scorn."  
And he wrote for them wonderful verses that swept the land like flame,  
Till the fatted souls of the English were scourged with the thing called Shame.

O thirty million English that babble of England's might,  
Behold there are twenty heroes who lack their food to-night;  
Our children's children are lisping to "honour the charge they made-"  
And we leave to the streets and the workhouse the charge of the Light Brigade!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Last Rhyme Of True Thomas

The King has called for priest and cup,  
The King has taken spur and blade  
To dub True Thomas a belted knight,  
And all for the sake o' the songs he made.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,  
They have sought him over down and lea;  
They have found him by the milk-white thorn  
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

'Twas bent beneath and blue above,  
Their eyes were held that they might not see  
The kine that grazed beneath the knowes,  
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie!

"Now cease your song," the King he said,  
"Oh, cease your song and get you dight  
To vow your vow and watch your arms,  
For I will dub you a belted knight.

"For I will give you a horse o' pride,  
Wi' blazon and spur and page and squire;  
Wi' keep and tail and seizin and law,  
And land to hold at your desire."

True Thomas smiled above his harp,  
And turned his face to the naked sky,  
Where, blown before the wastrel wind,  
The thistle-down she floated by.

"I ha' vowed my vow in another place,  
And bitter oath it was on me,  
I ha' watched my arms the lee-long night,  
Where five-score fighting men would flee.

"My lance is tipped o' the hammered flame,  
My shield is beat o' the moonlight cold;  
And I won my spurs in the Middle World,  
A thousand fathom beneath the mould.

"And what should I make wi' a horse o' pride,  
And what should I make wi' a sword so brown,  
But spill the rings o' the Gentle Folk  
And flyte my kin in the Fairy Town?

"And what should I make wi' blazon and belt,  
Wi' keep and tail and seizin and fee,  
And what should I do wi' page and squire  
That am a king in my own countrie?

"For I send east and I send west,  
And I send far as my will may flee,  
By dawn and dusk and the drinking rain,  
And syne my Sendings return to me.

"They come wi' news of the groanin' earth,  
They come wi' news o' the roarin' sea,  
Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh,  
And man, that's mazed among the three."

The King he bit his nether lip,  
And smote his hand upon his knee:  
"By the faith o' my soul, True Thomas," he said,  
"Ye waste no wit in courtesie!

"As I desire, unto my pride,  
Can I make Earls by three and three,  
To run before and ride behind  
And serve the sons o' my body."

"And what care I for your row-foot earls,  
Or all the sons o' your body?  
Before they win to the Pride o' Name,  
I trow they all ask leave o' me.

"For I make Honour wi' muckle mouth,  
As I make Shame wi' mincin' feet,  
To sing wi' the priests at the market-cross,  
Or run wi' the dogs in the naked street.

"And some they give me the good red gold,

And some they give me the white money,  
And some they give me a clout o' meal,  
For they be people o' low degree.

"And the song I sing for the counted gold  
The same I sing for the white money,  
But best I sing for the clout o' meal  
That simple people given me."

The King cast down a silver groat,  
A silver groat o' Scots money,  
"If I come wi' a poor man's dole," he said,  
"True Thomas, will ye harp to me?"

"Whenas I harp to the children small,  
They press me close on either hand.  
And who are you," True Thomas said,  
"That you should ride while they must stand?"

"Light down, light down from your horse o' pride,  
I trow ye talk too loud and hie,  
And I will make you a triple word,  
And syne, if ye dare, ye shall 'noble me."

He has lighted down from his horse o' pride,  
And set his back against the stone.  
"Now guard you well," True Thomas said,  
"Ere I rax your heart from your breast-bone!"

True Thomas played upon his harp,  
The fairy harp that couldna lee,  
And the first least word the proud King heard,  
It harpit the salt tear out o' his ee.

"Oh, I see the love that I lost long syne,  
I touch the hope that I may not see,  
And all that I did o' hidden shame,  
Like little snakes they hiss at me.

"The sun is lost at noon -- at noon!  
The dread o' doom has grippit me.  
True Thomas, hide me under your cloak,

God wot, I'm little fit to dee!"

'Twas bent beneath and blue above --  
'Twas open field and running flood --  
Where, hot on heath and dike and wall,  
The high sun warmed the adder's brood.

"Lie down, lie down," True Thomas said.  
"The God shall judge when all is done.  
But I will bring you a better word  
And lift the cloud that I laid on."

True Thomas played upon his harp,  
That birlled and brattled to his hand,  
And the next least word True Thomas made,  
It garred the King take horse and brand.

"Oh, I hear the tread o' the fighting men,  
I see the sun on splent and spear.  
I mark the arrow outen the fern  
That flies so low and sings so clear!

"Advance my standards to that war,  
And bid my good knights prick and ride;  
The gled shall watch as fierce a fight  
As e'er was fought on the Border side!"

'Twas bent beneath and blue above,  
'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,  
Where, ringing up the wastrel wind,  
The eyas stooped upon the pie.

True Thomas sighed above his harp,  
And turned the song on the midmost string;  
And the last least word True Thomas made,  
He harpit his dead youth back to the King.

"Now I am prince, and I do well  
To love my love withouten fear;  
To walk wi' man in fellowship,  
And breathe my horse behind the deer.

"My hounds they bay unto the death,  
The buck has couched beyond the burn,  
My love she waits at her window  
To wash my hands when I return.

"For that I live am I content  
(Oh! I have seen my true love's eyes)  
To stand wi' Adam in Eden-glade,  
And run in the woods o' Paradise!"

'Twas naked sky and nodding grass,  
'Twas running flood and wastrel wind,  
Where, checked against the open pass,  
The red deer belled to call the hind.

True Thomas laid his harp away,  
And louted low at the saddle-side;  
He has taken stirrup and hauden rein,  
And set the King on his horse o' pride.

"Sleep ye or wake," True Thomas said,  
"That sit so still, that muse so long;  
Sleep ye or wake? -- till the latter sleep  
I trow ye'll not forget my song.

"I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun  
To stand before your face and cry;  
I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel,  
And over your head I ha' dusked the sky.

"I ha' harpit ye up to the throne o' God,  
I ha' harpit your midmost soul in three;  
I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,  
And -- ye -- would -- make -- a Knight o' me!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Last Suttee

Not many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States.

His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against Suttee,  
would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred.  
But one of them, disguised as the King's favourite dancing-girl,  
passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There,  
her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court,  
to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

Udai Chand lay sick to death

In his hold by Gungra hill.

All night we heard the death-gongs ring  
For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,  
All night beat up from the women's wing  
A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,

The lords of the outer guard:

All night the cressets glimmered pale  
On Ulwar sabre and Tonk jezail,  
Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,  
That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof

All night he fought for air:

And there was sobbing behind the screen,  
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,  
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen  
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn - the death-fire leaped

From ridge to river-head,

From the Malwa plains to the Abu scars:  
And wail upon wail went up to the stars  
Behind the grim zenana-bars,  
When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth

And robe him for the pyre.  
The Boondi Queen beneath us cried:  
'See, now, that we die as our mothers died  
In the bridal-bed by our master's side!  
Out, women! - to the fire! '

We drove the great gates home apace:  
White hands were on the sill:  
But ere the rush of the unseen feet  
Had reached the turn to the open street,  
The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat -  
We held the dovecot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,  
And laughing spoke from the wall:  
'Oh]/e, they mourn here: let me by -  
Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I!  
When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,  
And I seek another thrall.

'For I ruled the King as ne'er did Queen, -  
To-night the Queens rule me!  
Guard them safely, but let me go,  
Or ever they pay the debt they owe  
In scourge and torture! ' She leaped below,  
And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul  
On a North-bred dancing-girl:  
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,  
And kissed the ground where her feet had trod,  
And doomed to death at her drunken nod,  
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers' place,  
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand:  
Where the gray apes swing, and the peacocks preen  
On fretted pillar and jewelled screen,  
And the wild boar couch in the house of the Queen  
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,

We set the logs aglow:  
'Friend of the English, free from fear,  
Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,  
Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,  
King of the Jungle, - go! '

All night the red flame stabbed the sky  
With wavering wind-tossed spears:  
And out of a shattered temple crept  
A woman who veiled her head and wept,  
And called on the King - but the great King slept,  
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife -  
Cold fear with hot desire -  
When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,  
And thrice she beat her breast for shame,  
And thrice like a wounded dove she came  
And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,  
The silent streets between,  
Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,  
To blade in ambush or boar at bay,  
And he was a baron old and gray,  
And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said: 'O shameless, put aside  
The veil upon thy brow!  
Who held the King and all his land  
To the wanton will of a harlot's hand!  
Will the white ash rise from the blistered brand?  
Stoop down, and call him now! '

Then she: 'By the faith of my tarnished soul,  
All things I did not well,  
I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,  
And lay me down by my master's side  
To rule in Heaven his only bride,  
While the others howl in Hell.

'But I have felt the fire's breath,

And hard it is to die!  
Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord  
To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword  
With base-born blood of a trade abhorred,' -  
And the Thakur answered, 'Ay.'

He drew and struck: the straight blade drank  
The life beneath the breast.  
'I had looked for the Queen to face the flame,  
But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame -  
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame,  
Pass with thy King to rest! '

The black log crashed above the white:  
The little flames and lean,  
Red as slaughter and blue as steel,  
That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,  
Leaped up anew, for they found their meal  
On the heart of - the Boondi Queen!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Law Of The Jungle

*Now this is the Law of the Jungle -- as old and as true as the sky; And the Wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the Wolf that shall break it must die. As the creeper that girdles the tree-trunk the Law runneth forward and back -- For the strength of the Pack is the Wolf, and the strength of the Wolf is the Pack.*

Wash daily from nose-tip to tail-tip; drink deeply, but never too deep;  
And remember the night is for hunting, and forget not the day is for sleep.  
The Jackal may follow the Tiger, but, Cub, when thy whiskers are grown,  
Remember the Wolf is a Hunter -- go forth and get food of thine own.  
Keep peace with the Lords of the Jungle -- the Tiger, the Panther, and Bear.  
And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the Boar in his lair.  
When Pack meets with Pack in the Jungle, and neither will go from the trail,  
Lie down till the leaders have spoken -- it may be fair words shall prevail.  
When ye fight with a Wolf of the Pack, ye must fight him alone and afar,  
Lest others take part in the quarrel, and the Pack be diminished by war.  
The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, and where he has made him his home,  
Not even the Head Wolf may enter, not even the Council may come.  
The Lair of the Wolf is his refuge, but where he has digged it too plain,  
The Council shall send him a message, and so he shall change it again.  
If ye kill before midnight, be silent, and wake not the woods with your bay,  
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crop, and your brothers go empty away.  
Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and your cubs as they need, and ye can;  
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and seven times never kill Man!  
If ye plunder his Kill from a weaker, devour not all in thy pride;  
Pack-Right is the right of the meanest; so leave him the head and the hide.  
The Kill of the Pack is the meat of the Pack. Ye must eat where it lies;  
And no one may carry away of that meat to his lair, or he dies.  
The Kill of the Wolf is the meat of the Wolf. He may do what he will;  
But, till he has given permission, the Pack may not eat of that Kill.  
Cub-Right is the right of the Yearling. From all of his Pack he may claim  
Full-gorge when the killer has eaten; and none may refuse him the same.  
Lair-Right is the right of the Mother. From all of her year she may claim  
One haunch of each kill for her litter, and none may deny her the same.  
Cave-Right is the right of the Father -- to hunt by himself for his own:  
He is freed of all calls to the Pack; he is judged by the Council alone.  
Because of his age and his cunning, because of his gripe and his paw,

In all that the Law leaveth open, the word of your Head Wolf is Law.  
<i>Now these are the Laws of the Jungle, and many and mighty are they;  
But the head and the hoof of the Law and the haunch and the hump is --  
Obey!</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# The Legend Of Evil

I

This is the sorrowful story  
Told when the twilight fails  
And the monkeys walk together  
Holding their neighbours' tails: --

"Our fathers lived in the forest,  
Foolish people were they,  
They went down to the cornland  
To teach the farmers to play.

"Our fathers frisked in the millet,  
Our fathers skipped in the wheat,  
Our fathers hung from the branches,  
Our fathers danced in the street.

"Then came the terrible farmers,  
Nothing of play they knew,  
Only. . .they caught our fathers  
And set them to labour too!

"Set them to work in the cornland  
With ploughs and sickles and flails,  
Put them in mud-walled prisons  
And -- cut off their beautiful tails!

"Now, we can watch our fathers,  
Sullen and bowed and old,  
Stooping over the millet,  
Sharing the silly mould,

"Driving a foolish furrow,  
Mending a muddy yoke,  
Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,  
Steeping their food in smoke.

"We may not speak to our fathers,  
For if the farmers knew

They would come up to the forest  
And set us to labour too."

This is the horrible story  
Told as the twilight fails  
And the monkeys walk together  
Holding their kinsmen's tails.

## II

'Twas when the rain fell steady an' the Ark was pitched an' ready,  
That Noah got his orders for to take the bastes below;  
He dragged them all together by the horn an' hide an' feather,  
An' all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go.

Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him sevarely,  
An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av the Lord: --  
"Divil take the ass that bred you, and the greater ass that fed you --  
Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen!" an' the Donkey went aboard.

But the wind was always failin', an' 'twas most onaisy sailin',  
An' the ladies in the cabin couldn't stand the stable air;  
An' the bastes betwuxt the hatches, they tuk an' died in batches,  
Till Noah said: -- "There's wan av us that hasn't paid his fare!"

For he heard a flusteration 'mid the bastes av all creation --  
The trumpetin' av elephints an' bellowin' av whales;  
An' he saw forninst the windy whin he wint to stop the shindy  
The Divil wid a stable-fork bedivillin' their tails.

The Divil cursed outrageous, but Noah said umbrageous: --  
"To what am I indebted for this tenant-right invasion?"  
An' the Divil gave for answer: -- "Evict me if you can, sir,  
For I came in wid the Donkey -- on Your Honour's invitation."

Rudyard Kipling

# The Legend Of Mirth

The Four Archangels, so the legends tell,  
Raphael, Gabriel, Michael, Azrael,  
Being first of those to whom the Power was shown  
Stood first of all the Host before The Throne,  
And, when the Charges were allotted, burst  
Tumultuous-winged from out the assembly first.  
Zeal was their spur that bade them strictly heed  
Their own high judgment on their lightest deed.  
Zeal was their spur that, when relief was given,  
Urged them unwearied to new toils in Heaven;  
For Honour's sake perfecting every task  
Beyond what e 'en Perfection's self could ask. . .  
And Allah, Who created Zeal and Pride,  
Knows how the twain are perilous-near allied.

It chanced on one of Heaven's long-lighted days,  
The Four and all the Host being gone their ways  
Each to his Charge, the shining Courts were void  
Save for one Seraph whom no charge employed,  
With folden wings and slumber-threatened brow,  
To whom The Word: "Beloved, what dost thou?"  
"By the Permission," came the answer soft,  
Little I do nor do that little oft.  
As is The Will in Heaven so on Earth  
Where by The Will I strive to make men mirth"  
He ceased and sped, hearing The Word once more:  
" Beloved, go thy way and greet the Four."

Systems and Universes overpast,  
The Seraph came upon the Four, at last,  
Guiding and guarding with devoted mind  
The tedious generations of mankind  
Who lent at most unwilling ear and eye  
When they could not escape the ministry. . . .  
Yet, patient, faithful, firm, persistent, just  
Toward all that gross, indifferent, facile dust,  
The Archangels laboured to discharge their trust  
By precept and example, prayer and law,

Advice, reproof, and rule, but, labouring, saw  
Each in his fellows' countenance confessed,  
The Doubt that sickens: "Have I done my best?"

Even as they sighed and turned to toil anew,  
The Seraph hailed them with observance due;  
And, after some fit talk of higher things,  
Touched tentative on mundane happenings.  
This they permitting, he, emboldened thus,  
Prolused of humankind promiscuous,  
And, since the large contention less avails  
Than instances observed, he told them tales--  
Tales of the shop, the bed, the court, the street,  
Intimate, elemental, indiscreet:  
Occasions where Confusion smiting swift  
Piles jest on jest as snow-slides pile the drift  
Whence, one by one, beneath derisive skies,  
The victims' bare, bewildered heads arise--  
Tales of the passing of the spirit, graced  
With humour blinding as the doom it faced--  
Stark tales of ribaldy that broke aside  
To tears, by laughter swallowed ere they dried--  
Tales to which neither grace nor gain accrue,  
But Only (Allah be exalted!) true,  
And only, as the Seraph showed that night,  
Delighting to the limits of delight.

These he rehearsed with artful pause and halt,  
And such pretence of memory at fault,  
That soon the Four--so well the bait was thrown--  
Came to his aid with memories of their own--  
Matters dismissed long since as small or vain,  
Whereof the high significance had lain  
Hid, till the ungirt glosses made it plain.  
Then, as enlightenment came broad and fast,  
Each marvelled at his own oblivious past  
Until--the Gates of Laughter opened wide--  
The Four, with that bland Seraph at their side,  
While they recalled, compared, and amplified,  
In utter mirth forgot both Zeal and Pride!

High over Heaven the lamps of midnight burned  
Ere, weak with merriment, the Four returned,  
Not in that order they were wont to keep--  
Pinion to pinion answering, sweep for sweep,  
In awful diapason heard afar--  
But shoutingly adrift 'twixt star and star;  
Reeling a planet's orbit left or right  
As laughter took them in the abysmal Night;  
Or, by the point of some remembered jest,  
Winged and brought helpless down through gulfs unguessed,  
Where the blank worlds that gather to the birth  
Leaped in the Womb of Darkness at their mirth,  
And e'en Gehenna's bondsmen understood.  
They were not damned from human brotherhood . . .

Not first nor last of Heaven's high Host, the Four  
That night took place beneath The Throne once more.  
O lovelier than their morning majesty,  
The understanding light behind the eye!  
O more compelling than their old command,  
The new-learned friendly gesture of the hand!  
O sweeter than their zealous fellowship,  
The wise half-smile that passed from lip to lip!  
O well and roundly, when Command was given,  
They told their tale against themselves to Heaven,  
And in the silence, waiting on The Word,  
Received the Peace and Pardon of The Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Legend Of The Foreign Office

*<i>Rajah of Kolazai,  
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,  
Maketh the money to fly,  
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,  
Also -- but this is a detail -- blind.</i>*

Rustum Beg of Kolazai -- slightly backward Native State --  
Lusted for a C.S.I. -- so began to sanitate.  
Built a Gaol and Hospital -- nearly built a City drain --  
Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler was insane.

Strange departures made he then -- yea, Departments stranger still:  
Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with a will,  
Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a future fine  
For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly Western line.

Fajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi dues a half;  
Organised a State Police; purified the Civil Staff;  
Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way;  
Cut temptations of the flesh -- also cut the Bukhshi's pay;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,  
By an Order hinting at supervision of dasturi;  
Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly upside-down;  
When the end of May was night waited his achievement's crown.

Then the Birthday Honours came. Sad to state and sad to see,  
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more than C.I.E.!. . .  
Things were lively for a week in the State of Kolazai,  
Even now the people speak of that time regretfully.

How he disendowed the Gaol -- stopped at once the City drain;  
Turned to beauty fair and frail -- got his senses back again;  
Doubled taxes, cesses, all; cleared away each new-built thana;  
Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb Zenana;

Heaped upon the Bukshi Sahib wealth and honours manifold;  
Glad himself in Eastern garb -- squeezed his people as of old.

Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rustum Beg  
Play to catch his Viceroy's eye. He prefers the "simpkin" peg.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Legends Of Evil

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Rudyard Kipling

# The Lesson

*1899-1902 -- Boer War*

*Let us admit it fairly, as a business people should,  
We have had no end of a lesson: it will do us no end of good.*

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,  
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several times and  
again,

Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher than Gilde-  
roy's kite.  
We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us jolly well  
right !

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor yet in the shade  
of a tent,  
But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare brown conti-  
nent.  
From Lamberts to Delagoa Bay, and from Pietersburg to  
Sutherland,  
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned-with a fullness ac-  
corded no other land.

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and not the judg-  
ment of Heaven.  
We made an Army in our own image, on an island nine by  
seven,  
Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals, equipment, and  
mental attitude--  
And so we got our lesson: and we ought to accept it with  
gratitude.

We have spent two hundred million pounds to prove the fact  
once more,  
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since two and two  
make four;  
And horses have four legs, and men have two legs, and two  
into four goes twice,

And nothing over except our lesson--and very cheap at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know: we are too near for that knowledge)

Not our mere astonished camps, but Council and Creed and College--

All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle and overlie us--

Have felt the effects of the lesson we got--an advantage no money could buy us!

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which we alone command,

And which, it may subsequently transpire, will be worth as much as the Rand.

Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble yet hopeful mood--

We have had no end of a lesson, it will do us no end of good!

It was our fault, and our very great fault--and now we must turn it to use.

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not a single excuse.

So the more we work and the less we talk the better results we shall get--

We have had an Imperial lesson; it may make us an Empire yet!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Light That Failed

So we settled it all when the storm was done  
As comfy as comfy could be;  
And I was to wait in the barn, my dears,  
Because I was only three.  
And Teddy would run to the rainbow's foot  
Because he was five and a man--  
And that's how it all began, my dears,  
And that's how it all began!

Then we brought the lances down--then the trumpets blew--  
When we went to Kandahar, ridin' two an' two.  
    Ridin'--ridin'--ridin' two an' two!  
        Ta-ra-ra-ra-ra-a!  
        All the way to Kandahar,  
    Ridin' two an' two.

The wolf-cub at even lay hid in the corn,  
When the smoke of the cooking hung grey.  
He knew where the doe made a couch for her fawn,  
And he looked to his strength for his prey.  
But the moon swept the smoke-wreaths away;  
And he turned from his meal in the villager's close,  
And he bayed to the moon as she rose.

"I have a thousand men," said he,  
    "To wait upon my will;  
And towers nine upon the Tyne,  
    And three upon the Till."

"And what care I for your men? " said she,  
    "Or towers from Tyne to Till?  
Sith you must go with me," said she,  
    "To wait upon my will.

And you may lead a thousand men  
    Nor ever draw the rein,  
But before you lead the Fairy Queen  
    'Twill burst your heart in twain."

He has slipped his foot from the stirrup-bar,  
The bridle from his hand,  
And he is bound by hand and foot  
To the Queen of Fairy Land.

"If I have taken the common clay  
And wrought it cunningly  
In the shape of a God that was digged a clod,  
The greater honour to me."

"If thou hast taken the common clay,  
And thy hands be not free  
From the taint of the soil, thou hast made thy spoil  
The greater shame to thee."

The lark will make her hymn to God,  
The partridge call her brood,  
While I forget the heath I trod,  
The fields wherein I stood.

'Tis dule to know not night from morn,  
But greater dule to know  
I can but hear the hunter's horn  
That once I used to blow.

There were three friends that buried the fourth,  
The mould in his mouth and the dust in his eyes,  
And they .went south and east and north--  
The strong man fights but the sick man dies.

There were three friends that spoke of the dead--  
The strong man fights but the sick man dies--  
"And would he were here with us now," they said,  
"The Sun in our face and the wind in our eyes."

Yet at the last ere our spearmen had found him,  
Yet at the last, ere a sword-thrust could save,  
Yet at the last, with his masters around him,  
He spoke of the Faith as a master to slave.  
Yet at the last though the Kafirs had maimed him,  
Broken by bondage and wrecked by the reiver,  
Yet at the last, tho' the darkness had claimed him,

He colled on Allah and died a Believer!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Liner She's A Lady

The Liner she's a lady, an' she never looks nor 'eeds --  
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e gives 'er all she needs;  
But, oh, the little cargo-boats, that sail the wet seas roun',  
They're just the same as you an' me a-plyin' up an' down!

Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard,  
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard;  
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old --  
Plyin' up an' down, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

The Liner she's a lady by the paint upon 'er face,  
An' if she meets an accident they count it sore disgrace:  
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e's always 'andy by,  
But, oh, the little cargo-boats! they've got to load or die.

The Liner she's a lady, and 'er route is cut an' dried;  
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, an' 'e always keeps beside;  
But, oh, the little cargo-boats that 'aven't any man,  
They've got to do their business first, and make the most they can!

The Liner she's a lady, and if a war should come,  
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, and 'e'd bid 'er stay at home;  
But, oh, the little cargo-boats that fill with every tide!  
'E'd 'ave to up an' fight for them, for they are England's pride.

The Liner she's a lady, but if she wasn't made,  
There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome an' foreign trade.  
The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, but if we wasn't 'ere,  
'E wouldn't have to fight at all for 'ome an' friends so dear.

'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, 'angin' round the Yard,  
All the way by Fratton tram down to Portsmouth 'Ard;  
Anythin' for business, an' we're growin' old --  
'Ome an' friends so dear, Jenny, waitin' in the cold!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Long Trail

There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,  
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,  
Singing: "Over then, come over, for the bee has quit the dover,  
"And your English summer's done."  
You have heard the beat of the off-shore wind,  
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;  
You have heard the song -- how long? how long?  
Pull out on the trail again!  
Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,  
We've seen the seasons through,  
And it's time to turn the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail-the trail that is always new!

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun  
Or South to the blind Hom's hate;  
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,  
Or West to the Golden Gate --  
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear lass,  
And the wildest tales are true,  
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
And life runs large on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey and old  
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;  
And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll  
Of a black Bilbao tramp,  
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,  
And a drunken Dago crew,  
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail  
From Cadiz south on the Long Trail-the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,  
Or the way of a man with a maid;  
But the sweetest way to me is a ship's upon the sea  
In the heel of the North-East Trade.  
Can you hear the crash on her brows, dear lass.  
And the drum of the racing screw,  
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,  
And the fenders grind and heave,  
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the crate,  
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;  
It's "Gang-plank up and in," dear lass,  
It's "Hawsers warp her through!"  
And it's "All clear aft" on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
We're backing down on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,  
And the sirens hoot their dread,  
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless, viewless deep  
To the sob of the questing lead!  
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,  
With the Grinfleet Sands in view,  
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt of light  
That holds the hot sky tame,  
And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-powdered floors  
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!  
Her plates are flaked by the sun, dear lass  
And her ropes are taut with the dew,  
For we're booming down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
We're sagging south on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,  
And the shouting seas drive by,  
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,  
And the Southern Cross rides high!  
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,  
That blaze in the velvet blue.  
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start  
We're steaming all too slow,  
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle  
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!  
You have heard the call of the off-shore wind

And the voice of the deep-sea rain;  
You have heard the song-how long? how long?  
Pull out on the trail again!

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,  
And The Deuce knows we may do  
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,  
We're down, hull-down, on the Long Trail -- the trail that is always new!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Lost Legion

There's a Legion that never was 'listed,  
That carries no colours or crest,  
But, split in a thousand detachments,  
Is breaking the road for the rest.  
Our fathers they left us their blessing --  
They taught us, and groomed us, and crammed;  
But we've shaken the Clubs and the Messes  
To go and find out and be damned  
                  (Dear boys!),  
To go and get shot and be damned.

So some of us chivy the slaver,  
And some of us cherish the black,  
And some of us hunt on the Oil Coast,  
And some on -- the Wallaby track:  
And some of us drift to Sarawak,  
And some of us drift up The Fly,  
And some share our tucker with tigers,  
And some with the gentle Masai  
                  (Dear boys!),  
Take tea with the giddy Masai.

We've painted The Islands vermilion,  
We've pearled on half-shares in the Bay,  
We've shouted on seven-ounce nuggets,  
We've starved on a Seedeboy's pay;  
We've laughed at the world as we found it --  
Its women and cities and men --  
From Sayyid Burgash in a tantrum  
To the smoke-reddened eyes of Loben  
                  (Dear boys!),  
We've a little account with Loben.

The ends o' the Earth were our portion,  
The ocean at large was our share.  
There was never a skirmish to windward  
But the Leaderless Legion was there:  
Yes, somehow and somewhere and always  
We were first when the trouble began,

From a lottery-row in Manila,  
To an I.D.B. race on the Pan  
    (Dear boys!),  
With the Mounted Police on the Pan.

We preach in advance of the Army,  
We skirmish ahead of the Church,  
With never a gunboat to help us  
When we're scuppered and left in the lurch.  
But we know as the cartridges finish,  
And we're filed on our last little shelves,  
That the Legion that never was 'listed  
Will send us as good as ourselves  
    (Good men!),  
Five hundred as good as ourselves.

Then a health (we must drink it in whispers)  
To our wholly unauthorised horde --  
To the line of our dusty foreloopers,  
The Gentlemen Rovers abroad --  
Yes, a health to ourselves ere we scatter,  
For the steamer won't wait for the train,  
And the Legion that never was 'listed  
Goes back into quarters again!  
    'Regards!  
Goes back under canvas again.  
    Hurrah!  
The swag and the billy again.  
    Here's how!  
The trail and the packhorse again.  
    Salue!  
The trek and the laager again.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Love Song Of Har Dyal

Alone upon the housetops to the North  
I turn and watch the lightnings in the sky--  
The glamour of thy footsteps in the North.  
<i>Come back to me, Beloved, or I die.</i>

Below my feet the still bazar is laid--  
Far, far below the weary camels lie--  
The camels and the captives of thy raid.  
<i>Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!</i>

My father's wife is old and harsh with years,  
And drudge of all my father's house am I--  
My bread is sorrow and my drink is tears.  
<i>Come back to me, Beloved, or I die!</i>

Rudyard Kipling

## The Lovers' Litany

Eyes of grey -- a sodden quay,  
Driving rain and falling tears,  
As the steamer wears to sea  
In a parting storm of cheers.  
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high --  
None so true as you and I --  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:  
<i> "Love like ours can never die!"</i>

Eyes of black -- a throbbing keel,  
Milky foam to left and right;  
Whispered converse near the wheel  
In the brilliant tropic night.  
Cross that rules the Southern Sky!  
Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,  
Hear the Lovers' Litany:  
<i> Love like ours can never die!"</i>

Eyes of brown -- a dusy plain  
Split and parched with heat of June,  
Flying hoof and tightened rein,  
Hearts that beat the old, old tune.  
Side by side the horses fly,  
Frame we now the old reply  
Of the Lovers' Litany:  
<i> "Love like ours can never die!"</i>

Eyes of blue -- the Simla Hills  
Silvered with the moonlight hoar;  
Pleading of the waltz that thrills,  
Dies and echoes round Benmore.  
<i> "Mabel," "Officers," "Good-bye,"</i>  
Glamour, wine, and witchery --  
On my soul's sincerity,  
<i> "Love like ours can never die!"</i>

Maidens of your charity,  
Pity my most luckless state.  
Four times Cupid's debtor I --

Bankrupt in quadruplicate.  
Yet, despite this evil case,  
And a maiden showed me grace,  
Four-and-forty times would I  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:  
<i> "Love like ours can never die!"</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# The Lowestoft Boat

*East Coast Patrols of the War, 1914-18*

In Lowestoft a boat was laid,  
Mark well what I do say!  
And she was built for the herring-trade,  
But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin',  
The Lord knows where!

They gave her Government coal to burn,  
And a Q.F. gun at bow and stern,  
And sent her out a-rovin', etc.

Her skipper was mate of a bucko ship  
Which always killed one man per trip,  
So he is used to rovin', etc.

Her mate was skipper of a chapel in Wales,  
And so he fights in topper and tails--  
Religi-ous tho' rovin', etc.

Her engineer is fifty-eight,'  
So he's prepared to meet his fate,  
Which ain't unlikely rovin', etc.

Her leading-stoker's seventeen,  
So he don't know what the Judgments mean,  
Unless he cops 'em rovin', etc.

Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Home,  
Mark well what I do say!  
And I'm sorry for Fritz when they all come  
A-rovin', a-rovin', a-roarin' and a-rovin',  
Round the North Sea rovin',  
The Lord knows where!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Man Who Could Write

*Shun -- shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink  
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in 't;  
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of Ink  
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in 't.  
There may be silver in the "blue-black" -- all  
I know of is the iron and the gall.*

Boanerges Blitzen, servant of the Queen,  
Is a dismal failure -- is a Might-have-been.  
In a luckless moment he discovered men  
Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued therefore -- "I,  
With the selfsame weapon, can attain as high."  
Only he did not possess when he made the trial,  
Wicked wit of C-lv-n, irony of L--l.

[Men who spar with Government need, to back their blows,  
Something more than ordinary journalistic prose.]

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,  
Till an Indian paper found that he could write:  
Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,  
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold, and black, and firm,  
In that Indian paper -- made his seniors squirm,  
Quated office scandals, wrote the tactless truth --  
Was there ever known a more misguided youth?

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky game,  
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame;  
When the men he wrote of shook their heads and swore,  
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more:

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,  
Till he found promotion didn't come to him;  
Till he found that reprimands weekly were his lot,

And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to win,  
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care to pin:  
Then it seemed to dawn on him something wasn't right --  
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite";

Languished in a District desolate and dry;  
Watched the Local Government yearly pass him by;  
Wondered where the hitch was; called it most unfair.

. . . . .

That was seven years ago -- and he still is there!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Mare's Nest

Jane Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse  
Was good beyond all earthly need;  
But, on the other hand, her spouse  
Was very, very bad indeed.  
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,  
And raced -- but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept  
The little fact a secret, and,  
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,  
Jane Austen did not understand  
That Lilly -- thirteen-two and bay  
Absorbed one-half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made hime worse;  
(Some women are like this, I think;)  
He taught her parrot how to curse,  
Her Assam monkey how to drink.  
He vexed her righteous soul until  
She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,  
Which turned a good wife to a better.  
A telegraphic peon, one day,  
Brought her -- now, had it been a letter  
For Belial Machiavelli, I  
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,  
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain  
To open it. Jane Austen read:  
"Your Lilly's got a cough again.  
Can't understand why she is kept  
At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

It was a misdirected wire.  
Her husband was at Shaitanpore.  
She spread her anger, hot as fire,  
Through six thin foreign sheets or more.

Sent off that letter, wrote another  
To her solicitor -- and mother.

Then Belial Machiavelli saw  
Her error and, I trust, his own,  
Wired to the minion of the Law,  
And traveled wifeward -- not alone.  
For Lilly -- thirteen-two and bay --  
Came in a horse-box all the way.

There was a scene -- a weep or two --  
With many kisses. Austen Jane  
Rode Lilly all the season through,  
And never opened wires again.  
She races now with Belial. This  
Is very sad, but so it is.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Married Man

<i>Reservist of the Line</i>

The bachelor 'e fights for one  
As joyful as can be;  
But the married man don't call it fun,  
Because 'e fights for three --  
For 'Im an' 'Er an' It  
(An' Two an' One make Three)  
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,  
An' e' wants to go 'ome to is tea!

The bachelor pokes up 'is 'ead  
To see if you are gone;  
But the married man lies down instead,  
An' waits till the sights come on,  
For 'im an' 'Er an' a hit  
(Direct or recochee)  
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,  
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor will miss you clear  
To fight another day;  
But the married man, 'e says "No fear!"  
'E wants you out of the way  
Of 'Im an' 'Er an' It  
(An' 'is road to 'is farm or the sea),  
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,  
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor 'e fights 'is fight  
An' stretchs out an' snores;  
But the married man sits up all night --  
For 'e don't like out-o'-doors.  
'E'll strain an' listen an' peer  
An' give the first alarm--  
For the sake o' the breathin' 'e's used to 'ear,  
An' the 'ead on the thick of 'is arm.

The bachelor may risk 'is 'ide  
To 'elp you when you're downed;  
But the married man will wait beside  
Till the ambulance comes round.  
'E'll take your 'ome address  
An' all you've time to say,  
Or if 'e sees there's 'ope, 'e'll press  
Your art'ry 'alf the day --

For 'Im an' 'Er an' It  
(An' One from Three leaves Two),  
For 'e knows you wanted to finish your bit,  
An' 'e knows 'oo's wantin' you.  
Yes, 'Im an' 'Er an' It  
(Our 'only One in Three),  
We're all of us anxious to finish our bit,  
An' we want to get 'ome to our tea!

Yes, It an' 'Er an' 'Im,  
Which often makes me think  
The married man must sink or swim  
An' -- 'e can't afford to sink!  
Oh, 'Im an' It an' 'Er  
Since Adam an' Eve began!  
So I'd rather fight with the bachelor  
An' be nursed by the married man!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Masque Of Plenty

*Argument. -- The Indian Government being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it; and saw that it was good.*

*Scene. -- The wooded heights of Simla. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty signs, to pianoforte accompaniment: --*

"How sweet is the shepherd's sweet life!  
From the dawn to the even he strays --  
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.  
*(adagio dim.)* Filled with praise!"

*(largendo con sp.)* Now this is the position,  
Go make an inquisition  
Into their real condition  
As swiftly as ye may.

*(p)* Ay, paint our swarthy billions  
The richest of vermillions  
Ere two well-led cotillions  
Have danced themselves away.

Turkish Patrol, *as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the Himalayas: --*

What is the state of the Nation? What is its occupation?  
Hi! get along, get along, get along -- lend us the information!

*(dim.)* Census the *byle* and the *yabu* -- capture a first-class Babu,  
Set him to file Gazetteers -- Gazetteers . . .  
*(ff)* What is the state of the Nation, etc., etc.

Interlude, *from Nowhere in Particular, to stringed and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear --

The earth is iron and the skies are brass --  
And faint with fervour of the flaming air  
The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree --  
The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,  
And belts of blinding sand show cruelly  
Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King --  
Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,  
Look westward -- if they please, the Gods shall bring  
Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward -- bears the blue no brown cloud-bank?  
Nay, it is written -- wherefore should we fly?  
On our own field and by our cattle's flank  
Lie down, lie down to die!

Semi-Chorus

By the plumed heads of Kings  
Waving high,  
Where the tall corn springs  
O'er the dead.  
If they rust or rot we die,  
If they ripen we are fed.  
Very mighty is the power of our Kings!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators, attired after  
the manner of Dionysus, leading a pet tiger-cub in wreaths  
of rhubarb-leaves, symbolical of India under medical treatment.  
They sing: --*

We have seen, we have written -- behold it, the proof of our manifold toil!  
In their hosts they assembled and told it -- the tale of the Sons of the Soil.  
We have said of the Sickness -- "Where is it?" -- and of Death -- "It is far from  
our ken," --  
We have paid a particular visit to the affluent children of men.  
We have trodden the mart and the well-curb -- we have stooped to the bield and  
the byre;  
And the King may the forces of Hell curb for the People have all they desire!

*Castanets and step-dance: --*

Oh, the *dom* and the *mag* and the *thakur* and the  
*thag,*

And the *nat* and the *brinjaree,*

And the *bunnia* and the *ryot* are as happy and as quiet

And as plump as they can be!

Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted hut,

And the bounding *bazugar,*

By the favour of the King, are as fat as anything,

They are -- they are -- they are!

*Recitative, Government of India, with white satin wings  
and electro-plated harp: --*

How beautiful upon the Mountains -- in peace reclining,

Thus to be assured that our people are unanimously dining.

And though there are places not so blessed as others in natural advantages,  
which, after all, was only to be expected,

Proud and glad are we to congratulate you upon the work you have thus ably  
effected.

(Cres.) How beautiful upon the Mountains!

Hired Band, *brasses only, full chorus: --*

God bless the Squire

And all his rich relations

Who teach us poor people

We eat our proper rations --

We eat our proper rations,

In spite of inundations,

Malarial exhalations,

And casual starvations,

We have, we have, they say we have --

We have our proper rations!

Chorus of the Crystallised Facts

Before the beginning of years

There came to the rule of the State

Men with a pair of shears,  
Men with an Estimate --  
Strachey with Muir for leaven,  
Lytton with locks that fell,  
Ripon fooling with Heaven,  
And Temple riding like H--ll!  
And the bigots took in hand  
Cess and the falling of rain,  
And the measure of sifted sand  
The dealer puts in the grain --  
Imports by land and sea,  
To uttermost decimal worth,  
And registration -- free --  
In the houses of death and of birth.  
And fashioned with pens and paper,  
And fashioned in black and white,  
With Life for a flickering taper  
And Death for a blazing light --  
With the Armed and the Civil Power,  
That his strength might endure for a span --  
From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,  
The Much Administered Man.

In the towns of the North and the East,  
They gathered as unto rule,  
They bade him starve his priest  
And send his children to school.  
Railways and roads they wrought,  
For the needs of the soil within;  
A time to squabble in court,  
A time to bear and to grin.  
And gave him peace in his ways,  
Jails -- and Police to fight,  
Justice -- at length of days,  
And Right -- and Might in the Right.  
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,  
On his kine he borrows yet,  
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,  
In his eye foreknowledged of debt.  
He eats and hath indigestion,  
He toils and he may not stop;  
His life is a long-drawn question

Between a crop and a crop.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Master-Cook

With us there rade a Maister-Cook that came  
From the Rochelle which is neere Angouleme.  
Littel hee was, but rounder than a topp,  
And his small berd hadde dipped in manie a soppe,  
His honde was smoother than beseemeth mann's,  
And his discoorse was all of marzipans,  
Of tripes of Caen, or Burdeux snailes swote,  
And Seinte Menhoulde wher cooken pigges-foote.  
To Thoulouse and to Bress and Carcasson  
For pyes and fowles and chesnottes hadde hee wonne,  
Of hammes of Thuringie colde hee prate,  
And well hee knew what Princes hadde on plate  
At Christmas-tide, from Artois to Gascogne.

Lordinges, quod hee, manne liveth nat alone  
By bred, but meates rost and seethed, and broth,  
And purchasable deinties, on mine othe.  
Honey and hote gingere well liketh hee,  
And whales-flesch mortred with spicerie.  
For, lat be all how man denie or carpe,"  
Him thries a daie his honger maketh sharpe,  
And setteth him at boorde with hawkes eyne,  
Snuffing what dish is set before to deyne,  
Nor, till with meate he all--to fill to brim,  
None other matter nowher mooveth him.  
Lat holie Seintes sterve as bookes boast,  
Most mannes soule is in his bellie most.  
For, as man thinketh in his hearte is hee,  
But, as hee eateth so his thought shall bee.  
And Holie Fader's self (with reveraunce)  
Oweth to Cooke his port and his presauce.  
Wherebye it cometh past disputison  
Cooke's over alle men have dominion,  
Which follow them as schippe her gouvernail.  
Enoff of wordes--beginneth heere my tale:--

Rudyard Kipling

# The Men That Fought At Minden

A Song of Instruction

The men that fought at Minden, they was rookies in their time --  
So was them that fought at Waterloo!  
All the 'ole command, yuss, from Minden to Maiwand,  
They was once dam' sweeps like you!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,  
We'll learn you not to forget;  
An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch it worse,  
For we'll make you soldiers yet!

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad stocks beneath their chins,  
Six inch 'igh an' more;  
But fatigue it was their pride, and they ~would~ not be denied  
To clean the cook-'ouse floor.

The men that fought at Minden, they had anarchistic bombs  
Served to 'em by name of 'and-grenades;  
But they got it in the eye (same as you will by-an'-by)  
When they clubbed their field-parades.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad buttons up an' down,  
Two-an'-twenty dozen of 'em told;  
But they didn't grouse an' shirk at an hour's extry work,  
They kept 'em bright as gold.

The men that fought at Minden, they was armed with musketoons,  
Also, they was drilled by 'alberdiers;  
I don't know what they were, but the sergeants took good care  
They washed be'ind their ears.

The men that fought at Minden, they 'ad ever cash in 'and  
Which they did not bank nor save,  
But spent it gay an' free on their betters -- such as me --  
For the good advice I gave.

The men that fought at Minden, they was civil -- yuss, they was --  
Never didn't talk o' rights an' wrongs,

But they got it with the toe (same as you will get it -- so!) --  
For interrupting songs.

The men that fought at Minden, they was several other things  
Which I don't remember clear;  
But ~that's~ the reason why, now the six-year men are dry,  
The rooks will stand the beer!

Then do not be discouraged, 'Eaven is your 'elper,  
We'll learn you not to forget;  
An' you mustn't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch it worse,  
For we'll make you soldiers yet!

Soldiers yet, if you've got it in you --  
All for the sake of the Core;  
Soldiers yet, if we 'ave to skin you --  
Run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw -- Johnny Raw!  
Ho! run an' get the beer, Johnny Raw!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Merchantmen

King Solomon drew merchantmen,  
Because of his desire  
For peacocks, apes, and ivory,  
From Tarshish unto Tyre:  
With cedars out of Lebanon  
Which Hiram rafted down,  
But we be only sailormen  
That use in London Town.

Coastwise -- cross-seas -- round the world and back again --  
Where the flaw shall head us or the full Trade suits --  
Plain-sail -- storm-sail -- lay your board and tack again --  
And that's the way we'll pay Paddy Doyle for his boots!

We bring no store of ingots,  
Of spice or precious stones,  
But that we have we gathered  
With sweat and aching bones:  
In flame beneath the tropics,  
In frost upon the floe,  
And jeopardy of every wind  
That does between them go.

And some we got by purchase,  
And some we had by trade,  
And some we found by courtesy  
Of pike and carronade --  
At midnight, 'mid-sea meetings,  
For charity to keep,  
And light the rolling homeward-bound  
That rode a foot too deep.

By sport of bitter weather  
We're walty, strained, and scarred  
From the kentledge on the kelson  
To the slings upon the yard.  
Six oceans had their will of us  
To carry all away --  
Our galley's in the Baltic,

And our boom's in Mossel Bay!

We've floundered off the Texel,  
Awash with sodden deals,  
We've slipped from Valparaiso  
With the Norther at our heels:  
We've ratched beyond the Crossets  
That tusk the Southern Pole,  
And dipped our gunnels under  
To the dread Agulhas roll.

Beyond all outer charting  
We sailed where none have sailed,  
And saw the land-lights burning  
On islands none have hailed;  
Our hair stood up for wonder,  
But, when the night was done,  
There danced the deep to windward  
Blue-empty 'neath the sun!

Strange consorts rode beside us  
And brought us evil luck;  
The witch-fire climbed our channels,  
And flared on vane and truck:  
Till, through the red tornado,  
That lashed us nigh to blind,  
We saw The Dutchman plunging,  
Full canvas, head to wind!

We've heard the Midnight Leadsman  
That calls the black deep down --  
Ay, thrice we've heard The Swimmer,  
The Thing that may not drown.  
On frozen bunt and gasket  
The sleet-cloud drave her hosts,  
When, manned by more than signed with us,  
We passed the Isle o' Ghosts!

And north, amid the hummocks,  
A biscuit-toss below,  
We met the silent shallop  
That frightened whalers know;

For, down a cruel ice-lane,  
That opened as he sped,  
We saw dead Henry Hudson  
Steer, North by West, his dead.

So dealt God's waters with us  
Beneath the roaring skies,  
So walked His signs and marvels  
All naked to our eyes:  
But we were heading homeward  
With trade to lose or make --  
Good Lord, they slipped behind us  
In the tailing of our wake!

Let go, let go the anchors;  
Now shamed at heart are we  
To bring so poor a cargo home  
That had for gift the sea!  
Let go the great bow-anchors --  
Ah, fools were we and blind --  
The worst we stored with utter toil,  
The best we left behind!

Coastwise -- cross-seas -- round the world and back again,  
Whither flaw shall fail us or the Trades drive down:  
Plain-sail -- storm-sail -- lay your board and tack again --  
And all to bring a cargo up to London Town!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Mine-Sweepers

Dawn off the Foreland -- the young flood making  
Jumbled and short and steep --  
Black in the hollows and bright where it's breaking --  
Awkward water to sweep.  
"Mines reported in the fairway,  
Warn all traffic and detain.  
Sent up *Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain.*"

Noon off the Foreland -- the first ebb making  
Lumpy and strong in the bight.  
Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking  
And the jackdaws wild with fright.  
"Mines located in the fairway,  
Boats now working up the chain,  
Sweepers -- *Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain.*"

Dusk off the Foreland -- the last light going  
And the traffic crowding through,  
And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing  
Heading the whole review!  
"Sweep completed in the fairway,  
No more mines remain.  
Sent back *Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and Golden Gain.*"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Miracle Of Purun Bhagat

The night we felt the earth would move  
We stole and plucked him by the hand,  
Because we loved him with the love  
That knows but cannot understand.

And when the roaring hillside broke,  
And all our world fell down in rain,  
We saved him, we the Little Folk;  
But lo! he does not come again!

Mourn now, we saved him for the sake  
Of such poor love as wild ones may.  
Mourn ye! Our brother will not wake,  
And his own kind drive us away!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Miracles

I sent a message to my dear --  
A thousand leagues and more to Her --  
The dumb sea-levels thrilled to hear,  
And Lost Atlantis bore to Her.

Behind my message hard I came,  
And nigh had found a grave for me;  
But that I launched of steel and flame  
Did war against the wave for me.

Uprose the deep, by gale on gale,  
To bid me change my mind again --  
He broke his teeth along my rail,  
And, roaring, swung behind again.

I stayed the sun at noon to tell  
My way across the waste of it;  
I read the storm before it fell  
And made the better haste of it.

Afar, I hailed the land at night --  
The towers I built had heard of me --  
And, ere my rocket reached its height,  
Had flashed my Love the word of me.

Earth sold her chosen men of strength  
(They lived and strove and died for me)  
To drive my road a nation's length,  
And toss the miles aside for me.

I snatched their toil to serve my needs --  
Too slow their fleetest flew for me --  
I tired twenty smoking steeds,  
And bade them bait a new for me.

I sent the lightnings forth to see  
Where hour by hour She waited me.  
Among ten million one was She,  
And surely all men hated me!

Dawn ran to meet me at my goal --  
Ah, day no tongue shall tell again!  
And little folk of little soul  
Rose up to buy and sell again!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Moral

You mustn't groom an Arab with a file.  
You hadn't ought to tension-spring a mule.  
You couldn't push a brumby fifty mile  
And drop him in a boiler-shed to cool.  
I'll sling you through six counties in a day.  
I'll hike you up a grade of one in ten.  
I am Duty, Law and Order under way,  
I'm the Mentor of banana-fingered men!  
I will make you I know your left hand from your right.  
I will teach you not to drink about your biz.  
I'm the only temperance advocate in sight!  
I am all the Education Act there is!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Morning Song Of The Jungle

One moment past our bodies cast  
No shadow on the plain;  
Now clear and black they stride our track,  
And we run home again.  
In morning-hush, each rock and bush  
Stands hard, and high, and raw:  
Then give the Call: *"Good rest to all  
That keep the Jungle Law!"*

Now horn and pelt our peoples melt  
In covert to abide;  
Now, crouched and still, to cave and hill  
Our Jungle Barons glide.  
Now, stark and plain, Man's oxen strain,  
That draw the new-yoked plough;  
Now, stripped and dread, the dawn is red  
Above the lit *talao.*

Ho! Get to lair! The sun's aflare  
Behind the breathing grass:  
And creaking through the young bamboo  
The warning whispers pass.  
By day made strange, the woods we range  
With blinking eyes we scan;  
While down the skies the wild duck cries:  
*"The Day--the Day to Man!"*

The dew is dried that drenched our hide,  
Or washed about our way;  
And where we drank, the puddled bank  
Is crisping into clay.  
The traitor Dark gives up each mark  
Of stretched or hooded claw:  
Then hear the Call: *"Good rest to all  
That keep the Jungle Law!"*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Mother-Lodge

There was Rundle, Station Master,  
An' Beazeley of the Rail,  
An' 'Ackman, Commissariat,  
An' Donkin' o' the Jail;  
An' Blake, Conductor-Sargent,  
Our Master twice was 'e,  
With 'im that kept the Europe-shop,  
Old Framjee Eduljee.

Outside -- "Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"  
Inside -- "Brother", an' it doesn't do no 'arm.  
We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there!

We'd Bola Nath, Accountant,  
An' Saul the Aden Jew,  
An' Din Mohammed, draughtsman  
Of the Survey Office too;  
There was Babu Chuckerbutty,  
An' Amir Singh the Sikh,  
An' Castro from the fittin'-sheds,  
The Roman Catholick!

We 'adn't good regalia,  
An' our Lodge was old an' bare,  
But we knew the Ancient Landmarks,  
An' we kep' 'em to a hair;  
An' lookin' on it backwards  
It often strikes me thus,  
There ain't such things as infidels,  
Excep', per'aps, it's us.

For monthly, after Labour,  
We'd all sit down and smoke  
(We dursn't give no banquits,  
Lest a Brother's caste were broke),  
An' man on man got talkin'  
Religion an' the rest,  
An' every man comparin'

Of the God 'e knew the best.

So man on man got talkin',  
An' not a Brother stirred  
Till mornin' waked the parrots  
An' that dam' brain-fever-bird;  
We'd say 'twas 'ighly curious,  
An' we'd all ride 'ome to bed,  
With Mo'ammed, God, an' Shiva  
Changin' pickets in our 'ead.

Full oft on Guv'ment service  
This rovin' foot 'ath pressed,  
An' bore fraternal greetin's  
To the Lodges east an' west,  
Accordin' as commanded  
From Kohat to Singapore,  
But I wish that I might see them  
In my Mother-Lodge once more!

I wish that I might see them,  
My Brethren black an' brown,  
With the trichies smellin' pleasant  
An' the ~hog-darn~ passin' down;  
An' the old khansamah snorin'  
On the bottle-khana floor,  
Like a Master in good standing  
With my Mother-Lodge once more!

[Cigar-lighter.]  
[Butler.]  
[Pantry.]

Outside -- "Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!"  
Inside -- "Brother", an' it doesn't do no 'arm.  
We met upon the Level an' we parted on the Square,  
An' I was Junior Deacon in my Mother-Lodge out there!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Mother's Son

I have a dream -- a dreadful dream --  
A dream that is never done.  
I watch a man go out of his mind,  
And he is My Mother's Son.

They pushed him into a Mental Home,  
And that is like the grave:  
For they do not let you sleep upstairs,  
And you aren't allowed to shave.

And it was not disease or crime  
Which got him landed there,  
But because They laid on My Mother's Son  
More than a man could bear.

What with noise, and fear of death,  
Waking, and wounds and cold,  
They filled the Cup for My Mother's Son  
Fuller than it could hold.

They broke his body and his mind  
And yet They made him live,  
And They asked more of My Mother's Son  
Than any man could give.

For, just because he had not died,  
Nor been discharged nor sick,  
They dragged it out with My Mother's Son  
Longer than he could stick....

And no one knows when he'll get well --  
So, there he'll have to be:  
And, 'spite of the beard in the looking-glass,  
I know that man is me!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Native Born

<i>1894</i>

We've drunk to the Queen -- God bless her! --  
We've drunk to our mothers' land;  
We've drunk to our English brother,  
(But he does not understand);  
We've drunk to the wide creation,  
And the Cross swings low for the mom,  
Last toast, and of Obligation,  
A health to the Native-born!

They change their skies above them,  
But not their hearts that roam!  
We learned from our wistful mothers  
To call old England 'home';  
We read of the English skylark,  
Of the spring in the English lanes,  
But we screamed with the painted lories  
As we rode on the dusty plains!

They passed with their old-world legends --  
Their tales of wrong and dearth --  
Our fathers held by purchase,  
But we by the right of birth;  
Our heart's where they rocked our cradle,  
Our love where we spent our toil,  
And our faith and our hope and our honour  
We pledge to our native soil!

I charge you charge your glasses --  
I charge you drink with me  
To the men of the Four New Nations,  
And the Islands of the Sea --  
To the last least lump of coral  
That none may stand outside,  
And our own good pride shall teach us  
To praise our comrade's pride,

To the hush of the breathless morning  
On the thin, tin, crackling roofs,  
To the haze of the burned back-ranges  
And the dust of the shoeless hoofs --  
To the risk of a death by drowning,  
To the risk of a death by drouth --  
To the men ef a million acres,  
To the Sons of the Golden South!

*To the Sons of the Golden South (Stand up!),  
And the life we live and know,  
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about,  
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about  
With the weight o a single blow!*

To the smoke of a hundred coasters,  
To the sheep on a thousand hills,  
To the sun that never blisters,  
To the rain that never chills --  
To the land of the waiting springtime,  
To our five-meal, meat-fed men,  
To the tall, deep-bosomed women,  
And the children nine and ten!

*And the children nine and ten (Stand up!),  
And the life we live and know,  
Let a fellow sing o' the little things he cares about,  
If a fellow fights for the little things he cares about  
With the weight of a two-fold blow!*

To the far-flung, fenceless prairie  
Where the quick cloud-shadows trail,  
To our neighbours' barn in the offing  
And the line of the new-cut rail;  
To the plough in her league-long furrow  
With the grey Lake' gulls behind --  
To the weight of a half-year's winter  
And the warm wet western wind!

To the home of the floods and thunder,  
To her pale dry healing blue --  
To the lift of the great Cape combers,

And the smell of the baked Karroo.  
To the growl of the sluicing stamp-head --  
To the reef and the water-gold,  
To the last and the largest Empire,  
To the map that is half unrolled!

To our dear dark foster-mothers,  
To the heathen songs they sung --  
To the heathen speech we babbled  
Ere we came to the white man's tongue.  
To the cool of our deep verandah --  
To the blaze of our jewelled main,  
To the night, to the palms in the moonlight,  
And the fire-fly in the cane!

To the hearth of Our People's People --  
To her well-ploughed windy sea,  
To the hush of our dread high-altar  
Where The Abbey makes us We.  
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,  
To the gain that is yours and mine --  
To the Bank of the Open Credit,  
To the Power-house of the Line!

We've drunk to the Queen -- God bless her!  
We've drunk to our mothers'land;  
We've drunk to our English brother  
(And we hope he'll understand).  
We've drunk as much as we're able,  
And the Cross swings low for the morn;  
Last toast-and your foot on the table! --  
A health to the Native-born!

<i>A health to the Nativeborn (Stand up!),  
We're six white men arow,  
All bound to sing o' the Little things we care about,  
All bound to fight for the Little things we care about  
With the weight of a six-fold blow!  
By the might of our Cable-tow (Take hands!),  
From the Orkneys to the Horn  
All round the world (and a Little loop to pull it by),  
All round the world (and a Little strap to buckle it).

A health to the Native-born!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Naulahka

There was a strife 'twixt man and maid--  
Oh, that was at the birth of time!  
But what befell 'twixt man and maid,  
Oh, that's beyond the grip of rhyme.  
'Twas "Sweet, I must not bide with you,"  
And, "Love, I cannot bide alone";  
For both were young and both were true.  
And both were hard as the nether stone.

Beware the man who's crossed in love;  
For pent-up steam must find its vent.  
Stand back when he is on the move,  
And lend him all the Continent.

Your patience, Sirs. The Devil took me up  
To the burned mountain over Sicily  
(Fit place for me) and thence I saw my Earth--  
(Not all Earth's splendour, 'twas beyond my need--)  
And that one spot I love--all Earth to me,  
And her I love, my Heaven. What said I?  
My love was safe from all the powers of Hell--  
For you--e'en you--acquit her of my guilt--  
But Sula, nestling by our sail--specked sea,  
My city, child of mine, my heart, my home--  
Mine and my pride--evil might visit there!  
It was for Sula and her naked port,  
Prey to the galleys of the Algerine,  
Our city Sula, that I drove my price--  
For love of Sula and for love of her.  
The twain were woven--gold on sackcloth--twined  
Past any sundering till God shall judge  
The evil and the good.  
Now it is not good for the Christian's health to hustle the Aryan  
brown,  
For the Christian riles, and the Aryan smiles and he weareth the  
Christian down;  
And the end of the fight is a tombstone white with the name of  
the late deceased,  
And the epitaph drear: "A Fool lies here who tried to hustle the

East."

There is pleasure in the wet, wet clay  
When the artist's hand is potting it.  
There is pleasure in the wet, wet lay --  
When the poet's pad is blotting it.  
There is pleasure in the shine of your picture on the line  
At the Royal Academy;  
But the pleasure felt in these is as chalk to Cheddar cheese  
When it comes to a well-made Lie--

To a quite unwreckable Lie,  
To a most impeccable Lie!  
To a water-right, fire-proof, angle-iron, sunk-hinge, time-lock,  
steel-faced Lie!  
Not a private handsome Lie,  
But a pair-and-brougham Lie,  
Not a little-place-at-Tooting, but a country-house-with-shooting  
And a ring-fence-deer-park Lie.

When a lover hies abroad  
Looking for his love,  
Azrael smiling sheathes his sword,  
Heaven smiles above.  
Earth and sea  
His servants be,  
And to lesser compass round,  
That his love be sooner found!

We meet in an evil land  
That is near to the gates of Hell.  
I wait for thy command  
To serve, to speed or withstand.  
And thou sayest I do not well?

Oh Love, the flowers so red  
Are only tongues of flame,  
The earth is full of the dead,  
The new-killed, restless dead.  
There is danger beneath and o'erhead,  
And I guard thy gates in fear  
Of words thou canst not hear,

Of peril and jeopardy,  
Of signs thou canst not see--  
And thou sayest 'tis ill that I came?

This I saw when the rites were done,  
And the lamps were dead and the Gods alone,  
And the grey snake coiled on the altar stone--  
Ere I fled from a Fear that I could not see,  
And the Gods of the East made mouths at me.

Beat off in our last fight were we?  
The greater need to seek the sea.  
For Fortune changeth as the moon  
To caravel and picaroon.  
Then Eastward Ho! or Westward Ho!  
Whichever wind may meetest blow.  
Our quarry sails on either sea,  
Fat prey for such bold lads as we,  
And every sun-dried buccaneer  
Must hand and reef and watch and steer,  
And bear great wrath of sea and sky  
Before the plate-ships wallow by.  
Now, as our tall bows take the foam,  
Let no man turn his heart to home,  
Save to desire plunder more  
And larger warehouse for his store,  
When treasure won from Santos Bay  
Shall make our sea-washed village gay.

Because I sought it far from men,  
In deserts and alone,  
I found it burning overhead,  
The jewel of a Throne.

Because I sought--I sought it so  
And spent my days to find--  
It blazed one moment ere it left  
The blacker night behind.

We be the Gods of the East--  
Older than all--  
Masters of Mourning and Feast--

How shall we fall?

Will they gape for the husks that ye proffer  
Or yearn to your song  
And we--have we nothing to offer  
Who ruled them so long--  
In the fume of incense, the clash of the cymbals, the blare of  
the conch and the gong?  
Over the strife of the schools  
Low the day burns--  
Back with the kine from the pools  
Each one returns  
To the life that he knows where the altar-flame glows and the  
tulsi is trimmed in the urns.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Necessitarian

I know not in Whose hands are laid  
To empty upon earth  
From unsuspected ambushade  
The very Urns of Mirth;

Who bids the Heavenly Lark arise  
And cheer our solemn round--  
The Jest beheld with streaming eyes  
And grovellings on the ground;

Who joins the flats of Time and Chance  
Behind the prey preferred,  
And thrones on Shrieking Circumstance  
The Sacredly Absurd,

Till Laughter, voiceless through excess,  
Waves mute appeal and sore,  
Above the midriff's deep distress,  
For breath to laugh once more.

No creed hath dared to hail Him Lord,  
No raptured choirs proclaim,  
And Nature's strenuous Overword  
Hath nowhere breathed His Name.

Yet, it must be, on wayside jape,  
The selfsame Power bestows  
The selfsame power as went to shape  
His Planet or His Rose.

Rudyard Kipling

# The New Knighthood

Who gives him the Bath?

"I," said the wet,  
Rank-Jungle-sweat,  
"I'll give him the Bath!"

Who'll sing the psalms?

"We," said the Palms.  
"Ere the hot wind becalms,  
"We'll sing the psalms."

Who lays on the sword ?

"I," said the Sun,  
Before he has done,  
"I'll lay on the sword."

"Who fastens his belt?

"I," said Short-Rations,  
" I know all the fashions  
"Of tightening a belt!"

Who gives him his spur?

"I," said his Chief,  
Exacting and brief,  
"I'll give him the spur."

Who'll shake his hand?

"I," said the Fever,  
"And I'm no deceiver,  
"I'll shake his hand."

Who brings him the wine?

"I," said Quinine,  
"It's a habit of mine.  
"I'll come with his wine."

Who'll put him to proof?

"I," said All Earth.  
"Whatever he's worth,  
"I'll put to the proof."

Who'll choose him for Knight?

"I," said his Mother,

"Before any other,

"My very own Knight."

And after this fashion, adventure to seek,  
Sir Galahad was made--as it might be last week!

Rudyard Kipling

# The North Sea Patrol

*1914-18 -- Sea Warfare*

Where the East wind is brewed fresh and fresh every morning,  
And the balmy night-breezes blow straight from the Pole,  
I heard a Destroyer sing: "What an enjoya-  
ble life does one lead on the North Sea Patrol!

"To blow things to bits is our business (and Fritz's),  
Which means there are mine-fields wherever you stroll.  
Unless you've particular wish to die quick, you'll a-  
void steering close to the North Sea Patrol.

"We warn from disaster the mercantile master  
Who takes in high Dudgeon our life-saving role,  
For every one's grousing at Docking and Dowsing  
The marks and the lights on the North Sea Patrol."

*[Twelve verses omitted.]*

So swept but surviving, half drowned but still driving  
I watched her head out through the swell off the shoal,  
And I heard her propellers roar- "Write to poor fellers  
Who run such a Hell as the North Sea Patrol!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Nursing Sister

*Maternity Hospital*

Our sister sayeth such and such,  
And we must bow to her behests.  
Our sister toileth overmuch,  
Our little maid that hath no breasts.

A field untilled, a web unwove,  
A flower withheld from sun or bee,  
An alien in the Courts of Love,  
And--teacher unto such as we!

We love her, but we laugh the while,  
We laugh, but sobs are mixed with laughter;  
Our sister hath no time to smile,  
She knows not what must follow after.

Wind of the South, arise and blow,  
From beds of spice thy locks shake free;  
Breathe on her heart that she may know,  
Breathe on her eyes that she may see!

Alas! we vex her with our mirth,  
And maze her with most tender scorn,  
Who stands beside the Gates of Birth,  
Herself a child--a child unborn!

*Our sister sayeth such and such,  
And we must bow to her behests.  
Our sister toileth overmuch,  
Our little maid that hath no breasts.*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Old Issue

*October 9, 1899 -- Outbreak of Boer War*

Here is nothing new nor aught unproven," say the Trumpets,  
"Many feet have worn it and the road is old indeed.  
"It is the King--the King we schooled aforetime! "  
(Trumpets in the marshes-in the eyot at Runnymede!)

"Here is neither haste, nor hate, nor anger," peal the Trumpets,  
"Pardon for his penitence or pity for his fall.  
"It is the King!"--inexorable Trumpets--  
(Trumpets round the scaffold at the dawning by Whitehall!)

. . . . .

"He hath veiled the Crown And hid the Scepter," warn (he Trum pets,  
"He hath changed the fashion of the lies that cloak his will.  
"Hard die the Kings--ah hard--dooms hard!" declare the Trumpets,  
Trumpets at the gang-plank where the brawling troop-decks fill!

Ancient and Unteachable, abide--abide the Trumpets!  
Once again the Trumpets, for the shuddering ground-swell brings  
Clamour over ocean of the harsh, pursuing Trumpets--  
Trumpets of the Vanguard that have sworn no truce with Kings!

All we have of freedom, all we use or know--  
This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we draw--  
Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-goose wing  
Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the king.

Till our fathers 'stablished,, after bloody years,  
How our King is one with us, first among his peers.

So they bought us freedom-not at little cost--

Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,  
Suffer not the old King: for we know the breed.

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure.  
Whining "He is weak and far"; crying "Time will cure."

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins,  
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with peace.  
Suffer not the old King here or overseas.

They that beg us barter--wait his yielding mood--  
Pledge the years we hold in trust--pawn our brother's blood--

Howso' great their clamour, whatsoe'er their claim,  
Suffer not the old King under any name!

Here is naught unproven--here is naught to learn.  
It is written what shall fall if the King return.

He shall mark our goings, question whence we came,  
Set his guards about us, as in Freedom's name.

He shall take a tribute, toll of all our ware;  
He shall change our gold for arms--arms we may not bear.

He shall break his Judges if they cross his word;  
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall peep and mutter; and the night shall bring  
Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the King --

Hate and all division; hosts of hurrying spies;  
Money poured in secret, carrion breeding flies.

Strangers of his counsel, hirelings of his pay,  
These shall deal our Justice: sell-deny-delay.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse

For the Land we look to--for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his feet,  
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,  
Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled,  
Laying on a new land evil of the old--

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and brain--  
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind again.

<i>Here is nought at venture, random nor untrue  
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.

Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid:  
Step for step and word for word--so the old Kings did!

Step by step, and word by word: who is ruled may read.  
Suffer not the old Kings: for we know the breed--

All the right they promise--all the wrong they bring.  
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King!</i>

Rudyard Kipling

# The Oldest Song

*For before Eve was Lilith. -- Old Tale.*

"These were never your true love's eyes.  
Why do you feign that you love them?  
You that broke from their constancies,  
And the wide calm brows above them!

This was never your true love's speech.  
Why do you thrill when you hear it?  
You that have ridden out of its reach  
The width of the world or near it!

This was never your true love's hair, --  
You that chafed when it bound you  
Screened from knowledge or shame or care,  
In the night that it made around you!"

"All these things I know, I know.  
And that's why my heart is breaking!"  
"Then what do you gain by pretending so?"  
*"The joy of an old wound waking."*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Only Son

She dropped the bar, she shot the bolt, she fed the fire anew  
For she heard a whimper under the sill and a great grey paw came through.  
The fresh flame comforted the hut and shone on the roof-beam,  
And the Only Son lay down again and dreamed that he dreamed a dream.  
The last ash fell from the withered log with the click of a falling spark,  
And the Only Son woke up again, and called across the dark:--  
"Now was I born of womankind and laid in a mother's breast?  
For I have dreamed of a shaggy hide whereon I went to rest.  
And was I born of womankind and laid on a father's arm?  
For I have dreamed of clashing teeth that guarded me from harm.

And was I born an Only Son and did I play alone?  
For I have dreamed of comrades twain that bit me to the bone.  
And did I break the barley-cake and steep it in the tyre?  
For I have dreamed of a youngling kid new-riven from the byre:  
For I have dreamed of a midnight sky and a midnight call to blood  
And red-mouthed shadows racing by, that thrust me from my food.  
'Tis an hour yet and an hour yet to the rising of the moon,  
But I can see the black roof-tree as plain as it were noon.  
'Tis a league and a league to the Lena Falls where the trooping blackbuck go;  
But I can hear the little fawn that bleats behind the doe.

'Tis a league and a league to the Lena Falls where the crop and the upland meet,  
But I Can smell the wet dawn-wind that wakes the sprouting wheat.  
Unbar the door. I may not bide, but I must out and see  
If those are wolves that wait outside or my own kin to me!"

. . . . .

She loosed the bar, she slid the bolt, she opened the door anon,  
And a grey bitch-wolf came out of the dark and fawned on the Only Son!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Other Man

When the earth was sick and the skies were grey,  
And the woods were rotted with rain,  
The Dead Man rode through the autumn day  
To visit his love again.

His love she neither saw nor heard,  
So heavy was her shame;  
And tho' the babe within her stirred  
She knew not that he came.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Outlaws

1914

Through learned and laborious years  
They set themselves to find  
Fresh terrors and undreamed-of fears  
To heap upon mankind.

All that they drew from Heaven above  
Or digged from earth beneath,  
They laid into their treasure-trove  
And arsenals of death:

While, for well-weighed advantage sake,  
Ruler and ruled alike  
Built up the faith they meant to break  
When the fit hour should strike.

They traded with the careless earth,  
And good return it gave:  
They plotted by their neighbour's hearth  
The means to make him slave.

When all was ready to their hand  
They loosed their hidden sword,  
And utterly laid waste a land  
Their oath was pledged to guard.

Coldly they went about to raise  
To life and make more dread  
Abominations of old days,  
That men believed were dead.

They paid the price to reach their goal  
Across a world in flame;  
But their own hate slew their own soul  
Before that victory came.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Overland Mail

*(Foot-Service to the Hills)*

In the name of the Empress of India, make way,  
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.  
The woods are astir at the close of the day --  
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.  
Let the robber retreat -- let the tiger turn tail --  
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,  
He turns to the foot-path that heads up the hill --  
The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,  
And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post Office bill:  
"Despatched on this date, as received by the rail,  
*Per* runner, two bags of the Overland Mail."

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.  
Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.  
Does the tempest cry "Halt"? What are tempests to him?  
The Service admits not a "but" or and "if."  
While the breath's in his mouth, he must bear without fail,  
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,  
From level to upland, from upland to crest,  
From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,  
Fly the soft sandalled feet, strains the brawny brown chest.  
From rail to ravine -- to the peak from the vale --  
Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road --  
A jingle of bells on the foot-path below --  
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode --  
The world is awake, and the clouds are aglow.  
For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail:  
"In the name of the Empress the Overland Mail!"



# The Palace

&lt;i&gt;1902&lt;/i&gt;

When I was a King and a Mason - a Master proven and skilled -  
I cleared me ground for a Palace such as a King should build.  
I decreed and dug down to my levels. Presently, under the silt,  
I came on the wreck of a Palace such as a King had built.

There was no worth in the fashion - there was no wit in the plan -  
Hither and thither, aimless, the ruined footings ran -  
Masonry, brute, mishandled, but carven on every stone:  
'After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known.'

Swift to my use in my trenches, where my well-planned ground-works grew,  
I tumbled his quoins and his ashlar, and cut and reset them anew.  
Lime I milled of his marbles; burned it, slacked it, and spread;  
Taking and leaving at pleasure the gifts of the humble dead.

Yet I despised not nor gloried; yet, as we wrenched them apart,  
I read in the razed foundations the heart of that builder's heart.  
As he had risen and pleaded, so did I understand  
The form of the dream he had followed in the face of the thing he had planned.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I was a King and a Mason - in the open noon of my pride,  
They sent me a Word from the Darkness. They whispered and called me aside.  
They said - 'The end is forbidden.' They said - 'Thy use is fulfilled.  
'Thy Palace shall stand as that other's - the spoil of a King who shall build.'

I called my men from my trenches, my quarries, my wharves, and my sheers.  
All I had wrought I abandoned to the faith of the faithless years.  
Only I cut on the timber - only I carved on the stone:  
&lt;i&gt;'After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known! '&lt;/i&gt;

Rudyard Kipling

# The Parting of the Column

We've rode and fought and ate and drunk as rations come to hand,  
Together for a year and more around this stinkin' land:  
Now you are goin' home again, but we must see it through.  
We needn't tell we liked you well. Good-by - good luck to you!

You `ad no special call to come, and so you doubled out,  
And learned us how to camp and cook an' steal a horse and scout.  
What ever game we fancied most, you joyful played it too,  
And rather better of the whole. Good-by - good luck to you!

There isn't much we `aven't shared, since Kruger cut and run,  
The same old work, the same old scoff, the same old dust and sun;  
The same old chance that laid us out, or winked an' let us through;  
The same old Life, the same old Death. Good-by - good luck to you!

Our blood `as truly mixed with yours - all down the Red Cross train.  
We've bit the same thermometer in Bloeming-typhoidtein,  
We've `ad the same old temp'rature - the same relapses too,  
The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good-by - good luck to you!

But `twasn't merely this an' that (which all the world may know),  
'Twas how you talked an' looked at things which made us like you so.  
All independent, queer an' odd, but most amazin' new.  
The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good-by - good luck to you!

Think o' the stories round the fire, the tales along the trek -  
O' Calgary an' Wellin'ton, an' Sydney and Quebec;  
Of mine an' farm, an' ranch an'run, an' moose an' caribou,  
An' parrots peckin' lambs to death! Good-by - good luck to you!

We've seen your `ome by world o' mouth, we've watched your rivers shine,  
We've `eard your bloomin' forests blow of eucalyp' and pine;  
Your young, gay countries north and south, we feel we own `em too,  
For they was made by rank an' file. Good-by - good luck to you!

We'll never read the papers now without inquiren' first  
For word from all those friendly drops where you were born an' nursed.  
Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal - Port Darwin - Timaru,  
They're only just across the road! Good-by - good luck to you!

Good-by! - So-long! Don't lose yourselves - nor us, nor all kind friends,  
But tell the girls your side the drift - we're comin' - when it ends!  
Good-by, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us somethin' new:  
The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-by - good luck to you!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Peace Of Dives

The Word came down to Dives in Torment where he lay:

'Our World is full of wickedness, My Children maim and slay,  
'And the Saint and Seer and Prophet  
'Can make no better of it  
'Than to sanctify and prophesy and pray.

'Rise up, rise up, thou Dives, and take again thy gold,  
'And thy women and thy housen as they were to thee of old.  
'It may be grace hath found thee  
'In the furnace where We bound thee,  
'And that thou shalt bring the peace My Son foretold.'

Then merrily rose Dives and leaped from out his fire,  
And walked abroad with diligence to do the Lord's desire;  
And anon the battles ceased,  
And the captives were released,  
And Earth had rest from Goshen to Gadire.

The Word came down to Satan that raged and roared alone,  
'Mid rhe shouring of the peoples by the cannon overthrown  
(But the Prophets, Saints, and Seers  
Set each other by the ears,  
For each would claim the marvel as his own) :

'Rise up, rise up, thou Satan, upon the Earth to go,  
'And prove the Peace of Dives if it be good or no:  
'For all that he hath planned  
'We deliver to thy hand,  
'As thy skill shall serve, to break it or bring low.'

Then mightily rose Satan, and about the Earth he hied,  
And breathed on Kings in idleness and Princes drunk with pride.  
But for all the wrong he breathed  
There was never sword unsheathed,  
And the fires he lighted flickered out and died.

Then terribly 'rose Satan, and darkened Earth afar,  
Till he came on cunning Dives where the money-changers are;  
And he saw men pledge their gear

For the bold that buys the spear,  
And the helmet and the habergeon of war.

Yea, to Dives came the Persian and the Syrian and the Mede -  
And their hearts were nothing altered, nor their cunning nor their greed -  
And they pledged their flocks and farms  
For the King-compelling arms,  
And Dives lent according to their need.

Then Satan said to Dives: - 'Return again with me,  
'Who hast broken His Commandment in the day He set thee free,  
'Who grindest for thy greed  
'Man's belly-pinch and need,  
'And the blood of Man to filthy usury! '

Then softly answered Dives where the money-changers sit: -  
'My Refuge is Our Master, O My Master in the Pit.  
'But behold all Earth is laid  
'In the Peace which I have made,  
'And behold I wait on thee to trouble it! '

Then angrily turned Satan, and about the Seas he fled,  
To shake the new-sown peoples with insult, doubt, and dread;  
But, for all the sleight he used,  
There was never squadron loosed,  
And the brands he flung flew dying and fell dead.

But to Dives came Atlantis and the Captains of the West -  
And their hates were nothing weakened nor their angers unrest -  
And they pawned their utmost trade  
For the dry, decreeing blade;  
And Dives lent and took of them their best.

Then Satan said to Dives: - 'Declare thou by The Name,  
'The secret of thy subtlety that turneth mine to shame.  
'It is knowvn through all the Hells  
'How my peoples mocked my spells,  
'And my faithless Kings denied me ere I came.'

Then answered cunning Dives: 'Do not gold and hate abide  
'At the heart of every Magic, yea, and senseless fear beside?  
'With gold and fear and hate

'I have harnessed state to state,  
'And by hate and fear and gold their hates are tied.

'For hate men seek a weapon, for fear they seek a shield -  
'Keener blades and broader targes than their frantic neighbours wield -  
'For gold I arm their hands,  
'And for gold I buy their lands,  
'And for gold I sell their enemies the yield.

'Their nearest foes may purchase, or their furthest friends may lease,  
'One by one from Ancient Accad to the Islands of the Seas.  
'And their covenants they make  
'For the naked iron's sake,  
'But I - I trap them armoured into peace.

'The flocks that Egypt pledged me to Assyria I drave,  
'And Pharaoh hath the increase of the herds that Sargon gave.  
'Not for Ashdod overthrown  
'Will the Kings destroy their own,  
'Or their peoples wake the strife they feign to brave.

'Is not Carchemish like Calno? For the steeds of their desire  
'They have sold me seven harvests that I sell to Crowning Tyre;  
'And the Tyrian sweeps the plains  
'With a thousand hired wains,  
'And the Cities keep the peace and - share the hire.

'Hast thou seen the pride of Moab? For the swords about his path,  
'His bond is to Philistia, in half of all he hath.  
'And he dare not draw the sword  
'Till Gaza give the word,  
'And he show release from Askalon and Gath.

'Wilt thou call again thy peoples, wilt thou craze anew thy Kings?  
'Lo! my lightnings pass before thee, and their whistling servant brings,  
'Ere the drowsy street hath stirred,  
'Every masked and midnight word,  
'And the nations break their fast upon these things.

'So I make a jest of Wonder, and a mock of Time and Space,  
'The roofless Seas an hostel, and the Earth a market-place,  
'Where the anxious traders know

'Each is surety for his foe,  
'And none may thrive without his fellows' grace.

'Now this is all my subtlety and this is all my Wit,  
'God give thee good enlightenment. My Master in the Pit.  
'But behold all Earth is laid  
'In the Peace which I have made,  
'And behold I wait on thee to trouble it! '

Rudyard Kipling

# The Penalty

Once in life I watched a Star;  
But I whistled, "Let her go!  
There are others, fairer far,  
Which my favouring skies shall show  
Here I lied, and herein I  
Stood to pay the penalty.

Marvellous the Planets shone  
As I ranged from coast to coast--  
But beyond comparison  
Rode the Star that I had lost.  
I had lied, and only I  
Did not guess the penalty! . . .

When my Heavens were turned to blood,  
When the dark had filled my day,  
Furthest, but most faithful, stood  
That lone Star I cast away.  
I had loved myself, and I  
Have not lived and dare not die!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Pirates In England

When Rome was rotten-ripe to her fall,  
And the sceptre passed from her hand,  
The pestilent Picts leaped over the wall  
To harry the English land.

The little dark men of the mountain and waste,  
So quick to laughter and tears,  
They came panting with hate and haste  
For the loot of five hundred years.

They killed the trader, they sacked the shops,  
They ruined temple and town-  
They swept like wolves through the standing crops  
Crying that Rome was down.

They wiped out all that they could find  
Of beauty and strength and worth,  
But they could not wipe out the Viking's Wind  
That brings the ships from the North.

They could not wipe out the North-East gales  
Nor what those gales set free-  
The pirate ships with their close-reefed sails,  
Leaping from sea to sea.

They had forgotten the shield-hung hull  
Seen nearer and more plain,  
Dipping into the troughs like a gull,  
And gull-like rising again-

The painted eyes that glare and frown  
In the high snake-headed stem,  
Searching the beach while her sail comes down,  
They had forgotten them!

There was no Count of the Saxon Shore  
To meet her hand to hand,  
As she took the beach with a grind and a roar,  
And the pirates rushed inland!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Playmate

She is not Folly -- that I know.  
Her steadfast eyelids tell me so  
When, at the hour the lights divide,  
She steals as summonsed to my side.

When, finger on the pursed lip  
In secret, mirthful fellowship,  
She, heralding new -- framed delights,  
Breathes, "This shall be a Night of Nights!"

Then, out of Time and out of Space,  
Is built an Hour and a Place  
Where all an earnest, baffled Earth  
Blunders and trips to make us mirth;

Whence from the trivial flux of Things,  
Rise unconceived miscarryings,  
Outrageous but immortal, shown,  
Of Her great love, to me alone...

She is not Wisdom, but, maybe,  
Wiser than all the Norns is She:  
And more than Wisdom I prefer  
To wait on Her, -- to wait on Her!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Plea Of The Simla Dancers

Too late, alas! the song  
To remedy the wrong; -  
The rooms are taken from us, swept and  
garnished for their fate.  
But these tear-besprinkled pages  
Shall attest to future ages  
That we cried against the crime of it -  
too late, alas! too late!

'What have we ever done to bear this grudge? '  
Was there no room save only in Benmore  
For docket, duftar, and for office drudge,  
That you usurp our smoothest dancing floor?  
Must babus do their work on polished teak?  
Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill?  
Was there no other cheaper house to seek?  
You might have left them all at Strawberry Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise,  
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;  
And we revolved to divers melodies,  
And we were happy but a year ago.  
To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome wiles -  
That beamed upon us through the deodars -  
Is wan with gazing on official files,  
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

Nay! by the memory of tuneful nights -  
Nay! by the witchery of flying feet -  
Nay! by the glamour of foredone delights -  
By all things merry, musical, and meet -  
By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes -  
By wailing waltz - by reckless gallop's strain -  
By dim verandas and by soft replies,  
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Or - hearken to the curse we lay on you!  
The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your brain,

And murmurs of past merriment pursue  
Your 'wildered clerks that they indite in vain;  
And when you count your poor Provincial millions,  
The only figures that your pen shall frame  
Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions  
Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! 'See Saw' shall upset your estimates,  
'Dream Faces' shall your heavy heads bemuse,  
Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates  
Our temple; fit for higher, worthier use.  
And all the long verandas, eloquent  
With echoes of a score of Simla years,  
Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment -  
Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,  
So shall you toil, and shall accomplish nought,  
And ever in your ears a phantom Band  
Shall blare away the staid official thought.  
Wherefore - and ere this awful curse he spoken,  
Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,  
And give - ere dancing cease and hearts be broken -  
Give us our ravished ball-room back again!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Portent

*Horace, BK. V. Ode 20.*

Oh, late withdrawn from human-kind  
And following dreams we never knew!  
Varus, what dream has Fate assigned  
To trouble you?

Such virtue as commends of law  
Of Virtue to the vulgar horde  
Suffices not. You needs must draw  
A righteous sword;

And, flagrant in well-doing, smite  
The priests of Bacchus at their fane,  
Lest any worshipper invite  
The God again.

Whence public strife and naked crime  
And--deadlier than the cup you shun--  
A people schooled to mock, in time,  
All law--not one.

Cease, then, to fashion State-made sin,  
Nor give thy children cause to doubt  
That Virtue springs from Iron within--  
Not lead without.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Post That Fitted

*Though tangled and twisted the course of true love  
This ditty explains,  
No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve  
If the Lover has brains.*

Ere the seamer bore him Eastward, Sleary was engaged to marry  
An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called "my little Carrie."  
Sleary's pay was very modest; Sleary was the other way.  
Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight poor rupees a day?

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scanty furnished quarters --  
Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's daughters.  
Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,  
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another match.

So they recognised the business and, to feed and clothe the bride,  
Got him made a Something Something somewhere on the Bombay side.  
Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry --  
As the artless Sleary put it: -- "Just the thing for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin -- impulse of a baser mind?  
No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.  
[Of his modus operandi only this much I could gather: --  
"Pears's shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of lather."]

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite  
Sleary with distressing vigour -- always in the Boffkins' sight.  
Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned his ring,  
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened holy joy, --  
Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ, --  
Wired three short words to Carrie -- took his ticket, packed his kit --  
Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long, lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read -- and laughed until she wept --  
Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched epilept." . . .  
Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits

Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop Sleary's fits.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Power Of The Dog

There is sorrow enough in the natural way  
From men and women to fill our day;  
And when we are certain of sorrow in store,  
Why do we always arrange for more?  
Brothers and Sisters, I bid you beware  
Of giving your heart to a dog to tear.

Buy a pup and your money will buy  
Love unflinching that cannot lie--  
Perfect passion and worship fed  
By a kick in the ribs or a pat on the head.  
Nevertheless it is hardly fair  
To risk your heart for a dog to tear.

When the fourteen years which Nature permits  
Are closing in asthma, or tumour, or fits,  
And the vet's unspoken prescription runs  
To lethal chambers or loaded guns,  
Then you will find--it's your own affair--  
But...you've given your heart for a dog to tear.

When the body that lived at your single will,  
With its whimper of welcome, is stilled (how still!);  
When the spirit that answered your every mood  
Is gone--wherever it goes--for good,  
You will discover how much you care,  
And will give your heart for the dog to tear.

We've sorrow enough in the natural way,  
When it comes to burying Christian clay.  
Our loves are not given, but only lent,  
At compound interest of cent per cent.  
Though it is not always the case, I believe,  
That the longer we've kept 'em, the more do we grieve:  
For, when debts are payable, right or wrong,  
A short-time loan is as bad as a long--  
So why in Heaven (before we are there)  
Should we give our hearts to a dog to tear?



# The Prairie

I see the grass shake in the sun for leagues on either hand,  
I see a river loop and run about a treeless land --  
An empty plain, a steely pond, a distance diamond-clear,  
And low blue naked hills beyond. And what is that to fear?"

"Go softly by that river-side or, when you would depart,  
You'll find its every winding tied and knotted round your heart.  
Be wary as the seasons pass, or you may ne'er outrun  
The wind that sets that yellowed grass a-shiver 'neath the Sun."

I hear the summer storm outblown -- the drip of the grateful wheat.  
I hear the hard trail telephone a far-off horse's feet.  
I hear the horns of Autumn blow to the wild-fowl overhead;  
And I hear the hush before the snow. And what is that to dread?"

"Take heed what spell the lightning weaves -- what charm the echoes shape --  
Or, bound among a million sheaves, your soul shall not escape.  
Bar home the door of summer nights lest those high planets drown  
The memory of near delights in all the longed-for town."

"What need have I to long or fear? Now, friendly, I behold  
My faithful seasons robe the year in silver and in gold.  
Now I possess and am possessed of the land where I would be,  
And the curve of half Earth's generous breast shall soothe and ravish me!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Prayer

My brother kneels, so saith Kabir,  
To stone and brass in heathen wise,  
But in my brother's voice I hear  
My own unanswered agonies.  
His God is as his fates assign,  
His prayer is all the world's--and mine.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Prayer Of Miriam Cohen

From the wheel and the drift of Things  
Deliver us, Good Lord,  
And we will face the wrath of Kings,  
The faggot and the sword!

Lay not thy Works before our eyes  
Nor vex us with thy Wars,  
Lest we should feel the straining skies  
O'ertrod by trampling stars.

Hold us secure behind the gates  
Of saving flesh and bone,  
Lest we should dream what Dream awaits  
The Soul escaped alone.

Thy Path, thy Purposes conceal  
From our beleaguered realm  
Lest any shattering whisper steal  
Upon us and o'erwhelm.

A veil 'twixt us and Thee, Good Lord,  
A veil 'twixt us and Thee--  
Lest we should hear too clear, too clear,  
And unto madness see!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Press

The Soldier may forget his Sword,  
The Sailor the Sea,  
The Mason may forget the Word  
And the Priest his Litany:  
The Maid may forget both jewel and gem,  
And the Bride her wedding-dress--  
But the Jew shall forget Jerusalem  
Ere we forget the Press!

Who once hath stood through the loaded hour  
Ere, roaring like the gale,  
The Harrow and the Hoe devour  
Their league-long paper-bale,  
And has lit his pipe in the morning calm  
That follows the midnight stress--  
He hath sold his heart to the old Black Art  
We call the daily Press.

Who once hath dealt in the widest game  
That all of a man can play,  
No later love, no larger fame  
Will lure him long away.  
As the war-horse snuffeth the battle afar,  
The entered Soul, no less,  
He saith: "Ha! Ha!" where the trumpets are  
And the thunders of the Press!

Canst thou number the days that we fulfill,  
Or the Times that we bring forth?  
Canst thou send the lightnings to do thy will,  
And cause them reign on earth?  
Hast thou given a peacock goodly wings,  
To please his foolishness?  
Sit down at the heart of men and things,  
Companion of the Press!

The Pope may launch his Interdict,  
The Union its decree,  
But the bubble is blown and the bubble is pricked

By Us and such as We.  
Remember the battle and stand aside  
While Thrones and Powers confess  
That King over all the children of pride  
Is the Press--the Press--the Press!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Pro-Consuls

*The overfaithful sword returns the user  
His heart's desire at price of his heart's blood.  
The clamour of the arrogant accuser  
Wastes that one hour we needed to make good.  
This was foretold of old at our outgoing;  
This we accepted who have squandered, knowing,  
The strength and glory of our reputations,  
At the day's need, as it were dross, to guard  
The tender and new-dedicate foundations  
Against the sea we fear -- not man's award.*

They that dig foundations deep,  
Fit for realms to rise upon,  
Little honour do they reap  
Of their generation,  
Any more than mountains gain  
Stature till we reach the plain.

With novel before their face  
Such as shroud or sceptre lend --  
Daily in the market-place,  
Of one height to foe and friend --  
They must cheapen self to find  
Ends uncheapened for mankind.

Through the night when hirelings rest,  
Sleepless they arise, alone,  
The unsleeping arch to test  
And the o'er-trusted corner-stone,  
'Gainst the need, they know, that lies  
Hid behind the centuries.

Not by lust of praise or show  
Not by Peace herself betrayed --  
Peace herself must they forego  
Till that peace be fitly made;  
And in single strength uphold  
Wearier hands and hearts acold.

On the stage their act hath framed  
For thy sports, O Liberty!  
Doubted are they, and defamed  
By the tongues their act set free,  
While they quicken, tend and raise  
Power that must their power displace.

Lesser men feign greater goals,  
Failing whereof they may sit  
Scholarly to judge the souls  
That go down into the pit,  
And, despite its certain clay,  
Heave a new world towards the day.

These at labour make no sign,  
More than planets, tides or years  
Which discover God's design,  
Not our hopes and not our fears;  
Nor in aught they gain or lose  
Seek a triumph or excuse.

*For, so the Ark be borne to Zion, who  
Heeds how they perished or were paid that bore it?  
For, so the Shrine abide, what shame -- what pride --  
If we, the priests, were bound or crowned before it?*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Prodigal Son

Here come I to my own again,  
Fed, forgiven and known again,  
Claimed by bone of my bone again  
And cheered by flesh of my flesh.  
The fatted calf is dressed for me,  
But the husks have greater rest for me,  
I think my pigs will be best for me,  
So I'm off to the Yards afresh.

I never was very refined, you see,  
(And it weighs on my brother's mind, you see)  
But there's no reproach among swine, d'you see,  
For being a bit of a swine.  
So I'm off with wallet and staff to eat  
The bread that is three parts chaff to wheat,  
But glory be! - there's a laugh to it,  
Which isn't the case when we dine.

My father glooms and advises me,  
My brother sulks and despises me,  
And Mother catechises me  
Till I want to go out and swear.  
And, in spite of the butler's gravity,  
I know that the servants have it I  
Am a monster of moral depravity,  
And I'm damned if I think it's fair!

I wasted my substance, I know I did,  
On riotous living, so I did,  
But there's nothing on record to show I did  
Worse than my betters have done.  
They talk of the money I spent out there -  
They hint at the pace that I went out there -  
But they all forget I was sent out there  
Alone as a rich man's son.

So I was a mark for plunder at once,  
And lost my cash (can you wonder?) at once,  
But I didn't give up and knock under at once,

I worked in the Yards, for a spell,  
Where I spent my nights and my days with hogs.  
And shared their milk and maize with hogs,  
Till, I guess, I have learned what pays with hogs  
And - I have that knowledge to sell!

So back I go to my job again,  
Not so easy to rob again,  
Or quite so ready to sob again  
On any neck that's around.  
I'm leaving, Pater. Good-bye to you!  
God bless you, Mater! I'll write to you!  
I wouldn't be impolite to you,  
But, Brother, you are a hound!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Progress Of The Spark

*XVIth Circuit -- Donne*

This spark now set, retarded, yet forbears  
To hold her light however so he swears  
That turns a metalled crank, and leather cloked,  
With some small hammers tappeth hither an yon;

Peering as when she showeth and when is gone;  
For wait he must till the vext Power's evoked  
That's one with the lightnings. Wait in the showers soaked;  
Or by the road-side sunned. She'll not progress.  
Poor soul, here taught how great things may by less  
Be stayed, to file contacts doth himself address!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Puzzler

The Celt in all his variants from Builth to Ballyhoo,  
His mental processes are plain--one knows what he will do,  
And can logically predicate his finish by his start;  
But the English--ah, the English!--they are quite a race apart.

Their psychology is bovine, their outlook crude and raw.  
They abandon vital matters to be tickled with a straw;  
But the straw that they were tickled with--the chaff that they were fed with--  
They convert into a weaver's beam to break their foeman's head with.

For undemocratic reasons and for motives not of State,  
They arrive at their conclusions--largely inarticulate.  
Being void of self-expression they confide their views to none;  
But sometimes in a smoking-room, one learns why things were done.

Yes, sometimes in a smoking-room, through clouds of "Ers" an "Ums,"  
Obliquely and by inference, illumination comes,  
On some step that they have taken, or some action they approve  
Embellished with the argot of the Upper Fourth Remove.

In telegraphic sentences half nodded to their friends,  
They hint a matter's inwardness--and there the matter ends.  
And while the Celt is talking from Valencia to Kirkwall,  
The English--ah, the English!--don't say anything at all.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Queen Of Fairy Land

"I have a thousand men," said he,  
"To wait upon my will;  
And towers nine upon the Tyne,  
And three upon the Till."

"And what care I for your men? " said she,  
"Or towers from Tyne to Till?  
Sith you must go with me," said she,  
"To wait upon my will."

And you may lead a thousand men  
Nor ever draw the rein,  
But before you lead the Fairy Queen  
'Twill burst your heart in twain."

He has slipped his foot from the stirrup-bar,  
The bridle from his hand,  
And he is bound by hand and foot  
To the Queen of Fairy Land.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Queen's Men

Valour and Innocence  
Have latterly gone hence  
To certain death by certain shame attended.  
Envy--ah! even to tears! --  
The fortune of their years  
Which, though so few, yet so divinely ended.

Scarce had they lifted up  
Life's full and fiery cup,  
Than they had set it down untouched before them.  
Before their day arose  
They beckoned it to close--  
Close in confusion and destruction o'er them.

They did not stay to ask  
What prize should crown their task--  
Well sure that prize was such as no man strives for;  
But passed into eclipse,  
Her kiss upon their lips--  
Even Belphoebe's, whom they gave their lives for!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Question

<i>1916</i>

Brethren, how shall it fare with me  
When the war is laid aside,  
If it be proven that I am he  
For whom a world has died?

If it be proven that all my good,  
And the greater good I will make,  
Were purchased me by a multitude  
Who suffered for my sake?

That I was delivered by mere mankind  
Vowed to one sacrifice,  
And not, as I hold them, battle-blind,  
But dying with open eyes?

That they did not ask me to draw the sword  
When they stood to endure their lot --  
That they only looked to me for a word,  
And I answered I knew them not?

If it be found, when the battle clears,  
Their death has set me free,  
Then how shall I live with myself through the years  
Which they have bought for me?

Brethren, how must it fare with me,  
Or how am I justified,  
If it be proven that I am he  
For whom mankind has died --  
If it be proven that I am he  
Who, being questioned, denied?

Rudyard Kipling

# The Rabbi's Song

<i>2 Samuel XIV. 14.</i>

If Thought can reach to Heaven,  
On Heaven let it dwell,  
For fear the Thought be given  
Like power to reach to Hell.  
For fear the desolation  
And darkness of thy mind  
Perplex an habitation  
Which thou hast left behind.

Let nothing linger after--  
No whimpering gost remain,  
In wall, or beam, or rafter,  
Of any hate or pain.  
Cleans and call home thy spirit,  
Deny her leave to cast,  
On aught thy heirs inherit,  
The shadow of her past.

For think, in all thy sadness,  
What road our griefs may take;  
Whose brain reflect our madness,  
Or whom our terrors shake:  
For think, lest any languish  
By cause of thy distress--  
The arrows of our anguish  
Fly farther than we guess.

Our lives, our tears, as water,  
Are spilled upon the ground;  
God giveth no man quarter,  
Yet God a means hath found,  
Though Faith and Hope have vanished,  
And even Love grows dim--  
A means whereby His banished  
Be not expelled from Him!



# The Recall

I am the land of their fathers,  
In me the virtue stays.  
I will bring back my children,  
After certain days.

Under their feet in the grasses  
My clinging magic runs.  
They shall return as strangers.  
They shall remain as sons.

Over their heads in the branches  
Of their new-bought, ancient trees,  
I weave an incantation  
And draw them to my knees.

Scent of smoke in the evening,  
Smell of rain in the night--  
The hours, the days and the seasons,  
Order their souls aright,

Till I make plain the meaning  
Of all my thousand years--  
Till I fill their hearts with knowledge,  
While I fill their eyes with tears.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Reeds Of Runnymede

*Magna Charta, June 15, 1215*

At Runnymede, At Runnymede,  
What say the reeds at Runnymede?  
The lissom reeds that give and take,  
That bend so far, but never break,  
They keep the sleepy Thames awake  
With tales of John at Runnymede.

At Runnymede, at Runnymede,  
Oh, hear the reeds at Runnymede:--  
"You mustn't sell, delay, deny,  
A freeman's right or liberty.  
It makes the stubborn Englishry,  
We saw 'em roused at Runnymede!

"When through our ranks the Barons came,  
With little thought of praise or blame,  
But resolute to pay a game,  
They lumbered up to Runnymede;  
And there they launched in solid time  
The first attack on Right Divine--  
The curt, uncompromising 'Sign!'  
That settled John at Runnymede.

"At Runnymede, at Runnymede,  
Your rights were won at Runnymede!  
No freeman shall be fined or bound,  
Or dispossessed or freehold ground,  
Except by lawful judgment found  
And passed upon him by his peers.  
Forget not, after all these years,  
The Charter Signed at Runnymede."

And still when Mob or Monarch lays  
Too rude hand on English ways,  
The whisper wakes, the shudder plays,  
Across the reeds at Runnymede.

And Tames, that knows the moods of kings,  
And crowds and priests and suchlike things,  
Rolls deep and dreadful as he brings  
Their warning down from Runnymede!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Reformers

<i>1901</i>

<i>Not in the camp his victory lies  
Or triumph in the market-place,  
Who is his Nation's sacrifice  
To turn the judgement from his race.</i>

Happy is he who, bred and taught  
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance --  
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,  
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance --

Seese, on the threshold of his days,  
The old life shrivel like a scroll,  
And to unheralded dismays  
Submits his body and his soul;

The fatted shows wherein he stood  
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,  
That he may prove with his own blood  
All that his easy sires denied --

Ultimate issues, primal springs,  
Demands, abasements, penalties --  
The imperishable plinth of things  
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.

For, though ensnaring ritual dim  
His vision through the after-years,  
Yet virtue shall go out of him --  
Example profiting his peers.

With great things charged he shall not hold  
Aloof till great occasion rise,  
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old,  
The Days that are the Destinies.

He shall forswear and put away

The idols of his sheltered house;  
And to Necessity shall pay  
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,  
Nor bind him in another's oath  
To weigh the Word above the Fact,  
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,  
And, long-ingrained effort goad  
To find, to fashion, and fulfil  
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

*Not in the camp his victory lies --  
The world (unheeding his return)  
Shall see it in his children's eyes  
And from his grandson's lips shall learn!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Return

Peace is declared, and I return  
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same;  
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn  
The size and meanin' of the game.  
I did no more than others did,  
I don't know where the change began;  
I started as a average kid,  
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems  
An' not the England of our dreams,  
But only putty, brass, an' paint,  
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er!</i> But she ain't!*

Before my gappin' mouth could speak  
I 'eard it in my comrade's tone;  
I saw it on my neighbour's cheek  
Before I felt it flush my own.  
An' last it come to me--not pride,  
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole  
(If such a term may be applied),  
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

Rivers at night that cluck an' jeer,  
Plains which the moonshine turns to sea,  
Mountains that never let you near,  
An' stars to all eternity;  
An' the quick-breathin' dark that fills  
The 'ollows of the wilderness,  
When the wind worries through the 'ills--  
These may 'ave taught me more or less.

Towns without people, ten times took,  
An' ten times left an' burned at last;  
An' starvin' dogs that come to look  
For owners when a column passed;  
An' quiet, 'omesick talks between  
Men, met by night, you never knew  
Until--'is face--by shellfire seen--

Once--an' struck off. They taught me, too.

The day's lay-out--the mornin' sun  
Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight;  
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,  
An' the full roar that lasts till night;  
An' the pore dead that look so old  
An' was so young an hour ago,  
An' legs tied down before they're cold--  
These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years--  
A thousand Places left be'ind--  
An' Men from both two 'emispheres  
Discussin' things of every kind;  
So much more near than I 'ad known,  
So much more great than I 'ad guessed--  
An' me, like all the rest, alone--  
But reachin' out to all the rest!

So 'ath it come to me--not pride,  
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole  
(If such a term may be applied),  
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.  
But now, discharged, I fall away  
To do with little things again....  
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,  
Look after me in Thamesfontein!

<i>If England was what England seems  
An' not the England of our dreams,  
But only putty, brass, an' paint,  
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er!</i> But she ain't!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Return Of The Children

Neither the harps nor the crowns amused, nor the cherubs' dove-winged races--  
Holding hands forlornly the Children wandered beneath the Dome,  
Plucking the splendid robes of the passers-by, and with pitiful! faces  
Begging what Princes and Powers refused:--"Ah, please will you let us go home?"

Over the jewelled floor, nigh weeping, ran to them Mary the Mother,  
Kneeled and caressed and made promise with kisses, and drew them along to  
the gateway--

Yea, the all-iron unbribeable Door which Peter must guard and none other.  
Straightway She took the Keys from his keeping, and opened and freed them  
straightway.

Then, to Her Son, Who had seen and smiled, She said: "On the night that I bore  
Thee,  
What didst Thou care for a love beyond mine or a heaven that was not my arm?  
Didst Thou push from the nipple, O Child, to hear the angels adore Thee  
When we two lay in the breath of the kine?" And He said -- "Thou hast done no  
harm."

So through the Void the Children ran homeward merrily hand in hand,  
Looking neither to left nor right where the breathless Heavens stood still.  
And the Guards of the Void resheathed their swords, for they heard the  
Command:

"Shall I that have suffered the Children to come to Me hold them against their  
will?"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Rhyme Of The Three Captains

. . . At the close of a winter day,  
Their anchors down, by London town, the Three Great Captains lay;  
And one was Admiral of the North from Solway Firth to Skye,  
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all the lands thereby,  
And one was Master of the Thames from Limehouse to Blackwall,  
And he was Captain of the Fleet -- the bravest of them all.  
Their good guns guarded their great gray sides  
that were thirty foot in the sheer,  
When there came a certain trading-brig with news of a privateer.  
Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift that drives in a Northern breeze,  
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed that spawns in the Eastern seas.  
Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and right she rolled,  
And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and stared at an empty hold.  
"I ha' paid Port dues for your Law," quoth he, "and where is the Law ye boast  
If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to be robbed on a Christian coast?  
Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives as we burn the lice in a bunk,  
We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a plunging Pei-ho junk;  
I had no fear but the seas were clear as far as a sail might fare  
Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig that rode off Finisterre.  
There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun ports to screen the weight he bore,  
And the signals ran for a merchantman from Sandy Hook to the Nore.  
He would not fly the Rovers' flag -- the bloody or the black,  
But now he floated the Gridiron and now he flaunted the Jack.  
He spoke of the Law as he crimped my crew -- he swore it was only a loan;  
But when I would ask for my own again, he swore it was none of my own.  
He has taken my little parrakeets that nest beneath the Line,  
He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-frails and the green unripened pine;  
He has taken my bale of dammer and spice I won beyond the seas,  
He has taken my grinning heathen gods -- and what should he want o' these?  
My foremast would not mend his boom, my deckhouse patch his boats;  
He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle for shoe-peg oats.  
I could not fight for the failing light and a rough beam-sea beside,  
But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp and twice because he lied.  
Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work my Christian harm,  
I had run him up from his quarter-deck to trade with his own yard-arm;  
I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head, and ripped them off with a saw,  
And soused them in the bilgewater, and served them to him raw;  
I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat to rot in the rocking dark,

I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait for his brother shark;  
 I had lapped him round with cocoa husk, and drenched him with the oil,  
 And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze above my spoil;  
 I had stripped his hide for my hammock-side,  
     and tasselled his beard i' the mesh,  
 And spitted his crew on the live bamboo  
     that grows through the gangrened flesh;  
 I had hove him down by the mangroves brown,  
     where the mud-reef sucks and draws,  
 Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait for the land-crab's claws!  
 He is lazar within and lime without, ye can nose him far enow,  
 For he carries the taint of a musky ship -- the reek of the slaver's dhow!"  
 The skipper looked at the tiering guns and the bulwarks tall and cold,  
 And the Captains Three full courteously peered down at the gutted hold,  
 And the Captains Three called courteously from deck to scuttle-butt: --  
 "Good Sir, we ha' dealt with that merchantman or ever your teeth were cut.  
 Your words be words of a lawless race, and the Law it standeth thus:  
 He comes of a race that have never a Law, and he never has boarded us.  
 We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar -- we know that his price is fair,  
 And we know that he weeps for the lack of a Law as he rides off Finisterre.  
 And since he is damned for a gallows-thief by you and better than you,  
 We hold it meet that the English fleet should know that we hold him true."  
 The skipper called to the tall taffrail: -- "And what is that to me?  
 Did ever you hear of a Yankee brig that rifled a Seventy-three?  
 Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck that I lift like a ship o' the Line?  
 He has learned to run from a shotted gun and harry such craft as mine.  
 There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to hold a white man in,  
 But we do not steal the niggers' meal, for that is a nigger's sin.  
 Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or laid in brass on his wheel?  
 Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers?  
 'Fore Gad, then, why does he steal?"  
 The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the word it was not sweet,  
 For he could see the Captains Three had signalled to the Fleet.  
 But three and two, in white and blue, the whimpering flags began: --  
 "We have heard a tale of a -- foreign sail, but he is a merchantman."  
 The skipper peered beneath his palm and swore by the Great Horn Spoon: --  
 "'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would bless my picaroon!"  
 By two and three the flags blew free to lash the laughing air: --  
 "We have sold our spars to the merchantman -- we know that his price is fair."  
 The skipper winked his Western eye, and swore by a China storm: --  
 "They ha' rigged him a Joseph's jury-coat to keep his honour warm."  
 The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunting bellied broad,

The skipper spat in the empty hold and mourned for a wasted cord.  
Masthead -- masthead, the signal sped by the line o' the British craft;  
The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and put her about and laughed: --  
"It's mainsail haul, my bully boys all -- we'll out to the seas again --  
Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or scrub at his grapnel-chain.  
It's fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea,  
and the swing of the unbought brine --  
We'll make no sport in an English court till we come as a ship o' the Line:  
Till we come as a ship o' the Line, my lads, of thirty foot in the sheer,  
Lifting again from the outer main with news of a privateer;  
Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for weft of Admiralty,  
Heaving his head for our dipsey-lead in sign that we keep the sea.  
Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam -- we stand on the outward tack,  
We are paid in the coin of the white man's trade --  
the bezant is hard, ay, and black.  
The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the Kling and the Orang-Laut  
How a man may sail from a heathen coast to be robbed in a Christian port;  
How a man may be robbed in Christian port while Three Great Captains there  
Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag -- to show that his trade is fair!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Rhyme Of The Three Sealers

Away by the lands of the Japanee  
Where the paper lanterns glow  
And the crews of all the shipping drink  
In the house of Blood Street Joe,  
At twilight, when the landward breeze  
Brings up the harbour noise,  
And ebb of Yokohama Bay  
Swigs chattering through the buoys,  
In Cisco's Dewdrop Dining-Rooms  
They tell the tale anew  
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,  
When the ~Baltic~ ran from the ~Northern Light~  
And the ~Stralsund~ fought the two.

Now this is the Law of the Muscovite, that he proves with shot and steel,  
When ye come by his isles in the Smoky Sea ye must not take the seal,  
Where the gray sea goes nakedly between the weed-hung shelves,  
And the little blue fox he is bred for his skin  
and the seal they breed for themselves;  
For when the ~matkas~ seek the shore to drop their pups aland,  
The great man-seal haul out of the sea, a-roaring, band by band;  
And when the first September gales have slaked their rutting-wrath,  
The great man-seal haul back to the sea and no man knows their path.  
Then dark they lie and stark they lie -- rookery, dune, and floe,  
And the Northern Lights come down o' nights to dance with the houseless snow;  
And God Who clears the grounding berg and steers the grinding floe,  
He hears the cry of the little kit-fox and the wind along the snow.  
But since our women must walk gay and money buys their gear,  
The sealing-boats they filch that way at hazard year by year.  
English they be and Japanee that hang on the Brown Bear's flank,  
And some be Scot, but the worst of the lot, and the boldest thieves, be Yank!

It was the sealer ~Northern Light~, to the Smoky Seas she bore,  
With a stovepipe stuck from a starboard port and the Russian flag at her fore.  
(~Baltic~, ~Stralsund~, and ~Northern Light~ --  
oh! they were birds of a feather --  
Slipping away to the Smoky Seas, three seal-thieves together!)  
And at last she came to a sandy cove and the Baltic lay therein,  
But her men were up with the herding seal to drive and club and skin.

There were fifteen hundred skins abeach, cool pelt and proper fur,  
When the ~Northern Light~ drove into the bight  
and the sea-mist drove with her.

The ~Baltic~ called her men and weighed -- she could not choose but run --  
For a stovepipe seen through the closing mist, it shows like a four-inch gun.  
(And loss it is that is sad as death to lose both trip and ship  
And lie for a rotting contraband on Vladivostock slip.)  
She turned and dived in the sea-smother as a rabbit dives in the whins,  
And the ~Northern Light~ sent up her boats to steal the stolen skins.  
They had not brought a load to side or slid their hatches clear,  
When they were aware of a sloop-of-war, ghost-white and very near.  
Her flag she showed, and her guns she showed -- three of them, black, abeam,  
And a funnel white with the crusted salt, but never a show of steam.

There was no time to man the brakes, they knocked the shackle free,  
And the ~Northern Light~ stood out again, goose-winged to open sea.  
(For life it is that is worse than death, by force of Russian law  
To work in the mines of mercury that loose the teeth in your jaw.)  
They had not run a mile from shore -- they heard no shots behind --  
When the skipper smote his hand on his thigh and threw her up in the wind:  
"Bluffed -- raised out on a bluff," said he, "for if my name's Tom Hall,  
You must set a thief to catch a thief -- and a thief has caught us all!  
By every butt in Oregon and every spar in Maine,  
The hand that spilled the wind from her sail was the hand of Reuben Paine!  
He has rigged and trigged her with paint and spar,  
and, faith, he has faked her well --  
But I'd know the ~Stralsund~'s deckhouse yet from here to the booms o' Hell.  
Oh, once we ha' met at Baltimore, and twice on Boston pier,  
But the sickest day for you, Reuben Paine, was the day that you came here --  
The day that you came here, my lad, to scare us from our seal  
With your funnel made o' your painted cloth, and your guns o' rotten deal!  
Ring and blow for the ~Baltic~ now, and head her back to the bay,  
And we'll come into the game again -- with a double deck to play!"

They rang and blew the sealers' call -- the poaching cry of the sea --  
And they raised the ~Baltic~ out of the mist, and an angry ship was she:  
And blind they groped through the whirling white and blind to the bay again,  
Till they heard the creak of the ~Stralsund~'s boom  
and the clank of her mooring chain.  
They laid them down by bitt and boat, their pistols in their belts,  
And: "Will you fight for it, Reuben Paine, or will you share the pelts?"

A dog-toothed laugh laughed Reuben Paine, and bared his flenching-knife.  
"Yea, skin for skin, and all that he hath a man will give for his life;  
But I've six thousand skins below, and Yeddo Port to see,  
And there's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-Three:  
So go in peace to the naked seas with empty holds to fill,  
And I'll be good to your seal this catch, as many as I shall kill!"

Answered the snap of a closing lock and the jar of a gun-butt slid,  
But the tender fog shut fold on fold to hide the wrong they did.  
The weeping fog rolled fold on fold the wrath of man to cloak,  
And the flame-spurts pale ran down the rail as the sealing-rifles spoke.  
The bullets bit on bend and butt, the splinter slivered free  
(Little they trust to sparrow-dust that stop the seal in his sea!),  
The thick smoke hung and would not shift, leaden it lay and blue,  
But three were down on the ~Baltic~'s deck and two of the ~Stralsund~'s crew.  
An arm's-length out and overside the banked fog held them bound,  
But, as they heard or groan or word, they fired at the sound.  
For one cried out on the Name of God, and one to have him cease,  
And the questing volley found them both and bade them hold their peace;  
And one called out on a heathen joss and one on the Virgin's Name,  
And the schooling bullet leaped across and showed them whence they came.  
And in the waiting silences the rudder whined beneath,  
And each man drew his watchful breath slow taken 'tween the teeth --  
Trigger and ear and eye acock, knit brow and hard-drawn lips --  
Bracing his feet by chock and cleat for the rolling of the ships.  
Till they heard the cough of a wounded man that fought in the fog for breath,  
Till they heard the torment of Reuben Paine that wailed upon his death:

"The tides they'll go through Fundy Race but I'll go nevermore  
And see the hogs from ebb-tide mark turn scampering back to shore.  
No more I'll see the trawlers drift below the Bass Rock ground,  
Or watch the tall Fall steamer lights tear blazing up the Sound.  
Sorrow is me, in a lonely sea and a sinful fight I fall,  
But if there's law o' God or man you'll swing for it yet, Tom Hall!"  
Tom Hall stood up by the quarter-rail. "Your words in your teeth," said he.  
"There's never a law of God or man runs north of Fifty-Three.  
So go in grace with Him to face, and an ill-spent life behind,  
And I'll be good to your widows, Rube, as many as I shall find."

A ~Stralsund~ man shot blind and large, and a war-lock Finn was he,  
And he hit Tom Hall with a bursting ball a hand's-breadth over the knee.  
Tom Hall caught hold by the topping-lift, and sat him down with an oath,

"You'll wait a little, Rube," he said, "the Devil has called for both.  
The Devil is driving both this tide, and the killing-grounds are close,  
And we'll go up to the Wrath of God as the holluschickie goes.  
O men, put back your guns again and lay your rifles by,  
We've fought our fight, and the best are down. Let up and let us die!  
Quit firing, by the bow there -- quit! Call off the ~Baltic~'s crew!  
You're sure of Hell as me or Rube -- but wait till we get through."  
There went no word between the ships, but thick and quick and loud  
The life-blood drummed on the dripping decks,  
with the fog-dew from the shroud,  
The sea-pull drew them side by side, gunnel to gunnel laid,  
And they felt the sheerstrakes pound and clear, but never a word was said.

Then Reuben Paine cried out again before his spirit passed:  
"Have I followed the sea for thirty years to die in the dark at last?  
Curse on her work that has nipped me here with a shifty trick unkind --  
I have gotten my death where I got my bread, but I dare not face it blind.  
Curse on the fog! Is there never a wind of all the winds I knew  
To clear the smother from off my chest, and let me look at the blue?"  
The good fog heard -- like a splitten sail, to left and right she tore,  
And they saw the sun-dogs in the haze and the seal upon the shore.  
Silver and gray ran spit and bay to meet the steel-backed tide,  
And pinched and white in the clearing light the crews stared overside.  
O rainbow-gay the red pools lay that swilled and spilled and spread,  
And gold, raw gold, the spent shell rolled between the careless dead --  
The dead that rocked so drunkenwise to weather and to lee,  
And they saw the work their hands had done as God had bade them see.

And a little breeze blew over the rail that made the headsails lift,  
But no man stood by wheel or sheet, and they let the schooners drift.  
And the rattle rose in Reuben's throat and he cast his soul with a cry,  
And "Gone already?" Tom Hall he said. "Then it's time for me to die."  
His eyes were heavy with great sleep and yearning for the land,  
And he spoke as a man that talks in dreams, his wound beneath his hand.  
"Oh, there comes no good o' the westering wind that backs against the sun;  
Wash down the decks -- they're all too red -- and share the skins and run,  
~Baltic~, ~Stralsund~, and ~Northern Light~ -- clean share and share for all,  
You'll find the fleets off Tolstoi Mees, but you will not find Tom Hall.  
Evil he did in shoal-water and blacker sin on the deep,  
But now he's sick of watch and trick and now he'll turn and sleep.  
He'll have no more of the crawling sea that made him suffer so,  
But he'll lie down on the killing-grounds where the holluschickie go.

And west you'll sail and south again, beyond the sea-fog's rim,  
And tell the Yoshiwara girls to burn a stick for him.  
And you'll not weight him by the heels and dump him overside,  
But carry him up to the sand-hollows to die as Bering died,  
And make a place for Reuben Paine that knows the fight was fair,  
And leave the two that did the wrong to talk it over there!"

Half-steam ahead by guess and lead, for the sun is mostly veiled --  
Through fog to fog, by luck and log, sail ye as Bering sailed;  
And if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall plain,  
North and by west, from Zapne Crest, ye raise the Crosses Twain.  
Fair marks are they to the inner bay, the reckless poacher knows  
What time the scarred see-catchie lead their sleek seraglios.  
Ever they hear the floe-pack clear, and the blast of the old bull-whale,  
And the deep seal-roar that beats off-shore above the loudest gale.  
Ever they wait the winter's hate as the thundering ~boorga~ calls,  
Where northward look they to St. George, and westward to St. Paul's.  
Ever they greet the hunted fleet -- lone keels off headlands drear --  
When the sealing-schooners flit that way at hazard year by year.  
Ever in Yokohama port men tell the tale anew  
Of a hidden sea and a hidden fight,  
When the ~Baltic~ ran from the ~Northern Light~  
And the ~Stralsund~ fought the two.

Rudyard Kipling

# The River's Tale

*Prehistoric*

*Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew--  
(Twenty bridges or twenty-two)--  
Wanted to know what the River knew,  
For they were young, and the Thames was old  
And this is the tale that River told:--*

"I walk my beat before London Town,  
Five hours up and seven down.  
Up I go till I end my run  
At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.  
Down I come with the mud in my hands  
And plaster it over the Maplin Sands.  
But I'd have you know that these waters of mine  
Were once a branch of the River Rhine,  
When hundreds of miles to the East I went  
And England was joined to the Continent.

"I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,  
The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,  
And the giant tigers that stalked them down  
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town.  
And I remember like yesterday  
The earliest Cockney who came my way,  
When he pushed through the forest that lined the Strand,  
With paint on his face and a club in his hand.  
He was death to feather and fin and fur.  
He trapped my beavers at Westminster.  
He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer,  
He killed my heron off Lambeth Pier.  
He fought his neighbour with axes and swords,  
Flint or bronze, at my upper fords,  
While down at Greenwich, for slaves and tin,  
The tall Phoenician ships stole in,  
And North Sea war-boats, painted and gay,  
Flashed like dragon-flies, Erith way;  
And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek

Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek,  
And life was gay, and the world was new,  
And I was a mile across at Kew!  
But the Roman came with a heavy hand,  
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,  
And the Roman left and the Danes blew in--  
And that's where your history-books begin!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Roman Centurion's Song

*Roman Occupation of Britain, A.D. 300*

Legate, I had the news last night --my cohort ordered home  
By ships to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.  
I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are stowed below:  
Now let another take my sword. Command me not to go!

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall,  
I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.  
Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour draws near  
That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is here.

Here where men say my name was made, here where my work was done;  
Here where my dearest dead are laid--my wife--my wife and son;  
Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory, service, love,  
Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I remove?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and fields suffice.  
What purple Southern pomp can match our changeful Northern skies,  
Black with December snows unshed or pearled with August haze--  
The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's long-lighted days?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine an olive lean  
Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus clean  
To Arelate's triple gate; but let me linger on,  
Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront Euroclydon!

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-descending pines  
Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene Ocean shines.  
You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but--will you e'er forget  
The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in the wet?

Let me work here for Britain's sake--at any task you will--  
A marsh to drain, a road to make or native troops to drill.  
Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite Border keep,  
Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old messmates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears--My cohort ordered home!

I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in Rome?  
Here is my heart, my soul, my mind--the only life I know.  
I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Rout Of The White Hussars

It was not in the open fight  
We threw away the sword,  
But in the lonely watching  
In the darkness by the ford.  
The waters lapped, the night-wind blew,  
Full-armed the Fear was born and grew,  
And we were flying ere we knew  
From panic in the night.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Rowers

*1899 -- When Germany proposed that England should help her in a naval demonstration to collect debts from Venezuela.*

The banked oars fell an hundred strong,  
And backed and threshed and ground,  
But bitter was the rowers' song  
As they brought the war-boat round.

They had no heart for the rally and roar  
That makes the whale-bath smoke --  
When the great blades cleave and hold and leave  
As one on the racing stroke.

They sang:--What reckoning do you keep,  
And steer by what star,  
If we come unscathed from the Southern deep  
To be wrecked on a Baltic bar?

"Last night you swore our voyage was done,  
But seaward still we go.  
And you tell us now of a secret vow  
You have made with an open foe!

"That we must lie off a lightless coast  
And houl and back and veer  
At the will of the breed that have wrought us most  
For a year and a year and a year!

"There was never a shame in Christendie  
They laid not to our door--  
And you say we must take the winter sea  
And sail with them once more?

"Look South! The gale is scarce o'erpast  
That stripped and laid us down,  
When we stood forth but they stood fast  
And prayed to see us drown.

"Our dead they mocked are scarcely cold,  
Our wounds are bleeding yet--  
And you tell us now that our strength is sold  
To help them press for a debt!

"Neath all the flags of all mankind  
That use upon the seas,  
Was there no other fleet to find  
That you strike bands with these?

"Of evil times that men can choose  
On evil fate to fall,  
What brooding Judgment let you loose  
To pick the worst of all?

"In sight of peace--from the Narrow Seas  
O'er half the world to run--  
With a cheated crew, to league anew  
With the Goth and the shameless Hun!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Run Of The Downs

*The Weald is good, the Downs are best---  
I'll give you the run of 'em, East to West.*  
Beachy Head and Winddoor Hill,  
They were once and they are still.  
Firle Mount Caburn and Mount Harry  
Go back as far as sums 'll carry.  
Ditchling Beacon and Chanctonbury Ring  
They have looked on many a thing,  
And what those two have missed between 'em  
I reckon Truleigh Hill has seen 'em.  
Highden, Bignor and Duncton Down  
Knew Old England before the Crown.  
Linch Down, Treyford and Sunwood  
Knew Old England before the Flood;  
And when you end on the Hampshire side--  
Butser's old as Time and Tide.  
*The Downs are sheep, the Weald is corn,  
You be glad you are Sussex born!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Runes Of Weland's Sword

</i>1906</i>

A smith makes me  
To betray my Man  
In my first fight.

To gather Gold  
At the world's end  
I am sent.

The Gold I gather  
Comes into England  
Out of deep Water.

Like a shining Fish  
Then it descends  
Into deep Water.

It is not given  
For goods or gear,  
But for The Thing.

The Gold I gather  
A King covets  
For an ill use

The Gold I gather  
Is drawn up  
Out of deep Water.

Like a shining Fish  
Then it descends  
Into deep Water.

It is not given  
For goods or gear,  
But for The Thing.



# The Rupaiyat Of Omar Kal'Vin

<i>Allowing for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir A-- told the nation sometime ago, when the Government struck from our incomes two per cent.</i>

Now the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,  
The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;  
So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue  
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues --  
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,  
Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal --  
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!

Pay -- and I promise by the Dust of Spring,  
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring  
Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousandfold --  
By Allah! I will promise Anything!

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before  
I swore -- but did I mean it when I swore?  
And then, and then, We wandered to the Hills,  
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether a Boileaugunge or Babylon,  
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,  
The Items of Receipt grow surely small;  
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do  
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?  
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they please,  
Or Statesmen call me foolish -- Heed not you.

Behold, I promise -- Anything You will.  
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till --  
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity  
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain  
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your Pain  
To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,  
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

"Who hath not Prudence" -- what was it I said,  
Of Her who paints her Eyes and tires Her Head,  
And gibes and mocks and People in the Street,  
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve's daughters -- She  
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be  
Destruction . . . Brethren, of your Bounty  
Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me.*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Sacrifice Of Er-Heb

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai  
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai  
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale  
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.

The story of Bisesa, Armod's child, --  
A maiden plighted to the Chief in War,  
The Man of Sixty Spears, who held the Pass  
That leads to Thibet, but to-day is gone  
To seek his comfort of the God called Budh  
The Silent -- showing how the Sickness ceased  
Because of her who died to save the tribe.

Taman is One and greater than us all,  
Taman is One and greater than all Gods:  
Taman is Two in One and rides the sky,  
Curved like a stallion's croup, from dusk to dawn,  
And drums upon it with his heels, whereby  
Is bred the neighing thunder in the hills.

This is Taman, the God of all Er-Heb,  
Who was before all Gods, and made all Gods,  
And presently will break the Gods he made,  
And step upon the Earth to govern men  
Who give him milk-dry ewes and cheat his Priests,  
Or leave his shrine unlighted -- as Er-Heb  
Left it unlighted and forgot Taman,  
When all the Valley followed after Kysh  
And Yabosh, little Gods but very wise,  
And from the sky Taman beheld their sin.

He sent the Sickness out upon the hills,  
The Red Horse Sickness with the iron hooves,  
To turn the Valley to Taman again.

And the Red Horse snuffed thrice into the wind,  
The naked wind that had no fear of him;  
And the Red Horse stamped thrice upon the snow,  
The naked snow that had no fear of him;

And the Red Horse went out across the rocks,  
The ringing rocks that had no fear of him;  
And downward, where the lean birch meets the snow,  
And downward, where the gray pine meets the birch,  
And downward, where the dwarf oak meets the pine,  
Till at his feet our cup-like pastures lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,  
Dropped as a cloth upon a dead man's face,  
And weltered in the Valley, bluish-white  
Like water very silent -- spread abroad,  
Like water very silent, from the Shrine  
Unlighted of Taman to where the stream  
Is dammed to fill our cattle-troughs -- sent up  
White waves that rocked and heaved and then were still,  
Till all the Valley glittered like a marsh,  
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist  
Knee-deep, so that men waded as they walked.

That night, the Red Horse grazed above the Dam,  
Beyond the cattle-troughs. Men heard him feed,  
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Thus came the Sickness to Er-Heb, and slew  
Ten men, strong men, and of the women four;  
And the Red Horse went hillward with the dawn,  
But near the cattle-troughs his hoof-prints lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,  
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, but rose  
A little higher, to a young girl's height;  
Till all the Valley glittered like a lake,  
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist.

That night, the Red Horse grazed beyond the Dam,  
A stone's-throw from the troughs. Men heard him feed,  
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.  
Thus came the Sickness to Er-Heb, and slew  
Of men a score, and of the women eight,  
And of the children two.

Because the road

To Gorukh was a road of enemies,  
And Ao-Safai was blocked with early snow,  
We could not flee from out the Valley. Death  
Smote at us in a slaughter-pen, and Kysh  
Was mute as Yabosh, though the goats were slain;  
And the Red Horse grazed nightly by the stream,  
And later, outward, towards the Unlighted Shrine,  
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Then said Bisesa to the Priests at dusk,  
When the white mist rose up breast-high, and choked  
The voices in the houses of the dead: --  
"Yabosh and Kysh avail not. If the Horse  
Reach the Unlighted Shrine we surely die.  
Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief,  
Taman!" Here rolled the thunder through the Hills  
And Yabosh shook upon his pedestal.  
"Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief  
Too long." And all were dumb save one, who cried  
On Yabosh with the Sapphire 'twixt His knees,  
But found no answer in the smoky roof,  
And, being smitten of the Sickness, died  
Before the altar of the Sapphire Shrine.

Then said Bisesa: -- "I am near to Death,  
And have the Wisdom of the Grave for gift  
To bear me on the path my feet must tread.  
If there be wealth on earth, then I am rich,  
For Armod is the first of all Er-Heb;  
If there be beauty on the earth," -- her eyes  
Dropped for a moment to the temple floor, --  
"Ye know that I am fair. If there be love,  
Ye know that love is mine." The Chief in War,  
The Man of Sixty Spears, broke from the press,  
And would have clasped her, but the Priests withstood,  
Saying: -- "She has a message from Taman."  
Then said Bisesa: -- "By my wealth and love  
And beauty, I am chosen of the God  
Taman." Here rolled the thunder through the Hills  
And Kysh fell forward on the Mound of Skulls.

In darkness, and before our Priests, the maid

Between the altars cast her bracelets down,  
Therewith the heavy earrings Armod made,  
When he was young, out of the water-gold  
Of Gorukh -- threw the breast-plate thick with jade  
Upon the turquoise anklets -- put aside  
The bands of silver on her brow and neck;  
And as the trinkets tinkled on the stones,  
The thunder of Taman lowed like a bull.

Then said Bisesa, stretching out her hands,  
As one in darkness fearing Devils: -- "Help!  
O Priests, I am a woman very weak,  
And who am I to know the will of Gods?  
Taman hath called me -- whither shall I go?"  
The Chief in War, the Man of Sixty Spears,  
Howled in his torment, fettered by the Priests,  
But dared not come to her to drag her forth,  
And dared not lift his spear against the Priests.  
Then all men wept.

There was a Priest of Kysh  
Bent with a hundred winters, hairless, blind,  
And taloned as the great Snow-Eagle is.  
His seat was nearest to the altar-fires,  
And he was counted dumb among the Priests.  
But, whether Kysh decreed, or from Taman  
The impotent tongue found utterance we know  
As little as the bats beneath the eaves.  
He cried so that they heard who stood without: --  
"To the Unlighted Shrine!" and crept aside  
Into the shadow of his fallen God  
And whimpered, and Bisesa went her way.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,  
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, and rose  
Above the roofs, and by the Unlighted Shrine  
Lay as the slimy water of the troughs  
When murrain thins the cattle of Er-Heb:  
And through the mist men heard the Red Horse feed.

In Armod's house they burned Bisesa's dower,  
And killed her black bull Tor, and broke her wheel,

And loosed her hair, as for the marriage-feast,  
With cries more loud than mourning for the dead.

Across the fields, from Armod's dwelling-place,  
We heard Bisesa weeping where she passed  
To seek the Unlighted Shrine; the Red Horse neighed  
And followed her, and on the river-mint  
His hooves struck dead and heavy in our ears.

Out of the mists of evening, as the star  
Of Ao-Safai climbs through the black snow-blur  
To show the Pass is clear, Bisesa stepped  
Upon the great gray slope of mortised stone,  
The Causeway of Taman. The Red Horse neighed  
Behind her to the Unlighted Shrine -- then fled  
North to the Mountain where his stable lies.

They know who dared the anger of Taman,  
And watched that night above the clinging mists,  
Far up the hill, Bisesa's passing in.

She set her hand upon the carven door,  
Fouled by a myriad bats, and black with time,  
Whereon is graved the Glory of Taman  
In letters older than the Ao-Safai;  
And twice she turned aside and twice she wept,  
Cast down upon the threshold, clamouring  
For him she loved -- the Man of Sixty Spears,  
And for her father, -- and the black bull Tor,  
Hers and her pride. Yea, twice she turned away  
Before the awful darkness of the door,  
And the great horror of the Wall of Man  
Where Man is made the plaything of Taman,  
An Eyeless Face that waits above and laughs.

But the third time she cried and put her palms  
Against the hewn stone leaves, and prayed Taman  
To spare Er-Heb and take her life for price.

They know who watched, the doors were rent apart  
And closed upon Bisesa, and the rain  
Broke like a flood across the Valley, washed

The mist away; but louder than the rain  
The thunder of Taman filled men with fear.

Some say that from the Unlighted Shrine she cried  
For succour, very pitifully, thrice,  
And others that she sang and had no fear.  
And some that there was neither song nor cry,  
But only thunder and the lashing rain.

Howbeit, in the morning men rose up,  
Perplexed with horror, crowding to the Shrine.  
And when Er-Heb was gathered at the doors  
The Priests made lamentation and passed in  
To a strange Temple and a God they feared  
But knew not.

From the crevices the grass  
Had thrust the altar-slabs apart, the walls  
Were gray with stains unclean, the roof-beams swelled  
With many-coloured growth of rottenness,  
And lichen veiled the Image of Taman  
In leprosy. The Basin of the Blood  
Above the altar held the morning sun:  
A winking ruby on its heart: below,  
Face hid in hands, the maid Bisesa lay.

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai  
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai  
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale  
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Sea And The Hills

Who hath desired the Sea? -- the sight of salt water unbounded --  
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?  
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enormous, and growing -  
-

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing --  
His Sea in no showing the same his Sea and the same 'neath each showing:  
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?  
So and no otherwise -- so and no otherwise -- hillmen desire their Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea? -- the immense and contemptuous surges?  
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing bow-sprit emerges?  
The orderly clouds of the Trades, the ridged, roaring sapphire thereunder --  
Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's low-volleying thunder --  
His Sea in no wonder the same his Sea and the same through each wonder:  
His Sea as she rages or stills?  
So and no otherwise -- so and no otherwise -- hillmen desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her menaces swift as her mercies?  
The in-rolling walls of the fog and the silver-winged breeze that disperses?  
The unstable mined berg going South and the calvings and groans that declare it  
--  
White water half-guessed overside and the moon breaking timely to bare it --  
His Sea as his fathers have dared -- his Sea as his children shall dare it:  
His Sea as she serves him or kills?  
So and no otherwise -- so and no otherwise -- hillmen desire their Hills.

Who hath desired the Sea? Her excellent loneliness rather  
Than forecourts of kings, and her outermost pits than the streets where men  
gather  
Inland, among dust, under trees -- inland where the slayer may slay him --  
Inland, out of reach of her arms, and the bosom whereon he must lay him  
His Sea from the first that betrayed -- at the last that shall never betray him:  
His Sea that his being fulfils?  
So and no otherwise -- so and no otherwise -- hillmen desire their Hills.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Sea-Wife

There dwells a wife by the Northern Gate,  
And a wealthy wife is she;  
She breeds a breed o' rovin' men  
And casts them over sea.

And some are drowned in deep water,  
And some in sight o' shore,  
And word goes back to the weary wife  
And ever she sends more.

For since that wife had gate or gear,  
Or hearth or garth or bield,  
She willed her sons to the white harvest,  
And that is a bitter yield.

She wills her sons to the wet ploughing,  
To ride the horse of tree,  
And syne her sons come back again  
Far-spent from out the sea.

The good wife's sons come home again  
With little into their hands,  
But the lore of men that ha' dealt with men  
In the new and naked lands;

But the faith of men that ha' brothered men  
By more than easy breath,  
And the eyes o' men that ha' read wi' men  
In the open books of death.

Rich are they, rich in wonders seen,  
But poor in the goods o' men;  
So what they ha' got by the skin o' their teeth  
They sell for their teeth again.

For whether they lose to the naked life  
Or win to their hearts' desire,  
They tell it all to the weary wife  
That nods beside the fire.

Her hearth is wide to every wind  
That makes the white ash spin;  
And tide and tide and 'tween the tides  
Her sons go out and in;

(Out with great mirth that do desire  
Hazard of trackless ways,  
In with content to wait their watch  
And warm before the blaze);

And some return by failing light,  
And some in waking dream,  
For she hears the heels of the dripping ghosts  
That ride the rough roof-beam.

Home, they come home from all the ports,  
The living and the dead;  
The good wife's sons come home again  
For her blessing on their head!

Rudyard Kipling

## The Second Voyage

We've sent our little Cupids all ashore -  
They were frightened, they were tired, they were cold:  
Our sails of silk and purple go to store,  
And we've cut away our mast of beaten gold  
(Foul weather!)  
Oh 'tis hemp and singing pine for to stand against the brine,  
But Love he is our master as of old!

The sea has shorn our galleries away,  
The salt has soiled our gilding past remede;  
Our paint is flaked and blistered by the spray,  
Our sides are half a fathom furred in weed  
(Foul weather!)  
And the Doves of Venus fled and the petrels came instead,  
But Love he was our master at our need!

'Was Youth would keep no vigil at the bow,  
'Was Pleasure at the helm too drunk to steer -  
We've shipped three able quartermasters now.  
Men call them Custom, Reverence, and Fear  
(Foul weather!)  
They are old and scarred and plain, but we'll run no risk again  
From any Port o' Paphos mutineer!

We seek no more the tempest for delight,  
We skirt no more the indraught and the shoal -  
We ask no more of any day or night  
Than to come with least adventure to our goal  
(Foul weather!)  
What we find we needs must brook, but we do not go to look,  
Nor tempt the Lord our God that saved us whole.

Yet, caring so, not overmuch we care  
To brace and trim for every foolish blast,  
If the squall be pleased to seep us unaware,  
He may bellow off to leeward like the last  
(Foul weather!)  
We will blame it on the deep (for the watch must have their sleep) ,  
And Love can come and wake us when 'tis past.

Oh launch them down with music from the beach,  
Oh warp them out with garlands from the quays -  
Most resolute - a damsel unto each -  
New prows that seek the old Hesperides!  
(Foul weather!)  
Though we know their voyage is vain, yet we see our path again  
In the saffroned bridesails scenting all the seas!  
(Foul weather!)

Rudyard Kipling

# The Secret Of The Machinery

## Modern Machinery

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,  
We were melted in the furnace and the pit-  
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,  
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.  
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,  
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play:  
And now, if you will set us to our task,  
We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,  
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,  
We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,  
We can see and hear and count and read and write!

Would you call a friend from half across the world?  
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,  
You shall see and hear your cracking question hurled  
Across the arch of heaven while you wait.  
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side-  
You can start this very evening if you choose  
And take the Western Ocean in the stride  
O seventy thousand horses and some screws!

The boat-express is waiting your command!  
You will find the Mauritania at the quay,  
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand,  
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head  
And lay their new-cut forests at your feet?  
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,  
Or plant a barren wilderness with wheat?  
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down  
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,  
To work the mills and tramways in your town,  
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?

It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!

Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake,  
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,  
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake.

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,  
We are not built to comprehend a lie,  
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive.  
If you make a slip in handling us you die!  
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings-  
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!-  
Our touch can alter all created things,  
We are everything on earth-except The Gods!

Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes,  
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,  
Because, for all our power and weight and size,  
We are nothing more than children of your brain!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Secret Of The Machinery

## Modern Machinery

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,  
We were melted in the furnace and the pit--  
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,  
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.  
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,  
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play:  
And now, if you will set us to our task,  
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Rudyard Kipling

# The Secret Of The Machines

## Modern Machinery

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,  
We were melted in the furnace and the pit--  
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,  
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to fit.  
Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,  
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play:  
And now, if you will set us to our task,  
We will serve you four and twenty hours a day!

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,  
We can print and plough and weave and heat and light,  
We can run and race and swim and fly and dive,  
We can see and hear and count and read and write!

Would you call a friend from half across the world?  
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,  
You shall see and hear your cracking question hurled  
Across the arch of heaven while you wait.  
Has he answered? Does he need you at his side-  
You can start this very evening if you choose  
And take the Western Ocean in the stride  
O seventy thousand horses and some screws!

The boat-express is waiting your command!  
You will find the Mauritania at the quay,  
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand,  
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

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And lay their new-cut forests at your feet?  
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,  
Or plant a barren wilderness with wheat?  
Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down  
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,  
To work the mills and tramways in your town,  
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?

It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!

Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and quake,  
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,  
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake.

But remember, please, the Law by which we live,  
We are not built to comprehend a lie,  
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive.  
If you make a slip in handling us you die!  
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings-  
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!--  
Our touch can alter all created things,  
We are everything on earth--except The Gods!

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your eyes,  
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Because, for all our power and weight and size,  
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Rudyard Kipling

# The Sergeant's Weddin'

'E was warned agin' 'er --  
That's what made 'im look;  
She was warned agin' 'im --  
That is why she took.  
'Wouldn't 'ear no reason,  
'Went an' done it blind;  
We know all about 'em,  
They've got all to find!

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin' --  
Give 'em one cheer more!  
Grey gun-'orses in the lando,  
An' a rogue is married to, etc.

What's the use o' tellin'  
'Arf the lot she's been?  
'E's a bloomin' robber,  
~An'~ 'e keeps canteen.  
'Ow did 'e get 'is buggy?  
Gawd, you needn't ask!  
'Made 'is forty gallon  
Out of every cask!

Watch 'im, with 'is 'air cut,  
Count us filin' by --  
Won't the Colonel praise 'is  
Pop -- u -- lar -- i -- ty!  
We 'ave scores to settle --  
Scores for more than beer;  
She's the girl to pay 'em --  
That is why we're 'ere!

See the chaplain thinkin'?  
See the women smile?  
Twig the married winkin'  
As they take the aisle?  
Keep your side-arms quiet,  
Dressin' by the Band.  
Ho! You 'oly beggars,

Cough be'ind your 'and!

Now it's done an' over,  
'Ear the organ squeak,  
"~'Voice that breathed o'er Eden~" --  
Ain't she got the cheek!  
White an' laylock ribbons,  
Think yourself so fine!  
I'd pray Gawd to take yer  
'Fore I made yer mine!

Escort to the kerridge,  
Wish 'im luck, the brute!  
Chuck the slippers after --  
[Pity 'tain't a boot!]  
Bowin' like a lady,  
Blushin' like a lad --  
'Oo would say to see 'em  
Both is rotten bad?

Cheer for the Sergeant's weddin' --  
Give 'em one cheer more!  
Grey gun-'orses in the lando,  
An' a rogue is married to, etc.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Servant When He Reigneth

<i>For three things the earth is disquieted, and for four which it cannot bear. For a servant when he reigneth, and a fool when he is filled with meat; for an odious woman when she is married, and an handmaid that is heir to her mistress. -- Prov. XXX. 21-22-23.</i>

Three things make earth unquiet  
And four she cannot brook  
The godly Agur counted them  
And put them in a book --  
Those Four Tremendous Curses  
With which mankind is cursed;  
But a Servant when He Reigneth  
Old Agur entered first.  
An Handmaid that is Mistress  
We need not call upon.  
A Fool when he is full of Meat  
Will fall asleep anon.  
An Odious Woman Married  
May bear a babe and mend;  
But a Servant when He Reigneth  
Is Confusion to the end.

His feet are swift to tumult,  
His hands are slow to toil,  
His ears are deaf to reason,  
His lips are loud in broil.  
He knows no use for power  
Except to show his might.  
He gives no heed to judgment  
Unless it prove him right.

Because he served a master  
Before his Kingship came,  
And hid in all disaster  
Behind his master's name,  
So, when his Folly opens  
The unnecessary hells,  
A Servant when He Reigneth

Throws the blame on some one else.

His vows are lightly spoken,  
His faith is hard to bind,  
His trust is easy broken,  
He fears his fellow-kind.  
The nearest mob will move him  
To break the pledge he gave --  
Oh, a Servant when he Reigneth  
Is more than ever slave!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Settler

*(South African War ended, May, 1902)*

Here, where my fresh-turned furrows run,  
And the deep soil glistens red,  
I will repair the wrong that was done  
To the living and the dead.

Here, where the senseless bullet fell,  
And the barren shrapnel burst,  
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well,  
Against the heat and the thirst.

Here, in a large and a sunlit land,  
Where no wrong bites to the bone,  
I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand,  
And together we will atone  
For the set folly and the red breach  
And the black waste of it all;  
Giving and taking counsel each  
Over the cattle-kraal.

Here will we join against our foes--  
The hailstroke and the storm,  
And the red and rustling cloud that blows  
The locust's mile-deep swarm.  
Frost and murrain and floods let loose  
Shall launch us side by side  
In the holy wars that have no truce  
'Twixt seed and harvest-tide.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,  
Our love shall redeem unto life.  
We will gather and lead to her lips again  
The waters of ancient strife,  
From the far and fiercely guarded streams  
And the pools where we lay in wait,  
Till the corn cover our evil dreams  
And the young corn our hate.

And when we bring old fights to mind,  
We will not remember the sin--  
If there be blood on his head of my kind,  
Or blood on my head of his kin--  
For the ungrazed upland, the untilled lea  
Cry, and the fields forlorn:  
"The dead must bury their dead, but ye-  
Ye serve an host unborn."

Bless then, Our God, the new-yoked plough  
And the good beasts that draw,  
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow  
According to Thy Law.  
After us cometh a multitude--  
Prosper the work of our hands,  
That we may feed with our land's food  
The folk of all our lands!

Here, in the waves and the troughs of the plains,  
Where the healing stillness lies,  
And the vast, benignant sky restrains  
And the long days make wise--  
Bless to our use the rain and the sun  
And the blind seed in its bed,  
That we may repair the wrong that was done  
To the living and the dead!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ship That Found Herself

We now, held in captivity,  
Spring to our bondage nor grieve--  
See now, how it is blesseder,  
Brothers, to give than receive!  
Keep trust, wherefore we were made,  
Paying the debt that we owe;  
For a clean thrust, and the shear of the blade,  
Will carry us where would go.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Shut-Eye Sentry

Sez the Junior Orderly Sergeant  
To the Senior Orderly Man:  
"Our Orderly Orf'cer's ~hokee-mut~,  
You 'elp 'im all you can.  
For the wine was old and the night is cold,  
An' the best we may go wrong,  
So, 'fore 'e gits to the sentry-box,  
You pass the word along."

So it was "Rounds! What Rounds?" at two of a frosty night,  
'E's 'oldin' on by the sergeant's sash, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it was "Pass! All's well!" Oh, ain't 'e drippin' tight!  
'E'll need an affidavit pretty badly by-an'-by.

The moon was white on the barricks,  
The road was white an' wide,  
An' the Orderly Orf'cer took it all,  
An' the ten-foot ditch beside.  
An' the corporal pulled an' the sergeant pushed,  
An' the three they danced along,  
But I'd shut my eyes in the sentry-box,  
So I didn't see nothin' wrong.

Though it was "Rounds! What Rounds?" O corporal, 'old 'im up!  
'E's usin' 'is cap as it shouldn't be used, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it was "Pass! All's well!" Ho, shun the foamin' cup!  
'E'll need, etc.

'Twas after four in the mornin';  
We 'ad to stop the fun,  
An' we sent 'im 'ome on a bullock-cart,  
With 'is belt an' stock undone;  
But we sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out,  
An' a first-class job we made,  
When we saved 'im, smart as a bombardier,  
For six-o'clock parade.

It 'ad been "Rounds! What Rounds?" Oh, shove 'im straight again!  
'E's usin' 'is sword for a bicycle, but, sentry, shut your eye.

An' it was "Pass! All's well!" 'E's called me "Darlin' Jane!"  
'E'll need, etc.

The drill was long an' 'eavy,  
The sky was 'ot an' blue,  
An' 'is eye was wild an' 'is 'air was wet,  
But 'is sergeant pulled 'im through.  
Our men was good old trusties --  
They'd done it on their 'ead;  
But you ought to 'ave 'eard 'em markin' time  
To 'ide the things 'e said!

For it was "Right flank -- wheel!" for "'Alt, an' stand at ease!"  
An' "Left extend!" for "Centre close!" O marker, shut your eye!  
An' it was, "'Ere, sir, 'ere! before the Colonel sees!"  
So he needed affidavits pretty badly by-an'-by.

There was two-an'-thirty sergeants,  
There was corp'ral's forty-one,  
There was just nine 'undred rank an' file  
To swear to a touch o' sun.  
There was me 'e'd kissed in the sentry-box,  
As I 'ave not told in my song,  
But I took my oath, which were Bible truth,  
I 'adn't seen nothin' wrong.

There's them that's 'ot an' 'aughty,  
There's them that's cold an' 'ard,  
But there comes a night when the best gets tight,  
And then turns out the Guard.  
I've seen them 'ide their liquor  
In every kind o' way,  
But most depends on makin' friends  
With Privit Thomas A.!

When it is "Rounds! What Rounds?" 'E's breathin' through 'is nose.  
'E's reelin', rollin', roarin' tight, but, sentry, shut your eye.  
An' it is "Pass! All's well!" An' that's the way it goes:  
We'll 'elp 'im for 'is mother, an' 'e'll 'elp us by-an'-by!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Sing-Song Of Old Man Kangaroo

This is the mouth-filling song of the race that was run by a Boomer.  
Run in a single burst--only event of its kind--  
Started by Big God Nqong from Warrigaborrigarooma,  
Old Man Kangaroo first, Yellow-Dog Dingo behind.

Kangaroo bounded away, his back-legs working like pistons--  
Bounded from morning till dark, twenty-five feet at a bound.  
Yellow-Dog Dingo lay like a yellow cloud in the distance--  
Much too busy to bark. My! but they covered the ground!

Nobody knows where they went, or followed the track that they flew in,  
For that Continent hadn't been given a name.  
They ran thirty degrees from Torres Straits to Leeuwin  
(Look at the Atlas, please then they ran back as they came.

S'posing you could trot from Adelaide to the Pacific  
For an afternoon's run -- half what these gentlemen did--  
You would feel rather hot, but your legs would develop terrific,  
Yes, my importunate son, you'd be a Marvellous Kid!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song At Cock-Crow

<i>1918 -- Ille autem iterum negavit.</i>

The first time that Peter denied his Lord  
He shrank from the cudgel, the scourge and the cord,  
But followed far off to see what they would do,  
Till the cock crew--till the cock crew--  
After Gethsemane, till the cock crew!

The first time that Peter denied his Lord  
'Twas only a maid in the palace who heard,  
As he sat by the fire and warmed himself through.  
Then the cock crew! Then the cock crew!  
("Though also art one of them.") Then the cock crew!

The first time that Peter denied his Lord  
He had neither the Throne, nor the Keys nor the Sword--  
A poor silly fisherman, what could he do,  
When the cock crew--when the cock crew--  
But weep for his wickedness when the cock crew?  
.....

The next time that Peter denied his Lord  
He was Fisher of Men, as foretold by the Word,  
With the Crown on his brow and the Cross on his shoe,  
When the cock crew--when the cock crew--  
<i>In Flanders and Picardy when the cock crew!</i>

The next time that Peter denied his Lord  
'Twas Mary the Mother in Heaven Who heard,  
She grieved for the maidens and wives that they slew  
When the cock crew--when the cock crew--  
<i>At Tirmonde and Aerschott when the cock crew!</i>

The next time that Peter denied his Lord  
The Babe in the Manger awakened and stirred,  
And He stretched out His arms for the playmates  
He knew--  
When the cock crew--when the cock crew--

*But the waters had covered them when the cock crew!*

The next time that Peter denied his Lord  
'Twas Earth in her agony waited his word,  
But he sat by the fire and naught would he do,  
Though the cock crew--though the cock crew--  
*Over all Christendom, though the cock crew!*

The last time that Peter denied his Lord,  
The Father took from him the Keys and the Sword,  
And the Mother and Babe brake his Kingdom in two,  
When the cock crew--when the cock crew--  
*(Because of his wickedness) when the cock crew!*

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Banjo

You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile --  
You mustn't leave a fiddle in the damp --  
You couldn't raft an organ up the Nile,  
And play it in an Equatorial swamp.  
~I~ travel with the cooking-pots and pails --  
~I'm~ sandwiched 'tween the coffee and the pork --  
And when the dusty column checks and tails,  
You should hear me spur the rear-guard to a walk!  
With my "~Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!~"  
[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!]  
So I keep 'em moving forward till they drop;  
So I play 'em up to water and to bed.

In the silence of the camp before the fight,  
When it's good to make your will and say your prayer,  
You can hear my ~strumpty-tumpty~ overnight  
Explaining ten to one was always fair.  
I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd,  
Of the Patently Impossible and Vain --  
And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,  
Give me time to change my leg and go again.  
With my "~Tumpa-tumpa-tumpa-tum-pa tump!~"  
In the desert where the dung-fed camp-smoke curled  
There was never voice before us till I led our lonely chorus,  
I -- the war-drum of the White Man round the world!

By the bitter road the Younger Son must tread,  
Ere he win to hearth and saddle of his own, --  
'Mid the riot of the shearers at the shed,  
In the silence of the herder's hut alone --  
In the twilight, on a bucket upside down,  
Hear me babble what the weakest won't confess --  
I am Memory and Torment -- I am Town!  
I am all that ever went with evening dress!  
With my "~Tunk-a tunka-tunka-tunka-tunk!~"  
[So the lights -- the London Lights -- grow near and plain!]  
So I rowel 'em afresh towards the Devil and the Flesh,  
Till I bring my broken rankers home again.

In desire of many marvels over sea,  
Where the new-raised tropic city sweats and roars,  
I have sailed with Young Ulysses from the quay  
Till the anchor rumbled down on stranger shores.  
He is blooded to the open and the sky,  
He is taken in a snare that shall not fail,  
He shall hear me singing strongly, till he die,  
Like the shouting of a backstay in a gale.

With my "~Hya! Heeya! Heeya! Hullah! Haul!~"

[O the green that thunders aft along the deck!]

Are you sick o' towns and men? You must sign and sail again,  
For it's "Johnny Bowlegs, pack your kit and trek!"

Through the gorge that gives the stars at noon-day clear --  
Up the pass that packs the scud beneath our wheel --  
Round the bluff that sinks her thousand fathom sheer --  
Down the valley with our guttering brakes asqueal:  
Where the trestle groans and quivers in the snow,  
Where the many-shedded levels loop and twine,  
So I lead my reckless children from below  
Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.

With my "~Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!~"

[And the axe has cleared the mountain, croup and crest!]

So we ride the iron stallions down to drink,  
Through the ca]~nons to the waters of the West!

And the tunes that mean so much to you alone --  
Common tunes that make you choke and blow your nose,  
Vulgar tunes that bring the laugh that brings the groan --  
I can rip your very heartstrings out with those;  
With the feasting, and the folly, and the fun --  
And the lying, and the lusting, and the drink,  
And the merry play that drops you, when you're done,  
To the thoughts that burn like irons if you think.

With my "~Plunka-lunka-lunka-lunka-lunk!~"

Here's a trifle on account of pleasure past,  
Ere the wit that made you win gives you eyes to see your sin  
And the heavier repentance at the last!

Let the organ moan her sorrow to the roof --  
I have told the naked stars the Grief of Man!  
Let the trumpets snare the foeman to the proof --

I have known Defeat, and mocked it as we ran!  
My bray ye may not alter nor mistake  
When I stand to jeer the fatted Soul of Things,  
But the Song of Lost Endeavour that I make,  
Is it hidden in the twanging of the strings?  
With my "~Ta-ra-rara-rara-ra-ra-rrrp!~"  
[Is it naught to you that hear and pass me by?]  
But the word -- the word is mine, when the order moves the line  
And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die.

Of the driven dust of speech I make a flame  
And a scourge of broken withes that men let fall:  
For the words that had no honour till I came --  
Lo! I raise them into honour over all!  
By the wisdom of the centuries I speak --  
To the tune of yestermorn I set the truth --  
I, the joy of life unquestioned -- I, the Greek --  
I, the everlasting Wonder Song of Youth!  
With my "~Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!~"  
[What d'ye lack, my noble masters? What d'ye lack?]  
So I draw the world together link by link:  
Yea, from Delos up to Limerick and back!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Cities

## BOMBAY

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen  
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands --  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.

## CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,  
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.  
Hail, England! I am Asia -- Power on silt,  
Death in my hands, but Gold!

## MADRAS

Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,  
Wonderful kisses, so that I became  
Crowned above Queens -- a withered beldame now,  
Brooding on ancient fame.

## RANGOON

Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade?  
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,  
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh 'neath my Shwe Dagon.

## SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my aid  
Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.  
The second doorway of the wide world's trade  
Is mine to loose or bar.

## HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps  
Under innumerable keels to-day.  
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps  
Thy war-ships down the bay!

## HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prows put forth,  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I!

## QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,  
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.  
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,  
And, fearing no man, wait!

## VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,  
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue;  
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true!

## CAPE TOWN

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,  
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,  
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land  
From Lion's Head to Line!

## MELBOURNE

Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place,  
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,  
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race  
That whips our harbour-mouth!

#### SYDNEY

Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to good;  
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness:  
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,  
And at my feet Success!

#### BRISBANE

The northern stirp beneath the southern skies --  
I build a Nation for an Empire's need,  
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,  
Queen over lands indeed!

#### HOBART

Man's love first found me; man's hate made me Hell;  
For my babes' sake I cleansed those infamies.  
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,  
God flung me peace and ease.

#### AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart --  
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles,  
Who wonder 'mid our fern why men depart  
To seek the Happy Isles!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Dead

Hear now the Song of the Dead -- in the North by the torn berg-edges --  
They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-stripped sledges.  
Song of the Dead in the South -- in the sun by their skeleton horses,  
Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust  
of the sear river-courses.

Song of the Dead in the East -- in the heat-rotted jungle hollows,  
Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof --  
in the brake of the buffalo-wallows.

Song of the Dead in the West --  
in the Barrens, the waste that betrayed them,  
Where the wolverene tumbles their packs  
from the camp and the grave-mound they made them;  
Hear now the Song of the Dead!

## I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;  
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.  
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,  
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.  
As the deer breaks -- as the steer breaks -- from the herd where they graze,  
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.  
Then the wood failed -- then the food failed -- then the last water dried --  
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.  
On the sand-drift -- on the veldt-side -- in the fern-scrub we lay,  
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.  
Follow after -- follow after! We have watered the root,  
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!  
Follow after -- we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,  
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.  
Follow after -- follow after -- for the harvest is sown:  
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

When Drake went down to the Horn  
And England was crowned thereby,  
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed  
Our Lodge -- our Lodge was born

(And England was crowned thereby!)

Which never shall close again  
By day nor yet by night,  
While man shall take his life to stake  
At risk of shoal or main  
(By day nor yet by night).

But standeth even so  
As now we witness here,  
While men depart, of joyful heart,  
Adventure for to know  
(As now bear witness here!)

## II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead:  
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now  
But lifts a keel we manned;  
There's never an ebb goes seaward now  
But drops our dead on the sand --  
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,  
From the Ducies to the Swin.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
For that is our doom and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the ~Golden Hind~,  
Or the wreck that struck last tide --  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.

If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The English

Fair is our lot -- O goodly is our heritage!  
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)  
For the Lord our God Most High  
He hath made the deep as dry,  
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!

Yea, though we sinned -- and our rulers went from righteousness --  
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments' hem.  
Oh be ye not dismayed,  
Though we stumbled and we strayed,  
We were led by evil counsellors -- the Lord shall deal with them!

Hold ye the Faith -- the Faith our Fathers seal]ed us;  
Whoring not with visions -- otherwise and overstale.  
Except ye pay the Lord  
Single heart and single sword,  
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!

Keep ye the Law -- be swift in all obedience --  
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.  
Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap where he hath sown;  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!

. . . . .

Hear now a song -- a song of broken interludes --  
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.  
Through the naked words and mean  
May ye see the truth between  
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Little Hunter

Ere Mor the Peacock flutters, ere the Monkey People cry,  
Ere Chil the Kite swoops down a furlong sheer,  
Through the Jungle very softly flits a shadow and a sigh--  
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Very softly down the glade runs a waiting, watching shade,  
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near.  
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now--  
He is Fear, O Little Hunter, he is Fear!

Ere the moon has climbed the mountain, ere the rocks are ribbed with light,  
When the downward-dipping trails are dank and drear,  
Comes a breathing hard behind thee--snuffle-snuffle through the night--  
It is Fear, O Little Hunter it is Fear,  
On thy knees and draw the bow; bid the shrilling arrow go;  
In the empty, mocking thicket plunge the spear!  
But thy hands are loosed and weak, and the blood has left thy cheek--  
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!

When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the slivered pine-trees fall,  
When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and veer,  
Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a voice more loud than all--  
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!  
Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless boulders leap--  
Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf--rib clear--  
But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against thy side  
Hammers: Fear, O Little Hunter--this is Fear!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Old Guard

Know this, my brethren, Heaven is clear  
And all the clouds are gone--  
The Proper Sort shall flourish now,  
Good times are coming on"--  
The evil that was threatened late  
To all of our degree  
Hath passed in discord and debate,  
And, Hey then up go we!

A common people strove in vain  
To shame us unto toil,  
But they are spent and we remain,  
And we shall share the spoil  
According to our several needs  
As Beauty shall decree,  
As Age ordains or Birth concedes,  
And, Hey then up go we!

And they that with accursed zeal  
Our Service would amend,  
Shall own the odds and come to heel  
Ere worse befall their end:  
For though no naked word be wrote  
Yet plainly shall they see  
What pinneth Orders on their coat,  
And, Hey then up go we!

Our doorways that, in time of fear,  
We opened overwide  
Shall softly close from year to year  
Till all be purified;  
For though no fluttering fan be heard  
Nor chaff be seen to flee--  
The Lord shall winnow the Lord's Preferred--  
And, Hey then up go we!

Our altars which the heathen brake  
Shall rankly smoke anew,  
And anise, mint and cummin take

Their dread and sovereign due,  
Whereby the buttons of our trade  
Shall soon restored be  
With curious work in gilt and braid,  
And, Hey then up go we!

Then come, my brethren, and prepare  
The candlesticks and bells,  
The scarlet, brass, and badger's hair  
Wherein our Honour dwells,  
And straitly fence and strictly keep  
The Ark's integrity  
Till Armageddon break our sleep . . .  
And, Hey then go we!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Sons

One from the ends of the earth -- gifts at an open door --  
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more!  
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,  
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed!  
Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so rude?  
Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men of The Blood?

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in --  
We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.  
Not in the dark do we fight -- haggle and flout and gibe;  
Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.  
Gifts have we only to-day -- Love without promise or fee --  
Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Song Of The Women

How shall she know the worship we would do her?  
The walls are high, and she is very far.  
How shall the woman's message reach unto her  
Above the tumult of the packed bazaar?  
Free wind of March, against the lattice blowing,  
Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,  
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city,  
To whatsoe'er fair place she hath her home in,  
Who dowered us with walth of love and pity.  
Out of our shadow pass, and seek her singing --  
"I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing."

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,  
But old in grief, and very wise in tears;  
Say that we, being desolate, entreat her  
That she forget us not in after years;  
For we have seen the light, and it were grievous  
To dim that dawning if our lady leave us.

By life that ebbed with none to stanch the failing  
By Love's sad harvest garnered in the spring,  
When Love in ignorance wept unavailing  
O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;  
By all the grey owl watched, the pale moon viewed,  
In past grim years, declare our gratitude!

By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,  
By fits that found no favor in their sight,  
By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,  
By nameless horrors of the stifling night;  
By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,  
Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain  
If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword;  
If she have given back our sick again.  
And to the breast the wakling lips restored,

Is it a little thing that she has wrought?  
Then Life and Death and Motherhood be nought.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,  
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,  
In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,  
Who have been helped by thee in their need.  
All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat  
Shall be a tasselled floorcloth to thy feet.

Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no rest!  
Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea  
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confessed.  
Of those in darkness by her hand set free.  
Then very softly to her presence move,  
And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and love!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Songs Of The Lathes

The fans and the beltings they roar round me.  
The power is shaking the floor round me  
Till the lathes pick up their duty and the midnight-shift takes over.  
It is good for me to be here!

Guns in Flanders--Flanders guns!  
(I had a man that worked 'em once!)  
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!  
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!  
Shells for guns in Flanders! Feeds the guns!

The cranes and the carriers they boom over me,  
The bays and the galleries they loom over me,  
With their quarter-mile of pillars growing little in the distance--  
It is good for me to be here!

The Zeppelins and Gothas they raid over us.  
Our lights give warning, and fade over us.  
(Seven thousand women keeping quiet in the darkness!)  
Oh, it's good for me to be here.

The roofs and the buildings they grow round me,  
Eating up the fields I used to know round me;  
And the shed that I began in is a sub-inspector's office--  
So long have I been here!

I've seen six hundred mornings make our lamps grow dim,  
Through the bit that isn't painted round our sky-light rim,  
And the sunshine through the window slope according to the seasons,  
Twice since I've been here.

The trains on the sidings they call to us  
With the hundred thousand blanks that they haul to us;  
And we send 'em what we've finished, and they take it where it's wanted,  
For that is why we are here!

Man's hate passes as his love will pass.  
God made Woman what she always was.  
Them that bear the burden they will never grant forgiveness

So long as they are here!

Once I was a woman, but that's by with me.  
All I loved and looked for, it must die with me;  
But the Lord has left me over for a servant of the Judgment,  
And I serve His Judgments here!

Guns in Flanders--Flanders guns!  
(I had a son that worked 'em once!)  
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!  
Shells for guns in Flanders, Flanders!  
Shells for guns in Flanders! Feeds the guns!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Sons Of Martha

The Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have inherited that good part;  
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the careful soul and the troubled  
heart.

And because she lost her temper once, and because she was rude to the Lord her  
Guest,  
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without end, reprieve, or rest.

It is their care in all the ages to take the buffet and cushion the shock.  
It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.  
It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain,  
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main.

They say to mountains ``Be ye removed." They say to the lesser floods ``Be  
dry."

Under their rods are the rocks reprovèd---they are not afraid of that which is  
high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit---then is the bed of the deep laid bare,  
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly sleeping and unaware.

They finger Death at their gloves' end where they piece and repiece the living  
wires.

He rears against the gates they tend: they feed him hungry behind their fires.  
Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into his terrible stall,  
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad and turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these till death is Relief afar.  
They are concerned with matters hidden---under the earthline their altars are---  
The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn to restore to the mouth,  
And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them again at a city's drouth.

They do not preach that their God will rouse them a little before the nuts work  
loose.

They do not preach that His Pity allows them to drop their job when they damn-  
well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the dark and the desert they  
stand,

Wary and watchful all their days that their brethren's ways may be long in the  
land.

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a path more fair or flat;  
Lo, it is black already with the blood some Son of Martha spilled for that!  
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a witness to any creed,  
But simple service simply given to his own kind in their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed---they know the Angels are on their  
side.

They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for them are the Mercies  
multiplied.

They sit at the feet---they hear the Word---they see how truly the Promise runs.  
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and---the Lord He lays it on Martha's  
Sons!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Spies' March

There are not leaders to lead us to honour, and yet without leaders we sally,  
Each man reporting for duty alone, out of sight, out of reach, of his fellow.  
There are no bugles to call the battalions, and yet without bugle we rally  
From the ends of the earth to the ends of the earth, to follow the Standard of  
Yellow!

Fall in! O fall in! O fall in!

Not where the squadrons mass,  
Not where the bayonets shine,  
Not where the big shell shout as they pass  
Over the firing-line;  
Not where the wounded are,  
Not where the nations die,  
Killed in the cleanly game of war --  
That is no place for a spy!  
O Princes, Thrones and Powers, your work is less than ours --  
Here is no place for a spy!

Trained to another use,  
We march with colours furled,  
Only concerned when Death breaks loose  
On a front of half a world.  
Only for General Death  
The Yellow Flag may fly,  
While we take post beneath --  
That is the place for a spy.  
Where Plague has spread his pinions  
Over Nations and Dominions --  
Then will be work for a spy!

The dropping shots begin,  
The single funerals pass,  
Our skirmishers run in,  
The corpses dot the grass!  
The howling towns stampede,  
The tainted hamlets die.  
Now it is war indeed --  
Now there is room for a spy!  
O Peoples, Kings and Lands,

We are waiting your commands --  
What is the work for a spy?  
(Drums) -- Fear is upon us, spy!

"Go where his pickets hide --  
Unmask the shape they take,  
Whether a gnat from the waterside,  
Or a stinging fly in the brake,  
Or filth of the crowded street,  
Or a sick rat limping by,  
Or a smear of spittle dried in the heat --  
That is the work of a spy!  
(Drums) -- Death is upon us, spy!

"What does he next prepare?  
Whence will he move to attack? --  
By water, earth or air? --  
How can we head him back?  
Shall we starve him out if we burn  
Or bury his food-supply?  
Slip through his lines and learn --  
That is work for a spy!  
(Drums) -- Get to your business, spy!

"Does he feint or strike in force?  
Will he charge or ambuscade?  
What is it checks his course?  
Is he beaten or only delayed?  
How long will the lull endure?  
Is he retreating? Why?  
Crawl to his camp and make sure --  
That is the work for a spy!  
(Drums) -- Fetch us our answer, spy!

"Ride with him girth to girth  
Wherever the Pale Horse wheels  
Wait on his councils, ear to earth,  
And say what the dust reveals.  
For the smoke of our torment rolls  
Where the burning thousands lie;  
What do we care for men's bodies or souls?  
Bring us deliverance, spy!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Spring Running

Man goes to Man! Cry the challenge through the Jungle!  
He that was our Brother goes away.  
Hear, now, and judge, O ye People of the Jungle--  
Answer, who can turn him--who shall stay?

Man goes to Man! He is weeping in the Jungle:  
He that was our Brother sorrows sore!  
Man goes to Man! (Oh, we loved him in the Jungle!)  
To the Man-Trail where we may not follow more.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Storm Cone

This is the midnight-let no star  
Delude us-dawn is very far.  
This is the tempest long foretold-  
Slow to make head but sure to hold

Stand by! The lull 'twixt blast and blast  
Signals the storm is near, not past;  
And worse than present jeopardy  
May our forlorn to-morrow be.

If we have cleared the expectant reef,  
Let no man look for his relief.  
Only the darkness hides the shape  
Of further peril to escape.

It is decreed that we abide  
The weight of gale against the tide  
And those huge waves the outer main  
Sends in to set us back again.

They fall and whelm. We strain to hear  
The pulses of her labouring gear,  
Till the deep throb beneath us proves,  
After each shudder and check, she moves!

She moves, with all save purpose lost,  
To make her offing from the coast;  
But, till she fetches open sea,  
Let no man deem that he is free!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Story Of Ung

Once, on a glittering ice-field, ages and ages ago,  
Ung, a maker of pictures, fashioned an image of snow.  
Fashioned the form of a tribesman -- gaily he whistled and sung,  
Working the snow with his fingers. ~Read ye the Story of Ung!~

Pleased was his tribe with that image -- came in their hundreds to scan --  
Handled it, smelt it, and grunted: "Verily, this is a man!  
Thus do we carry our lances -- thus is a war-belt slung.  
Lo! it is even as we are. Glory and honour to Ung!"

Later he pictured an aurochs -- later he pictured a bear --  
Pictured the sabre-tooth tiger dragging a man to his lair --  
Pictured the mountainous mammoth, hairy, abhorrent, alone --  
Out of the love that he bore them, scribing them clearly on bone.

Swift came the tribe to behold them, peering and pushing and still --  
Men of the berg-battered beaches, men of the boulder-hatched hill --  
Hunters and fishers and trappers, presently whispering low:  
"Yea, they are like -- and it may be -- But how does the Picture-man know?"

"Ung -- hath he slept with the Aurochs -- watched where the Mastodon roam?  
Spoke on the ice with the Bow-head -- followed the Sabre-tooth home?  
Nay! These are toys of his fancy! If he have cheated us so,  
How is there truth in his image -- the man that he fashioned of snow?"

Wroth was that maker of pictures -- hotly he answered the call:  
"Hunters and fishers and trappers, children and fools are ye all!  
Look at the beasts when ye hunt them!" Swift from the tumult he broke,  
Ran to the cave of his father and told him the shame that they spoke.

And the father of Ung gave answer, that was old and wise in the craft,  
Maker of pictures aforetime, he leaned on his lance and laughed:  
"If they could see as thou seest they would do what thou hast done,  
And each man would make him a picture, and -- what would become of my son?"

"There would be no pelts of the reindeer, flung down at thy cave for a gift,  
Nor dole of the oily timber that comes on the Baltic drift;  
No store of well-drilled needles, nor ouches of amber pale;  
No new-cut tongues of the bison, nor meat of the stranded whale.

"~Thou~ hast not toiled at the fishing when the sodden trammels freeze,  
Nor worked the war-boats outward through the rush of the rock-staked seas,  
Yet they bring thee fish and plunder -- full meal and an easy bed --  
And all for the sake of thy pictures." And Ung held down his head.

"~Thou~ hast not stood to the Aurochs when the red snow reeks of the fight;  
Men have no time at the houghing to count his curls aright.  
And the heart of the hairy Mammoth, thou sayest, they do not see,  
Yet they save it whole from the beaches and broil the best for thee.

"And now do they press to thy pictures, with opened mouth and eye,  
And a little gift in the doorway, and the praise no gift can buy:  
But -- sure they have doubted thy pictures, and that is a grievous stain --  
Son that can see so clearly, return them their gifts again!"

And Ung looked down at his deerskins -- their broad shell-tasselled bands --  
And Ung drew downward his mitten and looked at his naked hands;  
And he gloved himself and departed, and he heard his father, behind:  
"Son that can see so clearly, rejoice that thy tribe is blind!"

Straight on the glittering ice-field, by the caves of the lost Dordogne,  
Ung, a maker of pictures, fell to his scribing on bone  
Even to mammoth editions. Gaily he whistled and sung,  
Blessing his tribe for their blindness. ~Heed ye the Story of Ung!~

Rudyard Kipling

# The Story Of Uriah

Jack Barrett went to Quetta  
Because they told him to.  
He left his wife at Simla  
On three-fourths his monthly screw.  
Jack Barrett died at Quetta  
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.  
He didn't understand  
The reason of his transfer  
From the pleasant mountain-land.  
The season was September,  
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta  
And there gave up the ghost,  
Attempting two men's duty  
In that very healthy post;  
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him  
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta  
Enjoy profound repose;  
But I shouldn't be astonished  
If now his spirit knows  
The reason of his transfer  
From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call  
Adown the Hurnai throbs,  
And the last grim joke is entered  
In the big black Book of Jobs.  
And Quetta graveyards give again  
Their victims to the air,  
I shouldn't like to be the man  
Who sent Jack Barrett there.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Stranger

The Stranger within my gate,  
He may be true or kind,  
But he does not talk my talk--  
I cannot feel his mind.  
I see the face and the eyes and the mouth,  
But not the soul behind.

The men of my own stock,  
They may do ill or well,  
But they tell the lies I am wanted to,  
They are used to the lies I tell;  
And we do not need interpreters  
When we go to buy or sell.

The Stranger within my gates,  
He may be evil or good,  
But I cannot tell what powers control--  
What reasons sway his mood;  
Nor when the Gods of his far-off land  
Shall repossess his blood.

The men of my own stock,  
Bitter bad they may be,  
But, at least, they hear the things I hear,  
And see the things I see;  
And whatever I think of them and their likes  
They think of the likes of me.

This was my father's belief  
And this is also mine:  
Let the corn be all one sheaf--  
And the grapes be all one vine,  
Ere our children's teeth are set on edge  
By bitter bread and wine.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Survival

Securely, after days  
Unnumbered, I behold  
Kings mourn that promised praise  
Their cheating bars foretold.

Of earth-constructing Wars,  
Of Princes passed in chains,  
Of deeds out-shining stars,  
No word or voice remains.

Yet furthest times receive,  
And to fresh praise restore,  
Mere breath of flutes at eve,  
Mere seaweed on the shore.

A smoke of sacrifice;  
A chosen myrtle-wreath;  
An harlot's altered eyes;  
A rage 'gainst love or death;

Glazed snow beneath the moon --  
The surge of storm-bowed trees--  
The Caesars perished soon,  
And Rome Herself: But these

Endure while Empires fall  
And Gods for Gods make room....  
Which greater God than all  
Imposed the amazing doom?

Rudyard Kipling

# The Thorkild's Song

There's no wind along these seas,  
Out oars for Stavenger!  
Forward all for Stavenger!  
So we must wake the white-ash breeze,  
Let fall for Stavenger!  
A long pull for Stavenger!

Oh, hear the benches creak and strain!  
(A long pull for Stavenger!)  
She thinks she smells the Northland rain!  
(A long pull for Stavenger!)

She thinks she smells the Northland snow,  
And she's as glad as we to go,

She thinks she smells the Northland rime,  
And the dear dark nights of winter-time.

She wants to be at her own home pier,  
To shift her sails and standing gear.

She wants to be in her winter-shed,  
To strip herself and go to bed,

Her very bolts are sick for shore,  
And we-we want it ten times more!

So all you Gods that love brave men,  
Send us a three-reef gale again!

Send us a gale, and watch us come,  
With close-cropped canvas slashing home!

But--there's no wind on all these seas,  
A long pull for Stavenger!  
So we must wake the white-ash breeze,  
A long pull for Stavenger!



# The Thousandth Man

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,  
Will stick more close than a brother.  
And it's worth while seeking him half your days  
If you find him before the other.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend  
On what the world sees in you,  
But the Thousandth man will stand your friend  
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show  
Will settle the finding for 'ee.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go  
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.  
But if he finds you and you find him.  
The rest of the world don't matter;  
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim  
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk  
Than he uses yours for his spendings,  
And laugh and meet in your daily walk  
As though there had been no lendings.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call  
For silver and gold in their dealings;  
But the Thousandth Man h's worth 'em all,  
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,  
In season or out of season.  
Stand up and back it in all men's sight --  
With that for your only reason!  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide  
The shame or mocking or laughter,  
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side  
To the gallows-foot -- and after!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Three-Decker

"~The three-volume novel is extinct.~"

Full thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail.  
It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten sail;  
But, spite all modern notions, I found her first and best --  
The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held the breeze behind us -- 'twas warm with lovers' prayers.  
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs.  
They shipped as Able Bastards till the Wicked Nurse confessed,  
And they worked the old three-decker to the Islands of the Blest.

By ways no gaze could follow, a course unspoiled of Cook,  
Per Fancy, fleetest in man, our titled berths we took  
With maids of matchless beauty and parentage unguessed,  
And a Church of England parson for the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions -- we pumped no hidden shame --  
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came:  
We left the Lord in Heaven, we left the fiends in Hell.  
We weren't exactly Yussufs, but -- Zuleika didn't tell.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared,  
The villain had his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.  
'Twas fiddle in the forc's'le -- 'twas garlands on the mast,  
For every one got married, and I went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples a-kissing on the decks.  
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing cheques.  
In endless English comfort by county-folk caressed,  
I left the old three-decker at the Islands of the Blest!

That route is barred to steamers: you'll never lift again  
Our purple-painted headlands or the lordly keeps of Spain.  
They're just beyond your skyline, howe'er so far you cruise  
In a ram-you-damn-you liner with a brace of bucking screws.

Swing round your aching search-light -- 'twill show no haven's peace.  
Ay, blow your shrieking sirens to the deaf, gray-bearded seas!  
Boom out the dripping oil-bags to skin the deep's unrest --  
And you aren't one knot the nearer to the Islands of the Blest!

But when you're threshing, crippled, with broken bridge and rail,  
At a drogue of dead convictions to hold you head to gale,  
Calm as the Flying Dutchman, from truck to taffrail dressed,  
You'll see the old three-decker for the Islands of the Blest.

You'll see her tiering canvas in sheeted silver spread;  
You'll hear the long-drawn thunder 'neath her leaping figure-head;  
While far, so far above you, her tall poop-lanterns shine  
Unvexed by wind or weather like the candles round a shrine!

Hull down -- hull down and under -- she dwindles to a speck,  
With noise of pleasant music and dancing on her deck.  
All's well -- all's well aboard her -- she's left you far behind,  
With a scent of old-world roses through the fog that ties you blind.

Her crew are babes or madmen? Her port is all to make?  
You're manned by Truth and Science, and you steam for steaming's sake?  
Well, tinker up your engines -- you know your business best --  
~She~'s taking tired people to the Islands of the Blest!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Threshold

In their deepest caverns of limestone  
They pictured the Gods of Food--  
The Horse, the Elk, and the Bison  
That the hunting might be good;  
With the Gods of Death and Terror--  
The Mammoth, Tiger, and Bear.  
And the pictures moved in the torchlight  
To show that the Gods were there!  
But that was before Ionia--  
(Or the Seven Holy Islands of Ionia)  
Any of the Mountains of Ionia,  
Had bared their peaks to the air.

The close years packed behind them,  
As the glaciers bite and grind,  
Filling the new-gouged valleys  
With Gods of every kind.  
Gods of all-reaching power--  
Gods of all-searching eyes--  
But each to be wooed by worship  
And won by sacrifice.  
Till, after many winters, rose Ionia--  
(Strange men brooding in Ionia)  
Crystal-eyed Sages of Ionia  
Who said, "These tales are lies.

"We dream one Breath in all things,  
"That blows all things between.  
"We dream one Matter in all things--  
"Eternal, changeless, unseen.  
"That the heart of the Matter is single  
"Till the Breath shall bid it bring forth--  
"By choosing or losing its neighbour--  
"All things made upon Earth."  
But Earth was wiser than Ionia  
(Babylon and Egypt than Ionia)  
And they overlaid the teaching of Ionia  
And the Truth was choked at birth.

It died at the Gate of Knowledge--  
The Key to the Gate in its hand--  
And the anxious priests and wizards  
Re-blinded the wakening land;  
For they showed, by answering echoes,  
And chasing clouds as they rose,  
How shadows should stand for bulwarks  
Between mankind and its woes.  
It was then that men bethought them of Ionia  
(The few that had not allforgot Ionia)  
Or the Word that was whispered in Ionia;  
And they turned from the shadows and the shows.

They found one Breath in all things,  
That moves all things between.  
They proved one Matter in all things--  
Eternal, changeless, unseen;  
That the heart of the Matter was single  
Till the Breath should bid it bring forth--  
Even as men whispered in Ionia,  
(Resolute, unsatisfied Ionia)  
Ere the Word was stifled in Ionia--  
All things known upon earth!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Totem

Ere the mother's milk had dried  
On my lips the Brethren came--  
Tore me from my nurse's side,  
And bestowed on me a name

Infamously overtrue--  
Such as "Bunny," "Stinker," "Podge";--  
But, whatever I should do,  
Mine for ever in the Lodge.

Then they taught with palm and toe--  
Then I learned with yelps and tears--  
All the Armoured Man should know  
Through his Seven Secret Years...

Last, oppressing as oppressed,  
I was loosed to go my ways  
With a Totem on my breast  
Governing my nights and days--

Ancient and unbribeable,  
By the virtue of its Name--  
Which, however oft I fell,  
Lashed me back into The Game.

And the World, that never knew,  
Saw no more beneath my chin  
Than a patch of rainbow-hue,  
Mixed as Life and crude as Sin.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Tour

Thirteen as twelve my Murray always took--  
He was a publisher. The new Police  
Have neater ways of bringing men to book,  
So Juan found himself before J.P.'s  
Accused of storming through that placed nook  
At practically any pace you please.  
The Dogberry, and the Waterbury, made  
It fifty mile--five pounds. And Juan paid!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Truce Of The Bear

Yearly, with tent and rifle, our careless white men go  
By the Pass called Muttianee, to shoot in the vale below.  
Yearly by Muttianee he follows our white men in --  
Matun, the old blind beggar, bandaged from brow to chin.

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless -- toothless, broken of speech,  
Seeking a dole at the doorway he mumbles his tale to each;  
Over and over the story, ending as he began:  
"Make ye no truce with Adam-zad -- the Bear that walks like a Man!

"There was a flint in my musket -- pricked and primed was the pan,  
When I went hunting Adam-zad -- the Bear that stands like a Man.  
I looked my last on the timber, I looked my last on the snow,  
When I went hunting Adam-zad fifty summers ago!

"I knew his times and his seasons, as he knew mine, that fed  
By night in the ripened maizefield and robbed my house of bread.  
I knew his strength and cunning, as he knew mine, that crept  
At dawn to the crowded goat-pens and plundered while I slept.

"Up from his stony playground -- down from his well-digged lair --  
Out on the naked ridges ran Adam-zad the Bear --  
Groaning, grunting, and roaring, heavy with stolen meals,  
Two long marches to northward, and I was at his heels!

"Two long marches to northward, at the fall of the second night,  
I came on mine enemy Adam-zad all panting from his flight.  
There was a charge in the musket -- pricked and primed was the pan --  
My finger crooked on the trigger -- when he reared up like a man.

"Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,  
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad the Bear!  
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunch's swag and swing,  
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous, pleading thing.

"Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then . . .  
I have looked no more on women -- I have walked no more with men.  
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands that pray --  
From brow to jaw that steel-shod paw, it ripped my face away!

"Sudden, silent, and savage, searing as flame the blow --  
Faceless I fell before his feet, fifty summers ago.  
I heard him grunt and chuckle -- I heard him pass to his den.  
He left me blind to the darkened years and the little mercy of men.

"Now ye go down in the morning with guns of the newer style,  
That load (I have felt) in the middle and range (I have heard) a mile?  
Luck to the white man's rifle, that shoots so fast and true,  
But -- pay, and I lift my bandage and show what the Bear can do!"

(Flesh like slag in the furnace, knobbed and withered and grey --  
Matun, the old blind beggar, he gives good worth for his pay.)  
"Rouse him at noon in the bushes, follow and press him hard --  
Not for his ragings and roarings flinch ye from Adam-zad.

"But (pay, and I put back the bandage) this is the time to fear,  
When he stands up like a tired man, tottering near and near;  
When he stands up as pleading, in wavering, man-brute guise,  
When he veils the hate and cunning of his little, swinish eyes;

"When he shows as seeking quarter, with paws like hands in prayer  
That is the time of peril -- the time of the Truce of the Bear!"

Eyeless, noseless, and lipless, asking a dole at the door,  
Matun, the old blind beggar, he tells it o'er and o'er;  
Fumbling and feeling the rifles, warming his hands at the flame,  
Hearing our careless white men talk of the morrow's game;

Over and over the story, ending as he began: --  
"There is no truce with Adam-zad, the Bear that looks like a Man!"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Two-Sided Man

Much I owe to the Lands that grew--  
More to the Lives that fed--  
But most to Allah Who gave me two  
Separate sides to my head.

Much I reflect on the Good and the True  
In the Faiths beneath the sun,  
But most to Allah Who gave me two  
Sides to my head, not one.

Wesley's following, Calvin's flock,  
White or yellow or bronze,  
Shaman, Ju-ju or Angekok,  
Minister, Mukamuk, Bonze--

Here is a health, my brothers, to you,  
However your prayers are said,  
And praised be Allah Who gave me two  
Separate sides to my head!

I would go without shirt or shoe,  
Friend, tobacco or bread,  
Sooner than lose for a minute the two  
Separate sides of my head!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Ubique

There is a word you often see, pronounce it as you may -  
'You bike,' 'you bikwe,' 'ubbikwe' - alludin' to R.A.  
It serves 'Orse, Field, an' Garrison as motto for a crest,  
An' when you've found out all it means I'll tell you 'alf the rest.

Ubique means the long-range Krupp be'ind the low-range 'ill -  
Ubique means you'll pick it up an', while you do stand, still.  
Ubique means you've caught the flash an' timed it by the sound.  
Ubique means five gunners' 'ash before you've loosed a round.

Ubique means Blue Fuse1, an' make the 'ole to sink the trail. 1extreme range  
Ubique means stand up an' take the Mauser's 'alf-mile 'ail.  
Ubique means the crazy team not God nor man can 'old.  
Ubique means that 'orse's scream which turns your innards cold.

Ubique means 'Bank, 'Olborn, Bank - a penny all the way -  
The soothin' jingle-bump-an'-clank from day to peaceful day.  
Ubique means 'They've caught De Wet, an' now we sha'n't be long.'  
Ubique means 'I much regret, the beggar's going strong!'

Ubique means the tearin' drift where, breech-blocks jammed with mud,  
The khaki muzzles duck an' lift across the khaki flood.  
Ubique means the dancing plain that changes rocks to Boers.  
Ubique means the mirage again an' shellin' all outdoors.

Ubique means 'Entrain at once for Grootdefeatfontein!'  
Ubique means 'Off-load your guns' - at midnight in the rain!  
Ubique means 'More mounted men. Return all guns to store.'  
Ubique means the R.A.M.R. Infantillery Corps!

Ubique means the warnin' grunt the perished linesman knows,  
When o'er 'is strung an' sufferin' front the shrapnel sprays 'is foes,  
An' as their firin' dies away the 'usky whisper runs  
From lips that 'aven't drunk all day: 'The Guns! Thank Gawd, the Guns!'

Extreme, depressed, point-blank or short, end-first or any'ow,  
From Colesberg Kop to Quagga's Poort - from Ninety-Nine till now -

Rudyard Kipling

# The Undertakers

When ye say to Tabaqui, "My Brother!" when ye call the Hyena  
to meat,  
Ye may cry the Full Truce with Jacala - the Belly that runs on  
four feet.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Undertaker's Horse..

The eldest son bestrides him,  
And the pretty daughter rides him,  
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;  
And there kindles in my bosom  
An emotion chill and gruesome  
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,  
But a hideously suggestive  
Trot, professional and placid, he affects;  
And the cadence of his hoof-beats  
To my mind this grim reproof beats: --  
"Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming. Who's the next?"

Ah! stud-bred of ill-omen,  
I have watched the strongest go -- men  
Of pith and might and muscle -- at your heels,  
Down the plantain-bordered highway,  
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)  
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,  
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,  
Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the Force?  
You were at that last dread dak  
We must cover at a walk,  
Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,  
And your curious way of going,  
And that businesslike black crimping of your tail,  
E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,  
Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,  
What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,  
Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast --  
Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the glass --  
Follow after with the others,

Where some dusky heathen smothers  
Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,  
I shall watch your plump sides hollow,  
See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse --  
See old age at last o'erpower you,  
And the Station Pack devour you,  
I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, jibe, and quest, I've  
Still the hideously suggestive  
Trot that hammers out the unrelenting text,  
And I hear it hard behind me  
In what place soe'er I find me: --  
"Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's the next?"

Rudyard Kipling

# The Vampire

A fool there was and he made his prayer  
(Even as you and I!)

To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who did not care),  
But the fool he called her his lady fair  
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste  
And the work of our head and hand,  
Belong to the woman who did not know  
(And now we know that she never could know)  
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent  
(Even as you and I!)  
Honor and faith and a sure intent  
But a fool must follow his natural bent  
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),  
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost  
And the excellent things we planned,  
Belong to the woman who didn't know why  
(And now we know she never knew why)  
And did not understand.

The fool we stripped to his foolish hide  
(Even as you and I!)  
Which she might have seen when she threw him aside --  
(But it isn't on record the lady tried)  
So some of him lived but the most of him died --  
(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white hot brand.  
It's coming to know that she never knew why  
(Seeing at last she could never know why)  
And never could understand.



# The Verdicts

Not in the thick of the fight,  
Not in the press of the odds,  
Do the heroes come to their height,  
Or we know the demi-gods.

That stands over till peace.  
We can only perceive  
Men returned from the seas,  
Very grateful for leave.

They grant us sudden days  
Snatched from their business of war;  
But we are too close to appraise  
What manner of men they are.

And, whether their names go down  
With age-kept victories,  
Or whether they battle and drown  
Unreckoned, is hid from our eyes.

They are too near to be great,  
But our children shall understand  
When and how our fate  
Was changed, and by whose hand.

Our children shall measure their worth.  
We are content to be blind . . .  
But we know that we walk on a new-born earth  
With the saviours of mankind.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Verdicts [jutland]

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Rudyard Kipling

# The Veterans

To-day, across our fathers' graves,  
The astonished years reveal  
The remnant of that desperate host  
Which cleansed our East with steel.

Hail and farewell! We greet you here,  
With tears that none will scorn--  
O Keepers of the House of old,  
Or ever we were born!

One service more we dare to ask--  
Pray for us, heroes, pray,  
That when Fate lays on us our task  
We do not shame the Day!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Vineyard

At the eleventh hour he came,  
But his wages were the same  
As ours who all day long had trod  
The wine-press of the Wrath of God.

When he shouldered through the lines  
Of our cropped and mangled vines,  
His unjaded eye could scan  
How each hour had marked its man.

(Children of the morning-tide  
With the hosts of noon died,  
And our noon contingents lay  
Dead with twilight's spent array.)

Since his back had felt no load ,  
Virtue still in him abode;  
So he swiftly made his own  
Those last spoils we had not won.

We went home delivered thence,  
Grudging him no recompense  
Till he portioned praise of blame  
To our works before he came.

Till he showed us for our good--  
Deaf to mirth, and blind to scorn--  
How we might have best withstood  
Burdens that he had not born!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Virginity

Try as he will, no man breaks wholly loose  
From his first love, no matter who she be.  
Oh, was there ever sailor free to choose,  
That didn't settle somewhere near the sea?

Myself, it don't excite me nor amuse  
To watch a pack o' shipping on the sea;  
But I can understand my neighbour's views  
From certain things which have occurred to me.

Men must keep touch with things they used to use  
To earn their living, even when they are free;  
And so come back upon the least excuse --  
Same as the sailor settled near the sea.

He knows he's never going on no cruise --  
He knows he's done and finished with the sea;  
And yet he likes to feel she's there to use --  
If he should ask her -- as she used to be.

Even though she cost him all he had to lose,  
Even though she made him sick to hear or see,  
Still, what she left of him will mostly choose  
Her skirts to sit by. How comes such to be?

Parsons in pulpits, tax-payers in pews,  
Kings on your thrones, you know as well as me,  
We've only one virginity to lose,  
And where we lost it there our hearts will be!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Voortrekker

The gull shall whistle in his wake, the blind wave break in fire,  
He shall fulfill God's utmost will unknowing His desire;  
And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,  
And give the gale his seaworn sail in shadow of new skies.  
Strong lust of gear shall drive him forth and hunger arm his hand  
To win his food from the desert rude, his foothold from the sand.  
His neighbors' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest,  
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and dispossessed.  
He shall desire loneliness, and his desire shall bring  
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a People, and a King;  
He shall come back in his own track, and by his scarce cooled camp;  
There shall he meet the roaring street, the derrick, and the stamp;  
There he shall blaze a nation's ways with hatchet and with brand,  
Till on his last-won wilderness an Empire's outposts stand!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Wage-Slaves

Oh, glorious are the guarded heights  
Where guardian souls abide--  
Self-exiled from our gross delights--  
Above, beyond, outside:  
An ampler arc their spirit swings--  
Commands a juster view--  
We have their word for all these things,  
No doubt their words are true.

Yet we, the bond slaves of our day,  
Whom dirt and danger press--  
Co-heirs of insolence, delay,  
And leagued unfaithfulness--  
Such is our need must seek indeed  
And, having found, engage  
The men who merely do the work  
For which they draw the wage.

From forge and farm and mine and bench,  
Deck, altar, outpost lone--  
Mill, school, battalion, counter, trench,  
Rail, senate, sheepfold, throne--  
Creation's cry goes up on high  
From age to cheated age:  
"Send us the men who do the work  
"For which they draw the wage!"

Words cannot help nor wit achieve,  
Nor e'en the all-gifted fool,  
Too weak to enter, bide, or leave  
The lists he cannot rule.  
Beneath the sun we count on none  
Our evil to assuage,  
Except the men that do the work  
For which they draw the wage.

When through the Gates of Stress and Strain  
Comes forth the vast Event--  
The simple, sheer, sufficing, sane

Result of labour spent--  
They that have wrought the end unthought  
Be neither saint nor sage,  
But only men who did the work  
For which they drew the wage.

Wherefore to these the Fates shall bend  
(And all old idle things )  
Wherefore on these shall Power attend  
Beyond the grip of kings:  
Each in his place, by right, not grace,  
Shall rule his heritage--  
The men who simply do the work  
For which they draw the wage.

Not such as scorn the loitering street,  
Or waste, to earth its praise,  
Their noontide's unreturning heat  
About their morning ways;  
But such as dower each mortgaged hour  
Alike with clean courage--  
Even the men who do the work  
For which they draw the wage--  
Men, like to Gods, that do the work  
For which they draw the wage--  
Begin-continue-close that work  
For which they draw the wage!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Watcher

Put forth to watch, unschooled, alone,  
'Twixt hostile earth and sky;  
The mottled lizard 'neath the stone  
Is wiser here than I.

What stir across the haze of heat?  
What omen down the wind?  
The buck that break before my feet--  
They know, but I am blind!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Way Through The Woods

They shut the road through the woods  
Seventy years ago.  
Weather and rain have undone it again,  
And now you would never know  
There was once a road through the woods  
Before they planted the trees.  
It is underneath the coppice and heath,  
And the thin anemones.  
Only the keeper sees  
That, where the ring-dove broods,  
And the badgers roll at ease,  
There was once a road through the woods.

Yet, if you enter the woods  
Of a summer evening late,  
When the night-air cools on the trout-ringed pools  
Where the otter whistles his mate.  
(They fear not men in the woods,  
Because they see so few)  
You will hear the beat of a horse's feet,  
And the swish of a skirt in the dew,  
Steadily cantering through  
The misty solitudes,  
As though they perfectly knew  
The old lost road through the woods. . . .  
But there is no road through the woods.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Wet Litany

When the waters' countenance  
Blurs 'twixt glance and second glance;  
When our tattered smokes forerun  
Ashen 'neath a silvered sun;  
When the curtain of the haze  
Shuts upon our helpless ways--  
Hear the Channel Fleet at sea:  
Libera nos Domine!

When the engines' bated pulse  
Scarcely thrills the nosing hulls;  
When the wash along the side  
Sounds, a-sudden, magnified;  
When the intolerable blast  
Marks each blindfold minute passed;

When the fog-buoy's squattering flight  
Guides us 'through the haggard night;  
When the warning bugle blows;  
When the lettered doorway's close;  
When our brittle townships press,  
Impotent, on emptiness;

When the unseen leadsmen lean  
Questioning a deep unseen;  
When their lessened count they tell  
To a bridge invisible;  
When the hid and perilous  
Cliffs return our cry to us;

When the treble thickness spread  
Swallows up our next-ahead;  
When her sirens frightened whine  
Shows her sheering out of line;  
When--her passage undiscerned--  
We must turn where she has turned,  
Hear the Channel Fleet at sea:  
Libera nos Domine!



# The White Man's Burden

Take up the White man's burden --  
Send forth the best ye breed --  
Go bind your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need;  
To wait in heavy harness  
On fluttered folk and wild --  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's burden --  
In patience to abide,  
To veil the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride;  
By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times mad plain.  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden --  
The savage wars of peace --  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease;  
And when your goal is nearest  
The end for others sought,  
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly  
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden --  
No tawdry rule of kings,  
But toil of serf and sweeper --  
The tale of common things.  
The ports ye shall not enter,  
The roads ye shall not tread,  
Go make them with your living,  
And mark them with your dead!

Take up the White man's burden --  
And reap his old reward:  
The blame of those ye better,

The hate of those ye guard --  
The cry of hosts ye humour  
(Ah, slowly!) toward the light: --  
"Why brought ye us from bondage,  
"Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden --  
Ye dare not stoop to less --  
Nor call too loud on freedom  
To cloak your weariness;  
By all ye cry or whisper,  
By all ye leave or do,  
The silent, sullen peoples  
Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden --  
Have done with childish days --  
The lightly proffered laurel,  
The easy, ungrudged praise.  
Comes now, to search your manhood  
Through all the thankless years,  
Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
The judgment of your peers!

Rudyard Kipling

# The White Seal

Oh! hush thee, my baby, the night is behind us,  
And black are the waters that sparkled so green.  
The moon, o'er the combers, looks downward to find us  
At rest in the hollows that rustle between.  
Where billow meets billow, there soft be thy pillow;  
Ah, weary wee flipperling, curl at thy ease!  
The storm shall not wake thee, nor shark overtake thee,  
Asleep in the arms of the slow-swinging seas.

You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old,  
Or your head will be sunk by your heels;  
And summer gales and Killer Whales  
Are bad for baby seals.  
Are bad for baby seals, dear rat,  
As bad as bad can be.  
But splash and grow strong,  
And you can't be wrong,  
Child of the Open Sea!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Widow At Windsor

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor  
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?  
She 'as ships on the foam -- she 'as millions at 'ome,  
An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses,  
There's 'er mark on the medical stores --  
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind be'ind  
That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars! -- barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,  
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the guns,  
The men an' the 'orses what makes up the forces  
O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars! Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,  
For 'alf o' Creation she owns:  
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword an' the flame,  
An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars! -- it's blue with our bones!)

Hands off o' the sons o' the Widow,  
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,  
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors frown  
When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop"!

(Poor beggars! -- we're sent to say "Stop"!)

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the Widow,  
From the Pole to the Tropics it runs --  
To the Lodge that we tile with the rank an' the file,  
An' open in form with the guns.

(Poor beggars! -- it's always they guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor,  
It's safest to let 'er alone:  
For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land  
Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars! -- an' don't we get blown!)

Take 'old o' the Wings o' the Mornin',  
An' flop round the earth till you're dead;

But you won't get away from the tune that they play  
To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars! -- it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the Widow,  
Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they require  
A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars! -- they'll never see 'ome!)

Rudyard Kipling

# The Widower

For a season there must be pain--

For a little, little space  
I shall lose the sight of her face,  
Take back the old life again  
While She is at rest in her place.

For a season this pain must endure,  
For a little, little while  
I shall sigh more often than smile  
Till time shall work me a cure,  
And the pitiful days beguile.

For that season we must be apart,  
For a little length of years,  
Till my life's last hour nears,  
And, above the beat of my heart,  
I hear Her voice in my ears.

But I shall not understand--  
Being set on some later love,  
Shall not know her for whom I strove,  
Till she reach me forth her hand,  
Saying, "Who but I have the right?"  
And out of a troubled night  
Shall draw me safe to the land.

Rudyard Kipling

# The Widow's Party

"Where have you been this while away,  
    Johnnie, Johnnie?"  
'Long with the rest on a picnic lay,  
    Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
They called us out of the barrack-yard  
To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,  
And you can't refuse when you get the card,  
    And the Widow gives the party.  
    (~Bugle~: Ta--rara--ra-ra-rara!)

"What did you get to eat and drink,  
    Johnnie, Johnnie?"  
Standing water as thick as ink,  
    Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
A bit o' beef that were three year stored,  
A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,  
And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,  
    When the Widow give the party.

"What did you do for knives and forks,  
    Johnnie, Johnnie?"  
We carries 'em with us wherever we walks,  
    Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
And some was sliced and some was halved,  
And some was crimped and some was carved,  
And some was gutted and some was starved,  
    When the Widow give the party.

"What ha' you done with half your mess,  
    Johnnie, Johnnie?"  
They couldn't do more and they wouldn't do less,  
    Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
They ate their whack and they drank their fill,  
And I think the rations has made them ill,  
For half my comp'ny's lying still  
    Where the Widow give the party.

"How did you get away -- away,  
    Johnnie, Johnnie?"

On the broad o' my back at the end o' the day,  
    Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
I comed away like a bleedin' toff,  
For I got four niggers to carry me off,  
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,  
    When the Widow give the party.

"What was the end of all the show,  
    Johnnie, Johnnie?"  
Ask my Colonel, for ~I~ don't know,  
    Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!  
We broke a King and we built a road --  
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.  
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed  
    When the Widow give the party.  
    (~Bugle~: Ta--rara--ra-ra-rara!)

Rudyard Kipling

# The Winners

("The Story of the Gadsbys")

What the moral? Who rides may read.  
When the night is thick and the tracks are blind  
A friend at a pinch is a friend, indeed,  
But a fool to wait for the laggard behind.  
Down to Gehenna or up to the Throne,  
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

White hands cling to the tightened rein,  
Slipping the spur from the booted heel,  
Tenderest voices cry " Turn again!"  
Red lips tarnish the scabbarded steel,  
High hopes faint on a warm hearth-stone--  
He travels the fastest who travels alone.

One may fall but he falls by himself--  
Falls by himself with himself to blame.  
One may attain and to him is self--  
Loot of the city in Gold or Fame.  
Plunder of earth shall be all his own  
Who travels the fastest and travels alone.

Wherefore the more ye be helpen-.en and stayed,  
Stayed by a friend in the hour of toil,  
Sing the heretical song I have made--  
His be the labour and yours be the spoil.  
Win by his aid and the aid disown--  
He travels the fastest who travels alone!

Rudyard Kipling

# The Wishing-Caps

Life's all getting and giving,  
I've only myself to give.  
What shall I do for a living?  
I've only one life to live.  
End it? I'll not find another.  
Spend it? But how shall I best?  
Sure the wise plan is to live like a man  
And Luck may look after the rest!  
Largesse! Largesse, Fortune!  
Give or hold at your will.  
If I've no care for Fortune,  
Fortune must follow me still.

Bad Luck, she is never a lady  
But the commonest wench on the street,  
Shuffling, shabby and shady,  
Shameless to pass or meet.  
Walk with her once--it's a weakness!  
Talk to her twice. It's a crime!  
Thrust her away when she gives you "good day"  
And the besom won't board you next time.  
Largesse! Largesse, Fortune!  
What is Your Ladyship's mood?  
If I have no care for Fortune,  
My Fortune is bound to be good!

Good Luck she is never a lady  
But the cursedest quean alive!  
Tricksy, wincing and jady,  
Kittle to lead or drive.  
Greet her--she's hailing a stranger!  
Meet her--she's busking to leave.  
Let her alone for a shrew to the bone,  
And the hussy comes plucking your sleeve!  
Largesse! Largesse, Fortune!  
I'll neither follow nor flee.  
If I don't run after Fortune,  
Fortune must run after me!



# The Young British Soldier

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East  
'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,  
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent deceased  
Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,  
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,  
Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,  
So-oldier ~OF~ the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,  
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,  
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:

A soldier what's fit for a soldier.  
Fit, fit, fit for a soldier . . .

First mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers' huts,  
For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out your guts --  
Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your butts --  
An' it's bad for the young British soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier . . .

When the cholera comes -- as it will past a doubt --  
Keep out of the wet and don't go on the shout,  
For the sickness gets in as the liquor dies out,  
An' it crumples the young British soldier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier . . .

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over'ead:  
You ~must~ wear your 'elmet for all that is said:  
If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you down dead,  
An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool, fool of a soldier . . .

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant unkind,  
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind;  
Be handy and civil, and then you will find  
That it's beer for the young British soldier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier . . .

Now, if you must marry, take care she is old --  
A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm told,  
For beauty won't help if your rations is cold,  
Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.  
'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loath  
To shoot when you catch 'em -- you'll swing, on my oath! --  
Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er: that's Hell for them both,  
An' you're shut o' the curse of a soldier.  
Curse, curse, curse of a soldier . . .

When first under fire an' you're wishful to duck,  
Don't look nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,  
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck  
And march to your front like a soldier.  
Front, front, front like a soldier . . .

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,  
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch;  
She's human as you are -- you treat her as sich,  
An' she'll fight for the young British soldier.  
Fight, fight, fight for the soldier . . .

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine,  
The guns o' the enemy wheel into line,  
Shoot low at the limbers an' don't mind the shine,  
For noise never startles the soldier.  
Start-, start-, startles the soldier . . .

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look white,  
Remember it's ruin to run from a fight:  
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,  
And wait for supports like a soldier.  
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier . . .

When you're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,  
And the women come out to cut up what remains,  
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains  
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.  
Go, go, go like a soldier,  
Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,  
So-oldier ~of~ the Queen!

Rudyard Kipling

# There Was A Small Boy Of Quebec

THERE was a small boy of Quebec,□  
Who was buried in snow to his neck;□  
When they said. &quot;Are you friz?&quot;□  
He replied, &quot;Yes, I is—□  
But we don't call this cold in Quebec.&quot;□

Rudyard Kipling

# Things And The Man

(In Memoriam, Joseph Chamberlain)

1904

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren and they hated him yet the more." -- Genesis xxxvii. 5.

Oh ye who hold the written clue  
To all save all unwritten things,  
And, half a league behind, pursue  
The accomplished Fact with flouts and flings,  
Look! To your knee your baby brings  
The oldest tale since Earth began --  
The answer to your worryings:  
"Once on a time there was a Man."

He, single-handed, met and slew  
Magicians, Armies, Ogres, Kings.  
He lonely 'mid his doubting crew --  
"In all the loneliness of wings " --  
He fed the flame, he filled the springs,  
He locked the ranks, he launched the van  
Straight at the grinning Teeth of Things.  
"Once on a time there was a Man."

The peace of shocked Foundations flew  
Before his ribald questionings.  
He broke the Oracles in two,  
And bared the paltry wires and strings.  
He headed desert wanderings;  
He led his soul, his cause, his clan  
A little from the ruck of Things.  
"Once on a time there was a Man."

Thrones, Powers, Dominions block the view  
With episodes and underlings --  
The meek historian deems them true  
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings --  
The simple central truth that stings

The mob to boo, the priest to ban;  
Things never yet created things --  
"Once on a time there was a Man."

A bolt is fallen from the blue.  
A wakened realm full circle swings  
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew  
Of vast and farborne harvestings;  
And unto him an Empire clings  
That grips the purpose of his plan.  
My Lords, how think you of these things?  
Once -- in our time -- is there a Man?

Rudyard Kipling

# Thorkild's Song

There 's no wind along these seas,  
Out oars for Stavanger!  
Forward all for Stavanger!  
So we must wake the white-ash breeze.  
Let fall for Stavanger!  
A long pull for Stavanger!

Oh, hear the benches creak and strain!  
(A long pull for Stavanger!)  
She thinks she smells the Northland rain!  
(A long pull for Stavanger !)

She thinks she smells the Northland snow,  
And she's as glad as we to go.

She thinks she smells the Northland rime,  
And the dear dark nights of winter-time.

She wants to be at her own home pier,  
To shift her sails and standing gear.

She wants to be in her winter-shed,  
To strip herself and go to bed.

Her very bolts are sick for shore,  
And we—we want it ten times more!

So all you Gods that love brave men,  
Send us a three-reef gale again!

Send us a gale, and watch us come,  
With closecropped canvas slashing home!

But—there's no wind on all these seas,  
A long pull for Stavanger!  
So we must wake the white-ash breeze,  
A long pull for Stavanger!



## Three Friends

There were three friends that buried the fourth,  
The mould in his mouth and the dust in his eyes,  
And they went south and east and north—  
The strong man fights but the sick man dies.

There were three friends that spoke of the dead—  
The strong man fights but the sick man dies—  
"And would he were here with us now," they said,  
"The sun in our face and the wind in our eyes."

Rudyard Kipling

# Thrown Away

Stopped in the straight when the race was his own  
Look at him cutting it--cur to the bone!  
Ask ere the youngster be rated and chidden  
What did he carry and how was he ridden?  
May be they used him too much at the start.  
May be Fate's weight-cloth are breaking his heart.

And some are sulky, while some will plunge.  
<i>(So ho! Steady! Stand still, you!)</i>  
Some you must gentle, and some you must lunge.  
<i>(There! There! Who wants to kill you?)</i>  
Some -- there are losses in every trade --  
Wreck their hearts ere bitted and made,  
Will fight like fiends as the rope cuts hard,  
And die dumb-mad in the breaking-yard.

Rudyard Kipling

# Tiger--Tiger!

What of the hunting, hunter bold?

*Brother, the watch was long and cold.*

What of the quarry ye went to kill?

*Brother, he crows in the jungle still.*

Where is the power that made your pride?

*Brother, it ebbs from my flank and side.*

Where is the haste that ye hurry by?

*Brother, I go to my lair to die!*

Rudyard Kipling

# 'Tin Fish'

(Sea Warfare)

The ships destroy us above  
And ensnare us beneath.  
We arise, we lie down, and we move  
In the belly of Death.

The ships have a thousand eyes  
To mark where we come . . .  
But the mirth of a seaport dies  
When our blow gets home.

Rudyard Kipling

## To A Lady, Persuading Her To A Car

Love's fiery chariot, Delia, take  
Which Vulcan wrought for Venus' sake.  
Wings shall not waft thee, but a flame  
Hot as my heart--as nobly tame:  
Lit by a spark, less bright, more wise  
Than linked lightnings of thine eyes!  
Seated and ready to be drawn  
Come not in muslins, lace or lawn,  
But, for thy thrice imperial worth,  
Take all the sables of the North,  
With frozen diamonds belted on,  
To face extreme Euroclydon!  
Thus in our thund'ring toy we'll prove  
Which is more blind, the Law or Love;  
And may the jealous Gods prevent  
Our fierce and uncontroled descent!

Rudyard Kipling

# To James Whitcomb Riley

Your trail runs to the westward,  
And mine to my own place;  
There is water between our lodges,  
And I have not seen your face.

But since I have read your verses  
'Tis easy to guess the rest,--  
Because in the hearts of the children  
There is neither East nor West.

Born to a thousand fortunes  
Of good or evil hap,  
Once they were kings together,  
Throned in a mother's lap.

Surely they know that secret--  
Yellow and black and white--  
When they meet as kings together  
In innocent dreams at night.

By a moon they all can play with--  
Grubby and grimed and unshod,  
Very happy together,  
And very near to God.

Your trail runs to the westward,  
And mine to my own place:  
There is water between our lodges,  
And you cannot see my face.--

And that is well--for crying  
Should neither be written nor seen,  
But if I call you Smoke-in-the-Eyes,  
I know you will know what I mean.

Rudyard Kipling

## To Motorists

Since ye distemper and defile  
Sweet Here by the measured mile,  
Nor aught on jocund highways heed  
Except the evidence of speed;  
And bear about your dreadful task  
Faces beshrouded 'neath a mask;  
Great goblin eyes and glue hands  
And souls enslaved to gears and bands;  
Here shall no graver curse be said  
Than, though y'are quick, that ye are dead!

Rudyard Kipling

## To T. A.

I have made for you a song,  
And it may be right or wrong,  
But only you can tell me if it's true;  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

O there'll surely come a day  
When they'll give you all your pay,  
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;  
So, until that day comes round,  
Heaven keep you safe and sound,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

Rudyard Kipling

# To The City Of Bombay

The Cities are full of pride,  
Challenging each to each --  
This from her mountain-side,  
That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships full tale --  
Their corn and oil and wine,  
Derrick and loom and bale,  
And rampart's gun-flecked line;  
City by City they hail:  
"Hast aught to match with mine?"

And the men that breed from them  
They traffic up and down,  
But cling to their cities' hem  
As a child to their mother's gown.

When they talk with the stranger bands,  
Dazed and newly alone;  
When they walk in the stranger lands,  
By roaring streets unknown;  
Blessing her where she stands  
For strength above their own.

(On high to hold her fame  
That stands all fame beyond,  
By oath to back the same,  
Most faithful-foolish-fond;  
Making her mere-breathed name  
Their bond upon their bond.)

So thank I God my birth  
Fell not in isles aside --  
Waste headlands of the earth,  
Or warring tribes untried --  
But that she lent me worth  
And gave me right to pride.

Surely in toil or fray

Under an alien sky,  
Comfort it is to say:  
"Of no mean city am I!"

(Neither by service nor fee  
Come I to mine estate --  
Mother of Cities to me,  
For I was born in her gate,  
Between the palms and the sea,  
Where the world-end steamers wait.)

Now for this debt I owe,  
And for her far-borne cheer  
Must I make haste and go  
With tribute to her pier.

And she shall touch and remit  
After the use of kings  
(Orderly, ancient, fit)  
My deep-sea plunderings,  
And purchase in all lands.  
And this we do for a sign  
Her power is over mine,  
And mine I hold at her hands!

Rudyard Kipling

# To The Companions

How comes it that, at even-tide,  
When level beams should show most truth,  
Man, failing, takes unfailing pride  
In memories of his frolic youth?

Venus and Liber fill their hour;  
The games engage, the law-courts prove;  
Till hardened life breeds love of power  
Or Avarice, Age's final love.

Yet at the end, these comfort not--  
Nor any triumph Fate decrees--  
Compared with glorious, unforgot--  
Ten innocent enormities

Of frontless days before the beard,  
When, instant on the casual jest,  
The God Himself of Mirth appeared  
And snatched us to His heaving breast

And we--not caring who He was  
But certain He would come again--  
Accepted all He brought to pass  
As Gods accept the lives of men...

Then He withdrew from sight and speech,  
Nor left a shrine. How comes it now,  
While Charon's keel grates on the beach,  
He calls so clear: "Rememberest thou?"

Rudyard Kipling

# To The True Romance

Thy face is far from this our war,  
Our call and counter-cry,  
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,  
Nor know Thee till I die,  
Enough for me in dreams to see  
And touch Thy garments' hem:  
Thy feet have trod so near to God  
I may not follow them.

Through wantonness if men profess  
They weary of Thy parts,  
E'en let them die at blasphemy  
And perish with their arts;  
But we that love, but we that prove  
Thine excellence august,  
While we adore discover more  
Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's Spirit stirred  
Beyond his belly-need,  
What is it Thine of fair design  
In thought and craft and deed;  
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,  
That was and that shall be,  
And hope too high, wherefore we die,  
Has birth and worth in Thee.

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee  
To gild his dross thereby,  
And knowledge sure that he endure  
A child until he die --  
For to make plain that man's disdain  
Is but new Beauty's birth --  
For to possess in loneliness  
The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech  
And Life all mystery,  
So shalt Thou rule by every school

Till love and longing die,  
Who wast or yet the Lights were set,  
A whisper in the Void,  
Who shalt be sung through planets young  
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,  
Across the pressing dark,  
The children wise of outer skies  
Look hitherward and mark  
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,  
Rekindling thus and thus,  
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne  
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide  
The servant of Thy will;  
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme  
The ranging stars stand still --  
Regent of spheres that lock our fears,  
Our hopes invisible,  
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees  
We fashioned Heaven and Hell!

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path  
That lacks thy morning-eyne,  
And captains bold by Thee controlled  
Most like to Gods design;  
Thou art the Voice to kingly boys  
To lift them through the fight,  
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,  
To give the dead good-night --

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law  
And Man's infirmity,  
A shadow kind to dumb and blind  
The shambles where we die;  
A rule to trick th' arithmetic  
Too base of leaguings odds --  
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,  
Thou handmaid of the Gods!

O Charity, all patiently  
Abiding wrack and scaith!  
O Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats  
Yet drops no jot of faith!  
Devil and brute Thou dost transmute  
To higher, lordlier show,  
Who art in sooth that lovely Truth  
The careless angels know!

Thy face is far from this our war,  
Our call and counter-cry,  
I may not find Thee quick and kind,  
Nor know Thee till I die.

Yet may I look with heart unshook  
On blow brought home or missed --  
Yet may I hear with equal ear  
The clarions down the List;  
Yet set my lance above mischance  
And ride the barriere --  
Oh, hit or miss, how little 'tis,  
My Lady is not there!

Rudyard Kipling

# To The Unknown Goddess

Will you conquer my heart with your beauty; my soul going out from afar?  
Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty and cautious shikar?

Have I met you and passed you already, unknowing, unthinking and blind?  
Shall I meet you next session at Simla, O sweetest and best of your kind?

Does the P. and O. bear you to meward, or, clad in short frocks in the West,  
Are you growing the charms that shall capture and torture the heart in my  
breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September -- my passion as warm as the day?  
Will you bring me to book on the Mountains, or where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid the mean lesser lights I pursue,  
And the charm of your presence shall lure me from love of the gay "thirteen-  
two";

When the peg and the pig-skin shall please not; when I buy me Calcutta-build  
clothes;  
When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses; foreswearing the swearing of oaths ;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I turn 'mid the gibes of my friends;  
When the days of my freedom are numbered, and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah, Goddess! child, spinster, or widow -- as of old on Mars Hill when they raised  
To the God that they knew not an altar -- so I, a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if half that men tell me be true,  
You will come in the future, and therefore these verses are written to you.

Rudyard Kipling

# To Thomas Atkins

## PRELUDE TO "BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS"

I have made for you a song  
And it may be right or wrong,  
But only you can tell me if it's true.  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

O there'll surely come a day  
When they'll give you all your pay,  
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;  
So, until that day comes round,  
Heaven keep you safe and sound,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

Rudyard Kipling

# To Wolcott Balestier

Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled --  
Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled --  
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died, they know the worth of their bays,  
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the Elder Days,  
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's outposts are,  
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes out to war,  
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth --  
    they dare not grieve for her pain --  
They know of toil and the end of toil, they know God's law is plain,  
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that Sin is vain.

And oftentimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,  
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;  
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame --  
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to Fame,  
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth --  
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,  
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high  
And made him place at the banquet board -- the Strong Men ranged thereby,  
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness hurled,  
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,  
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His world.

Rudyard Kipling

## To: Thomas Atkins

I have made for you a song,  
And it may be right or wrong,  
But only you can tell me if it's true;  
I have tried for to explain  
Both your pleasure and your pain,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!  
O there'll surely come a day  
When they'll give you all your pay,  
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;  
So, until that day comes round,  
Heaven keep you safe and sound,  
And, Thomas, here's my best respects to you!

Rudyard Kipling

# Tod's Amendment

The World hath set its heavy yoke  
Upon the old white-bearded folk  
Who strive to please the King.  
God's mercy is upon the young,  
God's wisdom in the baby tongue  
That fears not anything.

Rudyard Kipling

# Tomlinson

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in Berkeley Square,  
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped him by the hair --  
A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried him far away,  
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford the roar of the Milky Way:  
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die down and drone and cease,  
And they came to the Gate within the Wall where Peter holds the keys.  
"Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and answer loud and high  
The good that ye did for the sake of men or ever ye came to die --  
The good that ye did for the sake of men in little earth so lone!"  
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white as a rain-washed bone.  
"O I have a friend on earth," he said, "that was my priest and guide,  
And well would he answer all for me if he were by my side."  
-- "For that ye strove in neighbour-love it shall be written fair,  
But now ye wait at Heaven's Gate and not in Berkeley Square:  
Though we called your friend from his bed this night,  
he could not speak for you,  
For the race is run by one and one and never by two and two."  
Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and little gain was there,  
For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he saw that his soul was bare:  
The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him like a knife,  
And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of his good in life.  
"This I have read in a book," he said, "and that was told to me,  
And this I have thought that another man thought of a Prince in Muscovy."  
The good souls flocked like homing doves and bade him clear the path,  
And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness and wrath.  
"Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have thought," he said,  
"and the tale is yet to run:  
By the worth of the body that once ye had, give answer -- what ha' ye done?"  
Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and little good it bore,  
For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade and Heaven's Gate before: --  
"O this I have felt, and this I have guessed, and this I have heard men say,  
And this they wrote that another man wrote of a carl in Norrway."  
-- "Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed, good lack!  
Ye have hampered Heaven's Gate;  
There's little room between the stars in idleness to prate!  
O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour, priest, and kin  
Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that lies so fair within;  
Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has yet to run,  
And. . .the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square uphold you, Tomlinson!"

. . . . .

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by sun they fell  
Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars that rim the mouth of Hell:  
The first are red with pride and wrath, the next are white with pain,  
But the third are black with clinkered sin that cannot burn again:  
They may hold their path, they may leave their path,  
with never a soul to mark,  
They may burn or freeze, but they must not cease  
in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it nipped him to the bone,  
And he yearned to the flare of Hell-Gate  
there as the light of his own hearth-stone.

The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the desperate legions drew,  
But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would not let him through.

"Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must pay?" said he,  
"That ye rank yoursel' so fit for Hell and ask no leave of me?"

I am all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that ye should give me scorn,  
For I strove with God for your First Father the day that he was born.

Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer loud and high  
The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or ever you came to die."

And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw against the night

The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-Mouth light;

And Tomlinson looked down and down, and saw beneath his feet

The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in Hell-Mouth heat.

"O I had a love on earth," said he, "that kissed me to my fall,  
And if ye would call my love to me I know she would answer all."

-- "All that ye did in love forbid it shall be written fair,

But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not in Berkeley Square:

Though we whistled your love from her bed to-night, I trow she would not run,  
For the sin ye do by two and two ye must pay for one by one!"

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it cut him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of his sin in life: --

"Once I ha' laughed at the power of Love and twice at the grip of the Grave,  
And thrice I ha' patted my God on the head that men might call me brave."

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and set it aside to cool: --

"Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal on the hide of a brain-sick fool?"

I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the jolthead jest ye did

That I should waken my gentlemen that are sleeping three on a grid."

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and there was little grace,

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the Fear of Naked Space.

"Nay, this I ha' heard," quo' Tomlinson, "and this was noised abroad,  
 And this I ha' got from a Belgian book on the word of a dead French lord."  
 -- "Ye ha' heard, ye ha' read, ye ha' got, good lack!  
 and the tale begins afresh --  
 Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o' the eye  
 or the sinful lust of the flesh?"  
 Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yammered, "Let me in --  
 For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour's wife to sin the deadly sin."  
 The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and banked the fires high:  
 "Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he; and Tomlinson said, "Ay!"  
 The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little devils ran,  
 And he said: "Go husk this whimpering thief that comes in the guise of a man:  
 Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and sieve his proper worth:  
 There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be spawn of earth."  
 Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not face the fire,  
 But weep that they bin too small to sin to the height of their desire,  
 Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked it all abroad,  
 As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's foolish hoard.  
 And back they came with the tattered Thing, as children after play,  
 And they said: "The soul that he got from God he has bartered clean away.  
 We have threshed a stook of print and book, and winnowed a chattering wind  
 And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his we cannot find:  
 We have handled him, we have dandled him, we have seared him to the bone,  
 And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has no soul of his own."  
 The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and rumbled deep and low: --  
 "I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should bid him go.  
 Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I gave him place,  
 My gentlemen that are so proud would flout me to my face;  
 They'd call my house a common stews and me a careless host,  
 And -- I would not anger my gentlemen for the sake of a shiftless ghost."  
 The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that prayed to feel the flame,  
 And he thought of Holy Charity, but he thought of his own good name: --  
 "Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and sit ye down to fry:  
 Did ye think of that theft for yourself?" said he; and Tomlinson said, "Ay!"  
 The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his heart was free from care: --  
 "Ye have scarce the soul of a louse," he said,  
 "but the roots of sin are there,  
 And for that sin should ye come in were I the lord alone.  
 But sinful pride has rule inside -- and mightier than my own.  
 Honour and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each his priest and whore:  
 Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you they'd torture sore.  
 Ye are neither spirit nor spirk," he said; "ye are neither book nor brute --

Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake of Man's repute.  
I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should mock your pain,  
But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye come back again.  
Get hence, the hearse is at your door -- the grim black stallions wait --  
They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed, lest ye come too late!  
Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed -- go back with an open eye,  
And carry my word to the Sons of Men or ever ye come to die:  
That the sin they do by two and two they must pay for one by one --  
And. . .the God that you took from a printed book be with you, Tomlinson!"

Rudyard Kipling

# Tommy

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer,  
The publican 'e up an' sez, "We serve no red-coats here."  
The girls be'ind the bar they laughed an' giggled fit to die,  
I outs into the street again an' to myself sez I:  
O it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, go away";  
But it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play,  
The band begins to play, my boys, the band begins to play,  
O it's "Thank you, Mister Atkins", when the band begins to play.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,  
They gave a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't none for me;  
They sent me to the gallery or round the music-'alls,  
But when it comes to fightin', Lord! they'll shove me in the stalls!  
For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, wait outside";  
But it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide,  
The troopship's on the tide, my boys, the troopship's on the tide,  
O it's "Special train for Atkins" when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep  
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;  
An' hustlin' drunken soldiers when they're goin' large a bit  
Is five times better business than paradin' in full kit.  
Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, 'ow's yer soul?"  
But it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll,  
The drums begin to roll, my boys, the drums begin to roll,  
O it's "Thin red line of 'eroes" when the drums begin to roll.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't no blackguards too,  
But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;  
An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,  
Why, single men in barricks don't grow into plaster saints;  
While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Tommy, fall be'ind",  
But it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind,  
There's trouble in the wind, my boys, there's trouble in the wind,  
O it's "Please to walk in front, sir", when there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all:  
We'll wait for extry rations if you treat us rational.  
Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face

The Widow's Uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!"  
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot;  
An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please;  
An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool -- you bet that Tommy sees!

Rudyard Kipling

# Toomai Of The Elephants

I will remember what I was. I am sick of rope and chain--  
I will remember my old strength and all my forest-affairs.  
I will not sell my back to man for a bundle of sugarcane.  
I will go out to my own kind, and the wood-folk in their lairs.

I will go out until the day, until the morning break,  
Out to the winds 'untainted kiss, the waters' clean caress.  
I will forget my ankle-ring and snap my picket-stake.  
I will revisit my lost loves, and playmates masterless!

Rudyard Kipling

# Troopin'

(Our Army in the East)

Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea:  
'Ere's September come again -- the six-year men are free.  
O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot come away  
To where the ship's a-coalin' up that takes us 'ome to-day.  
We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,  
Our ship is at the shore,  
An' you must pack your 'aversack,  
For we won't come back no more.  
Ho, don't you grieve for me,  
My lovely Mary-Ann,  
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit  
As a time-expired man.

The ~Malabar~'s in 'arbour with the ~Jumner~ at 'er tail,  
An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.  
Ho! the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we lay,  
But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in cold an' wet an' rain,  
All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not complain;  
They'll kill us of pneumonia -- for that's their little way --  
But damn the chills and fever, men, we're goin' 'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin', winter's round again!  
See the new draf's pourin' in for the old campaign;  
Ho, you poor recruities, but you've got to earn your pay --  
What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer --  
'Ere's to English women an' a quart of English beer.  
The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've got to stay,  
Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle -- Whoop! we're goin' 'ome to-day.  
We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,  
Our ship is at the shore,  
An' you must pack your 'aversack,

For we won't come back no more.  
Ho, don't you grieve for me,  
My lovely Mary-Ann,  
For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit  
As a time-expired man.

Rudyard Kipling

# Two Kopjes

(Made Yeomanry towards End of Boer War)

Only two African kopjes,  
    Only the cart-tracks that wind  
Empty and open between 'em,  
    Only the Transvaal behind;  
Only an Aldershot column  
    Marching to conquer the land . . . .  
Only a sudden and solemn  
Visit, unarmed, to the Rand.

    Then scorn not the African kopje,  
    The kopje that smiles in the heat,  
The wholly unoccupied kopje,  
    The home of Cornelius and Piet.  
You can never be sure of your kopje,  
    But of this be you blooming well sure,  
A kopje is always a kopje,  
    And a Boojer is always a Boer!

Only two African kopjes,  
    Only the vultures above,  
Only baboons--at the bottom,  
    Only some buck on the move;  
Only a Kensington draper  
    Only pretending to scout . . . .  
.Only bad news for the paper,  
Only another knock-out.

    Then mock not the African kopje,  
    And rub not your flank on its side,  
The silent and simmering kopje,  
    The kopje beloved by the guide.  
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes,  
    Only the dust of their wheels,

Only a bolted commando,  
Only our guns at their heels . . . .  
Only a little barb-wire,  
Only a natural fort,  
Only "by sections retire,"  
Only "regret to report! "

Then mock not the .African kopje,  
Especially when it is twins,  
One sharp and one table-topped kopje  
For that's where the trouble begins.  
You never can be, etc.

Only two African kopjes  
Baited the same as before--  
Only we've had it so often,  
Only we're taking no more . . . .  
Only a wave to our troopers,  
Only our flanks swinging past,  
Only a dozen voorloopers,.  
Only we've learned it at last!

Then mock not the African kopje,  
But take off your hat to the same,  
The patient, impartial old kopje,  
The kopje that taught us the game!  
For all that we knew in the Columns,  
And all they've forgot on the Staff,  
We learned at the Fight o' Two Kopjes,  
Which lasted two years an' a half.

O mock not the African kopje,  
Not even when peace has been signed--  
The kopje that isn't a kopje--  
The kopje that copies its kind.  
You can never be sure of your kopje,  
But of this be you blooming well sure,  
That a kopje is always a kopje,  
And a Boojer is always a Boer!

Rudyard Kipling

# Two Months

June

No hope, no change! The clouds have shut us in,  
And through the cloud the sullen Sun strikes down  
Full on the bosom of the tortured Town,  
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin  
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease,  
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in spite  
Glares through the haze and mocks with watery light  
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.  
Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair  
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The lightnings fly  
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,  
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.  
What truce with Dawn? Look, from the aching sky,  
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

September

At dawn there was a murmur in the trees,  
A ripple on the tank, and in the air  
Presage of coming coolness -- everywhere  
A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.  
Up leapt the Sun and smote the dust to gold,  
And strove to parch anew the heedless land,  
All impotently, as a King grown old  
Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his hand.  
One after one the lotos-petals fell,  
Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year,  
In mutiny against a furious sky;  
And far-off Winter whispered: -- "It is well!  
"Hot Summer dies. Behold your help is near,  
"For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

Rudyard Kipling

# Ulster

("Their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works: their works are works of iniquity and the act of violence is in their hands." -- Isaiah lix. 6.)

The dark eleventh hour  
Draws on and sees us sold  
To every evil power  
We fought against of old.  
Rebellion, rapine hate  
Oppression, wrong and greed  
Are loosed to rule our fate,  
By England's act and deed.

The Faith in which we stand,  
The laws we made and guard,  
Our honour, lives, and land  
Are given for reward  
To Murder done by night,  
To Treason taught by day,  
To folly, sloth, and spite,  
And we are thrust away.

The blood our fathers spilt,  
Our love, our toils, our pains,  
Are counted us for guilt,  
And only bind our chains.  
Before an Empire's eyes  
The traitor claims his price.  
What need of further lies?  
We are the sacrifice.

We asked no more than leave  
To reap where we had sown,  
Through good and ill to cleave  
To our own flag and throne.  
Now England's shot and steel  
Beneath that flag must show

How loyal hearts should kneel  
To England's oldest foe.

We know the war prepared  
On every peaceful home,  
We know the hells declared  
For such as serve not Rome --  
The terror, threats, and dread  
In market, hearth, and field --  
We know, when all is said,  
We perish if we yield.

Believe, we dare not boast,  
Believe, we do not fear --  
We stand to pay the cost  
In all that men hold dear.  
What answer from the North?  
One Law, one Land, one Throne.  
If England drive us forth  
We shall not fall alone!

Rudyard Kipling

# Untimely

Nothing in life has been made by man for man's using  
But it was shown long since to man in ages  
Lost as the name of the maker of it,  
Who received oppression and shame for his wages--  
Hate, avoidance, and scorn in his daily dealings--  
Until he perished, wholly confounded

More to be pitied than he are the wise  
Souls which foresaw the evil of loosing  
Knowledge or Art before time, and aborted  
Noble devices and deep-wrought healings,  
Lest offense should arise.

Heaven delivers on earth the Hour that cannot be  
thwarted,  
Neither advanced, at the price of a world nor a soul,  
and its Prophet  
Comes through the blood of the vanguards who  
dreamed--too soon--it had sounded.

Rudyard Kipling

## Untitled [you Mustn'T Swim Till You'Re Six Weeks Old]

You mustn't swim till you're six weeks old,  
Or your head will be sunk by your heels;  
And summer gales and Killer Whales  
    Are bad for baby seals.  
Are bad for baby seals, dear rat,  
    As bad as bad can be.  
But splash and grow strong,  
And you can't be wrong,  
    Child of the Open Sea!

Rudyard Kipling

# We And They

Father and Mother, and Me,  
Sister and Auntie say  
All the people like us are We,  
And every one else is They.  
And They live over the sea,  
While We live over the way,  
But-would you believe it? --They look upon We  
As only a sort of They!

We eat pork and beef  
With cow-horn-handled knives.  
They who gobble Their rice off a leaf,  
Are horrified out of Their lives;  
While they who live up a tree,  
And feast on grubs and clay,  
(Isn't it scandalous? ) look upon We  
As a simply disgusting They!

We shoot birds with a gun.  
They stick lions with spears.  
Their full-dress is un-.  
We dress up to Our ears.  
They like Their friends for tea.  
We like Our friends to stay;  
And, after all that, They look upon We  
As an utterly ignorant They!

We eat kitcheny food.  
We have doors that latch.  
They drink milk or blood,  
Under an open thatch.  
We have Doctors to fee.  
They have Wizards to pay.  
And (impudent heathen!) They look upon We  
As a quite impossible They!

All good people agree,  
And all good people say,  
All nice people, like Us, are We

And every one else is They:  
But if you cross over the sea,  
Instead of over the way,  
You may end by (think of it!) looking on We  
As only a sort of They!

Rudyard Kipling

# What Happened

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, pride of Bow Bazaar,  
Owner of a native press, "Barrister-at-Lar,"  
Waited on the Government with a claim to wear  
Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked wink,  
Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen and ink.  
They are safer implements, but, if you insist,  
We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith and  
Bought the tubes of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean, and Bland,  
Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made sword,  
Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to please,  
Also gave permission to horrid men like these --  
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal,  
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the Bhil;

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the Sikh,  
Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq --  
He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo  
Took advantage of the Act -- took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew them not.  
They procured their swords and guns chiefly on the spot;  
And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred fights,  
Made them slow to disregard one another's rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts  
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts  
Said: "The good old days are back -- let us go to war!"  
Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road into Bow Bazaar,

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound flail;  
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk jezail;  
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned with glee  
As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured sabre, quoit, and mace,  
Abdul Huq, Wahabi, jerked his dagger from its place,  
While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned and jabbered  
Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared his dah-blade from the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Smoothly, who can say?  
Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,  
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is mute.  
But the belts of all of them simply bulge with loot.

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans black and grubby  
Sell them for their silver weight to the men of Pubbi;  
And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made sword are  
Hanging in a Marri camp just across the Border.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed Yar  
Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazaar.  
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh -- question land and sea --  
Ask the Indian Congressmen -- only don't ask me!

Rudyard Kipling

## What The People Said

By the well, where the bullocks go  
Silent and blind and slow --  
By the field where the young corn dies  
In the face of the sultry skies,  
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears  
The voice of the wind of an hour,  
The sound of the Great Queen's voice:  
"My God hath given me years,  
Hath granted dominion and power:  
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice."

And the ploughman settles the share  
More deep in the grudging clod;  
For he saith: "The wheat is my care,  
And the rest is the will of God.  
He sent the Mahratta spear  
As He sendeth the rain,  
And the Mlech, in the fated year,  
Broke the spear in twain.  
And was broken in turn. Who knows  
How our Lords make strife?  
It is good that the young wheat grows,  
For the bread is Life."

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,  
Hissed up to the scornful dark  
Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,  
That rose and faded, and rose anew.  
That the Land might wonder and mark  
"To-day is a day of days," they said,  
"Make merry, O People, all!"  
And the Ploughman listened and bowed his head:  
"To-day and to-morrow God's will," he said,  
As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

"He sendeth us years that are good,  
As He sendeth the dearth,  
He giveth to each man his food,  
Or Her food to the Earth.

Our Kings and our Queens are afar --  
On their peoples be peace --  
God bringeth the rain to the Bar,  
That our cattle increase."

And the Ploughman settled the share  
More deep in the sun-dried clod:  
"Mogul Mahratta, and Mlech from the North,  
And White Queen over the Seas --  
God raiseth them up and driveth them forth  
As the dust of the ploughshare flies in the breeze;  
But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,  
And the rest is the will of God."

Rudyard Kipling

# When Earth's Last Picture Is Painted

When Earth's last picture is painted  
And the tubes are twisted and dried  
When the oldest colors have faded  
And the youngest critic has died  
We shall rest, and faith, we shall need it  
Lie down for an aeon or two  
'Till the Master of all good workmen  
Shall put us to work anew  
And those that were good shall be happy  
They'll sit in a golden chair  
They'll splash at a ten league canvas  
With brushes of comet's hair  
They'll find real saints to draw from  
Magdalene, Peter, and Paul  
They'll work for an age at a sitting  
And never be tired at all.  
And only the Master shall praise us.  
And only the Master shall blame.  
And no one will work for the money.  
No one will work for the fame.  
But each for the joy of the working,  
And each, in his separate star,  
Will draw the thing as he sees it.  
For the God of things as they are!

Rudyard Kipling

# White Horses

Where run your colts at pasture?  
Where hide your mares to breed?  
'Mid bergs about the Ice-cap  
Or wove Sargasso weed;  
By chartless reef and channel,  
Or crafty coastwise bars,  
But most the ocean-meadows  
All purple to the stars!

Who holds the rein upon you?  
The latest gale let free.  
What meat is in your mangers?  
The glut of all the sea.  
'Twixt tide and tide's returning  
Great store of newly dead, --  
The bones of those that faced us,  
And the hearts of those that fled.  
Afar, off-shore and single,  
Some stallion, rearing swift,  
Neighs hungry for new fodder,  
And calls us to the drift:  
Then down the cloven ridges --  
A million hooves unshod --  
Break forth the mad White Horses  
To seek their meat from God!

Girth-deep in hissing water  
Our furious vanguard strains --  
Through mist of mighty tramlings  
Roll up the fore-blown manes --  
A hundred leagues to leeward,  
Ere yet the deep is stirred,  
The groaning rollers carry  
The coming of the herd!

Whose hand may grip your nostrils --  
Your forelock who may hold?  
E'en they that use the broads with us --  
The riders bred and bold,

That spy upon our matings,  
That rope us where we run --  
They know the strong White Horses  
From father unto son.

We breathe about their cradles,  
We race their babes ashore,  
We snuff against their thresholds,  
We nuzzle at their door;  
By day with stamping squadrons,  
By night in whinnying droves,  
Creep up the wise White Horses,  
To call them from their loves.

And come they for your calling?  
No wit of man may save.  
They hear the loosed White Horses  
Above their fathers' grave;  
And, kin of those we crippled,  
And, sons of those we slew,  
Spur down the wild white riders  
To school the herds anew.

What service have ye paid them,  
Oh jealous steeds and strong?  
Save we that throw their weaklings,  
Is none dare work them wrong;  
While thick around the homestead  
Our snow-backed leaders graze --  
A guard behind their plunder,  
And a veil before their ways.

With march and countermarchings --  
With weight of wheeling hosts --  
Stray mob or bands embattled --  
We ring the chosen coasts:  
And, careless of our clamour  
That bids the stranger fly,  
At peace with our pickets  
The wild white riders lie.



Trust ye that curdled hollows --  
Trust ye the neighing wind --  
Trust ye the moaning groundswell --  
Our herds are close behind!  
To bray your foeman's armies --  
To chill and snap his sword --  
Trust ye the wild White Horses,  
The Horses of the Lord!

Rudyard Kipling

# Wilful Missing

(Deserters)

There is a world outside the one you know,  
To which for curiousness 'E'll can't compare--  
It is the place where "wilful-missings" go,  
As we can testify, for we are there.

You may 'ave read a bullet laid us low,  
That we was gathered in "with reverent care"  
And buried proper. But it was not so,  
As we can testify --for we are there!

They can't be certain--faces alter so  
After the old aasvogel 'ad 'is share.  
The uniform's the mark by which they go--  
And--ain't it odd?--the one we best can spare.

We might 'ave seen our chance to cut the show--  
Name, number, record, an 'begin elsewhere--  
Leaven" some not too late-lamented foe  
One funeral-private-British-for 'is share.

We may 'ave took it yonder in the Low  
Bush-veldt that sends men stragglin' 'unaware  
Among the Kaffirs, till their columns go,  
An 'they are left past call or count or care.

We might 'ave been your lovers long ago,  
'Usbands or children--comfort or despair.  
Our death (an' burial) settles all we owe,  
An' why we done it is our own affair.

Marry again, and we will not say no,  
Nor come to barstardise the kids you bear.  
Wait on in 'ope--you've all your life below  
Before you'll ever 'ear us on the stair.

There is no need to give our reasons, though  
Gawd knows we all 'ad reasons which were fair;  
But other people might not judge 'em so--

And now it doesn't matter what they were.

What man can weigh or size another's woe:  
There are some things too bitter 'ard to bear.  
Suffice it we 'ave finished--Domino!  
As we can testify, for we are there,  
In the side-world where "wilful-missings " go.

Rudyard Kipling

## With Drake In The Tropics

South and far south below the Line,  
Our Admiral leads us on,  
Above, undreamed-of planets shine--  
The stars we know are gone.  
Around, our clustered seamen mark  
The silent deep ablaze  
With fires, through which the far-down shark  
Shoots glimmering on his ways.

The sultry tropic breezes fail  
That plagued us all day through;  
Like molten silver hangs our sail,  
Our decks are dark with dew.  
Now the rank moon commands the sky.  
Ho! Bid the watch beware  
And rouse all sleeping men that lie  
Unsheltered in her glare.

How long the time 'twixt bell and bell!  
How still our lanthorns burn!  
How strange our whispered words that tell  
Of England and return!  
Old towns, old streets, old friends, old loves,  
We name them each to each,  
While the lit face of Heaven removes  
Them farther from our reach.

Now is the utmost ebb of night  
When mind and body sink,  
And loneliness and gathering fright  
O'erwhelm us, if we think--  
Yet, look, where in his room apart,  
All windows opened wide,  
Our Admiral thrusts away the chart  
And comes to walk outside.

Kindly, from man to man he goes,  
With comfort, praise, or jest,  
Quick to suspect our childish woes,

Our terror and unrest.  
It is as though the sun should shine--  
Our midnight fears are gone!  
South and far south below the Line,  
Our Admiral leads us on!

Rudyard Kipling

## With Scindia To Delhi

More than a hundred years ago, in a great battle fought near Delhi,  
an Indian Prince rode fifty miles after the day was lost  
with a beggar-girl, who had loved him and followed him in all his camps,  
on his saddle-bow. He lost the girl when almost within sight of safety.  
A Maratta trooper tells the story: --

The wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the neck,  
Our hands and scarfs were saffron-dyed for signal of despair,  
When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the ~Mlech~, --  
Ere we came back from Paniput and left a kingdom there.

Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the Jumna fords --  
The hawk-winged horse of Damajee, mailed squadrons of the Bhao,  
Stark levies of the southern hills, the Deccan's sharpest swords,  
And he the harlot's traitor son the goatherd Mulhar Rao!

Thrice thirty thousand men were we before the mists had cleared,  
The low white mists of morning heard the war-conch scream and bray;  
We called upon Bhowani and we gripped them by the beard,  
We rolled upon them like a flood and washed their ranks away.

The children of the hills of Khost before our lances ran,  
We drove the black Rohillas back as cattle to the pen;  
'Twas then we needed Mulhar Rao to end what we began,  
A thousand men had saved the charge; he fled the field with ten!

There was no room to clear a sword -- no power to strike a blow,  
For foot to foot, ay, breast to breast, the battle held us fast --  
Save where the naked hill-men ran, and stabbing from below  
Brought down the horse and rider and we trampled them and passed.

To left the roar of musketry rang like a falling flood --  
To right the sunshine rippled red from redder lance and blade --  
Above the dark ~Upsaras~\* flew, beneath us plashed the blood,  
And, bellying black against the dust, the Bhagwa Jhanda swayed.

\* The Choosers of the Slain.

I saw it fall in smoke and fire, the banner of the Bhao;  
I heard a voice across the press of one who called in vain: --  
"Ho! Anand Rao Nimbalkhur, ride! Get aid of Mulhar Rao!  
Go shame his squadrons into fight -- the Bhao -- the Bhao is slain!"

Thereat, as when a sand-bar breaks in clotted spume and spray --  
When rain of later autumn sweeps the Jumna water-head,  
Before their charge from flank to flank our riven ranks gave way;  
But of the waters of that flood the Jumna fords ran red.

I held by Scindia, my lord, as close as man might hold;  
A Soobah of the Deccan asks no aid to guard his life;  
But Holkar's Horse were flying, and our chiefest chiefs were cold,  
And like a flame among us leapt the long lean Northern knife.

I held by Scindia -- my lance from butt to tuft was dyed,  
The froth of battle bossed the shield and roped the bridle-chain --  
What time beneath our horses' feet a maiden rose and cried,  
And clung to Scindia, and I turned a sword-cut from the twain.

(He set a spell upon the maid in woodlands long ago,  
A hunter by the Tapti banks she gave him water there:  
He turned her heart to water, and she followed to her woe.  
What need had he of Lalun who had twenty maids as fair?)

Now in that hour strength left my lord; he wrenched his mare aside;  
He bound the girl behind him and we slashed and struggled free.  
Across the reeling wreck of strife we rode as shadows ride  
From Paniput to Delhi town, but not alone were we.

'Twas Lutuf-Ullah Populzai laid horse upon our track,  
A swine-fed reiver of the North that lusted for the maid;  
I might have barred his path awhile, but Scindia called me back,  
And I -- O woe for Scindia! -- I listened and obeyed.

League after league the formless scrub took shape and glided by --  
League after league the white road swirled behind the white mare's feet --  
League after league, when leagues were done, we heard the Populzai,  
Where sure as Time and swift as Death the tireless footfall beat.

Noon's eye beheld that shame of flight, the shadows fell, we fled  
Where steadfast as the wheeling kite he followed in our train;

The black wolf warred where we had warred, the jackal mocked our dead,  
And terror born of twilight-tide made mad the labouring brain.

I gasped: -- "A kingdom waits my lord; her love is but her own.  
A day shall mar, a day shall cure for her, but what for thee?  
Cut loose the girl: he follows fast. Cut loose and ride alone!"  
Then Scindia 'twixt his blistered lips: -- "My Queens' Queen shall she be!

"Of all who ate my bread last night 'twas she alone that came  
To seek her love between the spears and find her crown therein!  
One shame is mine to-day, what need the weight of double shame?  
If once we reach the Delhi gate, though all be lost, I win!"

We rode -- the white mare failed -- her trot a staggering stumble grew, --  
The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered and hung low;  
And still we heard the Populzai and still we strained anew,  
And Delhi town was very near, but nearer was the foe.

Yea, Delhi town was very near when Lalun whispered: -- "Slay!  
Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast -- stab deep and let me die!"  
But Scindia would not, and the maid tore free and flung away,  
And turning as she fell we heard the clattering Populzai.

Then Scindia checked the gasping mare that rocked and groaned for breath,  
And wheeled to charge and plunged the knife a hand's-breadth in her side --  
The hunter and the hunted know how that last pause is death --  
The blood had chilled about her heart, she reared and fell and died.

Our Gods were kind. Before he heard the maiden's piteous scream  
A log upon the Delhi road, beneath the mare he lay --  
Lost mistress and lost battle passed before him like a dream;  
The darkness closed about his eyes -- I bore my King away.

Rudyard Kipling

## Yet At The Last

Yet at the last, ere our spearmen had found him,  
Yet at the last, ere a sword-thrust could save,  
Yet at the last, with his masters around him,  
He spoke of the Faith as a master to slave.  
Yet at the last, though the Kafirs had maimed him,  
Broken by bondage and wrecked by the reiver,  
Yet at the last, tho' the darkness had claimed him,  
He called upon Allah, and died a Believer!

Rudyard Kipling

# Zion

The Doorkeepers of Zion,  
They do not always stand  
In helmet and whole armour,  
With halberds in their hand;  
But, being sure of Zion,  
And all her mysteries,  
They rest awhile in Zion,  
Sit down and smile in Zion;  
Ay, even jest in Zion;  
In Zion, at their ease.

The Gatekeepers of Baal,  
They dare not sit or lean,  
But fume and fret and posture  
And foam and curse between;  
For being bound to Baal,  
Whose sacrifice is vain,  
Their rest is scant with Baal,  
They glare and pant for Baal,  
They mouth and rant for Baal,  
For Baal in their pain!

But we will go to Zion,  
By choice and not through dread,  
With these our present comrades  
And those our present dead;  
And, being free of Zion  
In both her fellowships,  
Sit down and sup in Zion --  
Stand up and drink in Zion  
Whatever cup in Zion  
Is offered to our lips!

Rudyard Kipling