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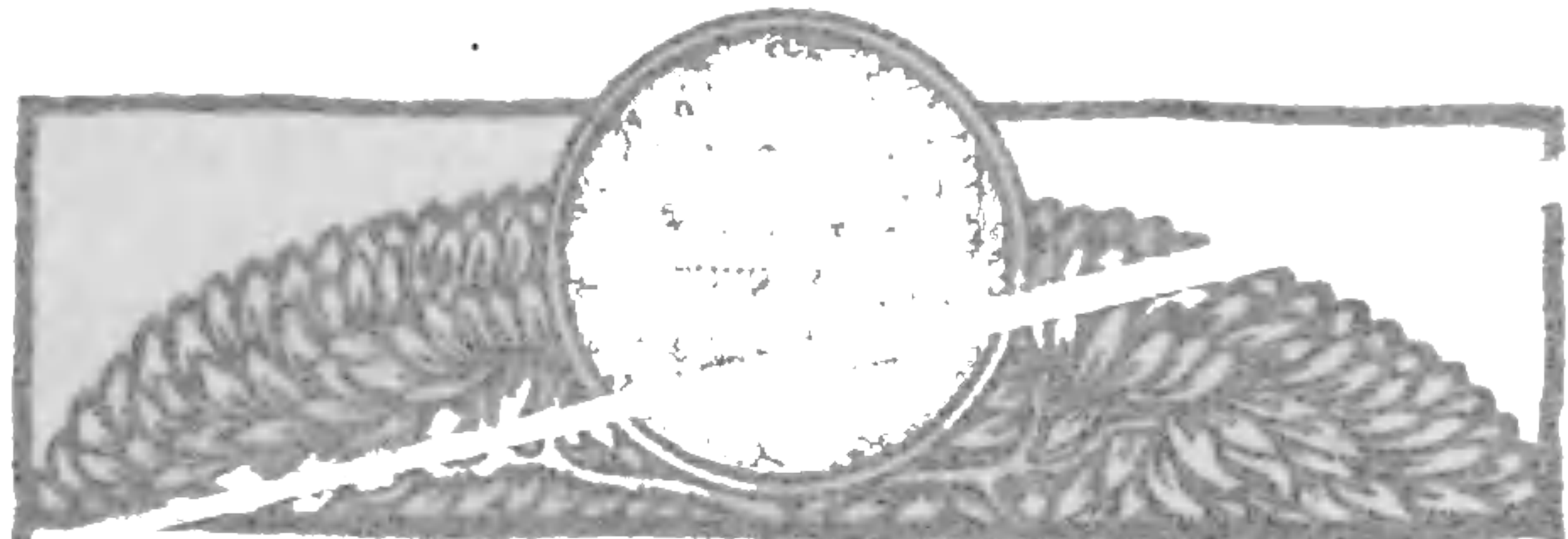
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25693

of

RUDYARD KIPLING

Fry.



with illustrations by
W. H. EATH

**WE'VE SENT OUR LITTLE CUPIDS ALL ASHORE—
THEY WERE FRIGHTENED, THEY WERE TIRED, THEY WERE COLD**
[The Second Voyage]



DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
NEW YORK
1910



SEEN BY

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THEY WERE FRIGHTENED, THEY WERE TIRED, THEY WERE COLD
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RUDYARD KIPLING

Poetry.



with illustrations by
W. HEATH
ROBINSON



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NEW YORK
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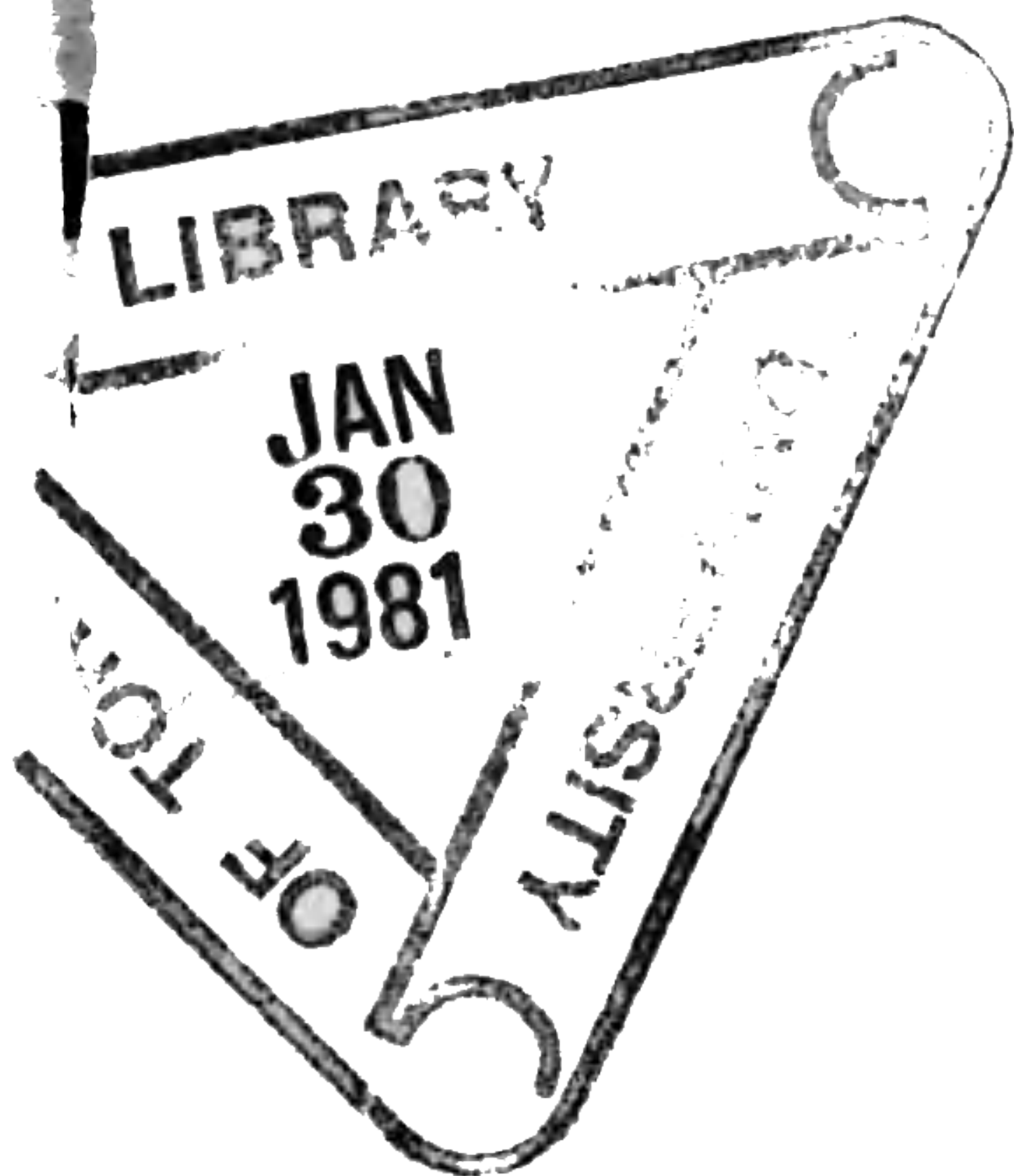
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THE IRES



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THE FIRES

MEN make them fires on the hearth
Each under his own roof-tree,
And the Four Winds that rule the earth
They blow the smokes 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.

THE FIRES

*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 this 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.*

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DEDICATION

FROM "BARRACK
ROOM BALLADS"



THE FIRST CHANTEY



DEDICATION FROM "BARRACK ROOM BALLADS"

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 ofttimes 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.*

TO THE TRUE ROMANCE -

1893

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 is 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—

COLLECTED VERSE

For to make plain that man's disdain
Is but new Beauty's birth—

For to possess in merriness
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 life 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 't was 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.

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SESTINA OF THE TRAMP-ROYAL

1896

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 'ave n'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 't was 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!”

THE MIRACLES

1894

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, in 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.

COLLECTED VERSE

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!

SONG OF THE WISE CHILDREN

1902

WHEN the darkened Fifties dip to the North,
And frost and the fog divide the air,
And the day is dead at his breaking-forth,
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear!

Far to Southward they wheel and glance,
The million molten spears of morn—
The spears of our deliverance
That shine on the house where we were born.

Flying-fish about our bows,
Flying sea-fires in our wake:
This is the road to our Father's House,
Whither we go for our souls' sake!

We have forfeited our birthright,
We have forsaken all things meet;
We have forgotten the look of light,
We have forgotten the scent of heat.

They that walk with shaded brows,
Year by year in a shining land,
They be men of our Father's House,
They shall receive us and understand.

We shall go back by boltless doors,
To the life unaltered our childhood knew —
To the naked feet on the cool, dark floors,
And the high-ceiled rooms that the Trade
blows through:

To the trumpet-flowers and the moon beyond,
And the tree-toad's chorus drowning all —
As the lisp of the split banana-frond
That talked us to sleep when we were small.

The wayside magic, the threshold spells,
Shall soon undo what the North has done —
Because of the sights and the sounds and the smells
That ran with our youth in the eye of the sun.

And Earth accepting shall ask no vows,
Nor the Sea our love, nor our lover the Sky.
When we return to our Father's House
Only the English shall wonder why!

BUDDHA AT KAMAKURA

1892

“And there is a Japanese idol at Kamakura”

O YE who tread 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 the 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 whose 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 he 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 oms*” —
 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?

THE SEA-WIFE

1893

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.



COLLECTED VERSE

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 field,
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 have bróthered men
By more than easy breath,
And eyes o' men that have read with 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 of 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.

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COLLECTED VERSE

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 thoughtful 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 inclusive
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 hansoms 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 SONG OF THE BANJO

1894

YOU could n't pack a Broadwood half a mile —
You must n't leave a fiddle in the damp —
You could n'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 rearguard to a walk!

With my "*Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp!*"
[Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head!]
So 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 Could n'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!*"

[Oh 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,
 Hear me lead my reckless children from below
 Till we sing the Song of Roland to the pine.

With my "*Tinka-tinka-tinka-tinka-tink!*"

[Oh the axe has cleared the mountain, croup and crest!]

And we ride the iron stallions down to drink,
Through the cañons 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!

The grandam of my grandam was the Lyre —
 [O the blue below the little fisher-huts!]
 That the Stealer stooping beachward filled with fire,
 Till she bore my iron head and ringing guts!
 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-tink-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!

THE EXPLORER

1898

"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
 On 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 did n'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 to-day, 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 cer-
tain 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 did n't . . . but I did n't. I went down the other
side.

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COLLECTED VERSE

vent worn out of patience; never told my nearest
neighbours —

away with pack and ponies — left 'em drinking in the
m;

faith that moveth mountains did n't seem to help my
ours

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by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and
ging shoulders,

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amped above the tree-line — drifted snow and naked

re : stir to windward — knew I'd stumbled on the

to name it for the finder: but that night the Norther
I REMEMBER GOING CRAZY

and killed the plains-bred ponies; so I called the camp

the Railway Cap to-day, though). Then my Whisper
led to hound me: —

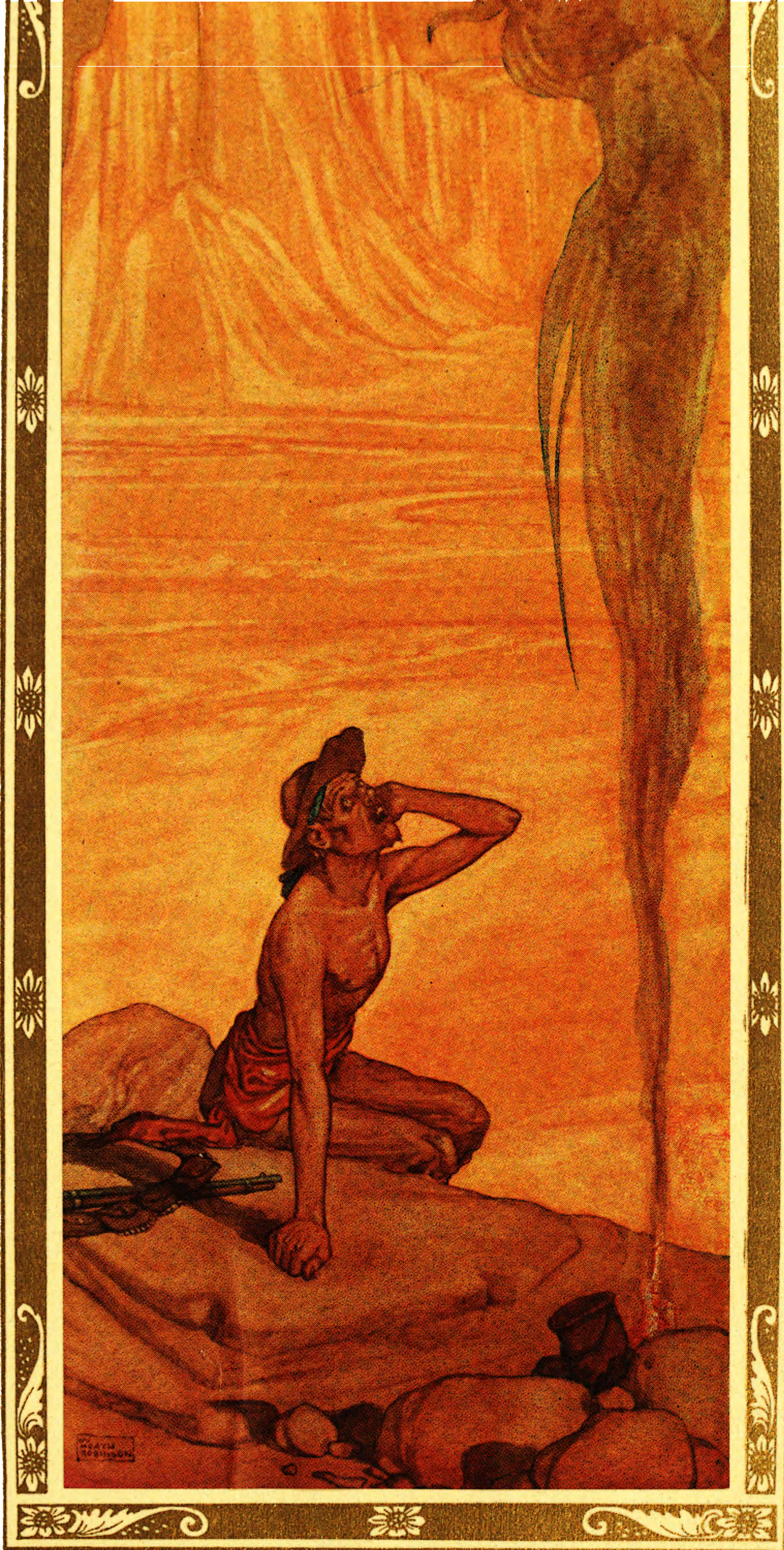
thing lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder! Go you

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reach the township living, but . . . He knows what
ere tore me . . .

did n't . . . but I did n't. I went down the other



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 snow-
slide shivers —

Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-
bed stains,

Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between
'em;

Watch 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 would n'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!

THE SEA AND THE HILLS

1902

WHO hath desired the Sea? — the sight of salt water un-
bounded —

The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the
comber wind-hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enor-
mous, 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 slakens 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
bowsprit emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, and the ridged, roaring
sapphire thereunder —

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's low-volley-
ing 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.

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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 and she's snatching 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—oh, 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!

RHYME OF THE THREE SEALERS

1893

*A*WAY 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 you come by his isles in the Smoky Sea you must not
 take the seal,
 Where the grey 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*¹ seek the shore to drop their pups
aland,

The great man-seal haul out of the sea, aroaring, 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 Rus-
sian 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,

¹ She-seal.

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 — 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, As the flame-spurts pale ran down the rail and 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 led 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 never
more

“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.

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“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 grey 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 hollu-
schickie 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 you as Bering sailed;
And if the light shall lift aright to give your landfall plain,
North and by west, from Zapne Crest you 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.*

M'ANDREW'S HYMN

1893

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 — enormous, 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 ex-
cuse. . . .

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 morn, 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 sixty-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 an' forty years, all up an' down the seas,
 Clack an' repeat like valves half-fed. . . . Porgie'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 car-
bons 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 — aaverage 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.

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Better myself abroad? Maybe. *I'd* sooner starve than sail
 Wi' such as call a snifter-rod ross. . . . French or night-
 ingale.

Commeesion on my stores? Some do; but I cannot 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 cup 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-shoön 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 o' 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' dynamoes.

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 gien 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.*

MULHOLLAND'S CONTRACT

1894

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 must n'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 did n'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 laid on me, an' I done what
I was set.

I have been smit an' bruised, 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!*

THE "MARY GLOSTER"

1894

I'VE paid for your sickest fancies; I've humoured your
 crackedest whim —

Dick, it's your daddy, dying; you've got to listen to him!
 Good for a fortnight, am I? The doctor told you? He lied.
 I shall go under by morning, and — Put that nurse out-
 side.

'Never seen death yet, Dickie? Well, now is your time to
 learn,

And you'll wish you held my record before it comes to your
 turn.

Not counting the Line and the Foundry, the yards and the
village, too,
I've made myself and a million; but I'm damned if I made
you.

Master at two-and-twenty, and married at twenty-three —
Ten thousand men on the pay-roll, and forty freighters at
sea!

Fifty years between 'em, and every year of it fight,
And now I'm Sir Anthony Gloster, dying, a baronite:
For I lunched with his Royal 'Ighness — what was it the
papers had?

“Not least of our merchant-princes.” Dickie, that's me, your
dad!

I did n't begin with askings. *I* took my job and I stuck;
I took the chances they would n't, an' now they 're calling
it luck.

Lord, what boats I've handled — rotten and leaky and old!
Ran 'em, or — opened the bilge-cock, precisely as I was told!
Grub that 'ud bind you crazy, and crews that 'ud turn you
grey,

And a big fat lump of insurance to cover the risk on the way.
The others they durs n't do it; they said they valued their life
(They 've served me since as skippers). *I* went, and I took my
wife.

Over the world I drove 'em, married at twenty-three,
And your mother saving the money and making a man of me.
I was content to be master, but she said there was better
behind;

She took the chances I would n't, and I followed your mother
blind.

She egged me to borrow the money, an' she helped me to
clear the loan,

When we bought half shares in a cheap 'un and hoisted a
flag of our own.

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But M'Cullough 'e wanted cabins with marble and maple
and all,
And Brussels an' Utrecht velvet, and baths and a Social Hall,
And pipes for closets all over, and cutting the frames too
light,
But M'Cullough he died in the Sixties, and— Well, I'm
dying to-night. . . .
I knew—I knew what was coming, when we bid on the
Byfleet's keel—
They piddled and piffled with iron. I'd given my orders for
steel!
Steel and the first expansions. It paid, I tell you, it paid,
When we came with our nine-knot freighters and collared
the long-run trade!
And they asked me how I did it, and I gave 'em the Scripture
text,
“You keep your light so shining a little in front o' the next!”
They copied all they could follow, but they couldn't copy my
mind!
And I left 'em sweating and stealing a year and a half
behind.
Then came the armour-contracts, but that was M'Cullough's
side;
He was always best in the Foundry, but better, perhaps, he
died.
I went through his private papers; the notes was plainer than
print;
And I'm no fool to finish if a man'll give me a hint!
(I remember his widow was angry.) So I saw what the
drawings meant,
And I started the six-inch rollers, and it paid me sixty per
cent—
Sixty per cent *with* failures, and more than twice we could do,
And a quarter-million to credit, and I saved it all for you!

I thought—it doesn't matter—you seemed to favour your
ma,
But you're nearer forty than thirty, and I know the kind
you are.
Harrer and Trinity College! I ought to ha' sent you to sea—
But I stood you an education, an' what have you done for me?
The things I knew was proper you wouldn't thank me to
give,
And the things I knew was rotten you said was the way to
live.
For you muddled with books and pictures, an' china an'
etchin's an' fans,
And your rooms at college was beastly—more like a whore's
than a man's—
Till you married that thin-flanked woman, as white and as
stale as a bone,
An' she gave you your social nonsense; but where's that
kid o' your own?
I've seen your carriages blocking the half o' the Cromwell
Road,
But never the doctor's brougham to help the missus unload.
(So there isn't even a grandchild, an' the Gloster family's
done.)
Not like your mother, she is n't. *She* carried her freight each
run.
But they died, the pore little beggars! At sea she had 'em
—they died.
Only you, an' you stood it. You had n't stood much beside.
Weak, a liar, and idle, and mean as a collier's whelp
Nosing for scraps in the galley. No help—my son was no
help!
So he gets three 'undred thousand, in trust and the interest
paid.
I would n't give it you, Dickie—you see, I made it in trade.

You're saved from soiling your fingers, and if you have no child,

It all comes back to the business. Gad, won't your wife be wild!

'Calls and calls in her carriage, her 'andkerchief up to 'er eye: "Daddy! dear daddy's dyin'!" and doing her best to cry. Grateful? Oh, yes, I'm grateful, but keep her away from here.

Your mother 'ud never ha' stood 'er, and, anyhow, women are queer. . . .

There's women will say I've married a second time. Not quite!

But give pore Aggie a hundred, and tell her your lawyers'll fight.

She was the best o' the boiling—you'll meet her before it ends;

I'm in for a row with the mother—I'll leave you settle my friends:

For a man he must go with a woman, which women don't understand—

Or the sort that say they can see it they are n't the marrying brand.

But I wanted to speak o' your mother that's Lady Gloster still—

I'm going to up and see her, without its hurting the will. Here! Take your hand off the bell-pull. Five thousand's waiting for you,

If you'll only listen a minute, and do as I bid you do.

They'll try to prove me crazy, and, if you bungle, they can; And I've only you to trust to! (O God, why ain't he a man?)

There's some waste money on marbles, the same as M'Cul-lough tried—

Marbles and mausoleums—but I call that sinful pride.

There's some ship bodies for burial — we've carried 'em,
soldered and packed;

Down in their wills they wrote it, and nobody called *them*
cracked.

But me — I've too much money, and people might . . . All
my fault:

It come o' hoping for grandsons and buying that Wokin'
vault. . . .

I'm sick o' the 'ole dam' business. I'm going back where
I came.

Dick, you're the son o' my body, and you'll take charge o'
the same!

I want to lie by your mother, ten thousand mile away,
And they'll want to send me to Woking; and that's where
you'll earn your pay.

I've thought it out on the quiet, the same as it ought to be
done —

Quiet, and decent, and proper — an' here's your orders, my
son.

You know the Line? You don't, though. You write to the
Board, and tell

Your father's death has upset you an' you're goin' to cruise
for a spell,

An' you'd like the *Mary Gloster* — I've held her ready for
this —

They'll put her in working order and you'll take her out as
she is.

Yes, it was money idle when I patched her and put her
aside

(Thank God, I can pay for my fancies!) — the boat where
your mother died,

By the Little Paternosters, as you come to the Union Bank,
We dropped her — I think I told you — and I pricked it off
where she sank —

('Tiny she looked on the grating — that oily, treacly sea —)
'Hundred and Eighteen East, remember, and South just
Three.

Easy bearings to carry — Three South — Three to the dot;
But I gave M'Andrew a copy in case of dying — or not.
And so you 'll write to M'Andrew, he's Chief of the Maori
Line;

They'll give him leave, if you ask 'em and say [it's business
o' mine.

I built three boats for the Maoris, an' very well pleased they
were,

An' I've known Mac since the Fifties, and Mac knew me —
and her.

After the first stroke warned me I sent him the money to keep
Against the time you'd claim it, committin' your dad to the
deep;

For you are the son o' my body, and Mac was my oldest
friend,

I've never asked 'im to dinner, but he'll see it out to the
end.

Stiff-necked Glasgow beggar, I've heard he's prayed for my
soul,

But he could n't lie if you paid him, and he'd starve before
he stole!

He'll take the *Mary* in ballast — you'll find her a lively
ship;

And you'll take Sir Anthony Gloster, that goes on 'is wedding-
trip,

Lashed in our old deck-cabin with all three port-holes wide,
The kick o' the screw beneath him and the round blue seas
outside!

Sir Anthony Gloster's carriage — our 'ouse-flag flyin' free —
Ten thousand men on the pay-roll and forty freighters at
sea!

He made himself and a million, but this world is a fleetin'
show,
And he'll go to the wife of 'is bosom the same as he ought
to go —
By the heel of the Paternosters — there is n't a chance to
mistake —
And Mac'll pay you the money as soon as the bubbles break!
Five thousand for six weeks' cruising, the stanchest freighter
afloat,
And Mac he'll give you your bonus the minute I'm out o'
the boat!
He'll take you round to Macassar, and you'll come back
alone;
He knows what I want o' the *Mary*. . . . I'll do what I
please with my own.
Your mother 'ud call it wasteful, but I've seven-and-thirty
more;
I'll come in my private carriage and bid it wait at the
door. . . .
For my son 'e was never a credit: 'e muddled with books
and art,
And 'e lived on Sir Anthony's money and 'e broke Sir An-
thony's heart.
There is n't even a grandchild, and the Gloster family's
done —
The only one you left me, O mother, the only one!
Harrer and Trinity College — me slavin' early an' late —
An' he thinks I'm dying crazy, and you're in Macassar
Strait!
Flesh o' my flesh, my dearie, for ever an' ever amen,
That first stroke come for a warning; I ought to ha' gone to
you then.
But — cheap repairs for a cheap 'un — the doctors said I'd do:
Mary, why did n't *you* warn me? I've allus heeded to you,

Excep'— I know — about women; but you are a spirit now;
An', wife, they was only women, and I was a man. That's
how.

An' a man 'e must go with a woman, as you could not
understand;

But I never talked 'em secrets. I paid 'em out o' hand.

Thank Gawd, I can pay for my fancies! Now what's five
thousand to me,

For a berth off the Paternosters in the haven where I would
be?

I believe in the Resurrection, if I read my Bible plain,

But I wouldn't trust 'em at Wokin'; we're safer at sea
again.

For the heart it shall go with the treasure — go down to the
sea in ships.

I'm sick of the hired women — I'll kiss my girl on her lips!

I'll be content with my fountain, I'll drink from my own well,

And the wife of my youth shall charm me — an' the rest
can go to Hell!

(Dickie, *he* will, that's certain.) I'll lie in our standin'-bed,

An' Mac 'll take her in ballast — an' she trims best by the
head. . . .

Down by the head an' sinkin', her fires are drawn and cold,

And the water's splashin' hollow on the skin of the empty
hold —

Churning an' choking and chuckling, quiet and scummy and
dark —

Full to her lower hatches and risin' steady. Hark!

That was the after-bulkhead. . . . She's flooded from stem
to stern. . . .

Never seen death yet, Dickie? . . . Well, now is your time
to learn!

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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, wishing they was we—
 Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand hotel;
 Cheered her from the *Bolivar* swampin' in the sea.

Then a greyback 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, pully-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?*

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHERDOWN"

1892

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 drooped like a lily tired
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace
"The deck-beams break below,
"'T were well to rest for an hour or twain,
"And botch the shattered plates again."
And he answered, "Make it so."

COLLECTED VERSE

She opened fire within the mile —
 As you 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 lack 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 waste 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!

CRUISERS

1899

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 doubling 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 crispèd 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 out-
 blown?”

“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!*

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 swells attend
Night and our sacrifice.
Adown the stricken capes no flare—
No mark on spit or bar,—
Girdled 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 scarce a foot below,
Where rock and islet throng,
Hidden and hushed we watch them throw
Their anxious lights along.

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Good luck to those that see the end,
 Good-bye to those that drown —
 For each his chance as chance shall send —
 And God for all! *Shut down!*

*The strength of twice three thousand horse
 That serve the one command;
 The hand that heaves the headlong force,
 The hate that backs the hand:
 The doom-bolt in the darkness freed,
 The mine that splits the main;
 The white-hot wake, the 'wilderer speed—
 The Choosers of the Slain!*

WHITE HORSES

1897

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.

COLLECTED VERSE

And come they for your calling ?

No wit of man may save.
 They hear the loosed White Horses
 Above their father's 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 within our pickets
 The wild white riders lie.

Trust ye the curdled hollows —
 Trust ye the neighing wind —
 Trust ye the moaning groundswell —
 Our herds are close behind !



WE RACE THEIR BABES ASHORE

To bray your foeman's armies —
To chill and snap his sword —
Trust ye the wild White Horses,
The Horses of the Lord!

THE DERELICT

1894

“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.

COLLECTED VERSE

For life that crammed me full,
 Gangs of the prying gull
 That shriek and scrabble on the riven hatches!
 For roar that dumbbed 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!

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COLLECTED VERSE

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 of 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 Hendrick 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!

COLLECTED VERSE

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!

*Coast-wise—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!*

THE SONG OF DIEGO VALDEZ

1902

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."

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COLLECTED VERSE

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 before 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!

THE SECOND VOYAGE

1903

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!

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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 'ave n'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 was n't made,
 There still would be the cargo-boats for 'ome and foreign trade.
 The Man-o'-War's 'er 'usband, but if we was n't 'ere,
 'E would n'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!*

THE FIRST CHANTEY

1896

MINE was the woman to me, darkling I found her:
 Haling her dumb from the camp, held 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!

THE LAST CHANTEY

1892

“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 betrayèd 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!”

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THE LAST CHANTEY

1892

"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
the sea?

And I sang the words of the jolly, jolly mariners:

Flague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee!

But the work is done between us,

In the deep the Lord hath seen us,

And they plucked unhandily: sink

"OUR THUMBS ARE ROUGH AND TARED,

AND THE TUNE IS SOMETHING HARD—

"MAY WE LIFT A DEEPSEA CHANTEY SUCH AS SEAMEN USE AT SEAS?"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayed Him:

"Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?

How long 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,

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Up spake the soul of a grey 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 its 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!*

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
 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 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 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 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 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.

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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!

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

1893

*F*AIR 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 right-
 eousness —
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 sealed us;
Whoring not with visions — overwise and overstale.
 Except ye pay the Lord
 Single heart and single sword,
Of your children in their bondage He shall 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!*

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 warships 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!

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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)*

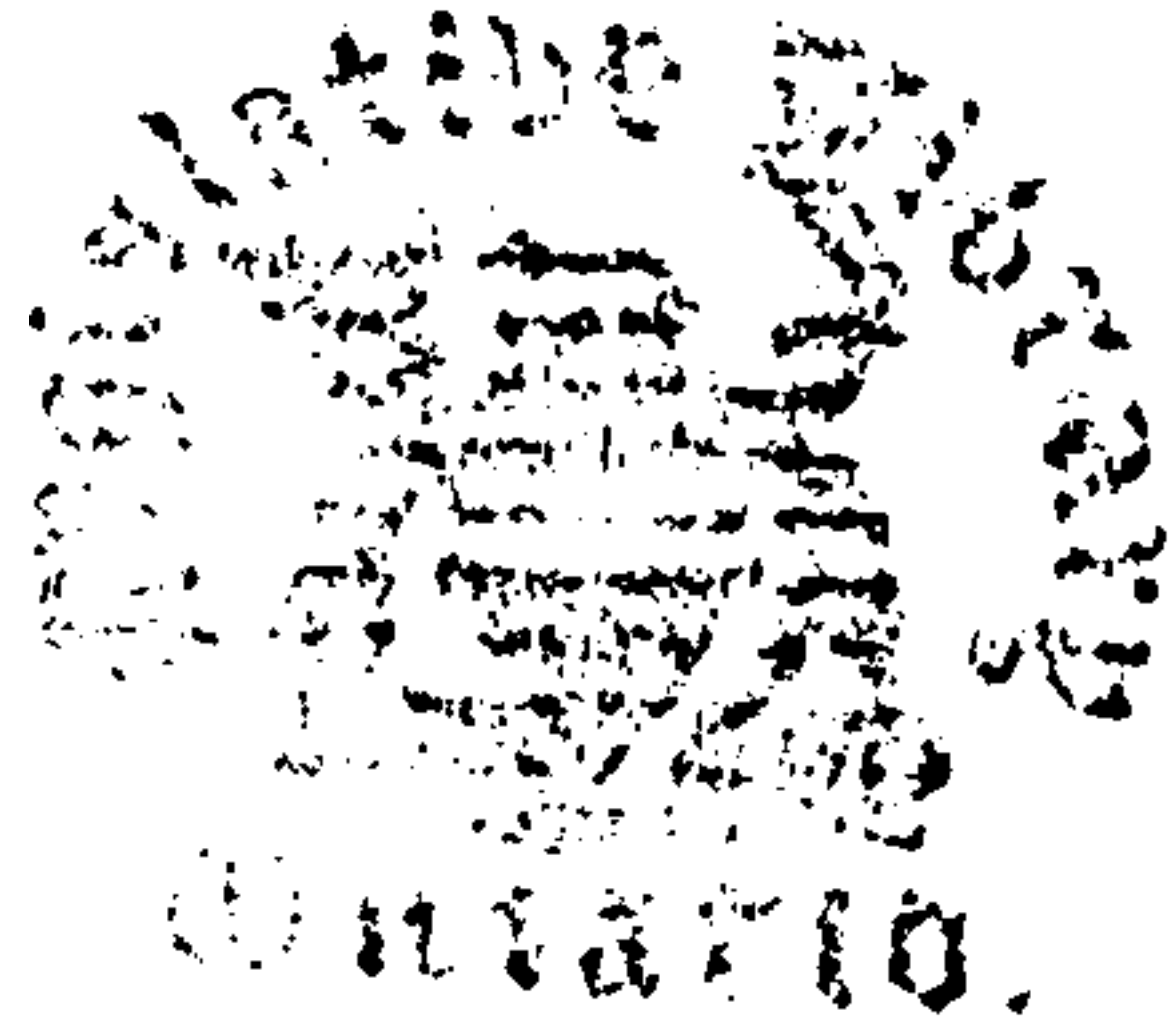
*But standeth even so
As now we witness here,
While men depart, of joyful heart,
Adventure for to know
(As now bear witness here!)*

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!

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 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!"

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.

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COLLECTED VERSE

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 warships 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!

CAPETOWN

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!

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 grey 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 ninefolds 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,

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COLLECTED VERSE

(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!

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

1897

(Canadian Preferential Tariff, 1897)

A NATION spoke to a Nation,
A Queen sent word to a Throne:
“Daughter am I in my mother’s house,
But mistress in my own.
The gates are mine to open,
As the gates are mine to close,
And I set my house in order,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“Neither with laughter nor weeping,
Fear or the child’s amaze —
Soberly under the White Man’s law
My white men go their ways.
Not for the Gentiles’ clamour —
Insult or threat of blows —
Bow we the knee to Baal,”
Said our Lady of the Snows.

“My speech is clean and single,
I talk of common things —
Words of the wharf and the market-place
And the ware the merchant brings:

COLLECTED VERSE

Favour to those I favour,
 But a stumbling-block to my foes.
 Many there be that hate us,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

"I called my chiefs to council
 In the din of a troubled year;
 For the sake of a sign ye would not see,
 And a word ye would not hear.
 This is our message and answer;
 This is the path we chose:
 For we be also a people,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

"Carry the word to my sisters —
 To the Queens of the East and the South.
 I have proven faith in the Heritage
 By more than the word of the mouth.
 They that are wise may follow
 Ere the world's war-trumpet blows,
 But I — I am first in the battle,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

*A Nation spoke to a Nation,
 A Throne sent word to a Throne:
 "Daughter am I in my mother's house,
 But mistress in my own.
 The gates are mine to open,
 As the gates are mine to close,
 And I abide by my Mother's House,"
 Said our Lady of the Snows.*

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COLLECTED VERSE

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

THE YOUNG QUEEN

1900

*(The Commonwealth of Australia, inaugurated New Year's
Day, 1901)*

HER hand was still on her sword-hilt, the spur was still
on her heel,
She had not cast her harness of grey war-dinted steel;
High on her red-splashed charger, beautiful, bold, and browned,
Bright-eyed out of the battle, the Young Queen rode to be
crowned.

She came to the Old Queen's presence, in the Hall of Our
Thousand Years —
In the Hall of the Five Free Nations that are peers among
their peers:
Royal she gave the greeting, loyal she bowed the head,
Crying — "Crown me, my Mother!" And the Old Queen
stood and said: —

"How can I crown thee further? I know whose standard flies
Where the clean surge takes the Leeuwin or the coral bar-
riers rise.
Blood of our foes on thy bridle, and speech of our friends in
thy mouth —
How can I crown thee further, O Queen of the Sovereign
South?"

“Let the Five Free Nations witness!” But the Young Queen answered swift:—

“It shall be crown of Our crowning to hold Our crown for a gift.

In the days when Our folk were feeble thy sword made sure
Our lands:

Wherefore We come in power to take Our crown at thy hands.”

And the Old Queen raised and kissed her, and the jealous circlet prest,

Roped with the pearls of the Northland and red with the gold of the West,

Lit with her land's own opals, levin-hearted, alive,

And the Five-starred Cross above them, for sign of the Nations Five.

So it was done in the Presence—in the Hall of Our Thousand Years,

In the face of the Five Free Nations that have no peer but their peers;

And the Young Queen out of the Southland kneeled down at the Old Queen's knee,

And asked for a mother's blessing on the excellent years to be.

And the Old Queen stooped in the stillness where the jewelled head drooped low:—

“Daughter no more but Sister, and doubly Daughter so—

Mother of many princes—and child of the child I bore,

What good thing shall I wish thee that I have not wished before?

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*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 Muisenberg

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 who hold by these!
 Unto each his mother-beach, bloom and bird and land —
 Masters of the Seven Seas, oh, love and understand!

THE NATIVE-BORN

1894

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 morn,
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 sky-lark,
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 —

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COLLECTED VERSE

To the far-flung fenceless prairie
 Where the quick cloud-shadows trail
 To our neighbour's 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 verandas —
 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!

*A health to the Native-born (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!*

THE LOST LEGION

1895

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.

COLLECTED VERSE

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,

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work is mainly due the great improvement that has taken place in the soldiers of H.H. the Khedive."

EXTRACT FROM LETTER.

SAIID 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 years 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!

KITCHENER'S SCHOOL

1898

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, 1898.

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.”

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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 own blood;

And all the mad English obey the Judges and say that the 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.

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

1901

“and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge.”

District Orders — Lines of Communication. South African War.

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;

COLLECTED VERSE

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.

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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!

SOUTH AFRICA

1903

LIVED a woman wonderful,
 (May the Lord amend her!)
 Neither simple, kind, nor true,
 But her Pagan beauty drew
 Christian gentlemen a few
 Hotly to attend her.

*Christian gentlemen a few
 From Berwick unto Dover;
 For she was South Africa,
 And she was South Africa,
 She was Our South Africa,
 Africa all over!*

COLLECTED VERSE

Half her land was dead with drouth,
 Half was red with battle;
 She was fenced with fire and sword,
 Plague on pestilence outpoured,
 Locusts on the greening sward
 And murrain on the cattle!

*True, ah true, and overtrue;
 That is why we love her!
 For she is South Africa,
 And she is South Africa,
 She is Our South Africa,
 Africa all over!*

Bitter hard her lovers toiled,
 Scandalous their payment,—
 Food forgot on trains derailed;
 Cattle-dung where fuel failed;
 Water where the mules had staled;
 And sackcloth for their raiment!

So she filled their mouths with dust
 And their bones with fever;
 Greeted them with cruel lies;
 Treated them despiteful-wise;
 Meted them calamities
 Till they vowed to leave her!

They took ship and they took sail,
 Raging, from her borders—
 In a little, none the less,
 They forgot their sore duress,
 They forgave her waywardness
 And returned for orders!

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COLLECTED VERSE

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!

THE SETTLER

1903

(Peace, 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!

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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
Yeans 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!*

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

1902

(For the nurses who died in the South African war)

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 foot-
 hills
 (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?

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*Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in our
nostrils,
Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by,
Praise with love and worship many honourable women,
Those that gave their lives for us when we were like
to die!*

THE ENGLISH FLAG

1891

*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 van-
guards 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 halliards 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 lotos closes, never the wild-fowl wake,

“But a soul goes out on the East Wind that died for Eng-
land’s sake—

“Man or women or suckling, mother or bride or maid—

“Because on the bones of the English the English Flag is
stayed.

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WHEN EARTH'S LAST PICTURE IS PAINTED

1892

WHEN Earth's last picture is painted and the tubes are
twisted and dried,
When the oldest colours have faded, and the youngest critic
has died,
We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an
æon or two,
Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall put us to work
anew.

And those that were good shall be happy: they shall sit in a
golden chair;
They shall splash at a ten-league canvas with brushes of
comets' hair;
They shall find real saints to draw from—Magdalene, Peter,
and Paul;
They shall 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 shall work for money, and no one shall work for
fame,
But each for the joy of the working, and each, in his separate
star,
Shall draw the Thing as he sees It for the God of Things as
They are!

“CLEARED”

1890

(In memory of the Parnell 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, Oh listen to my song,
The honourable gentlemen have suffered grievous wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned — Oh 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 sur-
geon’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 phœnixes from Phoenix 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 give a piece of plate to murderers and thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a women'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 boys 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 Clan-na-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.

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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.

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

1889

*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 Borderside,
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 Mohammed 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 a 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 dust-devils 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.

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“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 brethern 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 grey
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 muzzled 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 take 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 Won-
drous 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 ’t is 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!

THE LAST SUTTEE

1889

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 and burned themselves with the corpse 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.

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COLLECTED VERSE

A face looked down in the gathering day,
 And laughing spoke from the wall:
 "Ohé, 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 grey 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!"



HEATH
ROBINSON

"SISTER OF MINE, PASS, FREE FROM SHAME.
"PASS WITH THY KING TO REST!"

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"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!

GENERAL JOUBERT

1900

(Died 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!

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

*ABDHUR RAHMAN, the Durani Chief, of him is the
 story told.*

*His mercy fills the Khyber hills — his grace is manifold;
 He has taken toll of the North and the South — his
 glory reacheth far,
 And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh to
 Kandahar.*

Before the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd and Kaffir meet,
 The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of the Street,
 And that was strait as running noose and swift as plunging
 knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold the longer life.
 There was a hound of Hindustan had struck a Euzufzai,
 Wherefore they spat upon his face and led him out to die.
 It chanced the King went forth that hour when throat was
 bared to knife;

The Kaffir grovelled under-hoof and clamoured for his life.

Then said the King: "Have hope, O friend! Yea, Death
 disgraced is hard;

"Much honour shall be thine"; and called the Captain of the
 Guard,

Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble saith,
 And he was honoured of the King — the which is salt to Death;

And he was son of Daoud Shah, the Reiver of the Plains,
 And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his veins;
 And 't was to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell nor Heaven
 could bind,
 The King would make him butcher to a yelping cur of Hind.

“Strike!” said the King. “King’s blood art thou — his death
 shall be his pride!”

Then louder, that the crowd might catch: “Fear not — his
 arms are tied!”

Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and struck, and
 sheathed again.

“O man, thy will is done,” quoth he. “A King this dog
 hath slain.”

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North and
 the South is sold.*

*The North and the South shall open their mouth to a
 Ghilzai flag unrolled,*

*When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and his
 dog-Heratis fly:*

*Ye have heard the song — How long? How long?
 Wolves of the Abazai!*

That night before the watch was set, when all the streets
 were clear,

The Governor of Kabul spoke: “My King, hast thou no fear?
 “Thou knowest — thou has heard,” — his speech died at his
 master’s face.

And grimly said the Afghan King: “I rule the Afghan race.
 “My path is mine — see thou to thine — to-night upon thy
 bed

“Think who there be in Kabul now that clamour for thy
 head.”

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They stoned him till the stones were piled above him on the
plain,
And those the labouring limbs displaced they tumbled back
again.

One watched beside the dreary mound that veiled the battered
thing,
And him the King with laughter called the Herald of the
King.

It was upon the second night, the night of Ramazan,
The watcher leaning earthward heard the message of Yar
Khan.

From shattered breast through shrivelled lips broke forth the
rattling breath,

“Creature of God, deliver me from agony of Death.”

They sought the King among his girls, and risked their lives
thereby:

“Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he die!”

“Bid him endure until the day,” a lagging answer came;

“The night is short, and he can pray and learn to bless my
name.”

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on the day once
more:

“Creature of God, deliver me, and bless the King therefor!”

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease him of his pain,
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he blessed the King
again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all the world to
sing,
So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of the King.

*Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story
told,
He has opened his mouth to the North and the South,
they have stuffed his mouth with gold.
Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet his
favours are:
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?
from Balkh to Kandahar.*

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

1890

WHEN spring-time flushes the desert grass,
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,
As the snowbound trade of the North comes down
To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,
And tent-peg answered to hammer-nose;
And the picketed ponies, shag and wild,
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;
And the bubbling camels beside the load
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;
And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the food;
And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;

And there fled on the wings of the gathering dusk
A savour of camels and carpets and musk,
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.

The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,
The knives were whetted and — then came I
To Mahbub Ali the muleteer,
Patching his bridles and counting his gear,
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.
But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,
“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”
So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,
And he who never hath tasted the food,
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

Four things greater than all things are —
Women and Horses and Power and War.
We spake of them all, but the last the most,
For I sought a word of a Russian post,
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword
And a grey-coat guard on the Helmund ford.
Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.
Quoth he: “Of the Russians who can say?
“When the night is gathering all is grey.
“But we look that the gloom of the night shall die
“In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.

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“ Evil it is in full durbar
 “ To cry to a ruler of gathering war!
 “ Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,
 “ That grew by a cleft of the city wall.
 “ And he said to the boy: ‘ They shall praise thy zeal
 “ ‘ So long as the red spurt follows the steel.
 “ ‘ And the Russ is upon us even now?
 “ ‘ Great is thy prudence — await them, thou.
 “ ‘ Watch from the tree. Thou art young and strong.
 “ ‘ Surely thy vigil is not for long.
 “ ‘ The Russ is upon us, thy clamour ran?
 “ ‘ Surely an hour shall bring their van.
 “ ‘ Wait and watch. When the host is near,
 “ ‘ Shout aloud that my men may hear.’

“ Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise
 “ To warn a King of his enemies?
 “ A guard was set that he might not flee —
 “ A score of bayonets ringed the tree.
 “ The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,
 “ When he shook at his death as he looked below.
 “ By the power of God, who alone is great,
 “ Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.
 “ Then madness took him, and men declare
 “ He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,
 “ And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,
 “ And he hung like a bat in the forks and wailed,
 “ And sleep the cord of his hands untied,
 “ And he fell, and was caught on the points and died.

“ Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise
 “ To warn a King of his enemies?
 “ We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,
 “ But no man knoweth the mind of the King.

“Of the grey-coat coming who can say?
 “When the night is gathering all is grey.
 “Two things greater than all things are,
 “The first is Love, and the second War.
 “And since we know not how War may prove,
 “Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love!”

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

1890

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 Mahratta trooper tells the story:—

THE wreath of a banquet overnight lay withered on the neck,
 Our hands and scarves 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;
 'T was 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 back against the dust, the Bhagwa Jhanda
 swayed.

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!"

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'T was 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 't was 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 handsbreadth 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.

THE DOVE OF DACCA

1892

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.

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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 Daystar 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-break, 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.

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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.

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 *pêt*.¹

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.

.

¹ Stomach

Turn now to Simoorie, where, all at 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 grey monkey gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released from the steel,
The Peace of the Lord is on 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, opened-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,*

“10th 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.

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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!*

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

1887

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 snuffed 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 grey 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:—

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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 grey 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 grey 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.

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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 lowe
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.

'T is 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!

THE FEET OF THE YOUNG MEN

1897

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 when 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 wood-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

To 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?
It 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.

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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-drift . . . Quick! ah, heave
the camp-kit over!

For the Red Gods make their medicine again!

And we go — go — go away from here!

On the other side the world we're overdue!

Send the road is clear before you when the old

Spring-fret comes o'er you,

And the Red Gods call for you!

THE TRUCE OF THE BEAR

1898

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-dug
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 full 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.

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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 the shouting of the peoples' by the cannon over-
 thrown
 (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 he darkened Earth afar,
Till he came on cunning Dives where the money-changers
 are;
 And he saw men pledge their gear
 For the gold 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.

Yet to Dives came Atlantis and the Captains of the West—
And their hates were nothing weakened nor their anger nor
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 known through all the Hells

“How my peoples mock 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 be-
side?

“With gold and fear and hate

“I have harnessed state to state,

“And with 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 neigh-
bours 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.

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AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

1890

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 brother-
hood — 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’ll 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 lifted 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.

ET DONA FERENTES

1896

IN extended observation of the ways and works of man,
 From the Four-mile Radius roughly to the plains of Hin-
 dustan:

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;

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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
unperturbed,

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 !

BEFORE A MIDNIGHT BREAKS IN STORM

1903

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 slip 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.

THE BELL BUOY

1896

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 minster-towers stand
 And the breeding kestrels cry.

Would I change with my brother a league inland?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

In the flush of the hot June prime,
 O'er smooth 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?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) Not I!

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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?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) 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?
 (*Shoal! 'Ware shoal!*) 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!

THE OLD ISSUE

OCTOBER 9, 1899

*“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 White-
hall!)*

*“He hath veiled the crown and hid the sceptre,” warn
the Trumpets,*

*“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 shall 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, whatso'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.

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*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!*

THE LESSON

(1899 - 1902)

*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 fulness ac-
corded no other land.

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and *not* the judgment 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 overlies 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!

THE ISLANDERS

1902

*No doubt but ye are the People — your throne is above
 the King's.*

*Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable things:
 Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in fear —
 Bringing the word well smoothen — such as a King should
 hear.*

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your leaden seas,
 Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at ease;
 Till ye said of Strife, "What is it?" of the Sword, "It is
 far from our ken";
 Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and a toy of
 your armed men.
 Ye stopped your ears to the warning — ye would neither look
 nor heed —
 Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts above
 their need.
 Because of your witless learning and your beasts of warren
 and chase,
 Ye grudged your sons to their service and your fields for
 their camping-place.

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Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a lie,
 Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let the months go by
 Waiting some easy wonder: hoping some saving sign —
 Idle — openly idle — in the lee of the forespent Line.
 Idle — except for your boasting — and what is your boasting
 worth

If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest life on earth?
 Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle set,
 Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit forget
 It was not made with the mountains, it is not one with the
 deep.

Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must keep.
 Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk called from afar,
 But each man born in the Island broke to the matter of war.
 Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the same;
 Each man born in the Island entered at youth to the game —
 As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in haste,
 But after trial and labour, by temperance, living chaste.
 As it were almost cricket — as it were even your play,
 Weighed and pondered and worshipped, and practised day
 and day.

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless lightnings wake
 In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the pallid nations
 quake.

So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall leap
 Forthright, accoutred, accepting — alert from the wells of sleep.
 So at the threat ye shall summon — so at the need ye shall send
 Men, not children or servants, tempered and taught to the end;
 Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
 Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacrifice. . . .
 But ye say, "It will mar our comfort." Ye say, "It will
 minish our trade."

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn how a
 gun is laid?

For the low, red glare to the southward when the raided
coast-towns burn?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time to learn.)
Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily even the odds,
With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets and bats and
rods?

Will the rabbit war with your foemen — the red deer horn
them for hire?

Your kept cock-pheasant keep you? — he is master of many
a shire.

Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking, gelt,
Will ye loose your schools to flout them till their brow-beat
columns melt?

Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them, or ballot
them back from your shore?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them strike no
more?

Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers? (Because ye were
idle both?)

Pride by Insolence chastened? Indolence purged by Sloth?)
No doubt but ye are the People; who shall make you afraid?
Also your gods are many; no doubt but your gods shall aid.
Idols of greasy altars built for the body's ease;
Proud little brazen Baals and talking fetishes;
Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pavement gods —
These shall come down to the battle and snatch you from
under the rods?

From the gusty, flickering gun-roll with viewless salvoes rent,
And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell not whence they
were sent.

When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye are scourged as
with whips,

When the meat is yet in your belly, and the boast is yet on
your lips;

When ye go forth at morning and the noon beholds you
 broke,
 Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant, under the yoke?

*No doubt but ye are the People — absolute, strong, and
 wise;*

*Whatever your heart has desired ye have not withheld
 from your eyes.*

*On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and the
 saving lies!*

THE DYKES

1902

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 test-
 ing all,

Nipping the flanks of the water-gates, baying along the wall;

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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
sea-banks go.

Bid the ringers watch in the tower (who knows what 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, and the old sure
day withdrawn . . .

That our own houses show as strange when we come back
in the dawn!

THE WAGE-SLAVES

1902

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,
Nor doubt their words are true.

Yet we the bondslaves 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 earn 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!

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COLLECTED VERSE

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 the scorn of our muleteers
And the jest of our halted lines.

By the picket-pins that the dogs defile,
In the dung and the dust He lay,
Till the priests ran and chattered a while
And 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 dead dog, for my father's sake,
In Rimmon's House I bow.

THE REFORMERS

1901

*NOT in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.*

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance —
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance —

Sees, 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,

COLLECTED VERSE

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,
A long-ingrained effort goad
To bind, 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!*

THE OLD MEN

1902

***T**HIS is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the
end—
That we outlive the impatient years and the much too
patient friend:
And because we know we have breath in our mouth and
think we have thought in our head,
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are really
dead.*

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The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out: but we shall
 subsist on the smell of it,
 And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our
 gums and think well of it.
 Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that
 is the Perfectest Hell of it!

*This is our lot if we live so long and listen to those who
 love us —
 That we are shunned by the people about and shamed by
 the Powers above us.
 Wherefore be free of your harness betimes; but being
 free be assured,
 That he who hath not endured to the death, from his birth
 he hath never endured!*

THE WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

1899

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 made 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 —

COLLECTED VERSE

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!

HYMN BEFORE ACTION

1896

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!

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COLLECTED VERSE

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!

RECESSIONAL

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-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!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
 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!

THE THREE-DECKER

1894

“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've found her first and best —
 The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held the breeze behind us — 't was 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 con-
 fessed,
 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 did n't tell.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared,
The villain had his flogging at the gangway, and we cheered.
'T was fiddle in the forc's'le — 't was 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 — 't will show no ha-
ven's peace.

Ay, blow your shrieking sirens at the deaf, grey-bearded seas!
Boom out the dripping oil-bags to skin the deep's unrest —
And you are n'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.

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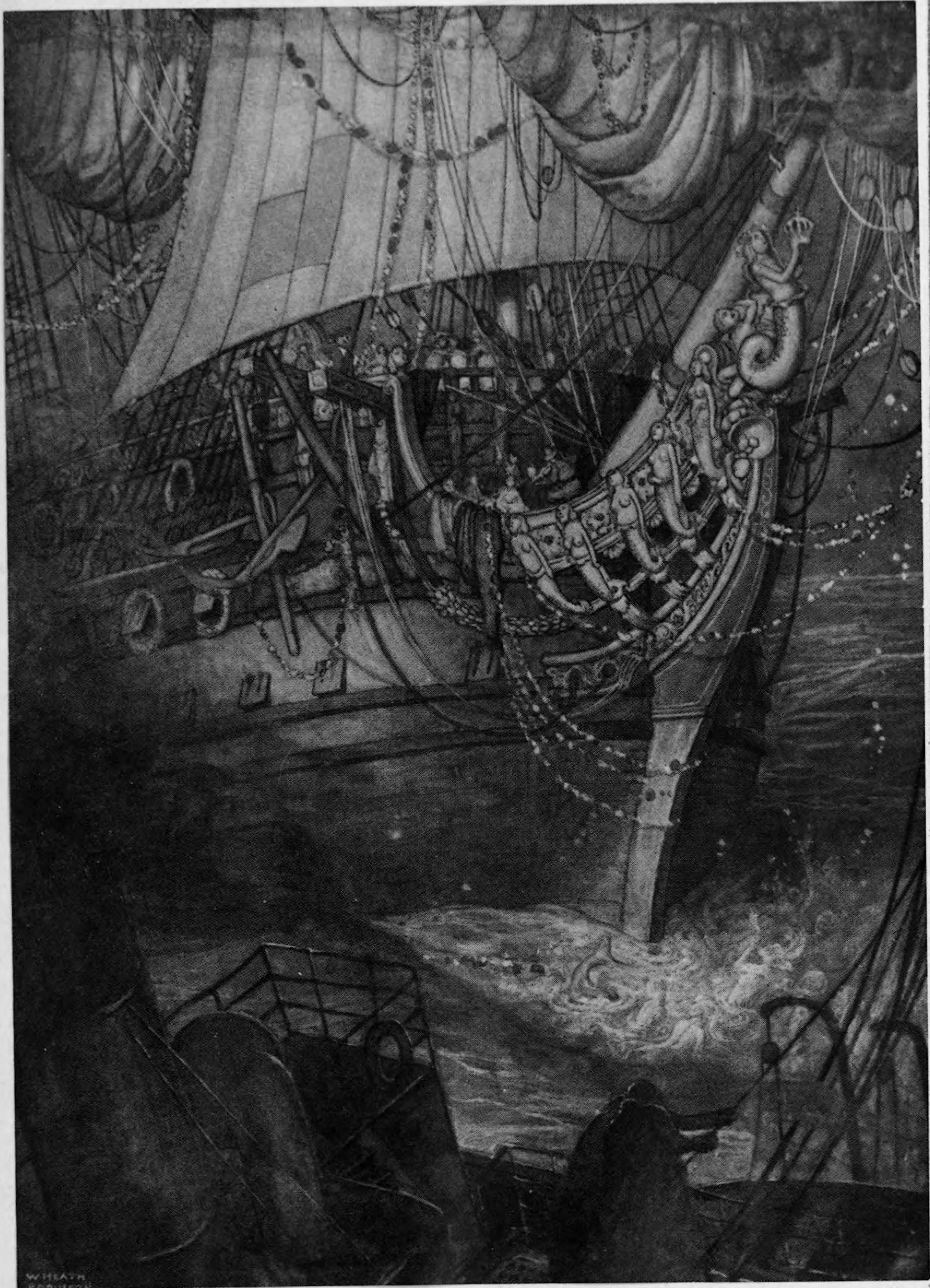
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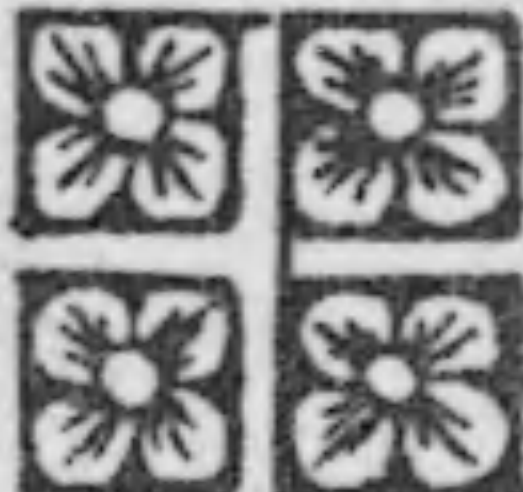
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WHEATH
ROBINSON



7

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And one was Master of the Thames from Limehouse to Black-wall,

And he was Captain of the Fleet — the bravest of them all.
Their good guns guarded the great grey 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 deck-house 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 rock-
ing 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?

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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 dipsy-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!”

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

1890

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 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.

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 the 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?"

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 yelk 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,

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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,
 Smeared 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

“ THUS GODS ARE MADE
“ AND WHOSO MAKES THEM OTHERWISE SHALL DIE ”

COLLECTED VERSE

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 And reared a God against the morning-gold,
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He cut an idol from a fallen pine,

He smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged a shell

Above its eyes, and gave it hair

Of flax and moss, and plaited straw for crown.

And all the village praised him for this craft,

And brought him butter, honey, milk, and curds.

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Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,
 Uncleanly, 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.*

IN THE NEOLITHIC AGE

1895

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 Solutré, told the tribe my style was *outré*—
 '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 Trraill].

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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, scrying them clearly on bone.

Swift came his 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.



UNG

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“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 scrying on bone
Even to mammoth editions. Gaily he whistled and sung,
Blessing his tribe for their blindness. *Heed ye the Story of
Ung!*

THE FILES

1903

(The Sub-editor Speaks)

FILES —

The Files —

Office Files!

Oblige me by referring to the files.

Every question man can raise,

Every phrase of every phase

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 —
Faenza, gentle reader, spent her — five-and-twentieth leader
(You will find him, and some others, in the files).
Warn all future 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 Kensall-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;
'T is 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 Conchimarian horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies

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COLLECTED VERSE

“ 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 with 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 neighbours' tails.

II

'T WAS 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 wint
aboard.

But the wind was always failin', an' 't was most onaisy
sailin',
An' the ladies in the cabin could n'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 has n'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.”

TOMLINSON

1891

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.”

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— “For that ye strove in neighbour-love it shall be fair,

“But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and ~~are~~ in Berkeley Square:

“Though we called your friend from ~~his~~ ~~land~~ this could not speak for you,

“For the race is run by one and one ~~and never~~ by two.”



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“Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong, for doom has
yet to run,
“And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley Square up-
hold 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 Tomlin-
son 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,

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“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 stal-
lions 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 ye took from a printed book be with
you, Tomlinson!”

THE EXPLANATION

1890

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.



THE EXPLANATION

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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.

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

1890

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."



SHE LAID IT INTO HER BREAST

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COLLECTED VERSE

“The terns are blown inland,
“The grey gull follows the plough.
“’T was 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!”

THE KING

1894

“**F**AREWELL, 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 have 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!”

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

1893

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.

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“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 o’ the groanin’ earth,
 “They come wi’ news o’ the roarin’ sea,
 “Wi’ word o’ 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’ minein’ 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 of 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 harpitt the salt tear out o' his e'e.

'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!"

*'T was bent beneath and blue above —
 'T was open field and running flood —
 Where, hot on heath and dyke 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!

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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!"

THE PALACE

1902

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 :

After me cometh a Builder. Tell him, I too have known!

!

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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!*

R. K.

DANNY DEEVER

“**W**HAT 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?” says 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'eard?” said Files-on-Parade.

“It's Danny's soul that's passing 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'.

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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 are n't no thin red 'eroes, nor we are n't no blackguards
too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable like you;

An' if sometimes our conduct is n'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!"

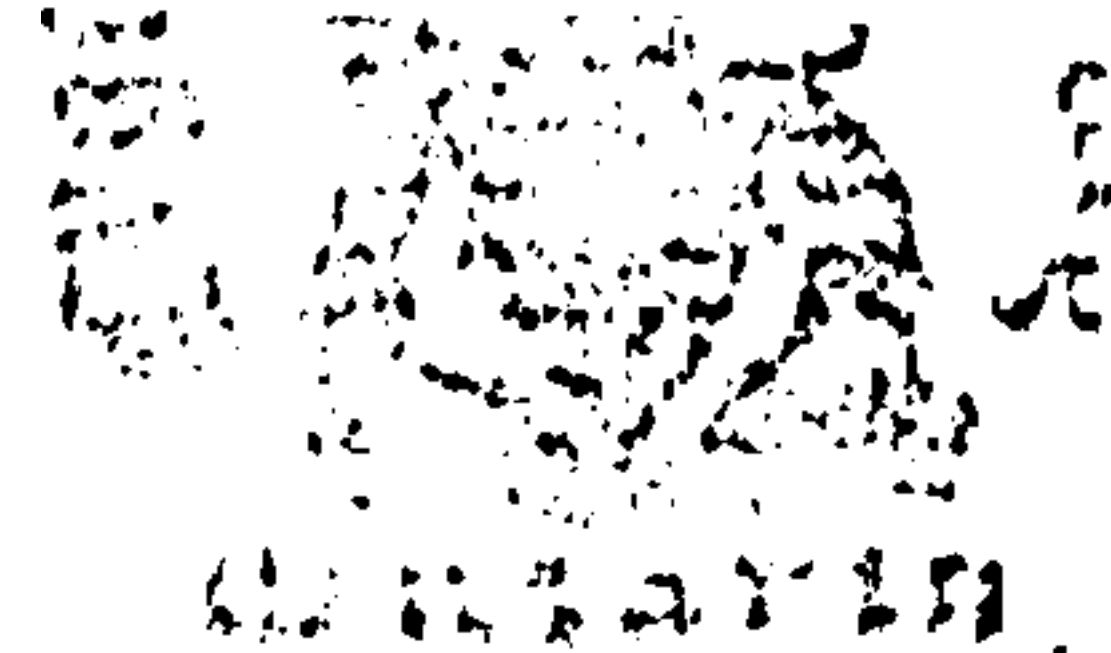
But it's "Saviour of 'is country" when the guns begin to
shoot;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you
please;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool — you bet that Tommy
sees!

“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 *Suakim*,
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 Kyber '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 was n'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 bar-
 gain 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 does n'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!

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“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 new 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 new love.

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!



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 NEW LOVE

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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!

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 black-
 ing 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.

'T was 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 bar-
rack-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!"

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 black-faced 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!*"
 "You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,

‡ Bring water swiftly.

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I sha'n'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!

**AN' THE MAN THAT SPIED ME FIRST
WAS OUR GOOD OLD GRINNIN', GRUNTIN'**

I sha'n'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 gratefullest 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

"'E where a dooli lay,

"'E bullet come an' spied the beggar clean.
 WAS OUR GOOD OLD GRINNIN', GRUNTIN', GUNGA DIN
 AN, THE MAN THAT SPIED ME FIRST
 put me safe inside,

"'E just before 'e died,

"'E sez you liked your drink," sez Gunga Din.

"'E'll meet 'im later on

"'E'll be at the place where 'e is gone —

"'E'll be squattin' on the coals

"'E'll be squattin' on the coals

"'E'll be squattin' on the coals

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2
3

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,¹ 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.

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,

¹ Camel—oo is pronounced like u in "bull," but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

'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, an' 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.

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.

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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 clobb 'im from be'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, and it seems beyond a
doubt

As if there were n'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!

“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 *Snar-*
leyow.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore in two—
But 'e 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 could n't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead between
your 'eels!"

'E 'ad n'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
'T was juicier for the niggers when the case begun to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:

You 'av n't got no families when servin' of the Queen —

You 'av n'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!

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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!)

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 . . .

The 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 subsequint 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 did n’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;

’T was 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: — “’T was never work
o’ mine!”

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the street we bore
him,

The poor dumb corpse that could n't tell the bhoys were sorry
for him.

When it was:—“Belts . . .

There was a row in Silver Street— it is n't over yet,
For half of us are under guard wid punishments to get;
'T is 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!

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 . . .

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COLLECTED VERSE

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,
 Just 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!

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 'crost
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 call 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 drop-
pin' slow,

She'd get '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, squdgy 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 Manda-
 lay;

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;

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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.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

“**W**HERE have you been this while away,
Johnnie, Johnnie?”
Out 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 could n't do more and they would n'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.

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Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
 Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
 God '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 and 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.

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 a 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 whitewashed 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!

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 blooming campin'-ground exactly like the
 last;
 While the Big Drum says,
 With 'is "*rowdy-dowdy-dow!*" —
 "*Kiko kissywarsti don't you hamsher argy jow?*"¹

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 . . .

¹ Why don't you get on?

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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?*"

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 did n'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!

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*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!*

“BACK TO THE ARMY AGAIN”

I 'M 'ere in a ticky ulster an' a broken billycock 'at,
A-layin' on to 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 the Army again, sergeant,
Back to the Army again.
Don't look so 'ard, for I 'ave n'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' four-pence 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 'as n'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;
'T isn'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 could n't 'elp 'oldin'
straight

When me an' the other rookies come under the barrick 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!

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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 an' 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 an' 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! Ur-roar!)

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!

“SOLDIER AN' SAILOR TOO”

(Royal Regiment of Marines)

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,

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When the Flood come along for an extra monsoon,
 'T was 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 would n't ha' done
 If he'd trained with, etc.

When the Tower o' Babel had mixed up men's *bat*,¹
 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*,¹
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 have n'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;

¹ Hillside.

An' they call us Her Majesty's Engineers,
 Her Majesty's Royal Engineers,
 With the rank and pay of a Sapper!

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 would n't
 keep —

No, there was n'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 did n'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.

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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 did n'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 mus-
ketoons,
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 did n'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 must n't swear an' curse, or you'll only catch
 it worse,
 And 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!*

CHOLERA CAMP

(Infantry in India)

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 can not 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!"

'T would 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.

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*Now I are n'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 might n'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,
 And I learned about women from 'er!

Then I was ordered to Burma
 Acting 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' *bole*;¹
 Kind o' volcano she were,
 For she knifed me one night 'cause I wished she was white,
 An' I learned about women from 'er!

Then I come 'ome in a 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 did n't know what it were;
 An' I would n'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 and Judy O'Grady
 Are sisters under their skins!*

¹ Slang.

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 is n'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!”

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For monthly, after Labour,
 We'd all sit down and smoke
 (We durs n't give no banquetts,
 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 't was '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*¹ passin' down;
 An' the old khansamah² snorin'
 On the bottle-khana³ floor,

¹ Cigar-lighter.

² Butler.

³ Pantry.

Like a Master in good standing
With my Mother Lodge once more.

Outside — “Sergeant! Sir! Salute! Salaam!”
Inside — “Brother,” an’ it does n’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!

“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 ’ad n’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 our your pipes an' follow me!
 An' it's finish up 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!*

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!

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COLLECTED VERSE

“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 't ain'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.*

THE JACKET

(Royal Horse Artillery)

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 did n't keep 'im waiting 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 did n'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 durs n'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 could n't keep 'em waitin' very long.

And the Captain, etc.

So we finished 'arf the liquor (an' the Captain took cham-
 pagne),
 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-jectile!
 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 did n'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 glacis with a rattlin' "right
 incline,"

An' we dropped upon their 'eads the other side.
 Then we give 'em quarter — such 'as 'ad n't up an' cut
 ('Orse Gunners, listen to my song!)
 An' the Captain stood a limberful of fizzy — somethin' Brutt,
 But we did n'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.

THE 'EATHEN

THE 'eathen in 's 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,¹ kul,² an' hazar-ho,³
 Mind you keep your rifle an' yourself jus' so!*

¹ Not now.

² To-morrow.

³ Wait a bit.

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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' an' 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 'cavin', '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 is n'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 'ad n't learned 'em they'd be all about the shop!

An' now it's "'Oo goes backward?" an' now it's "'Oo comes on?"

An' 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 'e 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!*

THE SHUT-EYE SENTRY

SEZ the Junior Orderly Sergeant
To the Senior Orderly Man:
"Our Orderly Orf'cer's *hokee-mut*,¹
"You 'elp 'im all you can.

¹ Very drunk.

“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 did n’t see nothin’ wrong.

*Though it was “Rounds! What Rounds?” O corporal,
 ’old ’im up!
 ’E’s usin’ ’is cap as it should n’t be used, but, sentry,
 shut your eye.
 An’ it was “Pass! All’s well!” Ho, shun the foamin’ cup!
 ’E’ll need, etc.*

’T was 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;

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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 'ad n'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.!

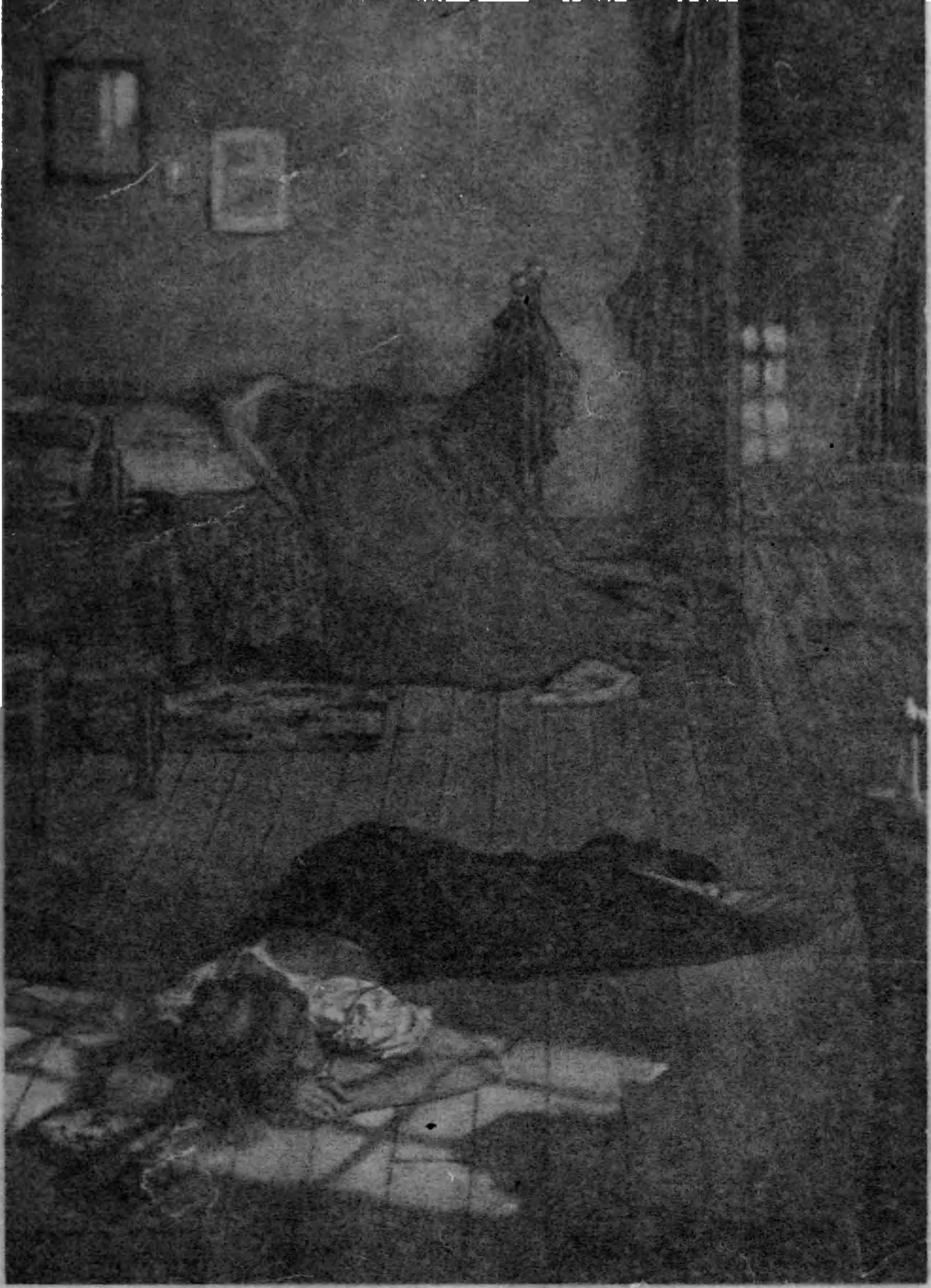
*When it is "Rounds! What Rounds?" 'E's breathin'
 through 'is nose.*

*'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.*

"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!



COLLECTED VERSE

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 'ad n'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'*

"MARY, PITY WOMEN!"

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 An' leave me, as you can,
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*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 'ave n'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 can not 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, and 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!*

“FOR TO ADMIRE”

THE Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
 So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
 There are n'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 ag'in the settin' sun
 The Lascar sings, “*Hum deckty hai!*”¹

*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!*

¹ “I'm looking out.”

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COLLECTED VERSE

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!*

SERVICE SONGS

SOUTH AFRICAN

WAR



PIET



*“ Tommy ” you was when it began,
But now that it is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*Batt'ry, brigade, flank, centre, van,
Defaulter, Army corps —
From first to last, The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*From 'Alifax to 'Industan,
From York to Singapore —
'Orse, foot, an' guns, The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore!*

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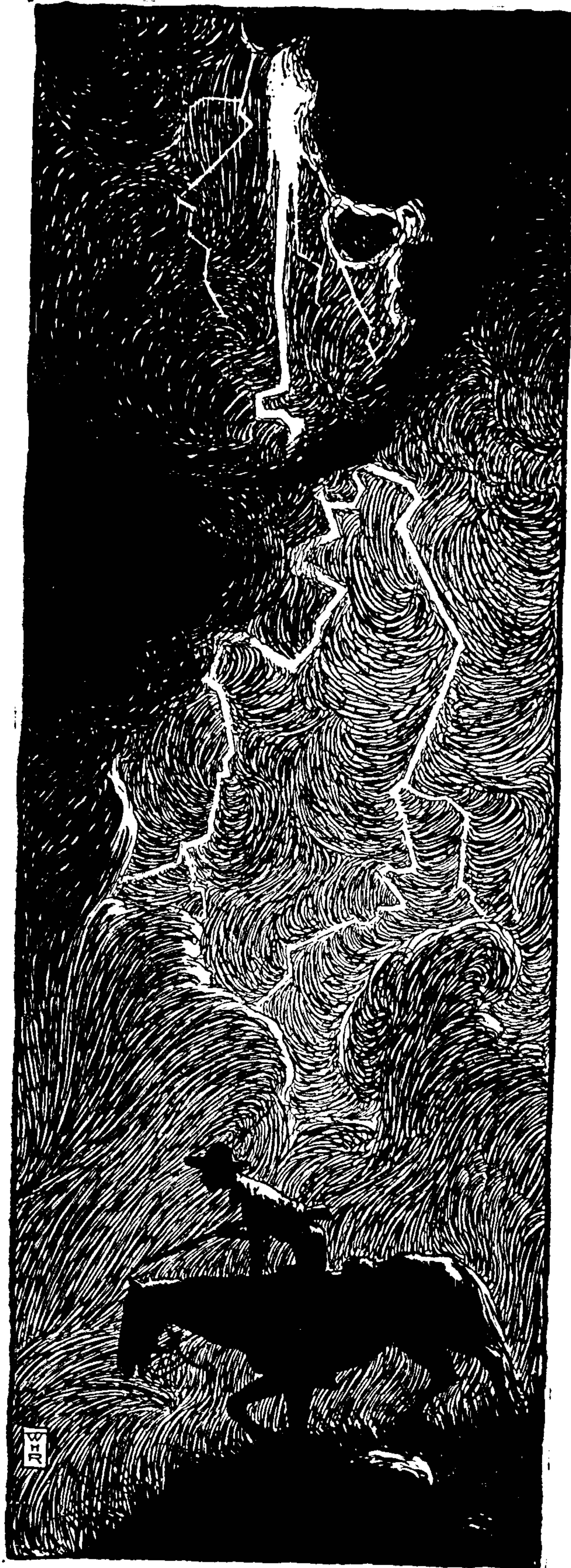
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An the silence, the shine an' the size
 Of the 'igh, unexpressible skies. . . .
 I am takin' some letters almost
 As much as a mile, to the post,
 An' "mind you come back with the change!"
Me!

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 'Ill,
 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 an' 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,



ME THAT 'AVE FOLLOWED MY TRADE
IN THE PLACE WHERE THE LIGHTNIN'S ARE MADE

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I used to be in the Yorkshires once
 (Sussex, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
 Hampshires, Glosters, an' Scottish once! (*ad lib.*)
 But now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as — that is the name you must
 call

If you want officers' servants, pickets an' 'orseguards an' all —
 Details for buryin'-parties, company-cooks or supply —
 Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the ——¹ M. I.!

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-sores, my shirt is a button
 an' frill,

An' the things I've used my bay'nit for would make a tinker
 ill!

An' I don't know whose dam' column I'm in, nor where
 we're trekkin' nor why.

I've trekked from the Vaal to the Orange once —

From the Vaal to the greasy Pongolo once —

(Or else it was called the Zambesi once) —

For now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as — we are the push you require
 For outposts all night under freezin', an' rearguard all day
 under fire.

Anything 'ot or unwholesome? Anything dusty or dry?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas! Trot out the —— M. I.!

Our Sergeant-Major's a subaltern, our Captain's a Fusilier —
 Our Adjutant's "late of Somebody's 'Orse," an' a Melbourne
 auctioneer;

But you could n't spot us at 'arf a mile from the crackest
 caval-ry.

¹ Number according to taste and service of audience.

They used to talk about Lancers once,
 Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers once,
 'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,
 But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as — we are the orphans they
 blame
 For beggin' the loan of an 'ead-stall an' makin' a mount to
 the same:
 'Can't even look at an 'orselines but some one goes bellerin'
 "Hi!
 "'Ere comes a burglin' Ikona!" Footsack you — M. I.!

We're trekkin' our twenty miles a day an' bein' loved by the
 Dutch,
 But we don't hold on by the mane no more, nor lose our
 stirrups — much;
 An' we scout with a senior man in charge where the 'oly
 white flags fly.
 We used to think they were friendly once,
 Did n't take any precautions once
 (Once, my ducky, an' only once!)
 But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as — we are the beggars that got
 Three days "to learn equitation," an' six months o' bloomin'
 well trot!
 Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys — an' Mister De Wet on
 the fly —
 We are the rollin' Ikonas! We are the — M. I.!

The new fat regiments come from home, imaginin' vain V. C.'s
 (The same as our talky-fighty men which are often Number
 Threes¹),

¹ Horse-holders when in action, and therefore generally under cover.

But our words o' command are "Scatter" an' "Close" an'
 "Let your wounded lie."

We used to rescue 'em noble once,—
 Givin' the range as we raised 'em once,
 Gettin' 'em killed as we saved 'em once —
 But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as — we are the lanterns you view
 After a fight round the kopjes, lookin' for men that we knew;
 Whistlin' an' callin' together, 'altin' to catch the reply:—
 "'Elp me! O 'elp me, Ikonas! This way, the — M. I.!"

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin' news on
 my own,
 When I ride like a General up to the scrub and ride back
 like Tod Sloan,
 Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the shots go by.
 We used to fancy it risky once
 (Called it a reconnaissance once),
 Under the charge of an orf'cer once,
 But now we are M. I.!

That is what we are known as — that is the song you must
 say
 When you want men to be Mausered at one and a penny
 a day;
 We are no five-bob Colonials — we are the 'ome made supply,
 Ask for the London Ikonas! Ring up the — M. I.!

I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im a year ago;
 I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot on the things
 that 'e ought to know!
 When I think o' that ignorant barrack-bird, it almost makes
 me cry.

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“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,

Waits the section, etc.

With nothin’ but stillness as far as you please,

An’ the silly mirage stringin’ islands an’ seas

Round the section, etc.

So they strips off their hide an’ they grills in their bones,

Till the shadows crawl out from beneath the pore stones

Towards the section, etc.

An' the Mauser-bird stops an' the jackals begin,
 An' the 'orse-guard comes up and the Gunners 'ook in
As a 'int to the pompom an' six 'undred men. . . .

Off through the dark with the stars to rely on —
 (Alpha Centauri an' somethin' Orion)

Moves the section, etc.

Same bloomin' 'ole which the ant-bear 'as broke,
 Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke

Down the section, etc.

Same "which is right?" where the cart-tracks divide.
 Same "give it up" from the same clever guide

To the section, etc.

Same tumble-down on the same 'idden farm,
 Same white-eyed Kaffir 'oo gives the alarm

Of the section, etc.

Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,
 Same flyin' tackle an' same messy fight

By the section, etc.

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,
 When it's too dark to see an' it's too late to feel

In the section, etc.

(Same batch of prisoners, 'airy an' still,
 Watchin' their comrades bolt over the 'ill

From the section, etc.)

Same chilly glare in the eye of the sun
 As 'e gets up displeasured to see what was done

By the section, etc.

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

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.)

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

“ . . . On the —th instant a mixed detachment of colonials left — for Cape Town, there to rejoin their respective homeward-bound contingents, after fifteen months' service in the field. They were escorted to the station by the regular troops in garrison and the bulk of Colonel —'s column, which has just come in to refit, preparatory to further operations. The leave-taking was of the most cordial character, the men cheering each other continuously.”

— Any Newspaper, during the South African War.

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 need n't tell we liked you well. Good-bye — 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:

Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful played it too,
 And rather better on the whole. Good-bye — good luck to
 you!

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Your young, gay countries north an' south, we feel we own
 'em too,
 For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye — good luck
 to you!

We'll never read the papers now without inquiren' first
 For word from all those friendly dorps where you was born
 an' nursed.

Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal — Port Darwin — Timaru,
 They're only just across the road! Good-bye — good luck
 to you!

Good-bye! — 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-bye, you bloomin' Atlases! You've taught us somethin'
 new:

The world's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye — good luck
 to you!

TWO KOPJES

(Made Yeomanry towards the End of the 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!"

COLLECTED VERSE

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!

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BOOTS

(Infantry Columns of the Earlier War)

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 — boot — 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 —
Boots — boots — boots — boots — movin' up an' down again,
An' there's no discharge in the war!

'Taint — so — bad — by — day bēcause 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 'Ell 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!

THE MARRIED MAN

(Reservist of the Line)

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 makes 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 ricochee)
 'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
 An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

COLLECTED VERSE

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' stretches 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 'oly One in Three),
 We're all of us anxious to finish our bit,
 An' we want to get 'ome to our tea!

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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!

STELLENBOSH

(Composite Columns)

THE General 'eard the firin' on the flank,
 An' 'e sent a mounted man to bring 'im back
 The silly, pushin' person's name an' rank
 'Oo'd dared to answer Brother Boer's attack.

For there might 'ave been a serious engagement,
An 'e might 'ave wasted 'alf a dozen men;
So 'e ordered 'im to stop 'is operations round the kopjes,
An' 'e told 'im off before the Staff at ten!

And it all goes into the laundry,
But it never comes out in the wash,
'Ow we're sugared about by the old men
('Eavy-sterned amateur old men!)
That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
For fear o' Stellenbosh!

The General 'ad "produced a great effect,"
The General 'ad the country cleared — almost;
The General "'ad no reason to expect,"
And the Boers 'ad us bloomin' well on toast!
For we might 'ave crossed the drift before the twilight,
Instead o' sitting down an' takin' root;
But we was not allowed, so the Booikers scooped the crowd,
To the last survivin' bandolier an' boot.

The General saw the farm'ouse in 'is rear,
With its stoep so nicely shaded from the sun;
Sez 'e, "I'll pitch my tabernacle 'ere,"
An' 'e kept us muckin' round till 'e 'ad done.
For 'e might 'ave caught the confluent pneumonia
From sleepin' in 'is gaiters in the dew;
So 'e took a book an' dozed while the other columns closed,
And ——'s commando out an' trickled through!

The General saw the mountain-range ahead,
With their 'elios showin' saucy on the 'eight,
So 'e 'eld us to the level ground instead,
An telegraphed the Booikers would n't fight.

For 'e might 'ave gone an' sprayed 'em with pompom,
 Or 'e might 'ave slung a squadron out to see —
 But 'e was n't takin' chances in them 'igh an' 'ostile kranzes —
 He was markin' time to earn a K.C.B.

The General got 'is decorations thick
 (The men that backed 'is lies could not complain),
 The Staff 'ad D.S.O.'s till we was sick,
 An' the soldier — 'ad the work to do again!
 For 'e might 'ave known the District was a 'otbed,
 Instead of 'andin' over, upside-down,
 To a man 'oo 'ad to fight 'alf a year to put it right,
 While the General went an' slandered 'im in town!

An' it all went into the laundry,
 But it never came out in the wash.
 We were sugared about by the old men
 (Panicky, perishin' old men)
 That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
 For fear o' Stellenbosh!

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

(Non-commissioned Officers in Charge of Prisoners)

WHEN by the labour 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.

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PIET

(Regular of the Line)

I DO not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels; still,
What is the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill?
So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite,
Myself, I'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.

Ah there, Piet! — 'is trousies to 'is knees,
'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-sprinkled breeze;
'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose 'is seat,
I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight worse than
Piet!

I've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground
Like Abel's blood of old,
An' skirmished out to look, an' found
The beggar nearly cold;
I've waited on till 'e was dead
(Which could n't 'elp 'im much),
But many grateful things 'e's said
To me for doin' such.

Ah there, Piet! whose time 'as come to die,
'Is carcass past rebellion, but 'is eyes inquiren' why.
Though dressed in stolen uniform with badge o' rank
complete,
I've known a lot o' fellers go a dam' sight worse than
Piet.

An' when there was n't aught to do
But camp an' cattle-guards,

I've fought with 'im the 'ole dáy through

At fifteen 'undred yards;

Long afternoons o' lyin' still,

An' 'earin' as you lay

The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill

Like scythes among the 'ay.

Ah there, Piet! — be'ind 'is stony kop,

With 'is Boer bread an' biltong, an' 'is flask of awful Dop;

'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for retreat,

I've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight worse than

Piet.

He's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose

Before I'd time to think,

An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es

An' sent me 'ome in pink;

An I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I've crept!)

On 'ands an' knees I've gone,

And spored and floored and caught an' kept

An' sent him to Ceylon!

Ah there, Piet! — you've sold me many a pup,

When week on week alternate it was you an' me "'ands
up!"

But though I never made *you* walk man-naked in the 'eat,

I've known a lot of fellows stalk a dam' sight worse than

Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,

From Ookiep to De Aar,

Me an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,

As you might say, a war;

But seein' what both parties done

Before 'e owned defeat,

I ain't more proud of 'avin' won,

Than I am pleased with Piet.

Ah there, Piet! — picked up be'ind the drive!
 The wonder was n't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow 'e kep' alive,
 With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to 'is feet —
 I've known a lot o' men behave a dam' sight worse than
 Piet.

No more I'll 'ear 'is rifle crack
 Along the block'ouse fence —
 The beggar's on the peaceful tack,
 Regardless of expense.
 For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,
 An' gifts an' loans as well,
 'E's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because
 'E did n't give us 'Ell!

Ah there, Piet! with your brand-new English plough,
 Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most ungrateful frow;
 You've made the British taxpayer rebuild your country-
 seat —
 I've known some pet battalions charge a dam' sight less
 than Piet!

“WILFUL-MISSING”

(Deserters)

THERE is a world outside the one you know,
 To which for curiousness 'Ell 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!

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UBIQUE

(Royal Artillery)

THERE is a word you often see, pronounce it as you may —
“You bike,” “you bykwe,” “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 Fuse,¹ an’ make the ‘ole to sink the trail.
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 goin’ 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.

¹ Extreme range.

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 that 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 'ave n'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—

By what I've 'eard the others tell an' I in spots 'ave seen,
There's nothin' this side 'Eaven or 'Ell Ubique does n't mean!

THE RETURN

(All Arms)

PEACE is declared, an' 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! 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 which 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.

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