

And the voice of Kipling's verse, its soul, is the great human cry of all the work-a-day world from "Delos up to Limerick and back." The whole gamut of that voice is here from the coarse devilment of the Barrack-room to the dignified Hebraic chant, "Lest We Forget." Is it possible that the same voice sings "The Shut-eye Sentry": —

"But we sluiced 'im down an' we washed 'im out,
An' a first-class job we made,
When we saved 'im, smart as a Bombardier,
For six o'clock parade."

And the "Recesional":—

"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!"

And as if this were not enough, to complete our wonderment, he groups them together and with a half-cynical smile tosses them to us with:—

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

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