

A PAGE OF KIPLING VERSE.

(His lighter vein.)

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
 He'd 'eard men sing by land an' sea ;
 An' what 'e 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.

(From the "Song of the Banjo.")

With my "Pilly-willy-winky-winky popp,"
 (Oh, it's any tune that comes into my head,)
 So I keep 'em movin' forward till they drop,
 So I play 'em up to water an' to bed.
 In the silence of the camp before the fight,
 When it's good to make your will an' say your prayers,
 You can hear my strumpty tumpy overnight,
 Explaining ten to one was always fair.
 I'm the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd.
 Of the Paten-Fly I'm possible and Vain,
 And when the Thing that Couldn't has occurred,
 Give me time to change my lég and go again.

L'ENVOI.

When earth's last picture is painted, and the tubes are twisted and dried,
 When the oldest colors have faded, and the youngest critic has died,
 We shall rest, and, faith, we shall need it—lie down for an aeon or two.
 Till the Master of All Good Workmen shall set 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 comet's 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 !