

# The Price of Admiralty

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 British dead.  
We have strewed our best to the waves unrest  
To the shark and the shearing gull;  
If blood be the price of admiralty!  
Lord God we have 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 sinks our dead on the sand.  
But sinks our dead on the sands fore-lore  
From the Dugies to the Swinn;  
If blood be the price of admiralty!  
If blood be the price of admiralty!!  
Lord God we have paid it in.

We must feed our Sea for a thousand years  
For that is our doom and our pride.  
And it was when they sailed in the Golden Hynde  
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 have bought it fair.

By RUDYARD KIPLING