

"THE PASSING OF "BOBS BAHADUR"

November 15, 1914.

(Note.—There were many among the admirers of the great soldier who thought that a tomb more worthy of, or at least more suitable to Lord Roberts and his work, than one in St. Paul's or even Westminster Abbey should have been cut for him in the fastnesses of the Northwest Frontier, where he might keep watch and ward in the spirit forever.—R.S.-W.)

Hush! a Sahib goes by!

From Dover cliffs to far Cashmir
Rings the challenge, "Who goes there?"
Thrilling slumbering echoes round the path by
which you go;
From Punjab plain to Calais pier
The echoes leap from days that were,
Fling the answer, bugle clear:
"Friend—who loved a foe!"
Rung-ho!

Bahadur, rung-ho!
Rajah, nawab, zemindar,
Maharaj and mehetah
Lace with arched and lambent swords the path
by which you go.
From Rangoon up to Kandahar,
By palace stilled and hushed bazaar,
Your guard of honour flashes far,
For India loved you so.

Rung-ho!
Gurkha, Sikh and Mahratha,
Sib 'neath battle's sanguined star,
In right of sworn blood-brothers, flank the
path by which you go;
Ressaldar and havildar,
Subadar and jemadar,
Each a proven scimitar
Tempered to the foe.