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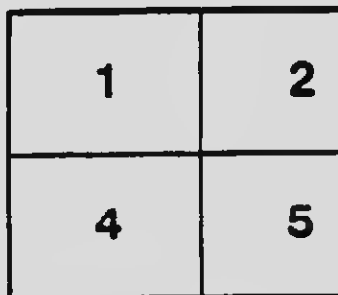
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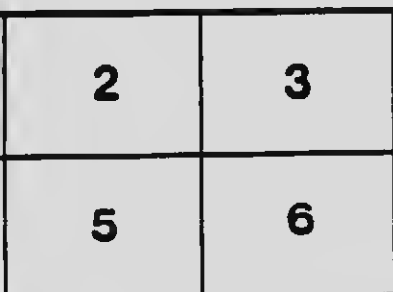
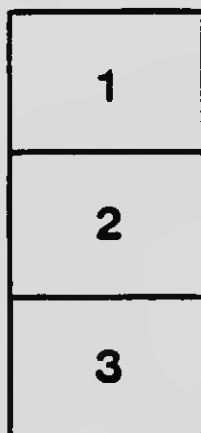
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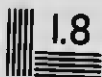
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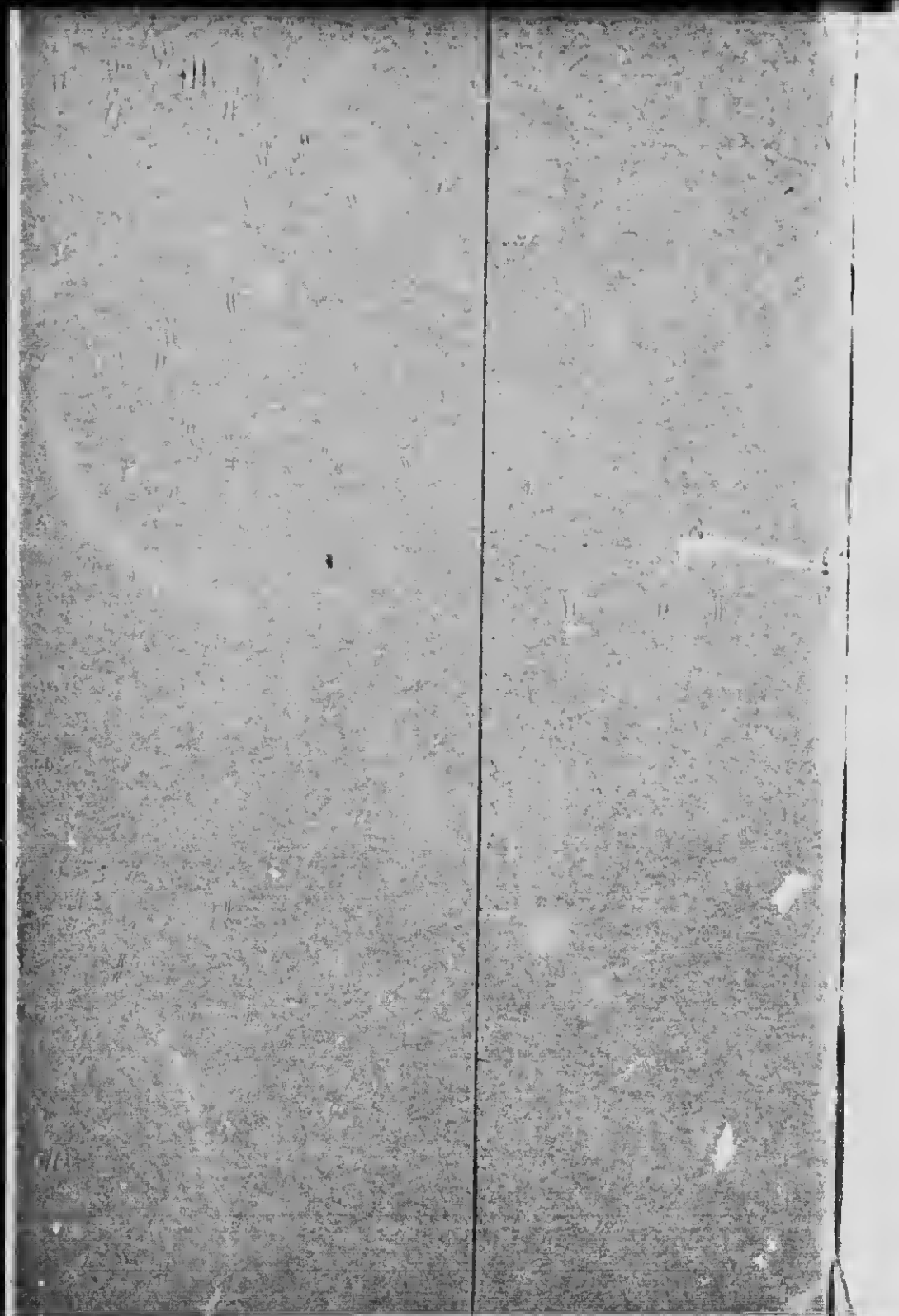
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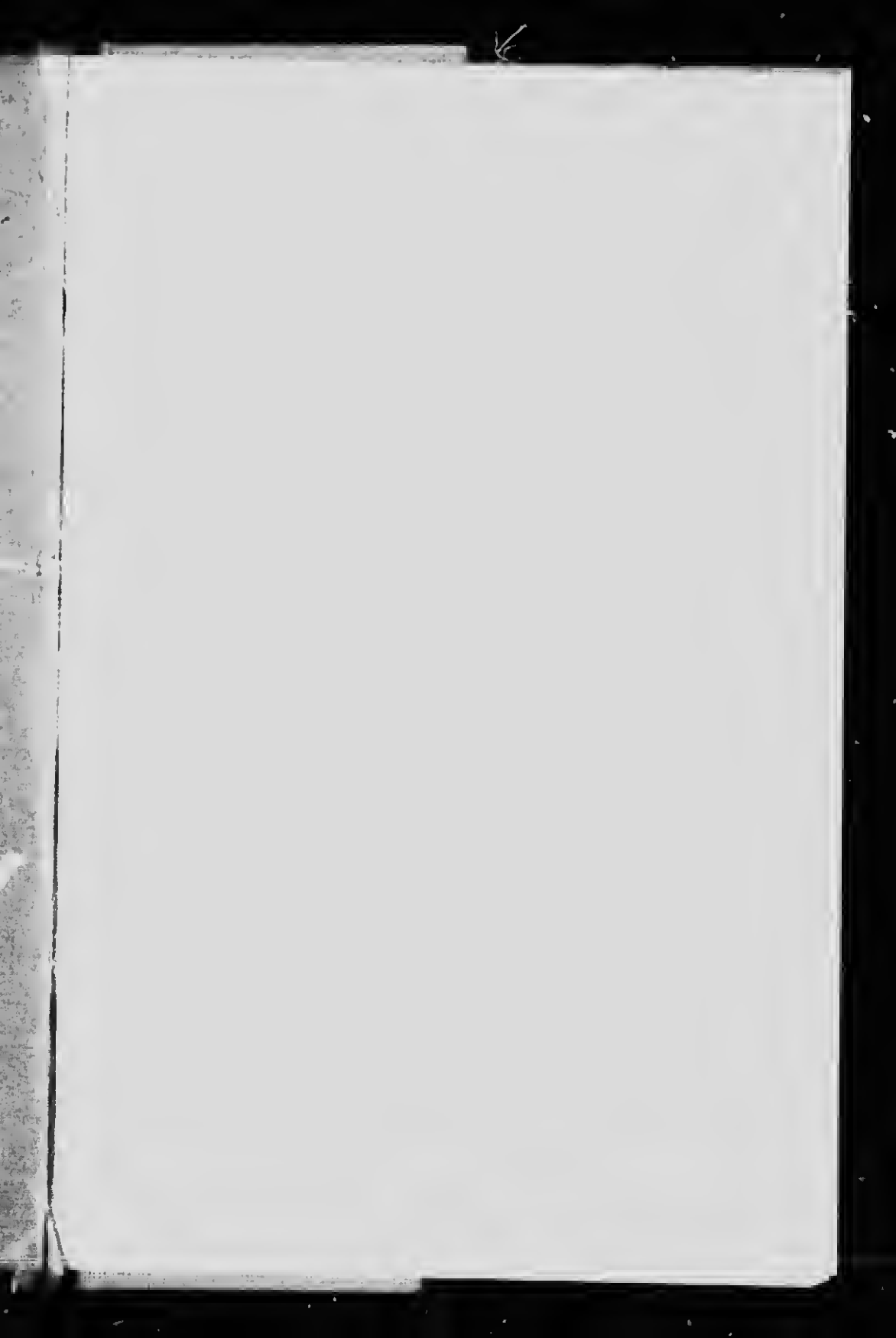


**TWENTY
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FROM
RUDYARD KIPLING**



**TORONTO: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
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"My brother kneels," so says Kabir,
"To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
But in my brother's voice I hear
Mine own unanswered agonies.
His God is as his faith assign,
His prayer is all the world's—and mine."

A Song of Kabir

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POEMS

THE SONS OF MARTHA

THE SONS of Mary seldom bother, for they have
inherited that good part,
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the
careful soul and the troubled heart ;
And because she lost her temper once, and because
she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without
end, reprieve or rest.

It is their care, in all the ages, to take the buffet and
cushion the shock.

It is their care that the gear engages—it is their
care that the switches lock.

It is their care that the wheels run truly—it is their
care to embark and entrain,

Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary
by land and main.

They say to mountains, "Be ye removed." They
say to the lesser floods, "Be dry."

Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are
not afraid of that which is high.

THE SONS OF MARTHA

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is
the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly
sleeping and unaware.

They finger Death at their glove's end where they
piece and repiece the living wires.

He roars against the gates they tend: they feed him
hungry behind their fires.

Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into
his terrible stall,

And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad
and turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these
till death is Relief afar.

They are concerned with matters hidden—under the
earth-line their alters are.

The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn
to restore to the mouth,

And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them
again at a city's drouth.

They do not teach that their God will rouse them a
little before the nuts work loose;

They do not preach that His Pity allows them to
leave their work when they dam-well choose.

As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the
dark and the desert they stand,

Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's
days may be long in the land.

THE LOWESTOFT BOAT

3

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a
path more fair or flat ;
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of
Martha spilled for that !
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a
witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in
their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they
know the Angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for
them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at The Feet—they hear The Word—they
see how truly The Promise runs ;
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons !

THE LOWESTOFT BOAT

(Written 1915)

IN Lowestoft a boat was laid,
Mark well what I do say !
And she was built for the herring trade,
But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin',
The Lord knows where !

They gave her Government coal to burn,
And a Q.F. gun at bow and stern,
And sent her out a-rovin', etc.

1 THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

Her skipper was mate of a bucko ship
Which always killed one man per trip,
So he is used to rovin', etc.

Her mate was skipper of a chapel in Wales,
And so he fights in topper and tails,
Religi-ous tho' rovin', etc.

Her engineer is fifty-eight,
So *he's* prepared to meet his fate,
Which ain't unlikely rovin', etc.

Her leading-stoker's seventeen,
So he don't know what the Judgments mean,
Unless he cops 'em rovin', etc.

Her cook was chef in the Lost Dogs' Ho ,
Mark well what I do say!
And I'm sorry for Fritz when they all come
A-rovin', a-rovin', a-roarin' and a-rovin',
Round the North Sea rovin',
The Lord knows where!

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

We were taken from the ore-bed and the mine,
We were melted in the furnace and the pit—
We were cast and wrought and hammered to design,
We were cut and filed and tooled and gauged to
fit.

THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES 5

Some water, coal, and oil is all we ask,
And a thousandth of an inch to give us play :
And now if you will set us to our task,
We will serve you four-and-twenty hours a day !

We can pull and haul and push and lift and drive,
We can print and plough and weave and heat
and light,
We can run and jump and swim and fly and dive,
We can see and hear and count and read and
write !

Would you call a friend from half across the world ?
If you'll let us have his name and town and state,
You shall see and hear your crackling question hurled
Across the arch of heaven while you wait.
Has he answered ? Does he need you at his side ?
You can start this very evening if you choose,
And take the Western Ocean in the stride
Of seventy thousand horses and some screws !

The boat-express is waiting your command !
You will find the *Mauretania* at the quay,
Till her captain turns the lever 'neath his hand,
And the monstrous nine-decked city goes to sea.

Do you wish to make the mountains bare their head
And lay their new-cut tresses at your feet ?
Do you want to turn a river in its bed,
And plant a barren wilderness with wheat ?

6 THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES

Shall we pipe aloft and bring you water down
From the never-failing cisterns of the snows,
To work the mills and tramways in your town,
And irrigate your orchards as it flows?

It is easy! Give us dynamite and drills!
Watch the iron-shouldered rocks lie down and
quake
As the thirsty desert-level floods and fills,
And the valley we have dammed becomes a lake!

But remember, please, the Law by which we live.
We are not built to comprehend a lie.
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive.
If you make a slip in handling us you die!
We are greater than the Peoples or the Kings—
Be humble, as you crawl beneath our rods!—
Our touch can alter all created things,
We are everything on earth—except The Gods!

*Though our smoke may hide the Heavens from your
eyes,
It will vanish and the stars will shine again,
Because—for all our power and weight and size—
We are nothing more than children of your brain!*

SOUTH AFRICA

SOUTH AFRICA

(Written 1902)

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 h^{er}.

*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!*

Half her land was dead with drought,
 Half was red with battle!
 She was feneed with fire and sword,
 Plague on pestilence outpoured,
 Loeusts 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!*

SOUTH AFRICA

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 duresse,
They forgave her waywardness
And returned for orders !

They esteemed her favour more
Than a Throne's foundation.
For the glory of her face
Bade farewell to breed and race—
Yea, and made their burial-place
Altar of a Nation !

Wherefore, being bought by blood,
And by blood restored

THE THOUSANDTH MAN

9

To the arms that nearly lost,
She, because of all she cost,
Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adorèd!

*On your feet, and let them know
This is why we love her!
For she is South Africa—
She is Our South Africa—
Is Our Own South Africa,
Africa all over!*

THE THOUSANDTH MAN

ONE man in a thousand, Solomon says,
Will stick more close than a brother.
And it's worth while seeking him half your days
If you find him before the other.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend
On what the world sees in you,
But the Thousandth Man will stand your friend
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show
Will settle the finding for 'ee.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go
By your looks or your acts or your glory.

"MY BOY JACK"

But if he finds you and you find him,
 The rest of the world don't matter ;
 For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim
 With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk
 Than he uses yours for his spendings,
 And laugh and meet in your daily walk
 As though there had been no lendings.
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call
 For silver and gold in their dealings ;
 But the Thousandth Man he 's worth 'em all,
 Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong 's your wrong, and his right 's your right,
 In season or out of season.
 Stand up and back it in all men's sight—
 With *that* for your only reason !
 Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide
 The shame or mocking or laughter,
 But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side
 To the gallows-foot—and after !

"MY BOY JACK"

"HAVE you news of my boy Jack?"

Not this tide.

"When d' you think that he 'll come back?"

Not with this wind blowing and this tide.

THE LONG TRAIL

11

"Has any one else had word of him?"

Not this tide.

For what is sunk will hardly swim,

Not with this wind blowing and this tide!

"Oh, dear, what comfort can I find?"

None this tide,

Nor any tide,

Except he didn't shame his kind

Not even with that wind blowing and that tide!

Then hold your head up all the more,

This tide,

And every tide,

Because he was the son you bore,

And gave to that wind blowing and that tide!

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!

THE LONG TRAIL

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.

THE LONG TRAIL

13

lass,
There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the
snake,

our own
the trail
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.

un
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 'seends on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new ?

d, dear
See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the
fore,

ail, our
il—the
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derrieks elack and grate, as the tackle
hooks the erate,

re grey
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,

am-sea
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

lass,
O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us
tied,

ail, our
And the sirens hoot their dread !

re trail
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless view-
less deep

To the sob of the questing lead !

THE LONG TRAIL

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.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a welt
 of light

That holds the hot sky tame,
 And the steady fore-foot snores through the planet-
 powdered floors

Where the seared whale flukes in flame!

Her plates are seared by the sun, dear lass,
 And her ropes are taunt with the dew,
 For we're booming down on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail,
 We're sagging south on the Long Trail—the
 trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers
 comb,

And the shouting seas drive by,
 And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows
 reel and swing,

And the Southern Cross rides high!

Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
 That blaze in the velvet blue.

They're all old friends on the old trail, our
 own trail, the out trail,

They're God's own guides on the Long Trail
 —the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the
Start—

We're steaming all too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

You have heard the call of the off-shore wind
And the voice of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how
long?

Pull out on the trail again!

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!

IF—

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise.

If you can dream—and not make dreams your
master ;

If you can think—and not make thoughts your
aim ;

If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same ;

If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools.

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,

And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss ;

If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,

And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them : " Hold on ! "

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,

If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
If all men count with you, but none too much ;

If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,

Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son !

TRAWLERS

17

TRAWLERS

(*Written 1914*)

Dawn off the Foreland—the young flood making
Jumbled and short and steep—
Black in the hollows and bright where it's break-
ing—

Awkward water to sweep.

“ Mines reported in the fairway,

Warn all traffic and detain.

Sent up Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock, and
Golden Gain.”

Noon off the Foreland—the first ebb making
Lumpy and strong in the bight.

Boom after boom, and the golf-hut shaking

And the jackdaws wild with fright!

“ Mines located in the fairway,

Boats now working up the chain,

Sweepers—Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock,
and Golden Gain.”

Dusk off the Foreland—the last light going

And the traffic crowding through,

And five damned trawlers with their syreens blowing

Heading the whole review!

“ Sweep completed in the fairway.

No more mines remain.

Sent back Unity, Claribel, Assyrian, Stormcock,
and Golden Gain.”

THE HOLY WAR

THE HOLY WAR

(Written 1917)

For here lay the excellent wisdom of him that built Mansoul,
 that the walls could never be broken down nor hurt by the most
 mighty adverse potentate unless the townsmen gave consent
 thereto.
Bunyan's Holy War

*A TINKER out of Bedford,
 A vagrant oft in quod,
 A private under Fairfax,
 A minister of God,
 Two hundred years and thirty
 Ere Armageddon came
 His single hand portrayed it,
 And Bunyan was his name!*

He mapped, for those who follow,
 The world in which we are—
 "This famous town of Mansoul"
 That takes the Holy War.
 Her true and traitor people,
 The gates along her wall,
 From Eye Gate unto Feel Gate,
 John Bunyan showed them all.

All enemy divisions,
 Recruits of every class,
 And highly-screened positions
 For flame or poison-gas;

The craft that we call modern,
The crimes that we call new,
John Bunyan had 'em typed and filed
In Sixteen Eighty-two.

Likewise the Lords of Looseness
That hamper faith and works,
The Perseverance-Doubters,
The Present-Comfort Shirks,
And brittle intellectuals
Who crack beneath a strain—
John Bunyan met that helpful set
In Charles the Second's reign.

Emmanuel's vanguard dying
For right and not for rights,
My Lord Apollyon lying
To the Stall-fed Stockholmites,
The Pope, the swithering Neutrals,
The Kaiser and his Gott—
Their rôles, their goals, their naked souls—
He knew and drew the lot.

Now he hath left his quarters,
In Bunhill Fields to lie,
The wisdom that he taught us
Is proven prophecy :
One watchword through our armies,
One answer from our lands :—
"No dealings with Diabolus
As long as Mansoul stands!"

20 THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

*A pedlar from a hovel,
The lowest of the low,
The father of the Novel,
Salvation's first Defoe,
Eight blinded generations
Ere Armageddon came,
He showed us how to meet it,
And Bunyan was his name!*

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN

Our England is a garden that is full of stately
views,
Of borders, beds and shrubberies and lawns and
avenues,
With statues on the terraces and peacocks strutting
by;
But the Glory of the Garden lies in more than meets
the eye.

For where the old thick laurels grow, along the thin
red wall,
You'll find the tool- and potting-sheds which are the
heart of all,
The cold-frames and the hot-houses, the dung-pits
and the tanks,
The rollers, carts, and drain-pipes, with the barrows
and the planks.

THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN 21

And there you'll see the gardeners, the men and
'prentice boys

Told off to do as they are bid and do it without
noise ;

For, except when seeds are planted and we shout to
scare the birds,

The Glory of the Garden it abideth not in words.

And some can pot begonias and some can bud a
rose,

And some are hardly fit to trust with anything that
grows ;

But they can roll and trim the lawns and sift the
sand and loam,

For the Glory of the Garden occupieth all who come.

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not
made

By singing :—" Oh, how beautiful," and sitting in the
shade

While better men than we go out and start their
working lives

At grubbing weeds from gravel-paths with broken
dinner-knives.

There's not a pair of legs so thin, there's not a head
so thick,

There's not a hand so weak and white, nor yet a
heart so sick,

But it can find some needful job that's crying to be
done,

For the Glory of the Garden glorifieth every one.

THE FLOWERS

Then seek your job with thankfulness and work till
 further orders,
 If it's only netting strawberries or killing slugs on
 borders ;
 And when your back stops aching and your hands
 begin to harden,
 You will find yourself a partner in the Glory of the
 Garden.

Oh, Adam was a gardener, and God who made him
 sees
 That half a proper gardener's work is done upon his
 knees,
 So when your work is finished, you can wash your
 hands and pray
 For the Glory of the Garden that it may not pass
 away !
And the Glory of the Garden it shall never pass away !

THE FLOWERS

*Buy my English posies !
 Kent and Surrey may—
 Violets of the Undercliff
 Vet with Channel spray ;
 Cowslips from a Devon combe—
 Midland furze asire—
 Buy my English posies
 And I 'il 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 Wyrberg firs trails the tilted wain—
 Take the flower and turn the hour, and kiss your
 love again!

THE FLOWERS

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 Linn—
 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 of 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 !

GUNGA DIN

25

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!

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 blackfaced 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! *Pance lao*!¹
 You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din."

The uniform 'e wore
 Was nothin' much before,
 An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
 For a piece o' twisty rag
 An' a goatskin water-bag
 Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
 When the sweatin' troop-train lay
 In a sidin' through the day,
 Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows
 crawl,
 We shouted "Harry By!"²
 Till our throats were bricky-dry,
 Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could n't serve us all.
 It was "Din! Din! Din!
 You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
 You put some *juldee*³ in it
 Or I'll *marrow*⁴ you this minute
 If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one
 Till the longest day was done;
 An' 'e did n't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,

¹ Bring water swiftly.

² Equivalent for "O Brother."

³ Be quick.

⁴ Hit you.

'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear,
 With 'is mussick¹ on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire."
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
 'E was white, clear white, inside
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

It was "Din! Din! Din!"

With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.

When the cartridges ran out,

You could hear the front-rank shout,

"Hi! Ammunition-mules and Gunga Din!"

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!"

¹ Water-skin.

28 OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

'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 .

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

(Written 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.

OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

29

“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:
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.

THE DAWN WIND

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.*

THE DAWN WIND

At two o'clock in the morning, if you open your
 window and listen,
 You will hear the feet of the Wind that is going
 to call the sun.
 And the trees in the shadow rustle and the trees in
 the moonlight glisten,
 And though it is deep, dark night, you feel that
 the night is done.

So do the cows in the field. They graze for an hour
 and lie down,
 Dozing and chewing the cud ; or a bird in the ivy
 wakes,

THE DAWN WIND

31

Chirrup one note and is still, and the restless Wind
strays on,
Fidgeting far down the road, till, softly, the dark-
ness breaks.

Back comes the Wind full strength, with a blow like
an angel's wing,
Gentle but waking the world, as he shouts: "The
Sun! The Sun!"
And the light floods over the fields and the birds
begin to sing,
And the Wind dies down in the grass. It is Day
and his work is done.

So when the world is asleep, and there seems no
hope of her waking
Out of the long, bad dream that makes her
mutter and moan,
Suddenly, all men arise to the noise of fetters
breaking,
And every one smiles at his neighbour and tells
him his soul is his own!

BIG STEAMERS

(Written 1910)

"Oh, where are you going to, all you Big Steamers,
With England's own coal, up and down the salt
seas?"

"We are going to fetch you your bread and your
butter,
Your beef, pork, and mutton, eggs, apples, and
cheese."

"And where will you fetch it from, all you Big
Steamers,
And where shall I write you when you are
away?"

"We fetch it from Melbourne, Quebec, and Van-
couver.

Address us at Hobart, Hong-kong, and Bombay."

"But if anything happened to all you Big Steamers,
And suppose you were wrecked up and down the
salt sea?"

"Why, you'd have no coffee or bacon for breakfast,
And you'd have no muffins or toast for your tea."

"Then I'll pray for fine weather for all you Big
Steamers,

For little blue billows and breezes so soft."

"Oh, billows and breezes don't bother Big Steamers:
We're iron below and steel-rigging aloft."

THE CHILDREN

33

"Then I'll build a new lighthouse for all you Big Steamers,
With plenty wise pilots to pilot you through."

"Oh, the Channel's as bright as a ball-room
already,

And pilots are thicker than pilchards at Looe."

"Then what can I do for you, all you Big Steamers,
Oh, what can I do for your comfort and good?"

"Send out your big warships to watch your big
waters,

That no one may stop us from bringing you food.

*For the bread that you eat and the biscuits you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints that you
carte,*

*They are brought to you daily by All Us Big Steamers,
And if any one hinders our coming you'll starve!"*

THE CHILDREN

THESE were our children who died for our lands:
they were dear in our sight.

We have only the memory left of their home-
treasured sayings and laughter.

The price of our loss shall be paid to our hands,
not another's hereafter.

Neither the Alien nor Priest shall decide on it.
That is our right.

But who shall return us the children ?

At the hour the Barbarian chose to disclose his
pretences,
And raged against Man, they engaged, on the
breasts that they bared for us,
The first felon-stroke of the sword, he had long-
time prepared for us—
Their bodies were all our defence while we wrought
our defences.

They bought us anew with their blood, forbearing
to blame us,
Those hours which we had not made good when
the Judgment o'ercame us.
They believed us and perished for it. Our state-
craft, our learning
Delivered them bound to the Pit and alive to the
burning
Whither they mirthfully hastened as jostling for
honour.
Not since her birth has our Earth seen such worth
loosed upon her!

Nor was their agony brief, or once only imposed on
them.
The wounded, the war-spent, the sick received no
exemption:
Being cured they returned and endured and achieved
our redemption,
Hopeless themselves of relief, till Death, marvelling,
closed on them.

MOTHER O' MINE

35

That flesh we had nursed from the first in all clean-
ness was given
To corruption unveiled and assailed by the malice
of Heaven—
By the heart-shaking jests of Decay where it lolled
on the wires
To be blanched or gay-painted by fumes—to be
cindered by fires—
To be senselessly tossed and retossed in stale muti-
lation
From crater to crater. For this we shall take
expiation.

But who shall return us our children?

MOTHER O' MINE

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

If I were damned of body and soul,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine, O mother o' mine!

THE BEGINNINGS

THE BEGINNINGS

(*Written 1916*)

It was not part of their blood,
It came to them very late
With long arrears to make good,
When the English began to hate

They were not easily moved,
They were icy-willing to wait
Till every count should be proved,
Ere the English began to hate.

Their voices were even and low,
Their eyes were level and straight.
There was neither sign nor show,
When the English began to hate.

It was not preached to the crowd,
It was not taught by the State,
No man spoke it aloud,
When the English began to hate.

It was not suddenly bred,
It will not swiftly abate,
Through the chill years ahead,
When Time shall count from the date
That the English began to hate.

"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"

(*Written 1914*)

For all we have and are,
For all our children's fate,
Stand up and meet the war,
The Hun is at the gate!
Our world has passed away
In wantonness o'erthrown.
There is nothing left to-day
But steel and fire and stone!
Though all we knew depart,
The old commandments stand :
"In courage keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

Once more we hear the word
That sickened earth of old :—
"No law except the Sword
Unsheathed and uncontrolled."
Once more it knits mankind,
Once more the nations go
To meet and break and bind
A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight,
The ages' slow-bought gain,
They shrivelled in a night,
Only ourselves remain

38 "FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"

To face the naked days
In silent fortitude
Through perils and dismays
Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,
The old commandments stand :—
"In patience keep your heart,
In strength lift up your hand."

No easy hopes or lies
Shall bring us to our goal,
But iron sacrifice
Of body, will, and soul.
There is but one task for all—
For each one life to give.
Who stands if freedom fall?
Who dies if England live?

E"

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