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DEPARTMENTAL  
DITTIES, BALLADS,  
BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

*AND OTHER VERSES*

BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING



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*I HAVE eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine,  
The deaths ye died I have watched beside,  
And the lives that ye led were mine.*

*Was there aught that I did not share  
In vigil or toil or ease,—  
One joy or woe that I did not know,  
Dear hearts across the seas ?*

*I have written the tale of our life  
For a sheltered people's mirth,  
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,  
And ye know what the jest is worth.*



## GENERAL SUMMARY

We are very slightly changed  
From the semi-apes who ranged  
    India's prehistoric clay ;  
Whoso drew the longest bow,  
Ran his brother down, you know,  
    As we run men down to-day.

“Dowb,” the first of all his race,  
Met the Mammoth face to face  
    On the lake or in the cave,  
Stole the steadiest canoe,  
Ate the quarry others slew,  
    Died—and took the finest grave.

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,  
Some one made the sketch his own,  
    Filched it from the artist—then,  
Even in those early days,  
Won a simple Viceroy's praise  
    Through the toil of other men.

Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage  
Favoritism governed kissage,  
Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the secret hid  
Under Cheops' pyramid  
Was that the contractor did  
    Cheops out of several millions?  
Or that Joseph's sudden rise  
To Comptroller of Supplies  
Was a fraud of monstrous size  
    On King Pharaoh's swart Civilians?

Thus, the artless songs I sing  
Do not deal with anything  
    New or never said before.  
As it was in the beginning,  
Is to-day official sinning,  
    And shall be for evermore.

# DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES

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## ARMY HEADQUARTERS

OLD is the song that I sing—  
Old as my unpaid bills—  
Old is the chicken that *kitmutgars* bring  
Men at dâk-bungalows—old as the Hills.

AHASUERUS JENKINS of the "Operatic Own"  
Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-*  
Santley tone.

His views on equitation were, perhaps, a  
trifle queer ;

He had no seat worth mentioning, but oh ! he  
had an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen  
times a day,

He used to quit his charger in a parabolic way,  
His method of saluting was the joy of all be-  
holders,

But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his  
shoulders.

He took two months to Simla when the year  
was at the spring,

And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.  
He warbled like a *bulbul*, but particularly at  
Cornelia Agrippina who was musical and  
fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in  
turn, controlled a Dept.,  
Where Cornelia Agrippina's human singing-  
birds were kept  
From April to October on a plump retaining  
fee,  
Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian  
Treasury.  
Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins  
used to play ;  
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he  
was false as they :  
So when the winds of April turned the bud-  
ding roses brown,  
Cornelia told her husband :—" Tom, you  
mustn't send him down."  
They haled him from his regiment which  
didn't much regret him ;  
They found for him an office-stool, and on  
that stool they set him,  
To play with maps and catalogues three idle  
hours a day,  
And draw his plump retaining fee—which  
means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups  
are brought,  
Ahasuerus waileth o'er the grand pianoforte ;  
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath  
waxen great,  
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a power in the  
State.



STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN  
INK

THIS ditty is a string of lies.  
But—how the deuce did Gubbins rise?

POTIPHAR GUBBINS, C. E.,  
Stands at the top of a tree ;  
And I muse on my bed on the reasons that led  
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is seven years junior to me ;  
Each bridge that he makes he either buckles  
or breaks,  
And his work is as rough as he.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is coarse as a chimpanzee ;  
And I can't understand why you gave him  
your hand  
Lovely Mehitabel Lee.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is dear to the Powers that Be ;  
For They bow and They smile in an affable  
style  
Which is seldom accorded to Me.

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,  
Is certain as certain can be  
Of a highly-paid post which is claimed by a  
host  
Of seniors—including Me.

Careless and lazy is he,  
Greatly inferior to Me.  
What is the spell that you manage so well,  
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,  
Let me inquire of thee,  
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,  
Hadst thou been mated to Me?

---

### A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE

THIS is the reason why Rustum Beg,  
Rajah of Kolazai,  
Drinketh the "simpkin" and brandy peg,  
Maketh the money to fly,  
Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,  
Also—but this is a detail—blind.

RUSTUM BEG of Kolazai—slightly backward  
native state—

Lusted for a C. S. I.,—so began to sanitate.  
Built a Jail and Hospital—nearly built a City  
drain—

Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler  
was insane.

Strange departures made he then—yea, De-  
partments stranger still,

Half a dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah  
with a will,

Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a  
future fine

For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly West-  
ern line.

Rajah Rustum held his peace ; lowered octroi  
dues a half ;  
Organized a State Police ; purified the Civil  
Staff ;  
Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal  
way ;  
Cut temptations of the flesh—also cut the  
Bukhshi's pay ;

Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,  
By a Hookum hinting a supervision of *dasturi* ;  
Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly  
upside-down ;  
When the end of May was nigh, waited his  
achievement crown.  
Then the Birthday Honors came. Sad to  
state and sad to see,  
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more  
than *C. I. E.* !

. . . . .

Things were lively for a week in the State of  
Kolazai.  
Even now the people speak of that time re-  
gretfully.  
How he disendowed the Jail—stopped at once  
the City drain ;  
Turned to beauty fair and frail—got his senses  
back again ;  
Doubled taxes, cesses, all ; cleared away each  
new-built *thana* ;  
Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb  
*Zenana* ;

## 16 Departmental Ditties

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and  
honors manifold ;  
Clad himself in Eastern garb—squeezed his  
people as of old.  
Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rus-  
tum Beg  
Play to catch the Viceroy's eye. He prefers  
the " simpkin " peg.

---

### THE STORY OF URIAH

"Now there were two men in one city; the one rich  
and the other poor."

JACK BARRETT went to Quetta  
Because they told him to.  
He left his wife at Simla  
On three-fourths his monthly screw :  
Jack Barrett died at Quetta  
Ere the next month's pay he drew.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta.  
He didn't understand  
The reason of his transfer  
From the pleasant mountain-land :  
The season was September,  
And it killed him out of hand.

Jack Barrett went to Quetta,  
And there gave up the ghost,  
Attempting two men's duty  
In that very healthy post ;  
And Mrs. Barrett mourned for him  
Five lively months at most.

Jack Barrett's bones at Quetta  
 Enjoy profound repose ;  
 But I shouldn't be astonished  
 If *now* his spirit knows  
 The reason of his transfer  
 From the Himalayan snows.

And, when the Last Great Bugle Call  
 Adown the Hurnai throbs,  
 When the last grim joke is entered  
 In the big black Book of Jobs,  
 And Quetta graveyards give again  
 Their victims to the air,  
 I shouldn't like to be the man  
 Who sent Jack Barrett there.

---

## THE POST THAT FITTED

THOUGH tangled and twisted the course of true love,  
 This ditty explains.  
 No tangle's so tangled it cannot improve  
 If the Lover has brains.

ERE the steamer bore him Eastward, Sleary  
 was engaged to marry  
 An attractive girl at Tunbridge, whom he called  
 "my little Carrie."  
 Sleary's pay was very modest ; Sleary was the  
 other way.  
 Who can cook a two-plate dinner on eight  
 paltry dibs a day?

## 18      Departmental Ditties

Long he pondered o'er the question in his  
scantly furnished quarters—

Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of  
Judge Boffkin's daughters.

Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not  
a catch,

But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't  
make another match.

So they recognized the business, and, to feed  
and clothe the bride,

Got him made a Something Something some-  
where on the Bombay side.

Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him  
to marry—

As the artless Sleary put it :—"Just the thing  
for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin—impulse  
of a baser mind?

No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling  
kind.

(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could  
gather :—

"Pears' shaving sticks will give you little taste  
and lots of lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction used  
to smite

Sleary with distressing vigor—always in the  
Boffkins' sight.

Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly re-  
turned his ring.

Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped  
all thought of marrying.

Sleary bore the information with a chastened  
 holy joy,—  
 Epileptic fits don't matter in Political em-  
 ploy,—  
 Wired three short words to Carrie—took his  
 ticket, packed his kit—  
 Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last,  
 long, lingering fit.  
 Four weeks later, Carrie Sleary read—and  
 laughed until she wept—  
 Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched  
 epilept."  
 Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs.  
 Boffkin sits  
 Waiting for the Sleary babies to develop  
 Sleary's fits.

---

## PUBLIC WASTE

WALPOLE talks of "a man and his price."

List to a ditty queer—

The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice.

Resident-Engineer,

Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,

By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.

By the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written  
 in letters of brass  
 That only a Colonel from Chatham can man-  
 age the Railways of State,  
 Because of the gold on his breeks, and the  
 subjects wherein he must pass ;  
 Because in all matters that deal not with Rail-  
 ways his knowledge is great.

Now Exeter Battleby Tring had labored from  
boyhood to eld  
On the Lines of the East and the West, and  
eke of the North and South ;  
Many Lines had he built and surveyed—im-  
portant the posts which he held ;  
And the Lords of the Iron Horse were dumb  
when he opened his mouth.

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies  
jettier still—  
Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of  
study and knowledge ;  
Never clanked sword by his side—Vauban he  
knew not, nor drill—  
Nor was his name on the list of the men who  
had passed through the “ College.”

Wherefore the Little Tin Gods harried their  
little tin souls,  
Seeing he came not from Chatham, jingled  
no spurs at his heels,  
Knowing that, nevertheless, was he first on  
the Government rolls  
For the billet of “ Railway Instructor to Little  
Tin Gods on Wheels.”

Letters not seldom they wrote him, “having  
the honor to state,”  
It would be better for all men if he were laid  
on the shelf :  
Much would accrue to his bank-book, and he  
consented to wait  
Until the Little Tin Gods built him a berth  
for himself.



“Special, well paid, and exempt from the  
Law of the Fifty and Five,  
Even to Ninety and Nine”—these were the  
terms of the pact:

Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may  
Their Highnesses thrive!)

Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping their  
Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who  
managed the Bahamo State Line,  
(The which was one mile and one furlong—a  
guaranteed twenty-inch gauge).

So Exeter Battelby Tring consented his claims  
to resign,

And died, on four thousand a month, in the  
ninetieth year of his age.

---

## DELILAH

WE have another Viceroy now, those days are dead  
and done,  
Of Delilah Aberyswith and depraved Ulysses Gunne.

DELILAH ABERYSWITH was a lady—not too  
young—

With a perfect taste in dresses, and a badly-  
bitted tongue,

With a thirst for information, and a greater  
thirst for praise,

And a little house in Simla, in the Prehistoric  
Days.

By reason of her marriage to a gentleman in  
power,  
Delilah was acquainted with the gossip of  
the hour ;  
And many little secrets, of a half-official kind,  
Were whispered to Delilah, and she bore  
them all in mind.

She patronized extensively a man, Ulysses  
Gunne,  
Whose mode of earning money was a low and  
shameful one.  
He wrote for divers papers, which, as every-  
body knows,  
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off  
the crows.

He praised her "queenly beauty" first ; and,  
later on, he hinted  
At the "vastness of her intellect" with compli-  
ment unstinted.  
He went with her a-riding, and his love for her  
was such  
That he lent her all his horses, and—she  
galled them very much.

One day, THEY brewed a secret of a fine finan-  
cial sort ;  
It related to Appointments, to a Man and a  
Report.  
'Twas almost worth the keeping (only seven  
people knew it),  
And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and  
patiently ensue it.

It was a Viceroy's Secret, but—perhaps the  
wine was red—

Perhaps an Aged Councilor had lost his aged  
head—

Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright—Delilah's  
whispers sweet—

The Aged Member told her what 'twere trea-  
son to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love  
and flowers ;

Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for  
several hours ;

Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped  
him dance—

Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his  
chance.

The summer sun was setting, and the summer  
air was still,

The couple went a-walking in the shade of  
Summer Hill,

The wasteful sunset faded out in turkis-  
green and gold,

Ulysses pleaded softly, and . . . that bad  
Delilah told !

Next morn, a startled Empire learnt the all-  
important news ;

Next week, the Aged Councilor was shaking  
in his shoes ;

Next month, I met Delilah, and she did not  
show the least

Hesitation in affirming that Ulysses was a  
“beast.”

. . . . .

We have another Viceroy now, those days are  
 dead and done,  
 Of Delilah Aberyswith and most mean Ulysses  
 Gunne!

---

### WHAT HAPPENED

HURREE CHUNDER MOOKERJEE, pride of Bow  
 Bazar,  
 Owner of a native press, "Barrishter-at-Lar,"  
 Waited on the Government with a claim to  
 wear  
 Sabers by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked  
 wink,  
 Said to Chunder Mookerjee: "Stick to pen  
 and ink,  
 They are safer implements; but, if you insist,  
 We will let you carry arms wheresoe'er you  
 list."

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gun-  
 smith and  
 Bought the tuber of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean,  
 and Bland.  
 Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-  
 made sword,  
 Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went  
 abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to  
please,  
Also gave permission to horrid men like these—  
Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or  
steal,  
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the  
Sikh,  
Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq  
Rafiq—  
He was a Wahabi ; last, little Boh Hla-oo  
Took advantage of the act—took a Snider too.

They were unenlightened men, Ballard knew  
them not,  
They procured their swords and guns chiefly  
on the spot,  
And the lore of centuries, plus a hundred  
fights,  
Made them slow to disregard one another's  
rights.

With a unanimity dear to patriot hearts  
All those hairy gentlemen out of foreign parts  
Said : " The good old days are back—let us  
go to war ! "  
Swaggered down the Grand Trunk Road, into  
Bow Bazar.

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound  
flail,  
Chimbu Singh from Bikaner oiled his Tonk  
jezail,

26            Departmental Ditties

Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned  
with glee  
As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khy-  
berree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured saber, quoit,  
and mace,  
Abdul Huq, Wahabi, took the dagger from its  
place,

While amid the jungle-grass danced and  
grinned and jabbered  
Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared the dah-blade  
from the scabbard.

What became of Mookerjee? Soothly, who  
can say?  
Yar Mahommed only grins in a nasty way,  
Jowar Singh is reticent, Chimbu Singh is  
mute,  
But the belts of them all simply bulge with  
loot.

What became of Ballard's guns? Afghans  
black and grubby  
Sell them for their silver weight to the men of  
Pubbi ;  
And the shiny bowie-knife and the town-made  
sword are  
Hanging in a Marri camp just across the  
Border.

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahom-  
med Yar

Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow  
Bazar.

Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh—question land  
and sea—

Ask the Indian Congress men—only don't ask  
me!

---

### PINK DOMINOES.

“THEY are fools who kiss and tell ”  
Wisely has the poet sung.  
Man may hold all sorts of posts  
If he'll only hold his tongue.

JENNY and Me were engaged, you see,  
On the eve of the Fancy Ball ;  
So a kiss or two was nothing to you  
Or any one else at all.

Jenny would go in a domino—  
Pretty and pink but warm ;  
While I attended, clad in a splendid  
Austrian uniform.

Now we had arranged, through notes ex-  
changed  
Early that afternoon,  
At Number Four to waltz no more,  
But to sit in the dusk and spoon.

(I wish you to see that Jenny and Me  
Had barely exchanged our troth ;  
So a kiss or two was strictly due  
By, from, and between us both.)

When Three was over, an eager lover,  
I fled to the gloom outside ;  
And a Domino came out also  
Whom I took for my future bride.

That is to say, in a casual way,  
I slipped my arm around her ;  
With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you),  
And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head, and the name she said  
Was certainly not my own ;  
But ere I could speak, with a smothered  
shriek  
She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame  
She'd doffed her domino ;  
And I had embraced an alien waist—  
But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two  
Dominoes pink, and one  
Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,  
Our big political gun.

Sir J. was old, and her hair was gold,  
And her eye was a blue cerulean ;  
And the name she said when she turned her  
head  
Was not in the least like " Julian."



Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice*  
Forbade us twain to marry,  
That old Sir J., in the kindest way,  
Made me his *Secretarry*?

---

## THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE

SHUN—shun the Bowl! That fatal, facile drink  
Has ruined many geese who dipped their quills in't  
Bribe, murder, marry, but steer clear of ink  
Save when you write receipts for paid-up bills in't.  
There may be silver in the "blue-black"—all  
I know of is the iron and the gall.

BOANERGES BLITZEN, servant of the Queen,  
Is a dismal failure—is a Might-have-been.  
In a luckless moment he discovered men  
Rise to high position through a ready pen.

Boanerges Blitzen argued, therefore: "I  
With the selfsame weapon can attain as high."  
Only he did not possess, when he made the  
trial,  
Wicked wit of C-lv-n, irony of L——l.

(Men who spar with Government need, to  
back their blows,  
Something more than ordinary journalistic  
prose.)

Never young Civilian's prospects were so  
bright,  
Till an Indian paper found that he could  
write:

30      Departmental Ditties

Never young Civilian's prospects were so  
    dark,  
When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his  
    mark.

Certainly he scored it, bold and black and  
    firm,  
In that Indian paper—made his seniors  
    squirm,  
Quoted office scandals, wrote the tactless  
    truth—  
Was there ever known a more misguided  
    youth?

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky  
    game,  
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame :  
When the men he wrote of shook their heads  
    and swore,  
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more.

Posed as young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,  
Till he found promotion didn't come to him ;  
Till he found that reprimands weekly were  
    his lot,  
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to  
    win,  
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin :  
Then it seemed to dawn on him something  
    wasn't right—  
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite."

Languished in a District desolate and dry ;  
 Watched the Local Government yearly pass  
 him by ;  
 Wondered where the hitch was ; called it  
 most unfair.

That was seven years ago—and he still is  
 there.

---

### MUNICIPAL

“ WHY is my District death-rate low ? ”

Said Binks of Hezabad.

“ Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are  
 My own peculiar fad.

I learned a lesson once. It ran

“ Thus,” quoth that most veracious man :—

IT was an August evening, and, in snowy  
 garments clad,

I paid a round of visits in the lines of Heza-  
 bad ;

When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not  
 like at all,

A commissariat elephant careering down the  
 Mall.

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind  
 it rushed

That that Commissariat elephant had sud-  
 denly gone *musth*.

## 32 Departmental Ditties

I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well  
get down,  
So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for  
the town.

The buggy was a new one, and, praise Dykes,  
it stood the strain,  
Till the Waler jumped a bullock just above  
the City Drain ;  
And the next that I remember was a hur-  
ricane of squeals,  
And the creature making toothpicks of my  
five-foot patent wheels.

He seemed to want the owner, so I fled, dis-  
traught with fear,  
To the Main Drain sewage-outfall while he  
snorted in my ear—  
Reached the four-foot drain-head safely, and,  
in darkness and despair,  
Felt the brute's proboscis fingering my terror-  
stiffened hair.

Heard it trumpet on my shoulder—tried to  
crawl a little higher—  
Found the Main Drain sewage-outfall blocked,  
some eight feet up, with mire ;  
And, for twenty reeking minutes, Sir, my very  
marrow froze,  
While the trunk was feeling blindly for a pur-  
chase on my toes !  
It missed me by a fraction, but my hair was  
turning gray  
Before they called the drivers up and dragged  
the brute away.

Then I sought the City Elders, and my words  
were very plain.

They flushed that four-foot drain-head, and  
—it never choked again.

You may hold with surface-drainage, and the  
sun-for-garbage cure,

Till you've been a periwinkle shrinking coyly  
up a sewer.

I believe in well-flushed culverts . . . .

This is why the death-rate's small;

And, if you don't believe me, get *shikarred*  
yourself. That's all.

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### A CODE OF MORALS

LEST you should think this story true,  
I merely mention I  
Evolved it lately. 'Tis a most  
Unmitigated misstatement.

Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep  
his house in order,

And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the  
Afghan border,

To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he  
left he taught

His wife the working of the Code that sets the  
miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature  
made her fair;

So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph,  
the pair.

## 34 Departmental Ditties

At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed  
her counsel wise—  
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's  
homilies.

He warned her 'gainst seductive youths in  
scarlet clad and gold,  
As much as 'gainst the blandishments paternal  
of the old ;  
But kept his gravest warnings for (hereby the  
ditty hangs)  
That snowy-haired Lothario, Lieutenant-  
General Bangs.

'Twas General Bangs, with Aide and Staff,  
that tittupped on the way,  
When they beheld a heliograph tempestuously  
at play ;  
They thought of Border risings, and of stations  
sacked and burnt—  
So stopped to take the message down—and  
this is what they learnt :—

“ Dash dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot ”  
twice. The General swore.

“ Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘ dear ’  
before ?

‘ My Love, ’ i’ faith ! ‘ My Duck, ’ Gadzooks !  
‘ My darling popsy-wop ! ’

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that  
mountain top :

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute ; the  
gilded Staff were still,  
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked  
that message from the hill ;  
For, clear as summer's lightning flare, the hus-  
band's warning ran :—  
“ Don't dance or ride with General Bangs—a  
most immoral man.”

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed  
her counsel wise—  
But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at  
large hath eyes.)  
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed  
his wife  
Some interesting details of the General's  
private life.

The artless Aide-de-camp was mute ; the shin-  
ing Staff were still,  
And red and ever redder grew the General's  
shaven gill.  
And this is what he said at last (his feelings  
matter not) :—  
“ I think we've tapped a private line. Hi !  
Threes about there ! Trot ! ”

All honor unto Bangs, for ne'er did Jones  
thereafter know,  
By word or act official who read off that helio. ;  
But the tale is on the Frontier, and from  
Michni to Mooltan  
They know the worthy General as “ that most  
immoral man.”

## THE LAST DEPARTMENT

TWELVE hundred million men are spread  
 About this Earth, and I and You  
 Wonder, when You and I are dead,  
 What will those luckless millions do ?

“NONE whole or clean,” we cry, “or free  
 from stain  
 Of favor.” Wait awhile, till we attain  
 The Last Department, where nor fraud nor  
 fools,  
 Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favor, or Affection—what are these  
 To the grim Head who claims our services?  
 I never knew a wife or interest yet  
 Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease ;”

When leave, long over-due, none can deny ;  
 When idleness of all Eternity  
 Becomes our furlough, and the marigold  
 Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,  
 Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,  
 No longer Brown reverses Smith’s appeals,  
 Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent.

And One, long since a pillar of the Court,  
 As mud between the beams thereof is wrought ;  
 And One who wrote on phosphates for the  
 crops  
 Is subject-matter of his own Report.



(These be the glorious ends whereto we pass—  
Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;  
And He shall see the *mallee* steals the slab  
For currie-grinder, and for goats the grass.)

A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,  
A draught of water, or a horse's fright—  
The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*  
Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night.

For you or Me. Do those who live decline  
The step that offers, or their work resign?  
Trust me, To-day's Most Indispensables,  
Five hundred men can take your place or  
mine.



## BALLADS

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### THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the  
twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great  
Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they  
come from the ends of the earth !

KAMAL is out with twenty men to raise the  
Border side,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is  
the Colonel's pride :  
He has lifted her out of the stable-door be-  
tween the dawn and the day,  
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and  
ridden her far away.  
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led  
a troop of the Guides :  
" Is there never a man of all my men can say  
where Kamal hides ? "  
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the  
son of the Ressaldar,  
" If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye  
know where his pickets are.

At dusk he harries the Abazai—at dawn he  
is into Bonair,  
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own  
place to fare,  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a  
bird can fly,  
By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere  
he win to the Tongue of Jagai,  
But if he be passed the Tongue of Jagai,  
right swiftly turn ye then,  
For the length and the breadth of that grisly  
plain is sown with Kamal's men.  
There is rock to the left, and rock to the  
right, and low lean thorn between,  
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where  
never a man is seen.”  
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a  
raw rough dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of  
Hell, and the head of the gallows-tree.  
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they  
bid him stay to eat—  
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits  
not long at his meat.  
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast  
as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the  
gut of the Tongue of Jagai,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare with  
Kamal upon her back,  
And when he could spy the white of her eye,  
he made the pistol crack.  
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the  
whistling ball went wide.

## The Ballad of East and West 43

“Ye shoot like a soldier,” Kamal said.

“Show now if ye can ride.”

It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown  
dust-devils go,

The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the  
mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged  
his head above,

But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars,  
as a maiden plays with a glove.

There was rock to the left and rock to the  
right, and low lean thorn between,

And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho'  
never a man was seen.

They have ridden the low moon out of the  
sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,

The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the  
mare like a new-roused fawn.

The dun he fell at a water-course—in a woful  
heap fell he,

And Kamal has turned the red mare back,  
and pulled the rider free.

He has knocked the pistol out of his hand—  
small room was there to strive,

“'Twas only by favor of mine,” quoth he, “ye  
rode so long alive :

There was not a rock of twenty mile, there  
was not a clump of tree,

But covered a man of my own men with his  
rifle cocked on his knee.

If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have  
held it low,

The little jackals that flee so fast, were feast-  
ing all in a row :

If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I  
have held it high,  
The kite that whistles above us now were  
gorged till she could not fly.”  
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son : “ Do  
good to bird and beast,  
But count who come for the broken meats  
before thou makest a feast.  
If there should follow a thousand swords to  
carry my bones away,  
Belike the price of a jackal’s meal were more  
than a thief could pay.  
They will feed their horse on the standing  
crop, their men on the garnered grain,  
The thatch of the byres will serve their  
fires when all the cattle are slain.  
But if thou thinkest the price be fair,—thy  
brethren wait to sup,  
The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn,—howl,  
dog, and call them up !  
And if thou thinkest the price be high, in  
steer and gear and stack,  
Give me my father’s mare again, and I’ll fight  
my own way back ! ”  
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set  
him upon his feet.  
No talk shall be of dogs,” said he, “ when  
wolf and gray wolf meet.  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed  
or breath ;  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest  
at the dawn with Death ? ”  
Lightly answered the Colonel’s son : “ I hold  
by the blood of my clan :

## The Ballad of East and West 45

Take up the mare of my father's gift—by God,  
she has carried a man ! ”

The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and  
nuzzled against his breast,  
“ We be two strong men,” said Kamal then,  
“ but she loveth the younger best.  
So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my tur-  
quoise-studded rein,  
My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and  
silver stirrups twain.”

The Colonel's son a pistol drew and held it  
muzzle-end,  
“ Ye have taken the one from a foe,” said he ;  
“ will ye take the mate from a friend ? ”

“ A gift for a gift,” said Kamal straight ; “ a  
limb for the risk of a limb.  
Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send  
my son to him ! ”

With that he whistled his only son, that  
dropped from a mountain-crest—  
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he  
looked like a lance in rest.

“ Now here is thy master,” Kamal said, “ who  
leads a troop of the Guides,  
And thou must ride at his left side as shield  
on shoulder rides.  
Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and  
board and bed,  
Thy life is his—thy fate is to guard him with  
thy head.  
So thou must eat the White Queen's meat,  
and all her foes are thine,  
And thou must harry thy father's hold for  
the peace of the Border-line,

And thou must make a trooper tough and hack  
thy way to power—

Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when  
I am hanged in Peshawur.”

They have looked each other between the eyes,  
and there they found no fault,

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-  
Blood on leavened bread and salt :

They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-  
Blood on fire and fresh-cut sod,

On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife,  
and the wondrous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Ka-  
mal's boy the dun,

And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where  
there went forth but one.

And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard,  
full twenty swords flew clear—

There was not a man but carried his feud with  
the blood of the mountaineer.

“ Ha' done ! ha' done ! ” said the Colonel's  
son. “ Put up the steel at your sides !

Last night ye had struck at a Border thief—  
to-night 'tis a man of the Guides ! ”

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the two  
shall meet,

Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great  
Judgment Seat ;

But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed,  
nor Birth,

When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come  
from the ends of the earth.



## THE LAST SUTTEE

NOT many years ago a King died in one of the Rajpoot States. His wives, disregarding the orders of the English against suttee, would have broken out of the palace had not the gates been barred. But one of them disguised as the King's favorite dancing-girl, passed through the line of guards and reached the pyre. There, her courage failing, she prayed her cousin, a baron of the court, to kill her. This he did, not knowing who she was.

UDAI CHAND lay sick to death  
In his hold by Gungra hill.  
All night we heard the death-gongs ring  
For the soul of the dying Rajpoot King,  
All night beat up from the women's wing  
A cry that we could not still.

All night the barons came and went,  
The lords of the outer guard :  
All night the cressets glimmered pale  
On Ulwar saber and Tonk jezail,  
Mewar headstall and Marwar mail,  
That clinked in the palace yard.

In the Golden room on the palace roof  
All night he fought for air :  
And there was sobbing behind the screen,  
Rustle and whisper of women unseen,  
And the hungry eyes of the Boondi Queen  
On the death she might not share.

He passed at dawn—the death-fire leaped  
 From ridge to river-head,  
 From the Malwa plains to the Abu scaurs :  
 And wail upon wail went up to the stars  
 Behind the grim zenana-bars,  
 When they knew that the King was dead.

The dumb priest knelt to tie his mouth  
 And robe him for the pyre.  
 The Boondi Queen beneath us cried :  
 “ See, now, that we die as our mothers died  
 In the bridal-bed by our master’s side !  
 Out, women !—to the fire ! ”

We drove the great gates home apace :  
 White hands were on the sill :  
 But ere the rush of the unseen feet  
 Had reached the turn to the open street,  
 The bars shot down, the guard-drum beat—  
 We held the dove-cot still.

A face looked down in the gathering day,  
 And laughing spoke from the wall :  
 Ohé they mourn here : let me by—  
 Azizun, the Lucknow nautch-girl, I ?  
 When the house is rotten, the rats must fly,  
 And I seek another thrall.

“ For I ruled the King as ne’er did Queen,  
 “ To-night the Queens rule me !  
 Guard them safely, but let me go,  
 Or ever they pay the debt they owe  
 In scourge and torture ! ” She leaped  
 below,  
 And the grim guard watched her flee.

They knew that the King had spent his soul  
On a North-bred dancing-girl :  
That he prayed to a flat-nosed Lucknow god,  
And kissed the ground where her feet had  
trod,  
And doomed to death at her drunken nod  
And swore by her lightest curl.

We bore the King to his fathers' place,  
Where the tombs of the Sun-born stand :  
Where the gray apes swing, and the peacocks preen  
On fretted pillar and jeweled screen,  
And the wild boar couch in the house of  
the Queen  
On the drift of the desert sand.

The herald read his titles forth,  
We set the logs aglow :  
“ Friend of the English, free from fear,  
Baron of Luni to Jeysulmeer,  
Lord of the Desert of Bikaner,  
King of the Jungle,—go ! ”

All night the red flames stabbed the sky  
With wavering wind-tossed spears :  
And out of a shattered temple crept  
A woman who veiled her head and wept,  
And called on the King—but the great King  
slept,  
And turned not for her tears.

Small thought had he to mark the strife—  
 Cold fear with hot desire—  
 When thrice she leaped from the leaping flame,  
 And thrice she beat her breast for shame,  
 And thrice like a wounded dove she came  
 And moaned about the fire.

One watched, a bow-shot from the blaze,  
 The silent streets between,  
 Who had stood by the King in sport and fray,  
 To blade in ambush or boar at bay,  
 And he was a baron old and gray,  
 And kin to the Boondi Queen.

He said : “ O shameless, put aside  
 The veil upon thy brow !  
 Who held the King and all his land  
 To the wanton will of a harlot's hand !  
 Will the white ash rise from the blistered  
 brand ?  
 Stoop down, and call him now ! ”

Then she : “ By the faith of my tarnished soul,  
 All things I did not well  
 I had hoped to clear ere the fire died,  
 And lay me down by my master's side  
 To rule in Heaven his only bride,  
 While the others howl in Hell.

“ But I have felt the fire's breath,  
 And hard it is to die !  
 Yet if I may pray a Rajpoot lord  
 To sully the steel of a Thakur's sword  
 With base-born blood of a trade abhorred ”—  
 And the Thakur answered, “ Aye.”

## The Ballad of the King's Mercy 51

He drew and struck : the straight blade drank  
The life beneath the breast.

“I had looked for the Queen to face the  
flame,

But the harlot dies for the Rajpoot dame—  
Sister of mine, pass, free from shame.

Pass with thy King to rest !”

The black log crashed above the white :

The little flames and lean,

Red as slaughter and blue as steel,

That whistled and fluttered from head to heel,

Leaped up anew, for they found their meal

On the heart of—the Boondi Queen !



## THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the  
story told.

His mercy fills the Khyber hills—his grace is  
manifold ;

He has taken toll of the North and the South  
—his glory reacheth far,

And they tell the tale of his charity from Balkh  
to Kandahar.

BEFORE the old Peshawur Gate, where Kurd  
and Kaffir meet,

The Governor of Kabul dealt the Justice of  
the Street,

And that was strait as running noose and  
swift as plunging knife,

Tho' he who held the longer purse might hold  
the longer life.

There was a hound of Hindustan had struck  
a Euzufzai,  
Wherefore they spat upon his face and led  
him out to die.  
It chanced the King went forth that hour  
when throat was bared to knife;  
The Kaffir groveled under-hoof and clamored  
for his life.

Then said the King: "Have hope, O friend!  
Yea, Death disgraced is hard;  
Much honor shall be thine;" and called the  
Captain of the Guard.  
Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-  
babble saith,  
And he was honored of the King—the which  
is salt to Death;  
And he was son of Daoud Shah the Reiver of  
the Plains,  
And blood of old Durani Lords ran fire in his  
veins;  
And 'twas to tame an Afghan pride nor Hell  
nor Heaven could bind,  
The King would make him butcher to a yelp-  
ing cur of hind.  
"Strike!" said the King. "King's blood  
art thou—his death shall be his pride!"  
Then louder, that the crowd might catch:  
"Fear not—his arms are tied!"  
Yar Khan drew clear the Khyber knife, and  
struck, and sheathed again.  
"O man, thy will is done," quoth he; "A  
King this dog hath slain."

## The Ballad of the King's Mercy 53

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, to the North  
and the South is sold,  
The North and the South shall open their mouth  
to a Ghilzai flag unrolled,  
When the big guns speak to the Khyber peak, and  
his dog-Heratis fly,  
Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?  
Wolves of the Abazai!

That night before the watch was set, when all  
the streets were clear,  
The Governor of Kabul spoke: "My King,  
hast thou no fear?  
"Thou knowest—thou hast heard,"—his  
speech died at his master's face.  
And grimly said the Afghan King: "I rule  
the Afghan race.  
"My path is mine—see thou to thine—to-  
night upon thy bed  
"Think who there be in Kabul now that  
clamor for thy head."

That night when all the gates were shut to  
City and to Throne,  
Within a little garden-house the King lay down  
alone.  
Before the sinking of the moon, which is the  
Night of Night,  
Yar Khan came softly to the King to make  
his honor white.  
The children of the town had mocked beneath  
his horse's hoofs,  
The harlots of the town had hailed him  
"butcher!" from their roofs.

But as he groped against the wall, two hands  
 upon him fell,  
 The King behind his shoulder spoke: "Dead  
 man, thou dost not well!  
 'Tis ill to jest with Kings by day and seek a  
 boon by night;  
 And that thou bearest in thy hand is all too  
 sharp to write.  
 But three days hence, if God be good, and if  
 thy strength remain,  
 Thou shalt demand one boon of me and bless  
 me in thy pain.  
 For I am merciful to all, and most of all to  
 thee.  
 My butcher of the shambles, rest—no knife  
 hast thou for me!"

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, holds  
 hard by the South and the North;  
 But the Ghilzai knows, ere the melting snows,  
 when the swollen banks break forth,  
 When the red-coats crawl to the sungar wall,  
 and his Usbeg lances fail.  
 Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?  
 Wolves of the Zuka Kheyl!

They stoned him in the rubbish-field when  
 dawn was in the sky,  
 According to the written word, "See that he  
 do not die."

They stoned him till the stones were piled  
 above him on the plain,  
 And those the laboring limbs displaced they  
 tumbled back again.



## The Ballad of the King's Mercy 55

One watched beside the dreary mound that  
veiled the battered thing,  
And him the King with laughter called the  
Herald of the King.

It was upon the second night, the night of  
Ramazan,  
The watcher leaning earthward heard the  
message of Yar Khan.

From shattered breast through shriveled lips  
broke forth the rattling breath :  
“ Creature of God, deliver me from agony of  
Death.”

They sought the King among his girls, and  
risked their lives thereby :  
“ Protector of the Pitiful, give orders that he  
die !”

“ Bid him endure until the day,” a lagging  
answer came ;

“ The night is short, and he can pray and learn  
to bless my name.”

Before the dawn three times he spoke, and on  
the day once more :

“ Creature of God deliver me and bless the  
King therefore !”

They shot him at the morning prayer, to ease  
him of his pain,  
And when he heard the matchlocks clink, he  
blessed the King again.

Which thing the singers made a song for all  
the world to sing,  
So that the Outer Seas may know the mercy of  
the King.

Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the  
story told.

He has opened his mouth to the North and the  
South, they have stuffed his mouth with gold.

Ye know the truth of his tender ruth—and sweet  
his favors are.

Ye have heard the song—How long? How long?  
from Balkh to Kandahar.

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## THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN springtime flushes the desert grass,  
Our kafilas wind through the Khyber Pass.  
Lean are the camels but fat the frails,  
Light are the purses but heavy the bales,  
As the snowbound trade of the North comes  
down

To the market-square of Peshawur town.

In a turquoise twilight, crisp and chill,  
A kafila camped at the foot of the hill.  
Then blue smoke-haze of the cooking rose,  
And tentpeg answered to hammer-nose;  
And the picketed ponies shag and wild,  
Strained at their ropes as the feed was piled;  
And the bubbling camels beside the load  
Sprawled for a furlong adown the road;

## The Ballad of the King's Jest 57

And the Persian pussy-cats, brought for sale,  
Spat at the dogs from the camel-bale;  
And the tribesmen bellowed to hasten the  
food;

And the camp-fires twinkled by Fort Jumrood;  
And there fled on the wings of the gathering  
dusk

A savor of camels and carpets and musk,  
A murmur of voices, a reek of smoke,  
To tell us the trade of the Khyber woke.  
The lid of the flesh-pot chattered high,  
The knives were whetted and—then came I  
To Mahbub Ali, the muleteer,

Patching his bridles and counting his gear,  
Crammed with the gossip of half a year.

But Mahbub Ali the kindly said,

“Better is speech when the belly is fed.”

So we plunged the hand to the mid-wrist deep  
In a cinnamon stew of the fat-tailed sheep,  
And he who never hath tasted the food,  
By Allah! he knoweth not bad from good.

We cleansed our beards of the mutton-grease,  
We lay on the mats and were filled with peace,  
And the talk slid north, and the talk slid south,  
With the sliding puffs from the hookah-mouth.

Four things greater than all things are,—  
Women and Horses and Power and War.

We spake of them all, but the last the most,

For I sought a word of a Russian post,  
Of a shifty promise, an unsheathed sword  
And a gray-coat guard on the Helmund ford.

Then Mahbub Ali lowered his eyes  
In the fashion of one who is weaving lies.  
Quoth he : “ Of the Russians who can say ?  
When the night is gathering all is gray.  
But we look that the gloom of the night shall  
die

In the morning flush of a blood-red sky.  
Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies ?  
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
That unsought counsel is cursed of God  
Attesteth the story of Wali Dad.

“ His sire was leaky of tongue and pen,  
His dam was a clucking Khuttuck hen ;  
And the colt bred close to the vice of each,  
For he carried the curse of an unstaunched  
speech.

Therewith madness—so that he sought  
The favor of kings at the Kabul court ;  
And traveled, in hope of honor, far  
To the line where the gray-coat squadrons  
are.

There have I journeyed too—but I  
Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die !  
He hearked to rumor, and snatched at a  
breath

Of ‘ this one knoweth ’ and ‘ that one saith, ’—  
Legends that ran from mouth to mouth  
Of a gray-coat coming, and sack of the South.  
These have I also heard—they pass  
With each new spring and the winter grass.

Hot-foot southward, forgotten of God,  
Back to the city ran Wali Dad,  
Even to Kabul—in full durbar  
The King held talk with his Chief in War.  
Into the press of the crowd he broke,  
And what he had heard of the coming spoke.

“Then Gholam Hyder, the Red Chief, smiled  
As a mother might on a babbling child ;  
But those who would laugh restrained their  
    breath,  
When the face of the King showed dark as  
    death.

Evil it is in full durbar  
To cry to a ruler of gathering War !  
Slowly he led to a peach-tree small,  
That grew by a cleft of the city wall.  
And he said to the boy : ‘They shall praise  
    thy zeal  
So long as the red spurt follows the steel.  
And the Russ is upon us even now ?  
Great is thy prudence—await them, thou.  
Watch from the tree. Thou art young and  
    strong,  
Surely thy vigil is not for long.  
The Russ is upon us, thy clamor ran ?  
Surely an hour shall bring their van.  
Wait and watch. When the host is near,  
Shout aloud that my men may hear.’

“Friend of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies ?

A guard was set that he might not flee—  
A score of bayonets ringed the tree.  
The peach-bloom fell in showers of snow,  
When he shook at his death as he looked  
below.

By the power of God, who alone is great,  
Till the seventh day he fought with his fate.  
Then madness took him, and men declare  
He mowed in the branches as ape and bear,  
And last as a sloth, ere his body failed,  
And he hung as a bat in the forks, and  
wailed,  
And sleep the cord of his hands untied,  
And he fell, and was caught on the points  
and died.

“ Heart of my heart, is it meet or wise  
To warn a King of his enemies ?  
We know what Heaven or Hell may bring,  
But no man knoweth the mind of the King.  
Of the gray-coat coming who can say ?  
When the night is gathering all is gray.  
Two things greater than all things are,  
The first is Love, and the second War.  
And since we know not how War may prove,  
Heart of my heart, let us talk of Love ! ”

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE.

THIS is the ballad of Boh Da Thone,  
Erst a Pretender to Theebaw's throne,  
Who harried the district of Alalone :  
How he met with his fate and the V. P. P.  
At the hand of Harendra a Mukerji,  
Senior Gomashta, G. B. T.

BOH DA THONE was a warrior bold,  
His sword and his Snider were bossed with  
gold,

And the Peacock Banner his henchmen bore  
Was stiff with bullion but stiffer with gore.

He shot at the strong and he slashed at the  
weak  
From the Salween scrub to the Chindwin teak :

He crucified noble, he sacrificed mean,  
He filled old women with kerosene :

While over the water the papers cried,  
" The patriot fights for his countryside ! "

But little they cared for the Native Press,  
The worn white soldiers in Khaki dress,

Who tramped through the jungle and camped  
in the byre,  
Who died in the swamp and were tombed in  
the mire,

Who gave up their lives, at the Queen's Com-  
mand.

For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of  
the Land.

Now, first of the foemen of Boh Da Thone  
Was Captain O'Neil of the "Black Tyrone,"

And his was a Company, seventy strong,  
Who hustled that dissolute Chief along.

There were lads from Galway and Louth and  
Meath

Who went to their death with a joke in their  
teeth,

And worshiped with fluency, fervor, and zeal  
The mud on the boot-heels of "Crook" O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labors lay,  
And ever their quarry would vanish away,

Till the sun-dried boys of the Black Tyrone  
Took a brotherly interest in Boh Da Thone :

And, sooth, if pursuit in possession ends,  
The Boh and his trackers were best of friends.

The word of a scout—a march by night—  
A rush through the mist—a scattering fight—

A volley from cover—a corpse in the clear-  
ing—

The glimpse of a lion-cloth and heavy jade  
earring—



## The Ballad of Boh Da Thone 63

The flare of a village—the tally of slain—  
And . . . the Boh was abroad “on the  
raid” again !

They cursed their luck as the Irish will,  
They gave him credit for cunning and skill,

They buried their dead, they bolted their beef,  
And started anew on the track of the thief

Till, in place of the “Kalends of Greece,” men  
said,  
“When Crook and his darlings come back  
with the head.”

They had hunted the Boh from the Hills to  
the plain—  
He doubled and broke for the hills again :

They had crippled his power for rapine and  
raid,  
They had routed him out of his pet stockade,

And at last, they came, when the Day Star  
tired,  
To a camp deserted—a village fired.

A black cross blistered the Morning-gold,  
And the body upon it was stark and cold.

The wind of the dawn went merrily past,  
The high grass bowed her plumes to the blast.

And out of the grass, on a sudden, broke  
A spirtle of fire, a whorl of smoke—

And Captain O'Neil of the Black Tyrone  
Was blessed with a slug in the ulna-bone—  
The gift of his enemy Boh Da Thone.

(Now a slug that is hammered from telegraph-  
wire  
Is a thorn in the flesh and a rankling fire.)

The shot-wound festered—as shot-wounds may  
In a steaming barrack at Mandalay.

The left arm throbbed, and the captain swore,  
“ I'd like to be after the Boh once more ! ”

The fever held him—the Captain said,  
“ I'd give a hundred to look at his head ! ”

The Hospital punkahs creaked and whirred,  
But Babu Harendra (Gomashta) heard.

He thought of the cane-brake, green and  
dank,  
That girdled his home by the Dacca tank.

He thought of his wife and his High School  
son,  
He thought—but abandoned the thought—of  
a gun.

His sleep was broken by visions dread  
Of a shining Boh with a silver head.

The Ballad of Boh Da Thone 65

He kept his counsel and went his way,  
And swindled the cartmen of half their pay.

. . . . .  
And the months went on, as the worst must  
do,  
And the Boh returned to the raid anew.

But the Captain had quitted the long-drawn  
strife,  
And in far Simoorie had taken a wife.

And she was a damsel of delicate mold,  
With hair like the sunshine and heart of gold,

And little she knew the arms that embraced  
Had cloven a man from the brow to the  
waist :

And little she knew that the loving lips  
Had ordered a quivering life's eclipse,

And the eye that lit at her lightest breath  
Had glared unawed in the Gates of Death.

(For these be matters a man would hide,  
As a general rule, from an innocent Bride.)

And little the Captain thought of the past,  
And, of all men, Babu Harendra last.

. . . . .  
But slow, in the sludge of the Kathun road,  
The Government Bullock Train toted its load.

Speckless and spotless and shining with *ghee*,  
In the rearmost cart sat the Babu-jee.

And ever a phantom before him fled  
Of a scowling Boh with a silver head.

Then the lead-cart stuck, though the coolies  
    slaved,  
And the cartmen flogged and the escort  
    raved ;

And out of the jungle, with yells and squeals,  
Pranced Boh Da Thone, and his gang at his  
    heels !

Then belching blunderbuss answered back  
The Snider's snarl and the carbine's crack,  
And the blithe revolver began to sing  
To the blade that twanged on the locking-  
    ring,

And the brown flesh blued where the bay'net  
    kissed,  
As the steel shot back with a wrench and a  
    twist,

And the great white bullocks with onyx eyes  
Watched the souls of the dead arise,

And over the smoke of the fusillade  
The Peacock Banner staggered and swayed.

Oh, gayest of scrimmages man may see  
Is a well-worked rush on the G. B. T. !

The Babu shook at the horrible sight,  
And girded his ponderous loins for flight,

## The Ballad of Boh Da Thone 67

But Fate had ordained that the Boh should  
start

On a lone-hand raid of the rearmost cart,

And out of that cart, with a bellow of wo ,  
That Babu fell—flat on the top of the Boh !

For years had Harendra served the State,  
To the growth of his purse and the girth of  
his *pêt*—

There were twenty stone, as the tally-man  
knows,  
On the broad of the chest of this best of  
Bohs.

And twenty stone from a height discharged  
Are bad for a Boh with a spleen enlarged.

Oh, short was the struggle—severe was the  
shock—  
He dropped like a bullock—he lay like a  
block ;

And the Babu above him, convulsed with fear,  
Heard the laboring life-breath hissed out in  
his ear.

And thus in a fashion undignified  
The princely pest of the Chindwin died.

Turn now to Simoorie where, lapped in his  
ease,  
The Captain is petting the Bride on his knees,

Where the *whit* of the bullet, the wounded  
man's scream  
Are mixed as the mist of some devilish  
dream—

Forgotten, forgotten the sweat of the shambles  
Where the hill daisy blooms and the gray  
monkey gambols,

From the sword-belt set free and released  
from the steel,

The Peace of the Lord is with Captain O'Neil.

Up the hill to Simoorie—most patient of  
drudges—

The bags on his shoulder, the mail-runner  
trudges.

“For Captain O'Neil, *Sahib*. One hundred  
and ten

Rupees to collect on delivery.”

Then

(Their breakfast was stopped while the screw-  
jack and hammer

Tore wax-cloth, split teak-wood, and chipped  
out the dammer ;)

Open-eyed, open-mouthed, on the napery's  
snow,

With a crash and a thud, rolled—the Head  
of the Boh !

And gummed to the scalp was a letter which  
ran :

“IN FIELDING FORCE SERVICE.

“*Encampment,*

“10th Jan.

## The Ballad of Boh Da Thone 69

“Dear Sir,—I have honor to send, *as you  
said,*

For final approval (see under) Boh’s Head ;

Was took by myself in most bloody affair.

By High Education brought pressure to  
bear.

“Now violate Liberty, time being bad,

“To mail V. P. P. (rupees hundred) Please  
add

“Whatever Your Honor can pass. Price of  
Blood

Much cheap at one hundred, and children  
want food.

“So trusting Your Honor will somewhat re-  
tain

True love and affection for Govt. Bullocks  
Train,

“And show awful kindness to satisfy me,

“I am,

“Graceful Master,

“Your

“H. Mukerji.”

. . . . .  
As the rabbit is drawn to the rattlesnake’s  
power,

As the smoker’s eye fills at the opium hour,

As a horse reaches up to the manger above,  
As the waiting ear yearns for the whisper of  
love,

From the arms of the Bride, iron-visaged and  
slow,  
The Captain bent down to the Head of the  
Boh.

And e'en as he looked on the Thing where It  
lay  
'Twixt the winking new spoons and the nap-  
kins' array,

The freed mind fled back to the long-ago  
days—  
The hand-to-hand scuffle—the smoke and the  
blaze—

The forced march at night and the quick rush  
at dawn—  
The banjo at twilight, the burial ere morn—

The stench of the marshes—the raw, piercing  
smell  
When the overhand stabbing-cut silenced the  
yell—

The oaths of his Irish that surged when they  
stood  
Where the black crosses hung o'er the Kutta-  
mow flood.



## The Ballad of Boh Da Thone 71

As a derelict ship drifts away with the tide  
The Captain went out on the Past from his  
Bride,

Back, back, through the springs to the chill of  
the year,  
When he hunted the Boh from Maloon to  
Tsaler.

As the shape of a corpse dimmers up through  
deep water,  
In his eye lit the passionless passion of  
slaughter,

And men who had fought with O'Neil for the  
life  
Had gazed on his face with less dread than  
his wife.

For she who had held him so long could not  
hold him—  
Though a four-month Eternity should have  
controlled him—

But watched the twin Terror—the head turned  
to head—  
The scowling, scarred Black, and the flushed  
savage Red—

The spirit that changed from her knowing and  
flew to  
Some grim hidden Past she had never a clue  
to

But It knew as It grinned, for he touched it  
 unfearing,  
 And muttered aloud, "So you kept that jade  
 earring!"

Then nodded, and kindly, as friend nods to  
 friend,  
 "Old man, you fought well, but you lost in  
 the end."

. . . . .

The visions departed, and Shame followed  
 Passion,  
 "He took what I said in this horrible fash-  
 ion,

"*I'll* write to Harendra!" With language un-  
 sainted  
 The Captain came back to the Bride . . .  
 who had fainted.

. . . . .

And this is a fiction? No. Go to Simoorie  
 And look at their baby, a twelve-month old  
 Houri,

A pert little, Irish-eyed Kathleen Mavournin—  
 She's always about on the Mall of a mornin'—

And you'll see, if her right shoulder-strap is  
 displaced,  
 This: *Gules* upon *argent*, a Boh's Head, *erased!*

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER  
CATTLE THIEF

O wo is me for the merry life  
I led beyond the Bar,  
And a treble wo for my winsome wife  
That weeps at Shalimar.

They have taken away my long jezail,  
My shield and saber fine,  
And heaved me into the Central jail  
For lifting of the kine.

The steer may low within the byre,  
The Jut may tend his grain,  
But there'll be neither loot nor fire  
Till I come back again.

And God have mercy on the Jut  
When once my fetters fall,  
And Heaven defend the farmer's hut  
When I am loosed from thrall.

It's wo to bend the stubborn back  
Above the grinchng quern,  
It's wo to hear the leg-bar clack  
And jingle when I turn !

But for the sorrow and the shame,  
The brand on me and mine,  
I'll pay you back in leaping flame  
And loss of the butchered kine.

For every cow I spared before  
 In charity set free,  
 If I may reach my hold once more  
 I'll reive an honest three!

For every time I raised the low  
 That scared the dusty plain,  
 By sword and cord, by torch and tow  
 I'll light the land with twain!

Ride hard, ride hard to Abazai,  
 Young *Sahib* with the yellow hair—  
 Lie close, lie close as khuttucks lie,  
 Fat herds below Bonair!

The one I'll shoot at twilight tide,  
 At dawn I'll drive the other;  
 The black shall mourn for hoof and hide,  
 The white man for his brother!

'Tis war, red war, I'll give you then,  
 War till my sinews fail,  
 For the wrong you have done to a chief of  
 men  
 And a thief of the Zukka Kheyl.

And if I fall to your hand afresh  
 I give you leave for the sin,  
 That you cram my throat with the foul 'pig's  
 flesh  
 And swing me in the skin!

THE RHYME OF THE THREE  
CAPTAINS

THIS ballad appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American Pirate. It is founded on fact.

. . . At the close of a winter day,  
Their anchors down, by London town, the  
Three Great Captains lay.  
And one was Admiral of the North from Sol-  
way Firth to Skye,  
And one was Lord of the Wessex coast and all  
the lands thereby,  
And one was Master of the Thames from Lime-  
house to Blackwall,  
And he was Captain of the Fleet—the bravest  
of them all.  
Their good guns guarded their great gray  
sides that were thirty foot in the sheer,  
When there came a certain trading-brig with  
news of a privateer.  
Her rigging was rough with the clotted drift  
that drives in a Northern breeze,  
Her sides were clogged with the lazy weed  
that spawns in the Eastern seas.  
Light she rode in the rude tide-rip, to left and  
right she rolled,  
And the skipper sat on the scuttle-butt and  
stared at an empty hold.

“ I ha’ paid Port dues for your Law,” quoth  
he, “ and where is the Law ye boast  
If I sail unscathed from a heathen port to  
be robbed on a Christian coast?  
Ye have smoked the hives of the Laccadives  
as we burn the lice in a bunk;  
We tack not now to a Gallang prow or a  
plunging Pei-ho junk;  
I had no fear but the seas were clear as far  
as a sail might fare.  
Till I met with a lime-washed Yankee brig  
that rode off Finisterre.  
There were canvas blinds to his bow-gun  
ports to screen the weight he bore  
And the signals ran for a merchantman from  
Sandy Hook to the Nore.  
He would not fly the Rovers’ flag—the  
bloody or the black,  
But now he floated the Gridiron and now he  
flaunted the Jack.  
He spoke of the Law as he crimped my  
crew—he swore it was only a loan;  
But when I would ask for my own again, he  
swore it was none of my own.  
He has taken my little parrakeets that nest  
beneath the Line,  
He has stripped my rails of the shaddock-  
frails and the green unripened pine;  
He has taken my bale of dammer and spice  
I won beyond the seas,  
He has taken my grinning heathen gods—  
and what should he want o’ these?

## Rhyme of the Three Captains 77

My foremast would not mend his boom, my  
deck-house patch his boats ;  
He has whittled the two this Yank Yahoo,  
to peddle for shoepeg-oats.  
I could not fight for the failing light and a  
rough beam-sea beside,  
But I hulled him once for a clumsy crimp  
and twice because he lied.  
Had I had guns (as I had goods) to work  
my Christian harm,  
I had run him up from his quarter-deck to  
trade with his own yard-arm ;  
I had nailed his ears to my capstan-head,  
and ripped them off with a saw,  
And soused them in the bilgewater, and  
served them to him raw ;  
I had flung him blind in a rudderless boat  
to rot in the rocking dark ;  
I had towed him aft of his own craft, a bait  
for his brother shark ;  
I had lapped him round with cocoa husk,  
and drenched him with the oil,  
And lashed him fast to his own mast to blaze  
above my spoil ;  
I had stripped his hide for my hammock-  
side, and tasseled his beard i' the mesh,  
And spitted his crew on the live bamboo  
that grows through the gangrened flesh ;  
I had hove him down by the mangroves  
brown, where the mud-reef sucks and  
draws,  
Moored by the heel to his own keel to wait  
for the land-crab's claws !

He is lazar within and lime without, ye can  
nose him far enow,  
For he carries the taint of a musky ship—  
the reek of the slaver's dhow!"

The skipper looked at the tiering guns and  
the bulwarks tall and cold,  
And the Captains Three full courteously  
peered down at the gutted hole,  
And the Captains Three called courteously  
from deck to scuttle-butt :

"Good Sir, we ha' dealt with that merchant-  
man or ever your teeth were cut.  
Your words be words of a lawless race, and  
the Law it standeth thus :

He comes of a race that have never a Law,  
and he never has boarded us.  
We ha' sold him canvas and rope and spar—  
we know that his price is fair,  
And we know that he weeps for the lack of  
a Law as he rides off Finisterre.  
And since he is damned for a gallows-thief  
by you and better than you,  
We hold it meet that the English fleet should  
know that we hold him true."

The skipper called to the tall taffrail : " And  
what is that to me ?

Did ever you hear of a privateer that rifled  
a Seventy-three ?

Do I loom so large from your quarter-deck  
that I lift like a ship o' the Line ?

He has learned to run from a shotted gun  
and harry such craft as mine.



## Rhyme of the Three Captains 79

There is never a Law on the Cocos Keys to  
hold a white man in,  
But we do not steal the niggers' meal, for  
that is a nigger's sin.

Must he have his Law as a quid to chew, or  
laid in brass on his wheel?

Does he steal with tears when he buccaneers?  
'Fore Gad, then, why does he steal?"

The skipper bit on a deep-sea word, and the  
word it was not sweet,

For he could see the Captains Three had  
signaled to the Fleet.

But three and two, in white and blue, the  
whimpering flags began:

"We have heard a tale of a foreign sail, but  
he is a merchantman."

The skipper peered beneath his palm and  
swore by the Great Horn Spoon,

"'Fore Gad, the Chaplain of the Fleet would  
bless my picaroon!"

By two and three the flags blew free to lash  
the laughing air,

"We have sold our spars to the merchantman  
—we know that his price is fair."

The skipper winked his Western eye, and  
swore by a China storm:

"They ha' rigged him a Joseph's jury-coat to  
keep his honor warm."

The halliards twanged against the tops, the  
bunting bellied broad,

The skipper spat in the empty hold and  
mourned for a wasted cord.

Masthead—masthead, the signal sped by the  
line o' the British craft ;  
The skipper called to his Lascar crew, and  
put her about and laughed :  
It's mainsail haul, my bully boys all—we'll  
out to the seas again ;  
Ere they set us to paint their pirate saint, or  
scrub at his grapnel-chain  
It's fore-sheet free, with her head to the sea,  
and the swing of the unbought brine—  
We'll make no sport in an English court till  
we come as a ship o' the Line,  
Till we come as a ship o' the Line, my lads,  
of thirty foot in the sheer,  
Lifting again from the outer main with news  
of a privateer ;  
Flying his pluck at our mizzen-truck for  
west of Admiralty,  
Heaving his head for our dipsy-lead in sign  
that we keep the sea.  
Then fore-sheet home as she lifts to the foam  
—we stand on the outward tack  
We are paid in the coin of the white man's  
trade—the bezant is hard, ay, and black.  
The frigate-bird shall carry my word to the  
Kling and the Orang-Laut  
How a man may sail from a heathen coast  
to be robbed in a Christian port ;  
How a man may be robbed in Christian port  
while 'Three Great Captains there  
Shall dip their flag to a slaver's rag—to show  
that his trade is fair ! ”

THE BALLAD OF THE "CLAMPHER-  
DOWN"

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown"  
Would sweep the Channel clean,  
Wherefore she kept her hatches close  
When the merry Channel chops arose,  
To save the bleached marine.

She had one bow-gun of a hundred ton,  
And a great stern-gun beside;  
They dipped their noses deep in the sea,  
They racked their stays and staunchions free  
In the wash of the wind-whipped tide.

It was our war-ship "Clampherdown,"  
Fell in with a cruiser light  
That carried the dainty Hotchkiss gun  
And a pair o' heels wherewith to run,  
From the grip of a close-fought fight.

She opened fire at seven miles—  
As ye shoot at a bobbing cork—  
And once she fired and twice she fired,  
Till the bow-gun drooped like a lily tired  
That lolls upon the stalk.

"Captain, the bow-gun melts apace,  
The deck-beams break below,  
'Twere well to rest for an hour or twain,  
And botch the shattered plates again."  
And he answered, "Make it so."

She opened fire within the mile—  
As ye shoot at the flying duck—  
And the great stern-gun shot fair and true,  
With the heave of the ship, to the stainless  
blue,  
And the great stern-turret stuck.

“ Captain, the turret fills with steam,  
The feed-pipes burst below—  
You can hear the hiss of helpless ram,  
You can hear the twisted runners jam.”  
And he answered, “ Turn and go ! ”

It was our war-ship “ Clampherdown,”  
And grimly did she roll ;  
Swung round to take the cruiser’s fire  
As the White Whale faces the Thresher’s ire,  
When they war by the frozen Pole.

“ Captain, the shells are falling fast,  
And faster still fall we ;  
And it is not meet for English stock,  
To bide in the heart of an eight-day clock,  
The death they cannot see.”

“ Lie down, lie down my bold A.B.,  
We drift upon her beam ;  
We dare not ram for she can run ;  
And dare ye fire another gun,  
And die in the peeling steam ? ”

It was our war-ship “ Clampherdown ”  
That carried an armor-belt ;  
But fifty feet at stern and bow,  
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser’s sow,  
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

## Ballad of the "Clampherdown" 83

"Captain, they lack us through and through ;  
The chilled steel bolts are swift !  
We have emptied the bunkers in open sea,  
Their shrapnel bursts where our coal should  
be."

And he answered, " Let her drift."

It was our war-ship " Clampherdown,"  
Swung round upon the tide,  
Her two dumb guns glared south and north,  
And the blood and the bubbling steam ran  
forth,  
And she ground the cruiser's side.

" Captain, they cry, the fight is done,  
They bid you send your sword."  
And he answered, " Grapple her stern and  
bow.

They have asked for the steel. They shall  
have it now ;  
Out cutlasses and board !"

It was our war-ship " Clampherdown,"  
Spewed up four hundred men ;  
And the scalded stokers yelped delight,  
As they rolled in the waist and heard the  
fight,  
Stamp o'er their steel-walled pen.

They cleared the cruiser end to end,  
From conning-tower to hold.  
They fought as they fought in Nelson's fleet ;  
They were stripped to the waist, they were  
bare to the feet,  
As it was in the days of old.

It was the sinking "Clampherdown"  
 Heaved up her battered side—  
 And carried a million pounds in steel,  
 To the cod and the corpse-fed conger-eel,  
 And the scour of the Channel tide.

It was the crew of the "Clampherdown"  
 Stood out to sweep the sea,  
 On a cruiser won from an ancient foe,  
 As it was in the days of long-ago,  
 And as it still shall be.

---

### THE BALLAD OF THE "BOLIVAR"

Seven men from all the world, back to Docks again,  
 Rolling down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising  
 Cain:

Give the girls another drink 'fore we sign away—  
 We that took the "Bolivar" out across the Bay!

WE put out from Sunderland loaded down  
 with rails;

We put back to Sunderland 'cause our cargo  
 shifted;

We put out from Sunderland—met the winter  
 gales—

Seven days and seven nights to the Start  
 we drifted,

Racketing her rivets loose, smoke-stack  
 white as snow,

All the coals adrift a deck, half the rails  
 below

## The Ballad of the "Bolivar" 85

Leaking like a lobster-pot, steering like a  
dray—

Out we took the "Bolivar," out across  
the Bay!

One by one the Lights came up, winked and  
let us by;

Mile by mile we waddled on, coal and  
fo'c'sle short;

Met a blow that laid us down, heard a bulk-  
head fly;

Left The Wolf behind us with a two foot-  
list to port.

Trailing like a wounded duck, working  
out her soul;

Clanging like a smithy-shop after every  
roll;

Just a funnel and a mast lurching through  
the spray—

So we threshed the "Bolivar" out across  
the Bay!

Felt her hog and felt her sag, betted when  
she'd break;

Wondered every time she raced if she'd  
stand the shock;

Heard the seas like drunken men pounding at  
her strake;

Hoped the Lord 'ud keep his thumb on the  
plummer-block.

Banged against the iron decks, bilges  
choked with coal;

Flayed and frozen foot and hand, sick of  
heart and soul;  
'Last we prayed she'd buck herself into  
Judgment Day—  
Hi! we cursed the "Bolivar" knocking  
round the Bay!

Oh! her nose flung up to sky, groaning to be  
still—  
Up and down and back we went, never time  
for breath;  
Then the money paid at Lloyd's caught her  
by the heel,  
And the stars ran round and round dancin'  
at our death.

Aching for an hour's sleep, dozing off be-  
tween;  
Heard the rotten rivets draw when she  
took it green;  
Watched the compass chase its tail like  
a cat at play—  
That was on the "Bolivar," south across  
the Bay.

Once we saw between the squalls, lyin' head  
to swell—  
Mad with work and weariness, wishin' they  
was we—  
Some damned Liner's lights go by like a grand  
hotel;  
Cheered her from the "Bolivar," swampin'  
in the sea.



Then a grayback cleared us out, then the skipper laughed ;

“Boys, the wheel has gone to Hell—rig the winches aft !

“Yoke the kicking rudder-head—get her under way !”

So we steered her, pulley-haul, out across the Bay !

Just a pack o' rotten plates puttied up with tar,

In we came, an' time enough 'cross Bilbao Bar. Overloaded, undermanned, meant to founder, we

Euchred God Almighty's storm, bluffed the Eternal Sea !

Seven men from all the world, back to town again, Rollin' down the Ratcliffe Road drunk and raising Cain :

Seven men from out of Hell. Ain't the owners gay, 'Cause we took the “Bolivar” safe across the Bay ?

---

## THE ENGLISH FLAG

Above the portico a flagstaff, bearing the Union Jack, remained fluttering in the flames for some time, but ultimately when it fell the crowds rent the air with shouts, and seemed to see significance in the incident. —DAILY PAPERS.

WINDS of the World, give answer? They are whimpering to and fro—

And what should they know of England who only England know?—

The poor little street-bred people that vapor  
and fume and brag,  
They are lifting their heads in the stillness to  
yelp at the English Flag!

Must we borrow a clout from the Boer—to  
plaster anew with dirt?  
An Irish liar's bandage, or an English cow-  
ard's shirt?  
We may not speak of England; her Flag's to  
sell or share.  
What is the flag of England? Winds of the  
World, declare!

The North Wind blew: "From Bergen my  
steel-shod vanguards go;  
I chase your lazy whalers home from the  
Disko floe;  
By the great North Lights above me I work  
the will of God,  
That the liner splits on the ice-field or the  
Dogger fills with cod.

"I barred my gates with iron, I shuttered my  
doors with flame,  
Because to force my ramparts your nutshell  
navies came;  
I took the sun from their presence, I cut  
them down with my blast,  
And they died, but the Flag of England blew  
free ere the spirit passed.

“The lean white bear hath seen it in the long,  
long Arctic night,  
The musk-ox knows the standard that flouts  
the Northern Light :  
What is the Flag of England? Ye have but  
my bergs to dare,  
Ye have but my drifts to conquer. Go  
forth, for it is there !”

The South Wind sighed : “From The Virgins  
my mid-sea course was ta'en  
Over a thousand islands lost in an idle main,  
Where the sea-egg flames on the coral and  
the long-backed breakers croon  
Their endless ocean legends to the lazy,  
locked lagoon.

“Strayed amid lonely islets, mazed amid  
outer keys,  
I waked the palms to laughter—I tossed the  
scud in the breeze—  
Never was isle so little, never was sea so  
lone,  
But over the scud and the palm-trees an  
English flag was flown.

“I have wrenched it free from the halliard to  
hang for a wisp on the Horn ;  
I have chased it north to the Lizard—rib-  
boned and rolled and torn ;  
I have spread its fold o'er the dying, adrift  
in a hopeless sea ;  
I have hurled it swift on the slaver, and  
seen the slave set free.

“My basking sunfish know it, and wheeling  
albatross,  
Where the lone wave fills with fire beneath the  
Southern Cross.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but  
my reefs to dare,  
Ye have but my seas to furrow. Go forth,  
for it is there!”

The East Wind roared: “From the Kuriles,  
the Bitter Seas, I come,  
And me men call the Home-Wind, for I bring  
the English home.

Look—look well to your shipping! By the  
breath of my mad typhoon  
I swept your close-packed Praya and beached  
your best at Kowloon!

“The reeling junks behind me and the racing  
seas before,  
I raped your richest roadstead—I plundered  
Singapore!

I set my hand on the Hoogli; as a hooded  
snake she rose,  
And I flung your stoutest steamers to roost  
with the startled crows.

“Never the lotos closes, never the wild-fowl  
wake,

But a soul goes out on the East Wind that  
died for England’s sake—

Man or woman or suckling, mother or bride  
or maid—

Because on the bones of the English the Eng-  
lish Flag is stayed.

“The desert-dust hath dimmed it, the flying  
wild-ass knows  
The scared white leopard winds it across the  
taintless snows.

What is the Flag of England? Ye have but  
my sun to dare,  
Ye have but my sands to travel. Go forth,  
for it is there!”

The West Wind called: “In squadrons the  
thoughtless galleons fly  
That bear the wheat and cattle lest street-  
bred people die.  
They make my might their porter, they make  
my house their path,  
Till I loose my neck from their rudder and  
whelm them all in my wrath.

“I draw the gliding fog-bank as a snake is  
drawn from the hole;  
They bellow one to the other, the frightened  
ship-bells toll,  
For day is a drifting terror till I raise the  
shroud with my breath,  
And they see strange bows above them and  
the two go locked to death.

“But whether in calm or wrack-wreath,  
whether by dark or day,  
I heave them whole to the conger or rip their  
plates away,  
First of the scattered legions, under a shriek-  
ing sky,  
Dipping between the rollers, the English  
Flag goes by.

“ The dead dumb fog hath wrapped it—the  
 frozen dews have kissed—  
 The naked stars have seen it, a fellow-star  
 in the mist.  
 What is the Flag of England? Ye have but  
 my breath to dare,  
 Ye have but my waves to conquer. Go forth,  
 for it is there ! ”

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“ CLEARED ”

(IN MEMORY OF A COMMISSION)

HELP for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit  
 hurt,  
 Help for an honorable clan sore trampled in  
 the dirt !  
 From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen  
 to my song,  
 The honorable gentlemen have suffered griev-  
 ous wrong.

Their noble names were mentioned—O the  
 burning black disgrace !—  
 By a brutal Saxon paper in an Irish shooting-  
 case ;  
 They sat upon it for a year, then steeled their  
 heart to brave it,  
 And “ coruscating innocence ” the learned  
 Judges gave it.

Bear witness, Heaven, of that grim crime be-  
 neath the surgeon's knife,  
 The honorable gentleman deplored the loss of  
 life ;  
 Bear witness of those chanting choirs that  
 burk and shirk and snigger,  
 No man laid hand upon the knife or finger to  
 the trigger !

Cleared in the face of all mankind beneath  
 the winking skies,  
 Like phœnixes from Phœnix Park (and what  
 lay there) they rise !  
 Go shout it to the emerald seas—give word  
 to Erin now,  
 Her honorable gentlemen are cleared—and  
 this is how :

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-  
 hocking price,  
 They only helped the murderer with council's  
 best advice,  
 But—sure it keeps their honor white—the  
 learned Court believes  
 They never gave a piece of plate to murderers  
 and thieves.

They never told the ramping crowd to card a  
 woman's hide,  
 They never marked a man for death—what  
 fault of theirs he died ?—

They only said "intimidate," and talked and  
went away—

By God, the boys that did the work were  
braver men than they !

Their sin it was that fed the fire—small blame  
to them that heard—

The "bhoys" get drunk on rhetoric, and mad-  
den at the word—

They knew whom they were talking at, if they  
were Irish too,

The gentlemen that lied in Court, they knew  
and well they knew.

They only took the Judas-gold from Fenians  
out of jail,

They only fawned for dollars on the blood-  
dyed Clan-na-Gael.

If black is black or white is white, in black  
and white it's down,

They're only traitors to the Queen and rebels  
to the Crown.

"Cleared," honorable gentlemen. Be thank-  
ful it's no more :

The widow's curse is on your house, the dead  
are at your door.

On you the shame of open shame, on you  
from North to South

The hand of every honest man flat-heeled  
across your mouth.



“ Less black than we were painted ” ?—Faith,  
 no word of black was said ;  
 The lightest touch was human blood, and  
 that, ye know, runs red.  
 It’s sticking to your fist to-day for all your  
 sneer and scoff,  
 And by the Judge’s well-weighed word you  
 cannot wipe it off.

Hold up those hands of innocence—go, scare  
 your sheep together,  
 The blundering, tripping tups that bleat be-  
 hind the old bell-weather ;  
 And if they snuff the taint and break to find  
 another pen,  
 Tell them it’s tar that glistens so, and daub  
 them yours again !

“ The charge is old ” ?—As old as Cain—as  
 fresh as yesterday ;  
 Old as the Ten Commandments, have ye  
 talked those laws away ?  
 If words are words, or death is death, or  
 powder sends the ball,  
 You spoke the words that sped the shot—the  
 curse be on you all.

“ Our friends believe ” ? Of course they do  
 —as sheltered women may ;  
 But have they seen the shrieking soul ripped  
 from the quivering clay ?

They!—If their own front door is shut,  
they'll swear the whole world's warm;  
What do they know of dread of death or hang-  
ing fear of harm?

The secret half a country keeps, the whisper  
in the lane,  
The shriek that tells the shot went home be-  
hind the broken pane,  
The dry blood crisping in the sun that scares  
the honest bees,  
And shows the "bhoys" have heard your talk  
—what do they know of these?

But you—you know—ay, ten times more; the  
secrets of the dead,  
Black terror on the country-side by word and  
whisper bred,  
The mangled stallion's scream at night, the  
tail-cropped heifer's low.  
Who set the whisper going first? You know,  
and well you know!

My soul! I'd sooner lie in jail for murder  
plain and straight,  
Pure crime I'd done with my own hand for  
money, lust, or hate,  
Than take a seat in Parliament by fellow-  
felons cheered,  
While one of those "not provens" proved me  
cleared as you are cleared.

Cleared—you that “lost” the League ac-  
counts—go, guard our honor still,  
Go, help to make our country’s laws that  
broke God’s law at will—

One hand stuck out behind the back, to signal  
“strike again” ;

The other on your dress-shirt-front to show  
your heart is clane.

If black is black or white is white, in black  
and white it’s down,

You’re only traitors to the Queen and rebels  
to the Crown.

If print is print or words are words, the learn-  
ed Court preponds :

We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by  
their friends.

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### AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the Ger-  
man Kaiser decreed,

To ease the strong of their burden, to help  
the weak in their need

He sent a word to the people, who struggle,  
and pant, and sweat,

That the straw might be counted fairly and  
the tally of bricks be set.

The Lords of Their Hands assembled ; from  
the East and the West they drew—

Baltimore, Lille, and Essen, Brummagem,  
Clyde, and Crewe.

And some were black from the furnace, and  
some were brown from the soil,  
And some were blue from the dye-vat; but  
all were wearied of toil.

And the young King said " I have found it,  
the road to the rest ye seek  
The strong shall wait for the the weary, the  
hale shall halt for the weak ;  
With the even tramp of an army where no  
man breaks from the line,  
Ye shall march to peace and plenty in the  
bond of brotherhood—sign ! "

The paper lay on the table, the strong heads  
bowed thereby,  
And a wail went up from the peoples : " Ay,  
sign—give rest, for we die ! "   
And hand was stretched to the goose-quill, a  
fist was cramped to scrawl,  
When—the laugh of a blue-eyed maiden ran  
clear through the council-hall.

And each one heard Her laughing as each  
one saw Her plain—  
Saidie, Mimi, or Olga, Gretchen, or Mary  
Jane.

And the Spirit of Man that is in Him to the  
light of the vision woke ;  
And the men drew back from the paper, as a  
Yankee delegate spoke :

" There's a girl in Jersey City who works on  
the telephone ;

We're going to hitch our horses and dig for  
a house of our own,  
With gas and water connections, and steam-  
heat through to the top ;  
And, W. Hohenzollern, I guess I shall work  
till I drop."

And an English delegate thundered: "The  
weak an' the lame be blowed !  
I've a berth in the Sou'-West workshops, a  
home in the Wandsworth Road ;  
And till the 'sociation has footed my buryin'  
bill,  
I work for the kids an' the missus. Pull  
up! I'll be damned if I will ! "

And over the German benches the bearded  
whisper ran :  
" Lager, der girls und der dollars, dey makes  
or dey breaks a man.  
If Schmitt haf collared der dollars, he collars  
der girl deremit ;  
But if Schmitt bust in der pizness, we col-  
lars der girl from Schmitt."

They passed one resolution: "Your sub-  
committee believe  
You can lighten the curse of Adam when  
you've lightened the curse of Eve.  
But till we are built like angels—with ham-  
mer and chisel and pen,  
We will work for ourself and a woman, forever  
and ever. Amen."

Now this is the tale of the Council the Ger-  
man Kaiser held—  
The day that they razored the Grindstone,  
the day that the Cat was belled,  
The day of the Figs from Thistles, the day  
of the Twisted Sands,  
The day that the laugh of a maiden made  
light of the Lords of Their Hands.

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## TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his  
house in Berkeley Square,  
And a Spirit came to his bedside and gripped  
him by the hair—  
A Spirit gripped him by the hair and carried  
him far away,  
Till he heard as the roar of a rain-fed ford  
the roar of the Milky Way,  
Till he heard the roar of the Milky Way die  
down and drone and cease,  
And they came to the Gate within the Wall  
where Peter holds the keys.  
“Stand up, stand up now, Tomlinson, and  
answer loud and high  
The good that ye did for the sake of men or  
ever ye came to die—  
The good that ye did for the sake of men in  
little earth so lone!”  
And the naked soul of Tomlinson grew white  
as a rain-washed bone.

“O, I have a friend on earth,” he said, “that  
was my priest and guide,  
And well would he answer all for me if he  
were by my side.”

—“For that ye strove in neighbor-love it shall  
be written fair,

But now ye wait at Heaven’s Gate and not in  
Berkeley Square :

Though we called your friend from his bed  
this night, he could not speak for you,  
For the race is run by one and one and never  
by two and two.”

Then Tomlinson looked up and down, and  
little gain was there,

For the naked stars grinned overhead, and he  
saw that his soul was bare :

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it  
cut him like a knife,

And Tomlinson took up his tale and spoke of  
his good in life.

“This I have read in a book,” he said, “and  
that was told to me,

And this I have thought that another man  
thought of a Prince in Muscovy.”

The good souls flocked like homing doves and  
bade him clear the path,

And Peter twirled the jangling keys in weariness  
and wrath.

“Ye have read, ye have heard, ye have  
thought,” he said, “and the tale is yet  
to run :

By the worth of the body that once ye had,  
give answer—what ha’ ye done” ?

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and  
little good it bore,  
For the Darkness stayed at his shoulder-blade  
and Heaven's Gate before :

“ Oh, this I have felt, and this I have guessed,  
and this I have heard men say,  
And this they wrote that another man wrote  
of a carl in Norroway.”

“ Ye have read, ye have felt, ye have guessed,  
good lack ! Ye have hampered Heaven's  
Gate ;

There's little room between the stars in idleness  
to prate !

Oh, none may reach by hired speech of neighbor,  
priest, and kin,

Through borrowed deed to God's good meed  
that lies so far within ;

Get hence, get hence to the Lord of Wrong,  
for doom has yet to run,

And . . . the faith that ye share with Berkeley  
Square uphold you, Tomlinson ! ”

The Spirit gripped him by the hair, and sun by  
sun they fell

Till they came to the belt of Naughty Stars  
that rim the mouth of Hell :

The first are red with pride and wrath, the  
next are white with pain,

But the third are black with clinkered sin  
that cannot burn again :

They may hold their path, they may leave  
their path, with never a soul to mark,

They may burn or freeze, but they must not  
cease in the Scorn of the Outer Dark.



The Wind that blows between the worlds, it  
nipped him to the bone,  
And he yearned to the flare of Hell-gate there  
as the light of his own hearthstone.  
The Devil he sat behind the bars, where the  
desperate legions drew,  
But he caught the hasting Tomlinson and would  
not let him through.  
“Wot ye the price of good pit-coal that I must  
pay?” said he,  
“That ye rank yoursel’ so fit for Hell and ask  
no leave of me?  
I am all o’er-sib to Adam’s breed that ye  
should give me scorn,  
For I strove with God for your First Father  
the day that he was born.  
Sit down, sit down upon the slag, and answer  
loud and high  
The harm that ye did to the Sons of Men or  
ever you came to die.”  
And Tomlinson looked up and up, and saw  
against the night  
The belly of a tortured star blood-red in Hell-  
Mouth light;  
And Tomlinson looked down and down, and  
saw beneath his feet  
The frontlet of a tortured star milk-white in  
Hell-Mouth heat.  
“Oh, I had a love on earth,” said he, “that  
kissed me to my fall,  
And if ye would call my love to me I know  
she would answer all.”  
—“All that ye did in love forbid it shall be  
written fair,

But now ye wait at Hell-Mouth Gate and not  
in Berkeley Square :

Though we whistled your love from her bed  
to-night, I trow she would not run,  
For the sin ye do by two and two ye must  
pay for one by one !”

The Wind that blows between the worlds, it  
cut him like a knife,  
And Tomlinson took up the tale and spoke of  
his sin in life :

“ Once I ha’ laughed at the power of Love and  
twice at the grip of the Grave,  
And thrice I ha’ patted my God on the head  
that men might call me brave.”

The Devil he blew on a brandered soul and  
set it aside to cool :

“ Do ye think I would waste my good pit-coal  
on the hide of a brain-sick fool ?

I see no worth in the hobnailed mirth or the  
jolt-head jest ye did

That I should waken my gentlemen that are  
sleeping three on a grid.”

Then Tomlinson looked back and forth, and  
there was little grace,

For Hell-Gate filled the houseless Soul with the  
Fear of Naked Space.

“ Nay, this I ha’ heard,” quo’ Tomlinson, “ and  
this was noised abroad,

And this I ha’ got from a Belgian book on the  
word of a dead French lord.”

—“ Ye ha’ heard, ye ha’ read, ye ha’ got, good  
lack ! And the tale begins afresh—

Have ye sinned one sin for the pride o’ the  
eye or the sinful lust of the flesh ?”

Then Tomlinson he gripped the bars and yam-  
mered "Let me in—  
For I mind that I borrowed my neighbor's  
wife to sin the deadly sin."  
The Devil he grinned behind the bars, and  
banked the fires high :  
"Did ye read of that sin in a book?" said he ;  
and Tomlinson said "Ay!"  
The Devil he blew upon his nails, and the little  
devils ran ;  
And he said, "Go husk this whimpering thief  
that comes in the guise of a man :  
Winnow him out 'twixt star and star, and  
sieve his proper worth :  
There's sore decline in Adam's line if this be  
spawn of earth."  
Empusa's crew, so naked-new they may not  
face the fire,  
But weep that they bin too small to sin to the  
height of their desire.  
Over the coal they chased the Soul, and racked  
it all abroad,  
As children rifle a caddis-case or the raven's  
foolish hoard.  
And back they came with the tattered Thing,  
as children after play,  
And they said : "The soul that he got from  
God he has bartered clean away.  
We have threshed a stook of print and book,  
and winnowed a chattering wind  
And many a soul wherefrom he stole, but his  
we cannot find :  
We have handled him, we have dandled him,  
we have seared him to the bone,

And sure if tooth and nail show truth he has  
no soul of his own."

The Devil he bowed his head on his breast and  
rumbled deep and low :

"I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should  
bid him go.

Yet close we lie, and deep we lie, and if I  
gave him place,

My gentlemen that are so proud would flout  
me to my face ;

They'd call my house a common stews and  
me a careless host,

And—I would not anger my gentlemen for the  
sake of a shiftless ghost."

The Devil he looked at the mangled Soul that  
prayed to feel the flame,

And he thought of Holy Charity, but he  
thought of his own good name :

"Now ye could haste my coal to waste, and  
sit ye down to fry :

Did ye think of that theft for yourself?" said  
he ; and Tomlinson said "Ay !"

The Devil he blew an outward breath, for his  
heart was free from care :

"Ye have scarce the soul of a louse," he said,  
"but the roots of sin are there,

And for that sin should ye come in were I the  
lord alone.

But sinful pride has rule inside—and mightier  
than my own.

Honor and Wit, fore-damned they sit, to each  
his priest and whore :

Nay, scarce I dare myself go there, and you  
they'd torture sore.

Ye are neither spirit nor spirk," he said ; " ye  
are neither book nor brute—

Go, get ye back to the flesh again for the sake  
of Man's repute.

I'm all o'er-sib to Adam's breed that I should  
mock your pain,

But look that ye win to worthier sin ere ye  
come back again.

Get hence, the hearse is at your door—the  
grim black stallions wait—

They bear your clay to place to-day. Speed,  
lest ye come too late !

Go back to Earth with a lip unsealed—go back  
with an open eye,

And carry my word to the Sons of Men or  
ever ye come to die :

That the sin they do by two and two they  
must pay for one by one—

And . . . the God that you took from a  
printed book be with you, Tomlinson !”



## BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

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### DANNY DEEVER

“WHAT are the bugles blowin’ for?” said  
Files-on-Parade.

“To turn you out, to turn you out,” the Color-  
Sergeant said.

“What makes you look so white, so white?”  
said Files-on-Parade.

“I’m dreadin’ what I’ve got to watch,” the  
Color-Sergeant said.

For they’re hangin’ Danny Deever, you  
can ’ear the Dead March play,

The regiment’s in ’ollow square—  
they’re hangin’ him to-day;

They’ve taken of his buttons off an’ cut  
his stripes away,

An’ they’re hangin’ Danny Deever in  
the mornin’.

“What makes the rear-rank breathe so ’ard?”  
said Files-on-Parade.

“It’s bitter cold, it’s bitter cold,” the Color-  
Sergeant said.

## 112 Barrack-Room Ballads

"What makes that front-rank man fall down?" says Files-on-Parade.

"A touch of sun, a touch of sun," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they  
are marchin' of 'im round,  
They 'ave 'altd Danny Deever by 'is  
coffin on the ground;  
An' 'e'll swing in 'arf a minute for a  
sneakin', shootin' hound—  
O they're hangin' Danny Deever in the  
mornin'!

"'Is cot was right-'and cot to mine," said  
Files-on-Parade.

"'E's sleepin' out an' far to-night," the Color-Sergeant said.

"I've drunk 'is beer a score o' times," said  
Files-on-Parade.

"'E's drinkin' bitter beer alone," the Color-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, you  
must mark 'im to 'is place,  
For 'e shot a comrade sleepin'—you  
must look 'im in the face;  
Nine 'undred of 'is county an' the regi-  
ment's disgrace,  
While they're hangin' Danny Deever in  
the mornin'.

"What's that so black agin the sun?" said  
Files-on-Parade.

"It's Danny fightin' 'ard for life," the Color-Sergeant said.



“ What’s that that whimpers over’ead ? ” said  
Files-on-parade.

“ It’s Danny’s soul that’s passin’ now, ” the  
Color-Sergeant said.

For they’re done with Danny Deever,  
you can ’ear the quickstep play,  
The regiment’s in column, an’ they’re  
marchin’ us away ;

Ho ! the young recruits are shakin’, an’  
they’ll want their beer to-day,  
After hangin’ Danny Deever in the  
mornin’.

---

“ TOMMY ”

I WENT into a public-’ouse to get a pint o’  
beer,

The publican ’e up an’ sez, “ We serve no red-  
coats here. ”

The girls be’ind the bar they laughed an’ gig-  
gled fit to die,

I outs into the street again, an’ to myself  
sez I :

O it’s Tommy this, an’ Tommy that, an’  
“ Tommy go away ; ”

But it’s “ Thank you, Mister Atkins, ”  
when the band begins to play,

The band begins to play, my boys, the  
band begins to play,

O it’s “ Thank you, Mister Atkins, ”  
when the band begins to play.

## 114 Barrack-Room Ballads

I went into a theater as sober as could be,  
They give a drunk civilian room, but 'adn't  
none for me ;

They sent me to the gallery or round the  
music-'alls,

But when it comes to fightin', Lord ! they'll  
shove me in the stalls.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' " Tommy wait outside ; "

But it's " Special train for Atkins,"  
when the trooper's on the tide,

The Troopship's on the tide, my boys,  
etc.

O makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you  
while you sleep

Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're  
starvation cheap ;

An' hustlin' drunken sodgers when they're  
goin' large a bit

Is five times better business than paradin' in  
full kit.

Then it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that,  
an' " Tommy, 'ow's yer soul ? "

But it's " Thin red line of 'eroes" when  
the drums begin to roll,

The drums begin to roll, my boys, etc.

We aren't no thin red 'eroes, nor we aren't  
no blackguards too,

But single men in barricks, most remarkable  
like you ;

An' if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,

Why, single men in barracks don't grow into plaster saints.

While it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' “ Tommy fall be'ind ; ”

But it's “ Please to walk in front, sir,” when there's trouble in the wind,

There's trouble in the wind, my boys, etc.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires, an' all :

We'll wait for extra rations if you treat us rational.

Don't mess about the cook-room slops, but prove it to our face

The Widow's uniform is not the soldier-man's disgrace.

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' “ Chuck him out, the brute ! ”

But it's “ Saviour of 'is country ” when the guns begin to shoot ;

An' it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' anything you please ;

An' Tommy ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet that Tommy sees !

## "FUZZY-WUZZY"

*(Soudan Expeditionary Force.)*

WE'VE fought with many men acrost the seas,  
 An' some of 'em was brave an' some was  
 not :

The Paythan an' the Zulu an' Burmese ;  
 But the Fuzzy was the finest o' the lot.  
 We never got a ha'porth's change of 'im :  
 'E squatted in the scrub an' 'ocked our 'orses,  
 'E cut our sentries up at Suakim,  
 An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our  
 forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your  
 'ome in the Sowdan ;  
 You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a  
 first-class fightin' man ;  
 We gives you your certifikit, an' if you  
 want it signed  
 We'll come an' 'ave a romp with you  
 whenever you're inclined.

We took our chanst among the Kyber 'ills,  
 The Boers knocked us silly at a mile,  
 The Burman giv us Irriwaddy chills,  
 An' a Zulu *impi* dished us up in style :  
 But all we ever got from such as they  
 Was pop to what the Fuzzy made us swaller ;

We 'eld our bloomin' own, the papers say,  
 But man for man the Fuzzy knocked us  
 'oller.

Then 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an'  
 the missis and the kid ;

Our orders was to break you, an' of  
 course we went an' did.

We sloshed you with Martinis, an' it  
 wasn't 'ardly fair ;

But for all the odds agin you, Fuzzy-  
 Wuz, you bruk the square.

'E 'asn't got no papers of 'is own,

'E 'asn't got no medals nor rewards,

So we must certify the skill 'e's shown

In usin' of 'is long two-'anded swords :

When 'e's 'oppin' in an' out among the bush

With 'is coffin-'eaded shield an' shovel-spear,

A 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush

Will last a 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your  
 friends which is no more,

If we 'adn't lost some messmates we  
 would 'elp you to deplore ;

But give an' take's the gospel, an' we'll  
 call the bargain fair,

For if you 'ave lost more than us, you  
 crumpled up the square!

'E rushes at the smoke when we let drive,

An', before we know, 'e's 'ackin' at our 'ead ;

'E's all 'ot sand an' ginger when alive,

An' 'e's generally shammin' when 'e's dead.

'E's a daisy, 'e's a ducky, 'e's a lamb!

'E's a injia-rubber idiot on the spree,  
'E's the on'y thing that doesn't care a damn

For the Regiment o' British Infantee.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your  
'ome in the Sowdan;

You're a pore benighted 'eathen but a  
first-class fightin' man;

An' 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, with  
your 'ayrick 'ead of 'air—

You big black boundin' beggar—for you  
bruk a British square.

---

## OONTS!

*(Northern India Transport Train.)*

WOT makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot  
makes 'im to perspire?

It isn't standin' up to charge or lyin' down to  
fire;

But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road  
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commis-  
sariat load.

O the *oont*,<sup>1</sup> O the *oont*, O the commis-  
sariat *oont*!

With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a  
basket full o' snakes;

<sup>1</sup> Camel: *oo* is pronounced like *u* in "bull," but by  
Mr. Atkins to rhyme with "front."

We packs 'im like a idol, an' you ought  
to 'ear 'im grunt,  
An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is  
blessed girth-rope breaks.

Wot makes the rear-guard swear so 'ard when  
night is drorin' in,  
An' every native follower is shiverin' for 'is  
skin?  
It ain't the chanst o' bein' rushed by Paythans  
from the 'ills,  
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is  
blessed frills!

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the hairy  
scary *oont*!

A-trippin' over tent-ropes when we've  
got the night alarm ;  
We socks 'im with a stretcher-pole an'  
'eads 'im off in front,  
An' when we've saved 'is bloomin' life  
'e chaws our bloomin' arm.

The 'orse 'e knows above a bit, the bullock's  
but a fool.  
The elephant's a gentleman, the baggage-  
mule's a mule ;  
But the commissariat cam-u-el, when all is  
said an' done,  
'E's a devil an' a ostrich an' a orphan-child in  
one.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the Gawd-  
forsaken *oont*!

The 'umpy-lumpy, 'ummin'-bird a-sing-  
 where 'e lies,  
 'E's blocked the 'ole division from  
 the rear-guard to the front,  
 An' when we gets 'im up again—the  
 beggar goes an' dies!

'E'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight; 'e smells  
 most awful vile;  
 'E'll lose 'imself forever if you let 'im stray a  
 mile;  
 'E's game to graze the 'ole day long an' 'owl  
 the 'ole night through,  
 An' when 'e comes to greasy ground 'e splits  
 'isself in two.

O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the flop-  
 pin', droppin' *oont*!  
 When 'is long legs give from under an'  
 'is meltin' eye is dim,  
 The tribes is up be'ind us an' the tribes  
 is out in front,  
 It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it's  
 kites and crows for 'im.

So when the cruel march is done an' when  
 the roads is blind,  
 An' when we sees the camp in front an' 'ears  
 the shots be'ind,  
 O then we strips 'is saddle off, an' all 'is woes  
 is past:  
 'E thinks on us that used 'im so, an' gets re-  
 venge at last.



O the *oont*, O the *oont*, O the floatin',  
 bloatin' *oont*!  
 The late lamented camel in the water-  
 cut he lies ;  
 We keeps a mile behind 'im an' we keeps  
 a mile in front,  
 But 'e gets into the drinkin' casks, and  
 then o' course we dies.

---

 LOOT

IF you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind  
 the keeper's back,  
 If you've ever snigged the washin' from the  
 line,  
 If you've ever crammed a gander in your  
 bloomin' 'aversack.  
 You will understand this little song o'  
 mine.  
 But the service rules are 'ard, an' frum such  
 we are debarred,  
 For the same with British morals does not  
 suit (*Cornet*: Toot! toot!)—  
 W'y, they call a man a robber if 'e stuffs 'is  
 marchin' clobber  
 With the—  
 (*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! lulu! Loo!  
 loo! Loot! loot! loot!  
 'Ow the loot'  
 Bloomin' loot!

That's the thing to make the boys git  
up an' shoot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,  
If you'd make 'em come again  
Clap 'em forward with a Loo! loo!  
Lulu! Loot!

(*f*) Whoopee! 'Tear 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!  
Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

If you've knocked a nigger edgeways when  
'e's thrustin' for your life,  
You must leave 'im very careful where 'e  
fell;

An' may thank your stars an' gaiters if you  
didn't feel 'is knife

That you ain't told off to bury him as well.  
Then the sweatin' Tommies wonder as they  
spade the beggars under

Why lootin' should be entered as a crime;  
So if my song you'll 'ear, I will learn you plain  
an' clear

'Ow to pay yourself for fightin' overtime  
(*Chorus.*) With the loot, etc.

Now remember when you're 'acking round a  
gilded Burma god

That 'is eyes is very often precious stones;  
An' if you treat a nigger to a dose o' cleanin'-  
rod

'E's like to show you everything 'e owns.  
When 'e won't prodooce no more, pour some  
water on the floor

Where you 'ear it answer 'ollow to the boot  
(*Cornet:* Toot! toot!)—

When the ground begins to sink, shove your  
baynick down the chink,

An' you're sure to touch the—

(*Chorus.*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot!  
loot!

'Ow the loot, etc.

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you're 'untin' you  
must always work in pairs—

It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—

For a single man gits bottled on them twisty-  
wisty stairs,

An' a woman comes and clobs 'im from  
be'ind.

When you've turned 'em inside out, an' it  
seems beyond a doubt

As if there weren't enough to dust a flute

(*Cornet:* Toot! toot!)—

Before you sling your 'ook, at the 'ouse-tops  
take a look,

For it's underneath the tiles they 'ide the  
loot.

(*Chorus.*) 'Ow the loot, etc.

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quar-  
ter-master too,

If you only take the proper way to go;

*I* could never keep my pickin's but I've  
learned you all I know—

An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I'll bid good-by, for I'm gettin' rather  
dry,

An' I see another tunin' up to toot (*Cornet:*  
Toot! toot!)—

So 'ere's good-luck to those that wears the  
 Widow's clo'es,  
 An' the Devil send 'em all they want o'  
 loot!

(*Chorus.*) Yes, the loot,  
 Bloomin' loot.

In the tunic an' the mess-tin an' the boot!

It's the same with dogs an' men,

If you'd make 'em come again

Whoop 'em forward with the Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

Heeya! Sick 'im, puppy! Loo! loo!

Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!

---

### “SNARLEYOW”

THIS 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the  
 corps

Which is first among the women an' amazin'  
 first in war;

An' what the bloomin' battle was I don't re-  
 member now,

But Two's off-lead 'e answered to the name o'  
*Snarleyow.*

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares;

Down in the Cavalry, Colonel 'e swears;

But down in the lead, with the wheel  
 at the flog,

Turns the bold Bombardier to a little  
 whipped dog!

They was movin' into action, they was needed  
 very sore,  
 To learn a little schoolin' to a native army  
 corps.

They 'ad nipped against an uphill, they was  
 tuckin' down the brow,  
 When a tricky, trundlin' round-shot gave the  
 knock to Snarleyow.

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost  
 tore in two,—  
 But 'e tried to follow after, as a well-trained  
 'orse should do.

'E went an' fouled the limber, an' the Driver's  
 Brother squeals :

“ Pull up, pull up for Snarleyow—'is 'ead's be-  
 tween 'is 'eels ! ”

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels  
 was goin' round,

An' there aren't no “ Stop, conductor ! ” when  
 a batt'ry's changin' ground.

Sez 'e : “ I broke the beggar in, an' very sad  
 I feels,

But I couldn't pull up, not for *you*—your 'ead  
 between your 'eels ! ”

'E 'adn't 'ardly spoke the word, before a  
 droppin' shell

A little right the batt'ry and between the sec-  
 tions fell ;

An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before  
 the limber wheels,

'There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead  
 between 'is 'eels.

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Then sez the Driver's Brother, an' 'is words  
was very plain,  
" For Gawd's own sake, get over me, an' put  
me out o' pain! "

They saw 'is wounds was mortal, an' they  
judged that it was best,  
So they took an' drove the limber straight  
across 'is back an' chest.

The Driver 'e gave nothin' 'cept a little  
coughin' grunt—  
But 'e swung 'is 'orses 'andsome when it came  
to " Action front! "

An' if one wheel was juicy, you may lay your  
Monday 'ead,  
'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case  
begun to spread.

The moril of this story—it is plainly to be  
seen :  
You 'aven't got no families when servin' of  
the Queen—  
You 'aven't got no brothers, fathers, sisters,  
wives, or sons ;  
If you want to win your battles, take an' work  
your bloomin' guns !

Down in the Infantry, nobody cares ;  
Down in the Cavalry, Colonel'e swears ;  
But down in the lead, with the wheel  
at the flog,  
Turns the bold Bombardier to a little  
whipped dog !

## SOLDIER, SOLDIER.

“SOLDIER, soldier come from the wars,  
Why don't you march with my true love?”

“We're fresh from off the ship, an' 'e's maybe  
give the slip,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

*New love! True love!*

*Best go look for a new love,*

*The dead they cannot rise, an' you'd  
better dry your eyes,*

*An' you'd best go look for a new love.*

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
What did you see o' my true love?”

“I see 'im serve the Queen in a suit o' rifle  
green,

An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Did ye see no more o' my true love?”

“I see 'im runnin' by when the shots begun  
to fly—

But you'd best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Did aught take 'arm to my true love?”

“I couldn't see the fight, for the smoke it lay  
so white—

An' you'd best go look for a new love.”

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“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
I’ll up an’ tend to my true love!”

“’E’s lying on the dead with a bullet through  
          ’is ’ead,  
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
I’ll lie down an’ die with my true love!”

“The pit we dug’ll ’ide ’im an’ twenty men  
          beside ’im—  
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
Do you bring no sign from my true love?”

“I bring a lock of ’air that ’e allus used to wear,  
An’ you’d best go look for a new love.”

“Soldier, soldier come from the wars,  
O then I know it’s true I’ve lost my true  
          love!”

“An’ I tell you truth again—when you’ve lost  
          the feel o’ pain  
You’d best take me for your true love.”

*True love! New love!*

*Best take ’im for a new love.*

*The dead they cannot rise, an’ you’d  
          better dry your eyes,*

*An’ you’d best take ’im for your true love.*



THE SONS OF THE WIDOW

'AVE you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor  
With a hairy gold crown on 'er 'ead?  
She 'as ships on the foam—she 'as millions at  
'ome,

An' she pays us poor beggars in red.

(Ow, poor beggars in red!)

There's 'er nick on the cavalry 'orses  
There's 'er mark on the medical stores—  
An' 'er troopers you'll find with a fair wind  
be'ind

That takes us to various wars.

(Poor beggars!—barbarious wars!)

Then 'ere's to the Widow at Windsor,  
An' 'ere's to the stores an' the  
guns,

The men an' the 'orses what makes  
up the forces

O' Missis Victorier's sons.

(Poor beggars!—Victorier's sons!)

Walk wide o' the Widow at Windsor,  
For 'alf o' creation she owns:  
We 'ave bought 'er the same with the sword  
an' the flame,

An' we've salted it down with our bones.

(Poor beggars!—it's blue with our  
bones.)

Hands off o' the sons of the Widow,  
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,

For the Kings must come down an' the Em-  
peror frown

When the Widow at Windsor says "Stop!"  
(Poor beggars!—we're sent to say  
"Stop!")

Then 'ere's to the Lodge o' the  
Widow,

From the Pole to the Tropics it  
runs—

To the Lodge that we tile with the  
rank an' the file,

An' open in forms with the guns.

(Poor beggars!—it's always them guns!)

We 'ave 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor

It's safest to let 'er alone :

For 'er sentries we stand by the sea an' the land

Wherever the bugles are blown.

(Poor beggars!—an' don't we get  
blown!)

Take 'old o' the wings o' the mornin',

An' flop round the earth till you're dead ;

But you won't get away from the tune that  
they play

To the bloomin' old rag over'ead.

(Poor beggars!—it's 'ot over'ead!)

Then 'ere's to the sons o' the  
Widow,

Wherever, 'owever they roam.

'Ere's all they desire, an' if they  
require

A speedy return to their 'ome.

(Poor beggars!—they'll never see 'ome!)

## TROOPIN'

*(Our Army in the East.)*

TROOPIN', troopin', troopin' to the sea :  
 'Ere's September come again—the six-year  
 men are free.  
 O leave the dead be'ind us, for they cannot  
 come away  
 To where the ship's a-coalin' up that take us  
 'ome to day.

We're goin' 'ome we're goin' 'ome,  
 Our ship is *at* the shore,  
 An' you must pack your 'aversack,  
 For we won't come back no more.  
 Ho, don't you grieve for me,  
 My lovely Mary-Anne,  
 For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny  
 bit  
 As a time-expired man.

The *Malabar's* in 'arbor with the *Jummer* at  
 'er tail,  
 An' the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders for  
 to sail.  
 O the weary waitin' when on Khyber 'ills we  
 lay  
 But the time-expired's waitin' of 'is orders  
 'ome to-day.

They'll turn us out at Portsmouth wharf in  
 cold an' wet an' rain,  
 All wearin' Injian cotton kit, but we will not  
 complain;  
 They'll kill us of pneumonia—for that's their  
 little way—  
 But damn the chills and fever, men, we're  
 goin' 'ome to-day!

Troopin', troopin'—winter's round again!  
 See the new draf's pourin' in for the old  
 campaign;  
 Ho, you poor recruities, but you've got to  
 earn your pay—  
 What's the last from Lunnon, lads? We're  
 goin' there to-day.

Troopin', troopin', give another cheer—  
 'Ere's to English women an' a quart of Eng-  
 lish beer;  
 The Colonel an' the regiment an' all who've  
 got to stay,  
 Gawd's mercy strike 'em gentle—Whoop!  
 we're goin' 'ome to day.  
 We're goin' 'ome, we're goin' 'ome,  
 Our ship is *at* the shore,  
 An' you must pack your 'aversack,  
 For we won't come back no more.  
 Ho, don't you grieve for me,  
 My lovely Mary-Anne,  
 For I'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny  
 bit  
 As a time-expired man.

## GUNGA DIN

THE *bhisti*, or water-carrier, attached to regiments in India, is often one of the most devoted of the Queen's servants. He is also appreciated by the men.

[THIS BALLAD IS EXTENSIVELY PLAGIARIZED.]

You may talk o' gin an' beer  
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,  
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot  
it;

But if it comes to slaughter  
You will do your work on water,  
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boats 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 black-faced crew  
The finest man I knew

Was our regimental *bhisti*, Gunga Din.

He was "Din! Din! Din!"

You limping lump o' brick-dust, Gunga  
Din!

Hi! *slippy hitherao!*

Water, get it! *Hanee lao!*<sup>1</sup>

You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga  
Din!"

The uniform 'e wore  
Was nothin' much before,

<sup>1</sup> Bring water swiftly.

An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,  
 For a twisty piece o' 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!"<sup>1</sup>  
 Till our throats were bricky-dry,  
 Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e couldn't serve  
     us all.

It was " Din! Din! Din!  
 You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave  
     you been?  
 You put some *juldee* in it,  
 Or I'll *marrow* you this minute<sup>2</sup>  
 If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga  
     Din!"

'E would dot an' carry one  
 Till the longest day was done,  
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.  
 If we charged or broke or cut,  
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,  
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.  
 With 'is *mussick* on 'is back,  
 'E would skip with our attack,  
 An' watch us till the bugles made " Retire."  
 An' for all 'is dirty 'ide

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Atkins's equivalent for " O Brother!"

<sup>2</sup> Hit you.

'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 'ear the front-files shout:  
 "Hi! ammunition-mules an' 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' 'e 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 kick-  
 in' all around:  
 For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga  
 Din!"

'E carried me away  
 To where a *dooli* lay,

## 136 Barrack-Room Ballads

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  
In 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 pore damned souls,  
An' I'll get a swig in Hell from Gunga Din !  
Din ! Din ! Din !  
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din !  
Tho' I've belted you an' flayed you.  
By the livin' Gawd that made you,  
You're a better man than I am, Gunga  
Din !

---

### MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' east-  
ward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she  
thinks o' me ;  
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the  
temple-bells they say :  
Come you back, you British soldier : come  
you back to Mandalay !"  
Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay :  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin'  
from  
Rangoon to Mandalay ?



O the road to Mandalay,  
 Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
 An' the dawn comes up like thunder  
       outer  
 China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was  
 green,  
 An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same  
 as Theebaw's Queen,  
 An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin'  
 white cheroot,  
 An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen  
 idol's foot:  
     Bloomin' idol made o' mud—  
     Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—  
     Plucky lot she cared for idols when I  
       kissed 'er where she stud!  
 On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the  
 sun was droppin' slow,  
 She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kul-  
 la-lo-lo!*"  
 With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek  
 agin my cheek  
 We useter watch the steamers and the *hathis*  
 pilin' teak.  
     Elephints a-pilin' teak  
     In the sludgy sjudgy creek,  
     Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you  
       was 'arf afraid to speak!  
 On the road to Mandalay—

138 Barrack-Room Ballads

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an'  
 fur away,  
 An' there ain't no 'buses runnin' from the  
 Benk to Mandalay ;  
 An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-  
 year sodger tells :  
 " If you've 'eard the East a-calling," why, you  
 won't 'eed nothin' else."  
 No! you won't 'eed nothin' else  
 But them spicy garlic smells  
 An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an'  
 the tinkly temple-bells !  
 On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gutty  
 pavin'-stones,  
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the  
 fever in my bones ;  
 Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chel-  
 sea to the Strand,  
 An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they  
 understand ?  
 Beefy face an' grubby 'and—  
 Law ! wot *do* they understand ?  
 I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a  
 cleaner greener land !  
 On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the  
 best is like the worst,  
 Where there aren't no Ten Commandments,  
 an' a man can raise a thirst ;

## The Young British Soldier 139

For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there  
that I would be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at  
the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay,  
With our sick beneath the awnings  
when we went to Mandalay!

Oh, the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder  
outer China 'crost the Bay!

---

### THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

WHEN the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the  
East

'E acts like a babe an' 'e drinks like a beast,  
An' 'e wonders because 'e is frequent de-  
ceased

Ere 'e's fit for to serve as a soldier.

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

Serve, serve, serve as a soldier,

So-oldier *hof* the Queen!

Now all you recruities what's drafted to-day,  
You shut up your rag-box an' 'ark to my lay,  
An' I'll sing you a soldier as far as I may:

A soldier what's fit for a soldier.

Fit, fit, fit for a soldier—

140 Barrack-Room Ballads

First, mind you steer clear o' the grog-sellers'  
huts,

For they sell you Fixed Bay'nets that rots out  
your guts—

Ay, drink that 'ud eat the live steel from your  
butts—

An' it's bad for the young British  
soldier.

Bad, bad, bad for the soldier—

When the cholera comes—as it will past a  
doubt—

Keep out of the wet and don't go on the  
shout,

For the sickness comes in as the liquor dies  
out,

An' it crumples the young British sol-  
dier.

Crum-, crum-, crumples the sol-  
dier—

But the worst o' your foes is the sun over-  
'ead ;

You *must* wear your 'elmet for all that is  
said.

If 'e finds you uncovered 'e'll knock you  
down dead,

An' you'll die like a fool of a soldier.

Fool, fool, fool of a soldier—

If you're cast for fatigue by a sergeant un-  
kind,

## The Young British Soldier 141

Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor  
blind ;

Be handy and civil, and then you will find  
As it's beer for the young British sol-  
dier.

Beer, beer, beer for the soldier—

Now, if you must marry, take care she is  
old—

A troop-sergeant's widow's the nicest I'm  
told—

For beauty won't help if your vittles is cold,  
An' love ain't enough for a soldier.

'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a  
soldier—

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade,  
be loath

To shoot when you catch 'em—you'll swing on  
my oath!—

Make 'im take 'er and keep 'er ; that's hell for  
them both,

An' you're quit o' the curse of a soldier.

Curse, curse, curse of a soldier—

When first under fire an' you're wishful to  
duck,

Don't look or take 'eed at the man that is  
struck:

Be thankful you're livin' an' trust to your  
luck,

An' march to your front like a soldier.

Front, front, front like a soldier.

142 Barrack-Room Ballads

When 'arf of your bullets fly wide in the ditch,  
Don't call your Martini a cross-eyed old bitch ;  
She's human as you are—you treat her as  
sich,

An' she'll fight for the young British  
soldier.

Fight, fight, fight for the soldier—

When shakin' their bustles like ladies so fine  
The guns 'o the enemy wheel into line ;  
Shoot low at the limbers and don't mind the  
shine,

For noise never startles the soldier.

Start-, start-, startles the soldier—

If your officer's dead and the sergeants look  
white,

Remember it's ruin to run from a fight ;  
So take open order, lie down, and sit tight,

An' wait for supports like a soldier.

Wait, wait, wait, like a soldier—

When you're wounded an' left on Afghanistan's  
plains,

An' the women come out to cut up your re-  
mains,

Jest roll to your rifle an' blow out your brains,

An' go to your Gawd like a soldier :

Go, go, go like soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier,

Go, go, go like a soldier

So-oldier *hof* the Queen.

## SCREW-GUNS

SMOKIN' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin'  
the mornin'-cool,  
I walks in my old brown gaiters along o' my  
old brown mule,  
With seventy gunners be'ind me, an' never a  
beggar forgets  
It's only the pick o' the Army that handles  
the dear little pets—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the  
screw-guns they all love you.

So when we call round with a few guns,  
o' course you will know what to do  
—hoo! hoo!

Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—  
it's worse if you fights or you runs :

You can go where you please, you can  
skid up the trees, but you don't get  
away from the guns.

They send us along where the roads are, but  
mostly we goes where they ain't ;

We'd climb up the side of a sign-board an'  
trust to the stick o' the paint ;

We've chivied the Nava an' Lushai, we've  
give the Afreedee-man fits.

For we fancies ourselves at two thousand, we  
guns that are built in two bits—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

## 144 Barrack-Room Ballads

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'  
teaches 'im 'ow to be'ave,

If a beggar can't march, why, we kills 'im an'  
rattles 'im into 'is grave.

You've got to stand up to our business an'  
spring without snatchin' or fuss.

D'you say that you sweat with the field-guns?  
By God, you must lather with us—Tss!  
Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

The eagles is screamin' around us, the river's  
a-moanin' below,

We're clear o' the pine an' the oak-scrub,  
we're out on the rocks an' the snow,

An' the wind is as thin as a whip-lash what  
carries away to the plains

The rattle an' stamp o' the lead-mules—the  
jinglety-jink o' the chains—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

There's a wheel on the Horns o' the Mornin'  
an' a wheel on the edge o' the Pit,

An' a drop into nothin' beneath us as straight  
as a beggar can spit ;

With the sweat runnin' out o' your shirt-sleeves  
an' the sun off the snow in your face,

An' 'arf o' the men on the drag-ropes to hold  
the old gun in 'er place—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the  
mornin'-cool,

I climbs in my old brown gaiters along o' my  
old brown mule.



The monkey can say what our road was—the  
wild-goat 'e knows where we passed.

Stand easy, you long-eared old darlin's! Out  
drag-ropes! With shrapnel! Hold  
fast!—Tss! Tss!

For you all love the screw-guns—the  
screw-guns they all love you!

So when we take tea with a few guns,  
o' course you will know what to do  
—hoo! hoo!

Just send in your Chief and surrender—  
it's worse if you fights or you runs:  
You may hide in the caves, they'll be  
only your graves, but you don't get  
away from the guns!

---

## BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near  
to Dublin Quay,  
Between an Irish regiment an' English caval-  
ree;

It started at Revelly an' it lasted on till dark;  
The first man dropped at Harrison's the last  
forninst the Park.

For it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's one  
for you!"

An' it was "Belts, belts, belts, an' that's done  
for you!"

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's on to the Park!

146 Barrack-Room Ballads

There was a row in Silver Street—the regi-  
ments was out,  
They called us “Delhi Rebels,” an’ we an-  
swered “‘Threes about!”  
That drew them like a hornet’s nest—we met  
them good an’ large,  
The English at the double an’ the Irish at the  
charge.

Then it was : Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—an’ I was  
in it too ;  
We passed the time o’ day, an’ then the belts  
went *whirraru* !  
I misremember what occurred, but subsequent  
the storm  
A *Freeman’s Journal Supplement* was all my  
uniform.

O it was : Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—they sent  
the Polis there,  
The English were too drunk to know, the  
Irish did’t care ;  
But when they grew impertinint we simulta-  
neous rose,  
Till half o’ them was Liffey mud an’ half was  
tattered clo’es.

For it was : Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it might ha’  
raged till now,  
But some one drew his side-arm clear, an’  
nobody knew how ;

'Twas Hogan took the point an' dropped ; we  
saw the red blood run :

An' so we all was murderers that started out  
in fun.

While it was : Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—but that  
took off the shine,

Wid each man wishperin' to his next :

“ 'Twas never work o' mine ! ”

We went away like beaten dogs, an' down the  
street we bore him,

The poor dumb corpse that couldn't see the  
bhoys were sorry for him.

When it was : Belts—

There was a row in Silver Street—it isn't over  
yet,

For half of us are under guard wid punish-  
mints to get ;

'Tis all a mericle to me as in the Clink I lie ;

There was a row in Silver Street—begod, I  
wonder why !

But it was “ Belts, belts, belts, an'  
that's one for you ! ”

An' it was “ Belts, belts, belts, an'  
that's done for you ! ”

O buckle an' tongue

Was the song that we sung

From Harrison's down to the Park !

## FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town's by Kabul river—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

There I left my mate forever,

Wet an' dripping' by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river up an' brimmin', an'  
there's 'arf a squadron swimmin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the  
dark.

Kabul town's a blasted place—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

'Strewth I sha'n't forget 'is face,

Wet an' drippin' by the ford!

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Keep the crossin'-stakes beside you, an'  
they will surely guide you

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the  
dark.

Kabul town is sun an' dust—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

I'd ha' sooner drowned fust

'Stead of 'im beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

You can 'ear the 'orses thrashin', you can  
'ear the men a-splashin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the  
dark.

Kabul town was ours to take—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

I'd ha' left it for 'is sake—

'Im that left me by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

It's none so bloomin' dry there, ain't  
you never comin' nigh there,

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the  
dark?

Kabul town'll go to hell—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

'Fore I see 'im 'live an' well—

'Im the best beside the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

Gawd 'elp 'em if they blunder—for their  
boots'll pull 'em under,

By the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Turn your 'orse from Kabul town—

Blow the bugle, draw the sword!—

'Im an' 'arf my troop is down—

Down an' drowned by the ford.

Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,

Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!

There's the river low an' fallin', but it  
ain't no use o' callin'

'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the  
dark.

## ROUTE MARCHIN'

WE'RE marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny  
plains,

A little front o' Christmas-time an' just be'ind  
the Rains.

Ho ! get away, you bullock-man ! you've 'eard  
the bugle blowed—

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand  
Trunk Road—

With its best foot first,

An' the road a-slidin'past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground ex-  
actly like the last ;

While the Big Drum says,

With 'is "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"—

"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*  
*jow ?*"

Oh, there's them Injian temples to admire  
when you see ;

There's the peacock round the corner an' the  
monkey up the tree ;

An' there's that rummy silver-grass a-wavin' in  
the wind,

An' the old Grand Trunk a-trailin' like a rifle-  
sling be'ind.

While it's best foot first, etc.

At half past five's Revelly, an' our tents they  
down must come,

Like a lot o' button mushrooms when you pick  
'em up at 'ome.

But it's over in a minute, an' at six the column  
starts,

While the women an' the kiddies sit an' shiver  
in the carts.

An' it's best foot first, etc.

Oh, then it's open order, an' we lights our pipes  
an' sings,

An' we talks about our rations an' a lot of  
other things ;

An' we thinks o' friends in England, an' we  
wonders what they're at,

An' 'ow they would admire for to 'ear us sling  
the *bat*.<sup>1</sup>

An' it's best foot first, etc.

It's none so bad o' Sunday, when you're lyin'  
at your ease,

To watch the kites a-wheelin' round them  
feather-'eaded trees—

For although there ain't no women, yet there  
ain't no barrick-yards,

So the orficers goes shootin' an' the men they  
plays at cards.

'Till it's best foot first, etc.

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always  
grumblin' sore,—

There's worser things than marchin' from  
Umballa to Cawnpore ;

<sup>1</sup> Thomas's first and firmest conviction is that he is a profound Orientalist and a fluent speaker of Hindustani. As a matter of fact, he depends largely on the sign-language.

An' if your 'eels are blistered, an' they feels to  
'urt like 'ell,

You drop some tallow in your socks, an' that  
will make 'em well.

For it's best foot first, etc.

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral  
strand—

Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Col-  
onel, *and* the Band.

Ho! get away, you bullock-man! you've 'eard  
the bugle blowed—

There's a regiment a-comin' down the Grand  
Trunk Road—

With its best foot first,

An' the road a-slidin'past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground ex-  
actly like the last;

While the big drum says,

With its "Rowdy-dowdy-dow!"

"*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*  
*jow?*"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Why don't you get on?



## OTHER VERSES

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### TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS

WILL you conquer my heart with your beauty ;  
my soul going out from afar ?  
Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty  
and cautious *shikar* ?

Have I met you and passed you already, un-  
knowing, unthinking and blind ?  
Shall I meet you next session at Simla, O  
sweetest and best of your kind ?

Does the P. and O. bear you to me-ward, or,  
clad in short frocks in the West,  
Are you growing the charms that shall capture  
and torture the heart in my breast ?

Will you stay in the Plains till September—  
my passion as warm as the day ?  
Will you bring me to book on the Mountains,  
or where the thermantidotes play ?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid  
the mean lesser lights I pursue,  
And the charm of your presence shall lure me  
from love of the gay "thirteen-two ;"

When the peg and the pig-skin shall please  
 not; when I buy me Calcutta-built clothes ;  
 When I quit the Delight of Wild Asses ; for-  
 swearing the swearing of oaths ;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I  
 turn 'mid the gibes of my friends ;  
 When the days of my freedom are numbered,  
 and the life of the bachelor ends.

Ah Goddess ! child, spinster, or widow—as of  
 old on Mars Hill when they raised  
 To the God that they knew not an altar—so  
 I, a young Pagan, have praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship ; yet, if  
 half that men tell me be true,  
 You will come in the future, and therefore  
 these verses are written to you.



## THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL VIN

[ALLOWING for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed  
 exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what  
 Sir A—— told the nation some time ago, when the  
 Government struck from our incomes two per cent.]

Now the New Year, reviving last Year's Debt,  
 The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net ;  
 So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue  
 Assail all Men for all that I can get.

Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues—  
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,  
Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal—  
Surely my Kith and Kin will not refuse!

Pay—and I promise by the Dust of Spring,  
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring  
Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-  
fold—  
By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before  
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?  
And then, and then, We wandered to the  
Hills,  
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,  
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,  
The Items of Receipt grow surely small;  
The Items of Expense mount one by one.

I cannot help it. What have I to do  
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or  
Two?  
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they  
please,  
Or Statemen call me foolish—Heed not you.

Behold, I promise—Anything You will.  
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till—  
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity  
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth, but fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain  
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your  
Pain

To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,  
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence”—what was it I said,  
Of Her who paints her Eyes and tires Her  
Head,

And gibes and mocks the People in the  
Street,  
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless  
Bread?

Accursed is She of Eve's daughters—She  
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be  
Destruction . . . Brethren, of your Bounty  
grant

Some portion of your daily Bread to *Me*.

---

### LA NUIT BLANCHE

A MUCH-DISCERNING Public hold  
The Singer generally sings  
Of personal and private things,  
And prints and sells his past for gold.

Whatever I may here disclaim,  
The very clever folk I sing to  
Will most indubitably cling to  
Their pet delusion, just the same.

I HAD seen, as dawn was breaking  
And I staggered to my rest,

Tari Devi softly shaking  
From the Cart Road to the crest.  
I had seen the spurs of Jakko  
Heave and quiver, swell and sink.  
Was it Earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning  
I observed a camel crawl,  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
On the ceiling and the wall;  
Then I watched a fender walking,  
And I heard gray leeches sing,  
And a red-hot monkey talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.

Then a Creature, skinned and crimson,  
Ran about the floor and cried,  
And they said I had the "jims" on,  
And they dosed me with bromide,  
And they locked me in my bedroom—  
Me and one wee Blood Red Mouse—  
Though I said: "To give my head room  
You had best unroof the house."

But my words were all unheeded,  
Though I told the grave M. D.  
That the treatment really needed  
Was a dip in open sea  
That was lapping just before me,  
Smooth as silver, white as snow,  
And it took three men to throw me  
When I found I could not go.

Half the night I watched the Heavens  
    Fizz like '81 champagne—  
Fly to sixes and to sevens,  
    Wheel and thunder back again ;  
And when all was peace and order  
    Save one planet nailed askew,  
Much I wept because my warder  
    Would not let me set it true.

After frenzied hours of waiting,  
    When the Earth and Skies were dumb,  
Pealed an awful voice dictating  
    An interminable sum,  
Changing to a tangled story—  
    “ What she said you said I said—”  
Till the Moon arose in glory,  
    And found her . . . in my head ;

Then a face came, blind and weeping,  
    And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,  
And It muttered I was keeping  
    Back the moonlight from the skies ;  
So I patted It for pity,  
    But It whistled shrill with wrath,  
And a huge black Devil City  
    Poured its peoples on my path.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
    On a thousand-year long race,  
But the bellying of the curtain  
    Kept me always in one place ;

While the tumult rose and maddened  
To the roar of Earth on fire,  
Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened  
To a whisper tense as wire.

In intolerable stillness  
Rose one little, little star,  
And it chuckled at my illness.  
And it mocked me from afar ;  
And its brethren came and eyed me,  
Called the Universe to aid,  
Till I lay, with naught to hide me,  
'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,  
Broke the solemn, pitying Day,  
And I knew my pains were ended,  
And I turned and tried to pray ;  
But my speech was shattered wholly,  
And I wept as children weep,  
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,  
Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

---

### MY RIVAL

I go to concert, party, ball—  
What profit is in these?  
I sit alone against the wall  
And strive to look at ease.  
The incense that is mine by right  
They burn before Her shrine ;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,  
My color comes and goes ;  
I redden to my finger-tips,  
And sometimes to my nose.  
But She is white where white should be,  
And red where red should shine.  
The blush that flies at seventeen  
Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek :  
I wish that I could sing  
All sorts of funny little songs,  
Not quite the proper thing.  
I'm very *gauche* and very shy,  
Her jokes aren't in my line ;  
And, worst of all, I'm seventeen  
While She is forty-nine.

The young men come, the young men go  
Each pink and white and neat,  
She's older than their mothers, but  
They grovel at Her feet.  
They walk beside Her '*rickshaw* wheels—  
None ever walk by mine ;  
And that's because I'm seventeen  
And She is forty-nine.

She rides with half a dozen men,  
(She calls them "boys" and "mashers")  
I trot along the Mall alone ;  
My prettiest frocks and sashes  
Don't help to fill my program-card,  
And vainly I repine



From ten to two A.M. Ah me!  
Would I were forty-nine!

She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"  
And "sweet retiring maid."  
I'm always at the back, I know,  
She puts me in the shade.  
She introduces me to men,  
"Cast" lovers, I opine,  
For sixty takes to seventeen,  
Nineteen to forty-nine.

But even She must older grow  
And end Her dancing days,  
She can't go on forever so  
At concerts, balls, and plays.  
One ray of priceless hope I see  
Before my footsteps shine;  
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one  
When I am forty-nine.

---

### THE LOVERS' LITANY

EYES of gray—a sodden quay,  
Driving rain and falling tears,  
As the steamer wears to sea  
In a parting storm of cheers.  
Sing, for Faith and Hope are high—  
None so true as you and I—  
Sing the Lovers' Litany:—  
"Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black—a throbbing keel,  
 Milky foam to left and right ;  
 Whispered converse near the wheel  
 In the brilliant tropic night.

Cross that rules the Southern Sky !  
 Stars that sweep and wheel and fly,  
 Hear the Lovers' Litany —

*“ Love like ours can never die ! ”*

Eyes of brown—a dusty plain  
 Spit and parched with heat of June,  
 Flying hoof and tightened rein,  
 Hearts that beat the old, old tune.

Side by side the horses fly,  
 Frame we now the old reply  
 Of the Lover's Litany :—

*“ Love like ours can never die ! ”*

Eyes of blue—the Simla Hills  
 Silvered with the moonlight hoar ;  
 Pleading of the waltz that thrills,  
 Dies and echoes round Benmore.

*“ Mabel,” “ Officers,” “ Good-by;”*  
 Glamour, wine, and witchery—  
 On my soul's sincerity,

*“ Love like ours can never die ! ”*

Maidens, of your charity,  
 Pity my most luckless state,  
 Four times Cupid's debtor I—  
 Bankrupt in quadruplicate.

Yet, despite this evil case,  
 An a maiden showed me grace,  
 Four-and-Forty times would I  
 Sing the Lovers' Litany :—  
 “ *Love like ours can never die!* ”

---

### A BALLAD OF BURIAL

(“ *Saint Praxed's ever was the Church for peace.* ”)

IF down here I chance to die,  
 Solemnly I beg you take  
 All that is left of “ I ”  
 To the Hills for old sake's sake.  
 Pack me very thoroughly  
 In the ice that used to slake  
 Pegs I drank when I was dry—  
 This observe for old sake's sake.

To the railway station hie,  
 There a single ticket take  
 For Umballa—goods-train—I  
 Shall not mind delay or shake.  
 I shall rest contentedly  
 Spite of clamor coolies make ;  
 Thus in state and dignity  
 Send me up for old sake's sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,  
 Book a Kalka van “ for four.”  
 Few, I think, will care to make  
 Journeys with me any more

As they used to do of yore.  
I shall need a "special" break—  
Thing I never took before—  
Get me one for old sake's sake.

After that—arrangements make.  
No hotel will take me in,  
And a bullock's back would break  
'Neath the teak and leaden skin.  
Tonga ropes are frail and thin,  
Or, did I a back-seat take,  
In a tonga I might spin,—  
Do your best for old sake's sake.

After that—your work is done.  
Recollect a Padre must  
Mourn the dear departed one—  
Throw the ashes and the dust.  
Don't go down at once. I trust  
You will find excuse to "snake  
Three days' casual on the bust,"  
Get your fun for old sake's sake.

I could never stand the Plains.  
Think of blazing June and May,  
Think of those September rains  
Yearly till the Judgment Day!  
I should never rest in peace,  
I should sweat and lie awake.  
Rail me then, on my decease,  
To the Hills for old sake's sake.

## DIVIDED DESTINIES

It was an artless *Bandar*, and he danced  
upon a pine,  
And much I wondered how he lived, and  
where the beast might dine,  
And many, many other things, till, o'er my  
morning smoke,  
I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that  
*Bandar* spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad  
crawler on the Hills!  
Observe, I know not Ranken's shop, nor Ranken's  
monthly bills;  
I take no heed to trousers or the coats that  
you call dress;  
Nor am I plagued with little cards for little  
drinks at Mess.

"I steal the bunnia's grain at morn, at noon  
and eventide,  
(For he is fat and I am spare), I roam the  
mountain side,  
I follow no man's carriage, and no, never in  
my life  
Have I flirted at Peliti's with another *Bandar's*  
wife.

"O man of futile fopperies—unnecessary  
wraps;  
I own no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-  
wheeled traps;

THE HISTORY OF

1788

1789

1790

1791

1792

1793



*Dim.* Census the *byle* and the *yabu*—capture  
 a first-class Babu,  
 Set him to cut Gazetteers—Gazetteers . . .  
 (*ff.*) What is the state of the Nation, etc.,  
 etc.

INTERLUDE, *from Nowhere in particular to  
 stringed and Oriental instruments.*

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear—  
 The earth is iron, and the skies are brass—  
 And faint with fervor of the flaming air  
 The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village trees—  
 The young wheat withers ere it reach a  
 span,  
 And belts of blinding sand show cruelly  
 Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King—  
 Lift up your hands above the blighted  
 grain,  
 Look westward—if they please, the Gods shall  
 bring  
 Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward—bears the blue no brown  
 cloud-bank?  
 Nay, it is written—wherefore should we fly?  
 On our own field and by our cattle's flank  
 Lie down, lie down to die!



SEMI-CHORUS.

By the plumed heads of Kings  
                    Waving high,  
Where the tall corn springs  
                    O'er the dead.

If they rust or rot we die,  
If they ripen we are fed.  
Very mighty is the power of our Kings!

*Triumphal return to Simla of the Investigators,  
attired after the manner of Dionysius, leading  
a pet tiger-cub in wreaths of rhubarb leaves,  
symbolical of India under medical treatment.  
They sing:—*

We have seen, we have written—behold it, the  
    proof of our manifold toil!  
In their hosts they assembled and told it—the  
    tale of the sons of the soil.  
We have said of the Sickness, “Where is it?”—  
    and of Death, “It is far from our ken;”  
We have paid a particular visit to the affluent  
    children of men.  
We have trodden the mart and the well-curb—  
    we have stooped to the bield and the  
    byre:  
And the King may the forces of Hell curb, for  
    the People have all they desire!





And registration—free—  
In the houses of death and of birth :  
And fashioned with pens and paper,  
And fashioned in black and white,  
With Life for flickering taper  
And Death for a blazing light—  
With the Armed and the Civil Power,  
That his strength might endure for a span,  
From Adam's Bridge to Peshawur,  
The Much Administered man.

In the towns of the North and the East,  
They gathered as unto rule.  
They bade him starve the priest  
And send his children to school.  
Railways and roads they wrought,  
For the needs of the soil within ;  
A time to squabble in court.  
A time to bear and to grin.  
And gave him peace in his ways,  
Jails—and Police to fight,  
Justice at length of days.  
And Right—and Might in the Right.  
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,  
On his kine he borrows yet.  
At his heart is his daughter's wedding,  
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.  
He eats and hath indigestion.  
He toils and he may not stop :  
His life is a long-drawn question  
Between a crop and a crop.

## THE MARE'S NEST

JANE Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse  
Was good beyond all earthly need ;  
But, on the other hand, her spouse  
Was very, very bad indeed.  
He smoked cigars, called churches slow,  
And raced—but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept  
The little fact a secret, and,  
Though o'er his minor sins she wept,  
Jane Austen did not understand  
That Lilly—thirteen-two and bay—  
Absorbed one half her husband's pay.

She was so good, she made him worse ;  
(Some women are like this, I think ;)   
He taught her parrot how to curse,  
Her Assam monkey how to drink.  
He vexed her righteous soul until  
She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,  
Which turned a good wife to a better.  
A telegraphic peon, one day,  
Brought her—now, had it been a letter  
For Belial Machiavelli, I  
Know Jane would just have let it lie.

But 'twas a telegram instead,  
Marked "urgent," and her duty plain





And, when we leave the heated room,  
 And, when at four the lights expire,  
 The crew shall gather round the fire  
 And mock our laughter in the gloom.

Talk as we talk, and they ere death—  
 First wanly, dance in ghostly wise,  
 With ghosts of tunes for melodies,  
 And vanish at the morning's breath.

---

### CHRISTMAS IN INDIA

DIM dawn behind the tamarisks—the sky is  
 saffron-yellow—

As the women in the village grind the corn,  
 And the parrots seek the river-side, each call-  
 ing to his fellow

That the Day, the staring Eastern Day is  
 born.

Oh the white dust on the highway! Oh  
 the stench in the byway!

Oh the clammy fog that hovers over  
 earth!

And at Home they're making merry  
 'neath the white and scarlet berry—

What part have India's exiles in their  
 mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks—the sky is  
 blue and staring—

As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke,



And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is  
 past all hope or caring,  
 To the ghât below the curling wreaths of  
 smoke.

Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear  
 a brother lowly

Call on Rama—he may hear, perhaps,  
 your voice !

With our hymn-books and our psalters  
 we appeal to other altars,

And to-day we bid “good Christian  
 men rejoice !”

High noon behind the tamarisks—the sun is  
 hot above us—

As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking  
 wan.

They will drink our healths at dinner—those  
 who tell us how they love us,

And forget us till another year be gone !

Oh the toil that knows no breaking !

Oh the *Heimweh*, ceaseless, aching !

Oh the black dividing Sea and alien  
 Plain !

Youth was cheap—wherefore we sold it,

Gold was good—we hoped to hold it,

And to-day we know the fulness of our  
 gain.

Gray dusk behind the tamarisks—the parrots  
 fly together—

As the sun is sinking slowly over Home ;

1877

1878

1879

1880

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

... ..

May set in with a dust-storm,—Pagett went  
down with the sun.

All the delights of the season tickled him one  
by one.

*Imprimis*—ten days' "liver"—due to his  
drinking beer;

Later, a dose of fever—slight, but he called  
it severe.

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota*  
*Bursat*—

Lowered his portly person—made him yearn  
to depart.

He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated,"  
or "overpaid,"

But seemed to think it a wonder that any one  
stayed.

July was a trifle unhealthy,—Pagett was ill  
with fear,

'Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that  
life was dear.

He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned  
his home with tears;

But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon  
seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the  
Court at noon,

(I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett  
went off in a swoon.

## The Song of the Women 183

That was an end to the business ; Pagett, the  
perjured, fled  
With a practical, working knowledge of " Solar  
Myths " in his head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station,  
but the mirth died out on my lips  
As I thought of the fools like Pagett who  
write of their " Eastern trips,"  
And the sneers of the traveled idiots who  
duly misgovern the land,  
And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another  
one into my hand.

---

### THE SONG OF THE WOMEN

*(Lady Dufferin's Fund for medical aid to the Women of  
India.)*

How shall we know the worship we would do  
her ?

The walls are high, and she is very far.  
How shall the women's message reach unto  
her

Above the tumult of the packed bazar ?

Free wind of March, against the lattice  
blowing,

Bear thou our thanks, lest she depart un-  
knowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,  
Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city





Love came upon us suddenly  
 And loosed—an idle hour to kill—  
 A headless, armless armory  
 That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah Heaven! we would wait and wait  
 Through Time and to Eternity!  
 Ah Heaven! we could conquer Fate  
 With more than Godlike constancy!  
 I cut the date upon a tree—  
 Here stand the clumsy figures still:—  
 “10-7-85, A. D.”  
 Damp with the mist on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,  
 And until Death fidelity?  
 Whose horse is waiting at your gate?  
 Whose *'rickshaw*-wheels ride over me?  
 No Saint's, I swear; and—let me see  
 To-night what names your program fill—  
 We drift asunder merrily,  
 As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

## L'ENVOI

Princess, behold our ancient state  
 Has clean departed; and we see  
 'Twas idleness we took for Fate  
 That bound light bonds on you and me.  
 Amen! Here ends the comedy  
 Where it began in all good will;  
 Since Love and Leave together flee  
 As driven mist on Jakko Hill!



THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS

Too late, alas ! the song  
To remedy the wrong ;—  
The room are taken from us, swept and garnished for  
their fate.  
But these tear-besprinkled pages  
Shall attest to future ages  
That we cried against the crime of it—too late, alas !  
too late !

“WHAT have *we* ever done to bear this  
grudge ?”

Was there no room save only in Benmore  
For docket, *duftar*, and for office drudge,  
That you usurp our smoothest dancing  
floor ?  
Must babus do their work on polished teak ?  
Are ball-rooms fittest for the ink you spill ?  
Was there no other cheaper house to seek ?  
You might have left them all at Strawberry  
Hill.

We never harmed you ! Innocent our guise,  
Dainty our shining feet, our voices low ;  
And we revolved to divers melodies,  
And we were happy but a year ago.  
To-night, the moon that watched our light-  
some wiles—  
That beamed upon us through the deo-  
dars—  
Is wan with gazing on official files,  
And desecrating desks disgust the stars.





They lied about the Earth beneath,  
The Heavens overhead,  
For they had looked too often on  
Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,  
Of shame and lust and fraud,  
They backed their toughest statements with  
The Brimstone of the Lord,  
And crackling oaths went to and fro  
Across the fist-banged board.

And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
Who carried on his hairy chest  
The maid Ultruda's charm—  
The little silver crucifix  
That keeps a man from harm.

And there was Jake Without-the-Ears,  
And Pamba the Malay,  
And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,  
And Luz from Vigo Bay,  
And Honest Jack who sold them slops  
And harvested their pay.

And there was Salem Hardieker,  
A lean Bostonian he—  
Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,  
Yank, Dane, and Portugee,  
At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
They rested from the sea.

Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks  
 Collinga knew her fame,  
 From Tarnau in Galicia  
 To Jaun Bazar she came,  
 To eat the bread of infamy  
 And take the wage of shame.

She held a dozen men to heel—  
 Rich spoil of war was hers,  
 In hose and gown and ring and chain,  
 From twenty mariners,  
 And, by Port Law, that week, men called  
 Her Salem Hardieker's.

But seamen learnt—what landsmen know—  
 That neither gifts nor gain  
 Can hold a winking Light o' Love  
 Or Fancy's flight restrain,  
 When Anne of Austria rolled her eyes  
 On Hans the blue-eyed Dane.

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,  
 From Howrah to the Bay,  
 And he may die before the dawn  
 Who liquored out the day,  
 In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house  
 We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,  
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,  
 And laughter shook the chest beneath  
 The maid Ultruda's charm—  
 The little silver crucifix  
 That keeps a man from harm.





“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but  
 ’twere surely wild unreason  
 Such tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by  
 my Star,  
 When she whispered, something sadly :—‘ I—  
 we feel your going badly ! ’ ”  
 “ *And you let the chance escape you ?* ” rapped  
 the rattling tonga-bar.  
 “ *What a chance and what an idiot !* ” clicked  
 the vicious tonga-bar.

Heart of man—oh, heart of putty ! Had I  
 gone by Kakahutti,  
 On the old Hill-road and ruddy, I had ’scaped  
 that fatal car.  
 But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched  
 the milestones slide by,  
 To “ *You call on Her to-morrow !* ”—fugue  
 with cymbals by the bar—  
 “ *You must call on Her to-morrow !* ”—post-  
 horn gallop by the bar.

Yet a further stage my goal on—we were  
 whirling down to Solon,  
 With a double lurch and roll on, best foot  
 foremost, *ganz und gar*—  
 “She was *very* sweet,” I hinted. “If a kiss  
 had been imprinted—?”  
 “ ‘ *Would ha’ saved a world of trouble !* ’ ”  
 clashed the busy tonga-bar.  
 “ ‘ *Been accepted or rejected !* ’ ” banged and  
 clanged the tonga-bar.



Then a notion wild and daring, 'spite the in-  
come tax's paring,  
And a hasty thought of sharing—less than  
many incomes are,  
Made me put a question private, you can  
guess what I would drive at.

“ *You must work the sum to prove it,*” clanked  
the careless tonga-bar.

“ *Simple Rule of Two will prove it,*” lilted back  
the tonga-bar.

It was under Khyraghaut I mused :—“ Sup-  
pose the maid be haughty—  
(There are lovers rich—and forty)—wait some  
wealthy Avatar?

Answer, monitor untiring, 'twixt the ponies  
twain perspiring !”

“ *Faint heart never won fair lady,*” creaked  
the straining tonga-bar.

“ *Can I tell you ere you ask Her ?*” pounded  
slow the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights  
of Simla burning,

Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame  
by far.

As below the Mall we jingled, through my  
very heart it tingled—

Did the iterated order of the threshing tonga-  
bar—

“ *Try your luck—you can't do better !*” twanged  
the loosened tonga-bar.





Sleep, with the gray langur for guard,  
 Our very scornful Dead,  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*All Earth is servant to us two?*

By Docket, Billetdoux, and File,  
 By Mountain, Cliff, and Fir,  
 By Fan and Sword and Office-box,  
 By Corset, Plume, and Spur,  
 By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War,  
 By Women, Work, and Bills,  
 By all the life that fizzes in  
 The everlasting Hills,  
*If you love me as I love you,*  
*What pair so happy as we two?*

---

### CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ

#### I.

IF It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the  
 packed *serai*,  
 Does not the Young Man try Its temper and  
 pace ere he buy?  
 If She be pleasant to look on, what does the  
 Young Man say?  
 "Lo! She is pleasant to look on, give Her to  
 me to-day!"

#### II.

Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted  
 Jehannum  
 If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty  
 per cent per annum.

III.

Blister we not for *bursati*? So when the heart  
is vext,  
The pain of one maiden's refusal is drowned  
in the pain of the next.

IV.

The temper of chums, the love of your wife,  
and a new piano's tune—  
Which of the three will you trust at the end  
of an Indian June?

V.

Who are the rulers of Ind—to whom shall we  
bow the knee?  
Make your peace with the women, and men  
will make you L. G.

VI.

Does the woodpecker flit round the young  
*ferash*? Does grass clothe a new-built  
wall?  
Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a  
boy in her thrall?

VII.

If She grow suddenly gracious—reflect. Is it  
all for thee?  
The black-buck is stalked through the bullock,  
and Man through jealousy.

## VIII.

Seek not for favor of women. So shall you  
find it indeed.  
Does not the boar break cover just when you're  
lighting a weed?

## IX.

If He play, being young and unskilful, for  
shekels of silver and gold,  
Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The  
kid was ordained to be sold.

## X.

With a "weed" among men or horses verily  
this is the best,  
That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly  
—but give him no rest.

## XI.

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving  
the manners and carriage;  
But the colt who is wise will abstain from the  
terrible thorn-bit of Marriage.

## XII.

As the thriftless gold of the *babul*, so is the  
gold that we spend  
On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbor's wife, or  
the horse that we buy from a friend.

XIII.

The ways of man with a maid be strange, yet  
simple and tame  
To the ways of a man with a horse, when sell-  
ing or racing that same.

XIV.

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant  
Her smile when ye meet.  
It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile  
thus on the waves at their feet.  
In public Her face is averted, with anger She  
nameth thy name.  
It is well. Was there ever a loser content with  
the loss of a game?

XV.

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips  
are sealed,  
And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by  
whom is the secret revealed.  
If She have written a letter, delay not an in-  
stant, but burn it.  
Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to her  
mate shall return it!  
If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of  
the blackest can clear,  
Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive  
to hear.

XVI.

My Son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly  
bid thee give o'er,

Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward—get  
 out! She has been there before.  
 They are pecked on the ear and the chin and  
 the nose who are lacking in lore.

## XVII.

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-  
 slide is scarred on the course.  
 Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth  
 forever Remorse.

## XVII.

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron  
 shall say, or the Maid:—  
 “Alas! I do not understand,” my son, be thou  
 nowise afraid.  
 In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of  
 the Fowler displayed.

## XIX.

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of  
 thy knees in my pain,  
 Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one  
 day or one hour—refrain.  
 Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou  
 cravest another man's chain?



THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED  
HEAD

THERE'S a widow in sleepy Chester,  
Who weeps for her only son ;  
There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
A grave that the Burmans shun,  
And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
Who tells how the work was done.

A SNIDER squibbed in the jungle,  
Somebody laughed and fled,  
And the men of the First Shikaris  
Picked up their Subaltern dead,  
With a big blue mark in his forehead  
And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Jemadar Hira Lal,  
Took command of the party,  
Twenty rifles in all,  
Marched them down to the river  
As the day was beginning to fall.

Then buried the boy by the river,  
A blanket over his face—  
They wept for their dead Lieutenant,  
The men of an alien race—  
They made a *samádih* in his honor,  
A mark for his resting-place.

For they swore by the Holy Water,  
They swore by the salt they ate,  
That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib  
Should go to his God in state ;  
With fifty file of Burman  
To open him Heaven's gate.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Marched till the break of day,  
Till they came to the rebel village,  
The village of Pabengmay—  
A *jingal* covered the clearing,  
Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,  
Bidding them load with ball,  
Halted a dozen rifles  
Under the village wall ;  
Sent out a flanking-party  
With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris  
Shouted and smote and slew,  
Turning the grinning *jingal*  
On to the howling crew.  
The Jemadar's flanking-party  
Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,  
Long was the list of slain,

Five score heads were taken,  
 Five score heads and twain ;  
 And the men of the First Shikaris  
 Went back to their grave again,

Each man bearing a basket  
 Red as his palms that day,  
 Red as the blazing village—  
 The village of Pabengmay.  
 And the “*drip-drip-drip*” from the baskets  
 Reddened the grass by the way.

They made a pile of their trophies  
 High as a tall man's chin,  
 Head upon head distorted,  
 Set in a sightless grin,  
 Anger and pain and terror  
 Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

Subadar Prag Tewarri  
 Put the head of the Boh  
 On the top of the mound of triumph,  
 The head of his son below,  
 With the sword and the peacock-banner  
 That the world might behold and know.

Thus the *samádih* was perfect,  
 Thus was the lesson plain  
 Of the wrath of the First Shikaris—  
 The price of a white man slain ;  
 And the men of the First Shikaris  
 Went back into camp again.

Then a silence came to the river,  
 A hush fell fell over the shore,  
 And Bohs that were brave departed,  
 And Sniders squibbed no more ;  
**For the Burmans said that a *kullah's* head**  
**Must be paid for with heads five score.**

There's a widow in sleepy Chester  
 Who weeps for her only son ;  
 There's a grave on the Pabeng River,  
 A grave that the Burmans shun,  
 And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri  
 Who tells how the work was done.

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### THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS

BENEATH the deep veranda's shade,  
 When bats begin to fly,  
 I sit me down and watch—alas ! —  
 Another evening die.  
 Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*  
 She rises through the haze.  
 Sainted Diana ! can that be  
 The moon of Other Days ?

Ah ! shade of little Kitty Smith,  
 Sweet Saint of Kensington !  
 Say, was it ever thus at home  
 The Moon of August shone,  
 When arm in arm we wandered long  
 Through Putney's evening haze,  
 And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath  
 The Moon of Other Days ?

But Wandle's stream is Sutlej now,  
And Putney's evening haze  
The dust that half a hundred kine  
Before my window raise.  
Unkempt, unclean, athwart the mist  
The seething city looms,  
In place of Putney's golden gorse  
The sickly *babul* blooms.

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust.  
And bid the pie-dog yell,  
Draw from the drain its typhoid-germ,  
From each bazaar its smell ;  
Yea, suck the fever from the tank  
And sap my strength therewith :  
Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face  
To little Kitty Smith !

---

## THE OVERLAND MAIL

*(Foot-Service to the Hills.)*

IN the name of the Empress of India, make  
way,  
O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam.  
The woods are astir at the close of the day—  
We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.  
Let the robber retreat—let the tiger turn  
tail—  
In the Name of the Empress, the Overland  
Mail !

With a jingle of bells as the dust gathers in,  
 He turns to the foot-path that heads up the  
 hill—

The bags on his back and a cloth round his  
 chin,

And, tucked in his waist-belt, the Post-  
 Office bill :—

“ Despatched on this date, as received by  
 the rail,

*Per* runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or  
 swim.

Has the rain wrecked the road? He must  
 climb by the cliff.

Does the tempest cry “ Halt ”? What are  
 tempests to him?

The Service admits not a “ but ” or an “ if.”  
 While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear  
 without fail,

In the Name of the Empress, the Overland  
 Mail.

From aloe to rose, from rose-oak to fir,  
 From level to upland, from upland to crest,  
 From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge  
 to spur,

Fly the soft sandaled feet, strains the  
 brawny brown chest.

From rail to ravine—to the peak from the  
 vale—

Up, up through the night goes the Overland  
 Mail.

There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the  
road—

A jingle of bells on the foot-path below—  
There's a scuffle above in the monkey's  
abode—

The world is awake, and the clouds are  
aglow.

For the great Sun himself must attend to the  
hail :—

“In the name of the Empress, the Overland  
Mail !”

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## WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID

*(June 21st, 1887.)*

By the well, where the bullocks go  
Silent and blind and slow—  
By the field where the young corn dies  
In the face of the sultry skies,  
They have heard, as the dull Earth hears  
The voice of the wind of an hour,  
The sound of the Great Queen's voice :—  
“My God hath given me years,  
Hath granted dominion and power :  
And I bid you, O Land, rejoice.”

And the Plowman settles the share  
More deep in the grudging clod ;  
For he saith : “The wheat is my care,  
And the rest is the will of God.

“ He sent the Mahratta spear  
 As He sendeth the rain,  
 And the *Mlech*, in the fated year,  
 Broke the spear in twain,  
 And was broken in turn. Who knows  
 How our Lords make strife?  
 It is good that the young wheat grows,  
 For the bread is Life.”

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,  
 Hissed up to the scornful dark  
 Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue,  
 That rose and faded, and rose anew,  
 That the Land might wonder and mark.  
 “To-day is a day of days,” they said,  
 “Make merry, O People, all!”  
 And the Plowman listened and bowed his  
 head:—  
 “To-day and to-morrow God’s will,” he said,  
 As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

“ He sendeth us years that are good,  
 As He sendeth the dearth.  
 He giveth to each man his food,  
 Or Her food to the Earth.  
 Our Kings and our Queens are afar—  
 On their peoples be peace—  
 God bringeth the rain to the Bar,  
 That our cattle increase.”

And the Plowman settled the share  
 More deep in the sun-dried clod:—



“Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,  
 And White Queen over the Seas—  
 God raiseth them up and driveth them forth  
 As the dust of the plowshare flies in the  
 breeze ;  
 But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,  
 And the rest is the will of God.”

---

### THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE

“TO-TSCHIN-SHU is condemned to death. How can he drink tea with the Executioner?”—*Japanese Proverb.*

THE eldest son bestrides him,  
 And the pretty daughter rides him,  
 And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course ;  
 And there wakens in my bosom  
 An emotion chill and gruesome  
 As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,  
 But a hideously suggestive  
 Trot, professional and placid, he affects ;  
 And the cadence of his hoof-beats  
 To my mind, this grim reproof beats :—  
 “Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming.  
 Who's the next ?”

Ah ! stud-bred of ill-omen,  
 I have watched the strongest go—men

Of pith and might and muscle—at your heels,  
 Down the plantain-bordered highway,  
 (Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)  
 In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

Answer, somber beast and dreary,  
 Where is Brown, the young, the cheery,  
 Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the  
 Force?

You were at that last dread *dak*  
 We must cover at a walk,  
 Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane unhogged and flowing,  
 And your curious way of going,  
 And that business-like black crimping of your  
 tail,

E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,  
 Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,  
 What wonder when I meet you I turn pale?

It may be you wait your time, Beast,  
 Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast,  
 Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the  
 glass,

Follow after with the others,  
 Where some dusky heathen smothers  
 Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,  
 I shall watch your plump sides hollow,  
 See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse,  
 See old age at last o'erpower you,  
 And the Station Pack devour you,  
 I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

But to insult, gibe, and quest, I've  
Still the hideously suggestive  
Trot that hammers out the grim and warning  
text,  
And I hear it hard behind me,  
In what place soe'er I find me :—  
“Sure to catch you sooner or later. Who's  
the next?”

---

## THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE

THIS fell when dinner-time was done—  
'Twixt the first an' the second rub—  
That oor mon Jock cam' hame again  
To his rooms ahint the Club.

An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,  
An' syne we thocht him fou,  
An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,  
An' garred his partner rue.

Then up and spake an elder mon,  
That held the spade its Ace—  
“God save the lad! Whence comes the lick  
That wimples on his face?”

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,  
An' ower the card-brim wunk :—  
“I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,  
May be that I am drunk.”

“There’s whusky brewed in Galashiels,  
An’ L. L. L. forbye ;  
But never liquor lit the low  
That keeks fra’ oot your eye.

“There’s a thrid o’ hair on your dress-coat  
breast,  
Aboon the heart a wee ?”

“Oh ! that is fra’ the lang-haired Skye  
That slobbers ower me.”

“Oh ! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’ beasts,  
An’ terrier dogs are fair,  
But never yet was terrier born  
Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair !

“There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,  
Below the left lappel ?”

“Oh ! that is fra’ my auld cigar,  
Whenas the stump-end fell.”

“Mon Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,  
For ye are short o’ cash,  
An’ best Havanas couldna leave  
Sae white an’ pure an ash.

“This nicht ye stopped a story braid,  
An’ stopped it wi’ a curse—  
Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel,  
An’ capped it wi’ a worse !

“Oh ! we’re no fou ! Oh ! we’re no fou !  
But plainly we can ken  
Ye’re fallin’, fallin’, fra’ the band  
O’ cantie single men !”

An' it fell when *sirris*-shaws were sere,  
 An' the nichts were lang and mirk,  
 In braw new breeks, wi' a gowden ring,  
 Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk.

---

## ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER

A GREAT and glorious thing it is  
 To learn, for seven years or so,  
 The Lord knows what of that and this,  
 Ere reckoned fit to face the foe—  
 The flying bullet down the Pass,  
 That whistles clear: "All flesh is grass."

Three hundred pounds per annum spent  
 On making brain and body meeter  
 For all the murderous intent  
 Comprised in "villanous saltpeter!"  
 And after—ask the Yusufzaies  
 What comes of all our 'ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station—  
 A canter down some dark defile—  
 Two thousand pounds of education  
 Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail*—  
 The Crammer's boast, the Squadron's pride,  
 Shot like a rabbit in a ride!

No proposition Euclid wrote,  
 No formulæ the text-books know,  
 Will turn the bullet from your coat,  
 Or ward the tulwar's downward blow.

Strike hard who cares—shoot straight who  
can—

The odds are on the cheaper man.

One sword-knot stolen from the camp  
Will pay for all the school expenses  
Of any Kurrum Valley scamp

Who knows no word or moods and tenses,  
But, being blessed with perfect sight,  
Picks off our messmates left and right.

With home-bred hordes the hill sides teem,

The troop-ships bring us one by one,  
At vast expense of time and steam,

To slay Afridis where they run.  
The “captives of our bow and spear”  
Are cheap—alas! as we are dear.

---

### ONE VICEROY RESIGNS

(*Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne.*)

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then?  
Good.

We'll clear the Aides and *khitmatgars* away.  
(You'll know that fat old fellow with the  
knife—

He keeps the Name Book, talks in English too,  
And almost thinks himself the Government.)

O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're  
so young.

Forty from sixty—twenty years of work  
 And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*  
 You want to know, you want to see, to touch,  
 And, by your lights, to act. It's natural.  
 I wonder can I help you. Let me try.  
 You saw—what did you see from Bombay  
 east?

Enough to frighten any one but me?  
 Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!  
 You shouldn't take a man from Canada  
 And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;  
 Nor with a Reputation such as—Bah!  
 That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,  
 My Reputation now full blown—Your fault—  
 Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,  
 Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is  
 led—

One reads so much, one hears so little here.  
 Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back  
 To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,  
 Or books—the refuge of the destitute.  
 When you . . . that brings me back to India.  
 See!

Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my  
 turn.

You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,  
 And if you did it isn't worth the toil.  
 Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;  
 Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply  
 By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your  
 East,

And you're as wise as ever. So am I.

Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike

At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,  
 (It's chalk on granite), then thank God no flame  
 Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.  
 I'm clear—my mark is made. Three months  
     of drought

Had ruined much. It rained and washed  
     away

The specks that might have gathered on my  
     Name.

I took a country twice the size of France,  
 And shuttered up one doorway in the North.  
 I stand by those. You'll find that both will  
     pay,

I pledged my Name on both—they're yours  
     to-night.

Hold to them—they hold fame enough for two.  
 I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.

Men there—*not* German traders—Cr-sthw-te  
     knows—

You'll find it in my papers. For the North  
 Guns always—quietly—but always guns.  
 You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try  
     to rule,

And prize their Reputations. Have you met  
 A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,  
 And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?  
 He's gone to England. R-p-n knew his grip  
 And kicked. A Council always has its H-pes.  
 They look for nothing from the West but  
     Death

Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground  
                                     They fight  
 Until the middle classes take them back,



One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.  
 Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost?  
 Not altogether—earnest, narrow men,  
 But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,  
 And end by writing letters to the *Times*.  
 (Shall I write letters, answering H-nt-r—fawn  
 With R-p-n on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!)  
 They have their Reputations. Look to one—  
 I work with him—the smallest of them all,  
 White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging  
     horse  
 Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,  
 And dreams of tilting W-ls-y from the throne,  
 But while he dreams gives work we cannot  
     buy ;  
 He has his Reputation—wants the Lords  
 By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,  
 He values very much the hand that falls  
 Upon his shoulder at the Council table—  
 Hates cats and knows his business : *which is*  
     *yours*.  
 Your business! Twice a hundred million  
     souls.  
 Your business! I could tell you what I did  
 Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth  
 A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives,  
 God knows to what new reef the man at the  
     wheel  
 Prays with the passengers. They lose their  
     lives,  
 Or rescued go their way ; but he's no man  
 To take his trick at the wheel again—that's  
     worse

Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra  
mule

(You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,  
And I was—some fool's wife had ducked and  
bowed

To show the others I would stop and speak.

Then the mule fell—three galls, a hand-  
breadth each,

Behind the withers. Mrs. Whatsisname

Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet  
thoul!

“How could they make him carry such a  
load!”

I saw—it isn't often I dream dreams—

More than the mule that minute—smoke and  
flame

From Simla to the haze below. That's weak.

You're younger. You'll dream dreams before  
you've done.

You've youth, that's one—good workman—  
that means two

Fair chances in your favor. Fate's the third.

I know what I did. Do you ask me,  
“Preach”?

I answer by my past or else go back

To platitudes of rule—or take you thus

In confidence and say:—“You know the  
trick:

You've governed Canada. You know. *You*  
know!”

And all the while commend you to Fate's  
hand

(Here at the top one loses sight o' God),

Commend you, then, to something more than  
you—

The Other People's blunders and . . . that's  
all.

I'd agonize to serve you if I could.

It's incommunicable, like the cast

That drops the tackle with the gut adry.

Too much—too little—there's your salmon  
lost!

And so I tell you nothing—wish you luck,

And wonder—how I wonder!—for your sake

And triumph for my own. You're young,  
you're young,

You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths.

I'm old. I followed Power to the last,

Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.

It's worth it—on my soul I'm speaking plain,

Here by the claret glasses!—worth it all.

I gave—no matter what I gave—I win.

I *know* I win. Mine's work, good work that  
live!

A country twice the size of France—the North

Safeguarded. That's my record: sink the  
rest

And better if you can. The Rains may  
serve,

Rupees may rise—three pence will give you  
Fame—

It's rash to hope for sixpence—If they rise

Get guns, more guns, and lift the salt-tax.

Oh!

I told you what the Congress meant or  
thought?

I'll answer nothing. Half a year will prove  
The full extent of time and thought you'll  
spare

To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*  
How little Begums see the light—deduce  
Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.  
It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.  
I told the Turk he was a gentleman.  
I told the Russian that his Tartar veins  
Bled pure Parisian ichor; and he purred.  
The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.  
You're young—you'll swear too ere you've  
reached the end.

The end! God help you, if there be a God.  
(There must be one to startle Gl-dst-ne's soul  
In that new land where all the wires are cut,  
And Cr-ss snores anthems on the asphodel.)  
God help you! And I'd help you if I could,  
But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was  
crude.

Sound claret after olives—yours and mine;  
But Medoc slips into vin ordinaire.  
(I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health.)  
Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my  
style.

And, after all, the middle-classes grip  
The middle-class—for Brompton talk Earl's  
Court.

Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in the  
*Times*—

A quarter-column of eye-searing print,  
A leader once a quarter—then a war;  
A Strand abellow through the fog: "Defeat!"

“ ‘Orrible slaughter !” While you lie awake  
 And wonder. Oh, you’ll wonder ere you’re  
 free !

I wonder now. The four years slide away  
 So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.  
 R—y, C—lv—n, L—l, R—b—rts, B—ck, the rest,  
 Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and  
 trains,

(I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,  
 Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,  
 White snows that mocked me, palaces—with  
 draughts,

And W—stl—nd with the drafts he couldn’t pay,  
 Poor W—ls—n reading his obituary

Before he died, and H—pe, the man with bones,  
 And A—tc—hs—n a dripping mackintosh  
 At council in the Rains, his grating “ Sirrr ”  
 Half drowned by H—nt—r’s silky :—“ Bát my  
 lahd.”

Hunterian always : M—rsh—l spinning plates  
 Or standing on his head ; the Rent Bill’s  
 roar,

A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,  
 And Smiths thrice happy if I call them Jones,  
 (I can’t remember half their names) or reined  
 My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.

More trains, more troops, more dust, and then  
 all’s done.

Four years, and I forget. If I forget  
 How will *they* bear me in their minds ? The  
 North

Safeguarded—nearly (R—b—rts knows the rest),  
 A country twice the size of France annexed.

That stays at least. The rest may pass—may  
pass—

Your heritage—and I can teach you nought.

“High trust,” “vast honor,” “interests twice  
as vast,”

“Due reverence to your Council”—keep to  
those.

I envy you the twenty years you’ve gained,  
But not the five to follow. What’s that!  
One?

Two!—surely not so late. Good-night. *Don’t*  
dream.



### THE BETROTHED

“YOU must choose between me and your cigar.”

OPEN the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,  
For things are running crossways, and Maggie  
and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas—we fought o’er  
a good cheroot,  
And I know she is exacting, and she says I  
am a brute.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a  
space;  
In the soft blue veil of the vapor, musing on  
Maggie’s face.

Maggie is pretty to look at—Maggie's a loving  
lass,  
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the  
truest of loves must pass.

There's peace in a Laranaga, there's calm in  
a Henry Clay,  
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and  
thrown away—

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe  
and brown—  
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear  
o' the talk o' the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty—gray and dour and  
old—  
With never another Maggie to purchase for  
love or gold!

And the light of Days that have Been the dark  
of the Days that Are,  
And Love's torch stinking and stale, like the  
butt of a dead cigar—

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to  
keep in your pocket—  
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred  
and black to the socket.

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider a  
while—  
Here is a mild Manilla—there is a wifely  
smile.

Which is the better portion—bondage bought  
with a ring,  
Or a harem of dusky beauties fifty tied in a  
string?

Counselors cunning and silent—comforters  
true and tried,  
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival  
bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time  
of woes,  
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere  
my eyelids close.

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in  
return,  
With only a *Suttee's* passion—to do their duty  
and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are  
spent and dead,  
Five times other fifties shall be my servants  
instead.

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the  
Spanish Main,  
When they hear my harem is empty, will send  
me my brides again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food  
for their mouths withal,  
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the  
showers fall.



I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will  
I temper their hides,  
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy  
who read of the tale of my brides.

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my  
choice between  
The wee little whimpering Love and the great  
god Nick o' Teen.

And I have been servant of Love for barely  
a twelvemonth clear,  
But I have been Priest of Partagas a matter  
of seven year ;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked  
with the cheery light  
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and  
Pleasure and Work and Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie  
and I must prove,  
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-  
o'-the Wisp of Love.

Will it see me safe through my journey, or  
leave me bogged in the mire ?  
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I  
follow the fitful fire ?

Open the old cigar-box—let me consider  
anew—  
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should  
abandon *you* ?

A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear  
 the yoke ;  
 And a woman is only a woman, but a good  
 cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba ; I hold to my first-  
 sworn vows,  
 If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no  
 Maggie for spouse !

---

### A TALE OF TWO CITIES

WHERE the sober-colored cultivator smiles  
 On his *byles* ;  
 Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow  
 Come and go ;  
 Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,  
 Hides and *ghi* ;  
 Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints  
 In his prints ;  
 Stands a City—Charnock chose it—packed  
 away  
 Near a Bay—  
 By the sewage rendered fetid, by the sewer  
 Made impure,  
 By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the  
 swamp  
 Moist and damp ;  
 And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,  
 Don't agree.  
 Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came  
 Meek and tame.

Where his timid foot first halted, there he  
stayed,

Till mere trade  
Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth  
South and North

Till the country from Peshawar to Ceylon  
Was his own.

Thus the midday halt of Charnock—more's  
the pity!

Grew a City.

As the fungus spouts chaotic from its bed,  
So it spread—

Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and  
built

On the silt—

Palace, byre, hovel—poverty and pride—  
Side by side;

And, above the packed and pestilential town,  
Death looked down.

But the Rulers in that City by the Sea  
Turned to flee—

Fled, with each returning spring-tide from its  
ills

To the Hills.

From the clammy fogs of morning, from the  
blaze

Of the days,

From the sickness of the noontide, from the  
heat,

Beat retreat;

For the country from Peshawar to Ceylon  
Was their own.

But the Merchant risked the perils of the  
Plain

For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, 'neath  
the palms,

Asks an alms,

And the burden of its lamentation is,

Briefly, this : —

“ Because, for certain months, we boil and  
stew,

So should you.

Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to perspire

In our fire ! ”

And for answer to the argument, in vain

We explain

That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot  
fry ! —

“ *All* must fry ! ”

That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plain

For his gain.

Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow  
rich in,

From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints

In his prints ;

And mature—consistent soul—his plan for  
stealing

To Darjeeling :

Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver  
pile,

England's isle ;

Let the City Charnock pitched on—evil  
day!—

Go Her way.

Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors  
Heap their stores,

Though Her enterprise and energy secure  
Income sure.

Though “out-station orders punctually  
obeyed”

Swell Her trade—

*Still*, for rule, administration, and the rest,  
Simla's best.



### GRIFFEN'S DEBT

IMPRIMIS he was “broke.” Thereafter left  
His regiment, and, later, took to drink ;  
Then, having lost the balance of his friends,  
“Went Fantee”—joined the people of the  
land,

Turned three parts Mussulman and one  
Hindu,

And lived among the Gauri villagers,  
Who gave him shelter and a wife or twain,  
And boasted that a thorough, full-blood *sahib*  
Had come among them. Thus he spent his  
time,

Deeply indebted to the village *shroff*,  
(Who never asked for payment) always drunk,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels ;  
Forgetting that he was an Englishman.

You know they dammed the Gauri with a  
dam,  
And all the good contractors scamped their  
work,  
And all the bad material at hand  
Was used to dam the Gauri—which was  
cheap,  
And, therefore, proper. Then the Gauri  
burst,  
And several hundred thousand cubic tons  
Of water dropped into the valley, *flop*,  
And drowned some five and twenty villagers,  
And did a lakh or two of detriment  
To crops and cattle. When the flood went  
down  
We found him dead, beneath an old dead  
horse,  
Full six miles down the valley. So we said  
He was a victim to the Demon Drink,  
And moralized upon him for a week,  
And then forgot him. Which was natural.

But, in the valley of the Gauri, men  
Beneath the shadow of the big new dam  
Relate a foolish legend of the flood,  
Accounting for the little loss of life  
(Only those five and twenty villagers)  
In this wise: On the evening of the flood,

They heard the groaning of the rotten dam,  
And voices of the Mountain Devils. Then  
An incarnation of the local God,  
Mounted upon a monster-neighing horse,

And flourishing a flail-like whip, came down,  
Breathing ambrosia, to the villages,  
And fell upon the simple villagers  
With yells beyond the power of mortal throat,  
And blows beyond the power of mortal hand,  
And smote them with the flail-like whip, and  
drove

Them clamorous with terror up the hill,  
And scattered, with the monster-neighing  
steed,

Their crazy cottages about their ears,  
And generally cleared those villages.

Then came the water, and the local God,  
Breathing ambrosia, flourishing his whip,  
And mounted on his monster-neighing steed,  
Went down the valley with the flying trees  
And residue of homesteads, while they  
watched

Safe on the mountain-side those wondrous  
things,  
And knew that they were much beloved of  
Heaven.

Wherefore, and when the dam was newly  
built,

They raised a temple to the local God,  
And burned all manner of unsavory things  
Upon his altar, and created priests,  
And blew into a conch, and banged a bell,  
And told the story of the Gauri flood  
With circumstance and much embroidery.

So he the whiskified Objectionable,  
Unclean, abominable, out-at-heels,

Became the tutelary Diety  
 Of all the Guari valley villages ;  
 And may in time become a Solar Myth.

---

### IN SPRINGTIME

My garden blazes brightly with the rosebush  
 and the peach,  
 And the *köil* sings above it, in the *siris* by  
 the well,  
 From the creeper-covered trellis comes the  
 squirrel's chattering speech,  
 And the blue-jay screams and flutters  
 where the cheery *sat-bhai* dwell.  
 But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the  
*köil's* note is strange ;  
 I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blos-  
 som-burdened bough.  
 Give me back the leafless woodlands where  
 the winds of Springtime range—  
 Give me back one day in England, for it's  
 Spring in England now !  
 Through the pines the gusts are blooming,  
 o'er the brown fields blowing chill,  
 From the furrow of the plowshare  
 streams the fragrance of the loam,  
 And the hawk nests on the cliff-side and the  
 jackdaw in the hill,  
 And my heart is back in England mid the  
 sights and sounds of Home.  
 But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of  
 rose and peach is ;



Ah! *köil*, little *köil*, singing on the *siris*  
bough,  
In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless  
bell-like speech is—  
Can *you* tell me aught of England or of  
Spring in England now?

---

## TWO MONTHS

IN JUNE.

No hope, no change! The clouds have shut  
us in  
And through the cloud the sullen Sun  
strikes down  
Full on the bosom of the tortured Town.  
Till Night falls heavy as remembered sin  
That will not suffer sleep or thought of ease.  
And, hour on hour, the dry-eyed Moon in  
spite  
Glares through the haze and mocks with  
watery light  
The torment of the uncomplaining trees.

Far off, the Thunder bellows her despair  
To echoing Earth, thrice parched. The  
lightnings fly  
In vain. No help the heaped-up clouds afford,  
But wearier weight of burdened, burning air.  
What Truce with Dawn? Look, from the  
aching sky,  
Day stalks, a tyrant with a flaming sword!

IN SEPTEMBER.

AT dawn there was a murmur in the trees,  
 A ripple on the tank, and in the air  
 Presage of coming coolness—everywhere  
 A voice of prophecy upon the breeze.  
 Up leapt the sun and smote the dust to gold,  
 And strove to parch anew the heedless  
 land,  
 All impotently, as a King grown old  
 Wars for the Empire crumbling 'neath his  
 hand.

One after one, the lotos-petals fell,  
 Beneath the onslaught of the rebel year  
 In mutiny against a furious sky ;  
 And far-off Winter whispered : "It is well !  
 Hot Summer dies. Behold, your help is  
 near,  
 For when men's need is sorest, then come I."

---

### THE GALLEY-SLAVE

OH, gallant was our galley from her carven  
 steering-wheel  
 To her figurehead of silver and her beak of  
 hammered steel ;  
 The leg-bar chafed the ankle, and we gasped  
 for cooler air,  
 But no galley on the water with our galley  
 could compare !

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and our  
masts were stepped in gold—  
We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the  
hold ;  
The white foam spun behind us, and the  
black shark swam below,  
As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and  
we made that galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we reveled  
now and then—  
If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we  
fought and loved like men !  
As we snatched her through the water, so we  
snatched a minute's bliss,  
And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the  
lover's kiss.

Our women and our children toiled beside us  
in the dark—  
They died, we filed their fetters, and we  
heaved them to the shark—  
We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the  
galley sped,  
We had only time to envy, for we could not  
mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard,  
bit gang were we—  
The servants of the sweep-head, but the mas-  
ters of the sea !

By the hands that drove her forward as she  
plunged and yawed and sheered,  
Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there any-  
thing we feared ?

Was it storm ? Our fathers faced it, and a  
wilder never blew ;  
Earth that waited for the wreckage watched  
the galley struggle through.  
Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness,  
Sorrow, Parting, Death ?  
Nay, our very babes would mock you, had they  
time for idle breath.

But to-day I leave the galley, and another  
takes my place ;  
There's my name upon the deck-beam—let it  
stand a little space.  
I am free—to watch my messmates beating  
out to open main,  
Free of all that Life can offer—save to handle  
sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall  
of clinging steel,  
By the welt the whips have left me, by the  
scars that never heal ;  
By eyes grown old with staring through the  
sun-wash on the brine,  
I am paid in full for service—would that serv-  
ice still were mine !

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe  
the years bring forth,  
Of our galley swamped and shattered in the  
rollers of the North.  
When the niggers break the hatches, and the  
decks are gay with gore,  
And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crash-  
ing on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-  
gun, or rocket-flare,  
When the cry for help goes seaward, she will  
find her servants there.  
Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled  
drafts of years gone by,  
To the bench that broke their manhood, they  
shall lash themselves and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, de-  
serted, shipped away—  
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the  
tale that day,  
When the skies are black above them, and  
the decks ablaze beneath,  
And the top-men clear the raffle with their  
clasp-knives in their teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave  
to row once more—  
Set some strong man free for fighting as I  
take awhile his oar.

But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse  
her service then?

God be thanked—whate'er comes after, I have  
live and toiled with Men!



### L'ENVOI

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

THE smoke upon your Altar dies,  
The flowers decay,  
The Goddess of your sacrifice  
Has flown away.

What profit then to sing or slay  
The sacrifice from day to day?

“We know the Shrine is void,” they said,  
“The Goddess flown—

Yet wreaths are on the Altar laid—  
The Altar-Stone

Is black with fumes of sacrifice,  
Albeit She has fled our eyes.

“For, it may be, if still we sing  
And tend the Shrine,

Some Deity on wandering wing  
May there incline ;

And, finding all in order meet,  
Stay while we worship at her feet.”

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORK-  
SHOPS

WHEN the flush of a new-born sun fell first on  
Eden's green and gold,  
Our father Adam sat under the Tree and  
scratched with a stick in the mold ;  
And the first rude sketch that the world had  
seen was joy to his mighty heart,  
Till the Devil whispered behind the leaves :  
" It's pretty, but is it art ? "

Wherefore he called to his wife, and fled to  
fashion his work anew—  
The first of his race who cared a fig for the  
first, most dread review ;  
And he left his lore to the use of his sons—  
and that was a glorious gain  
When the Devil chuckled : " Is it art ? " in  
the ear of the branded Cain.

They builded a tower to shiver the sky and  
wrench the stars apart,  
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks :  
" It's striking, but is it art ? "  
The stone was dropped by the quarry-side,  
and the idle derrick swung,  
While each man talked of the aims of art, and  
each in an alien tongue.

They fought and they talked in the north and  
the south, they talked and then fought in  
the west,  
Till the water rose on the jabbering land, and  
the poor Red Clay had rest—  
Had rest till the dank blank-canvas dawn  
when the dove was preened to start,  
And the Devil bubbled below the keel: "It's  
human, but is it art?"

The tale is old as the Eden Tree—as new as  
the new-cut tooth—  
For each man knows ere his lip-thatch grows  
he is master of art and truth ;  
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to  
the beat of his dying heart,  
The Devil drum on the darkened pane :  
"You did it, but was it art?"

We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to  
the shape of a surplice-peg,  
We have learned to bottle our parents twain  
in the yolk of an addled egg,  
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as  
the horse is drawn by the cart ;  
But the Devil whoops, as he whooped of old :  
"It's clever, but is it art?"

When the flicker of London sun falls faint on  
the club-room's green and gold,  
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch  
with their pens in the mold—



They scratch with their pens in the mold of  
their graves, and the ink and the anguish  
start

When the Devil mutters behind the leaves :  
“ It’s pretty, but is it art ? ”

Now, if we could win to the Eden Tree where  
the four great rivers flow,  
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf as  
she left it long ago,  
And if we could come when the sentry slept,  
and softly scurry through,  
By the favor of God we might know as much  
—as our father Adam knew.

---

### THE EXPLANATION

LOVE and Death once ceased their strife  
At the Tavern of Man’s Life.  
Called for wine, and threw—alas!—  
Each his quiver on the grass.  
When the bout was o’er they found  
Mingled arrows strewed the ground.  
Hastily they gathered then  
Each the loves and lives of men.  
Ah, the fateful dawn deceived !  
Mingled arrows each one sheaved :  
Death’s dread armory was stored  
With the shafts he most abhorred :  
Love’s light quiver groaned beneath  
Venom-headed darts of Death.

Thus it was they wrought our woe  
At the Tavern long ago.  
Tell me, do our masters know,  
Loosing blindly as they fly,  
Old men love while young men die?

---

### THE GIFT OF THE SEA

THE dead child lay in the shroud,  
And the widow watched beside;  
And her mother slept, and the Channel swept  
The gale in the teeth of the tide.

But the widow laughed at all.  
"I have lost my man in the sea,  
And the child is dead. Be still," she said,  
"What more can ye do to me?"

And the widow watched the dead,  
And the candle guttered low,  
And she tried to sing the Passing Song  
That bids the poor soul go.

And "Mary take you now," she sang,  
"That lay against my heart."  
And "Mary smooth your crib to-night,"  
But she could not say "Depart."

Then came a cry from the sea,  
But the sea-rime blinded the glass,  
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;  
"'Tis the child that waits to pass."

And the nodding mother sighed.  
"'Tis a lambing ewe in the whin,  
For why should the christened soul cry out,  
That never knew of sin?"

"Oh, feet I have held in my hand,  
Oh, hands at my heart to catch,  
How should they know the road to go,  
And how should they lift the latch?"

They laid a sheet to the door,  
With the little quilt atop,  
That it might not hurt from the cold or the  
dirt,  
But the crying would not stop.

The widow lifted the latch  
And strained her eyes to see,  
And opened the door on the bitter shore  
To let the soul go free.

There was neither glimmer nor ghost,  
There was neither spirit nor spark,  
And "Heard ye nothing, mother?" she said;  
"'Tis crying for me in the dark."

And the nodding mother sighed,  
"'Tis sorrow makes ye dull;  
Have ye yet to learn the cry of the tern,  
Or the wail of the wind-blown gull?"

“The terns are blown inland,  
The gray gull follows the plow.  
’Twas never a bird, the voice I heard,  
O mother, I hear it now!”

“Lie still, dear lamb, lie still;  
The child is passed from harm,  
’Tis the ache in your breast that broke your  
rest,  
And the feel of an empty arm.”

She puts her mother aside,  
“In Mary’s name let be!  
For the peace of my soul I must go,” she said,  
And she went to the calling sea.

In the heel of the wind-bit pier,  
Where the twisted weed was piled,  
So came to the life she had missed by an hour,  
For she came to a little child.

She laid it into her breast,  
And back to her mother she came,  
But it would not feed, and it would not heed,  
Though she gave it her own child’s name.

And the dead child dripped on her breast,  
And her own in the shroud lay stark;  
And, “God forgive us, mother,” she said,  
“We let it die in the dark!”

## EVARRA AND HIS GODS

*Read here,*

*This is the story of Evarra—man—*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because the city gave him of her gold,  
 Because the caravans brought turquoises,  
 Because his life was sheltered by the King,  
 So that no man should maim him, none  
     should steal,

Or break his rest with babble in the streets  
 When he was weary after toil, he made  
 An image of his God in gold and pearl,  
 With turquoise diadem and human eyes,  
 A wonder in the sunshine, known afar  
 And worshiped by the King ; but, drunk  
     with pride,

Because the city bowed to him for God,  
 He wrote above the shrine : “ *Thus Gods  
     are made,*

*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*”

And all the city praised him. . . . Then he  
 died.

*Read here the story of Evarra—man—*

*Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because his city had no wealth to give,  
 Because the caravans were spoiled afar,  
 Because his life was threatened by the King,  
 So that all men despised him in the streets,

He hacked the living rock, with sweat and  
 tears,  
 And reared a God against the morning-gold,  
 A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,  
 And worshiped by the King ; but, drunk  
 with pride,  
 Because the city fawned to bring him back,  
 He carved upon the plinth : "*Thus Gods  
 are made,*  
*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die.*"  
 And all the people praised him. . . . Then  
 he died.

*Read here the story of Evarra—man—  
 Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because he lived among a simple folk,  
 Because his village was between the hills,  
 Because he smeared his cheeks with blood  
 of ewes,  
 He cut an idol from a fallen pine,  
 Smeared blood upon its cheeks, and wedged  
 a shell  
 Above its brows for eye, and gave it hair  
 Of trailing moss, and plaited straw for  
 crown.  
 And all the village praised him for this  
 craft,  
 And brought him butter, honey, milk, and  
 curds.  
 Wherefore, because the shoutings drove him  
 mad,  
 He scratched upon that log : "*Thus Gods  
 are made,*

*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."*  
 And all the people praised him. . . . Then  
 he died.

*Read here the story of Evarra—man—  
 Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*

Because his God decreed one clot of blood  
 Should swerve a hair's-breadth from the  
 pulse's path,

And chafe his brain, Evarra mowed alone,  
 Rag-wrapped, among the cattle in the  
 fields,

Counting his fingers, jesting with the trees,  
 And mocking at the mist, until his God  
 Drove him to labor. Out of dung and  
 horns

Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous  
 God,

Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plain-  
 tain tufts.

And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,  
 He dreamed it was the clamor of lost  
 crowds,

And howled among the beasts: "*Thus  
 Gods are made,*

*And whoso makes them otherwise shall die."*  
 Thereat the cattle bellowed. . . . Then he  
 died.

Yet at the last he came to Paradise,  
 And found his own four Gods, and that he  
 wrote;

And marveled, being very near to God,

What oaf on earth had made his toil God's  
law,

Till God said, mocking: "Mock not.  
These be thine."

Then cried Evarra: "I have sinned!"—  
"Not so.

If thou hadst written otherwise, thy Gods  
Had rested in the mountain and the mine,  
And I were poorer by four wondrous  
Gods,

And thy more wondrous law, Evarra.  
Thine,

Servant of shouting crowds and lowing  
kine."

Thereat with laughing mouth, but tear-  
wet eyes,

Evarra cast his Gods from Paradise.

*This is the story of Evarra—man—  
Maker of Gods in lands beyond the sea.*



## THE VAMPIRE

*(As suggested by the Painting by Philip Burne-Jones.)*

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer  
    (Even as you and I!)  
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair  
(We called her the woman who did not care),  
But the fool he called her his lady fair  
    (Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste  
And the work of our head and hand  
Belong to the woman who did not know  
(And now we know that she never could  
    know)  
And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent  
    (Even as you and I!)  
Honor and faith and a sure intent  
(And it wasn't the least what the lady meant),  
But a fool must follow his natural bent  
    (Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost  
And the excellent things we planned  
Belong to the woman who didn't know why  
(And now we know she never knew why)  
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide

(Even as you and I!)

Which she might have seen when she threw  
him aside—

(But it isn't on record the lady tried)

So some of him lived but the most of him  
died—

(Even as you and I!)

And it isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white-hot brand.

It's coming to know that she never knew why  
(Seeing at last she could never know why)

And never could understand.

### OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS

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 the Lady of the Snows.

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 Gentile's clamor,

Insult or threat of blows,

Bow we the knee of Baal,

Said our Lady of the Snows.

My speech is clear and single,  
 I talk of common things,  
 Words of the wharf or market-place  
 And the ware the merchant brings.  
 Favor to those I favor,  
 But a stumbling-block for 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 South,  
 I have proved faith in the heritage  
 By more than a word of mouth.  
 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 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 abide in my mother's house,  
 Said our Lady of the Snows.

## RECESSIONAL

*(A Victorian Ode)*

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!

The tumult and the shouting dies—  
 The Captains and the Kings depart—  
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,  
 An humble and a contrite heart.  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away—  
 On dune and headland sinks the fire—  
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday  
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!  
 Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose  
 Wild tongues that have not thee in awe—  
 Such boasting as the Gentiles use,  
 Or lesser breeds without the Law—  
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,  
 Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust  
In reeking tube and iron shard—  
All valiant dust that builds on dust,  
And guarding calls not Thee to guard.  
For frantic boast and foolish word,  
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

*Amen.*











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