

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

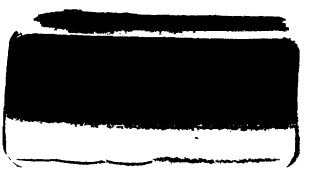
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

A 1,000,044

PROPERTY OF THE
University of Michigan Libraries
1817
ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS



KE7..
1892

125

The English Library

No. 128

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES

By RUDYARD KIPLING

IN ONE VOLUME

Copyright Edition

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY



CAUTION --- Please handle this
The paper is very b

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

LEIPZIG
HEINEMANN AND BALESTIER
(*Ltd. London*)
1892

828
K57ba
1892

Library of L B Evans
3-27-51

PREFACE

THE greater part of the 'Barrack-room Ballads,' as well as 'Cleared,' 'Evarra,' 'The Explanation,' 'The Conundrum,' 'Tomlinson,' and the 'English Flag' have appeared in the *National Observer*. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have kindly given me permission to reproduce four ballads contributed to their Magazine, and I am indebted to the *St. James's Gazette* for a like courtesy in regard to the ballads of the 'Clampherdown' and 'Bolivar,' and the 'Imperial Rescript.' 'The Rhyme of the Three Captains' was printed first in the *Athenæum*. I fancy that most of the other verses are new.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO

WOLCOTT BALESTIER

R. K.

Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled—
Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—
Live such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world.

They are purged of pride because they died, they know the worth of their bays,
They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine and the Gods of the Elder Days,
It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.

'Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's outposts are,
Or buffet a path through the Pit's red wrath when God goes out to war,
Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a red-maned star.

They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—they dare not grieve for her pain—
They know of toil and the end of toil, they know God's law is plain,
So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that Sin is vain.

And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen unafraid.

To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped to Fame,
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.

He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of Earth—
E'en as he trod that day to God so walked he from his birth,
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

So cup to lip in fellowship they gave him welcome high
And made him place at the banquet board—the Strong Men ranged thereby,
Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear to die.

Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness hurled,
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His world.

CONTENTS

PAGE

TO WOLCOTT BALESTIER

Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness hurled, ... viii

Barrack-room Ballads

TO T. A.

I have made for you a song, ... 2

DANNY DEEVER

'What are the bugles blowin' for?' said Files-on-Parade, ... 3

TOMMY

I went into a public-'ouse to get a pint o' beer, . . . 7

'FUZZY-WUZZY'

We 've fought with many men acrost the seas, . . . 12

SOLDIER, SOLDIER

'Soldier, soldier come from the wars,' 16

PAGE

SCREW-GUNS

Smokin' my pipe on the mountings, sniffin' the mornin' cool, ... 19

CELLS

'I've a head like a concertina: I've a tongue like a button-stick, ... 23

GUNGA DIN

You may talk o' gin and beer, ... 26

OONTS

Wot makes the soldier's 'eart to penk, wot makes 'im to perspire? 31

LOOT

If you've ever stole a pheasant-egg be'ind the keeper's back, ... 36

'SNARLEYOW'

This 'appened in a battle to a batt'ry of the corps, . . . 41

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'Ave you 'eard o' the Widow at Windsor, ... 45

BELTS

There was a row in Silver Street that's near to Dublin Quay, ... 48

THE YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIER

When the 'arf-made recruity goes out to the East, . 52

PAGE

MANDALAY
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea, ... 57

TROOPIN'
Troopin', troopin', troopin' to the sea, ... 62

THE WIDOW'S PARTY
'Where have you been this while away,' 65

FORD O' KABUL RIVER
Kabul town 's by Kabul river, ... 68

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS
To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned, ... 71

ROUTE MARCHIN'
We 're marchin' on relief over Injia's sunny plains, . 75

SHILLIN' A DAY
My name is O'Kelly, I 've heard the Revelly, . . 80

Other Verses

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST
Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, ... 85

PAGE

THE LAST SUTTEE
Udai Chand lay sick to death, ... 95

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S MERCY
Abdhur Rahman, the Durani Chief, of him is the story told, ... 102

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST
When spring-time flushes the desert grass, ... 110

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI
The wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the neck, ... 117

THE BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE
This is the ballad of Boh da Thone, ... 128

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF
O woe is me for the merry life, ... 145

THE RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS
. . . At the close of a winter day, ... 148

THE BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN'
It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown,' 158

THE BALLAD OF THE 'BOLIVAR'
Seven men from all the world back to Docks again, . 164

PAGE

THE SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai, ... 169

THE EXPLANATION

Love and Death once ceased their strife, . . . 182

THE GIFT OF THE SEA

The dead child lay in the shroud, ... 184

EVARRA AND HIS GODS

Read here: This is the story of Evarra—man—, . . 189

THE CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS

When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold, ... 194

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

This is the sorrowful story, ... 199

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro, ... 204

'CLEARED'

Help for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt, . 213

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed, ... 221

PAGE

TOMLINSON

Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in Berkeley Square, ... 226

L'ENVOI

There 's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield, ... 239

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

To T. A.

I HAVE made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell me if it 's true;
I have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Thomas, here 's my best respects to you!

Oh, there 'll surely come a day
When they 'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;
So, until that day comes round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Thomas, here 's my best respects to you!

R. K.

DANNY DEEVER

'WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?' said Files-on-Parade.

'To turn you out, to turn you out,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

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

'I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear 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 Colour-Sergeant said.

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

'A touch o' sun, a touch o' sun,' the Colour-Sergeant said.

They are hangin' Danny Deever, they are marchin' of 'im round,
They 'ave 'alted 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 Colour-Sergeant said.

'I 've drunk 'is beer a score o' times,' said Files-on-Parade.
'E 's drinkin' bitter beer alone,' the Colour-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 regiment'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 Colour-Sergeant said.
'What 's that that whimpers over'ead?' said Files-on-Parade.
'It 's Danny's soul that 's passin' now,' the Colour-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' giggled 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.

I went into a theatre as sober as could be,
They gave 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, the troopship's on the tide,
O it's 'Special train for Atkins' when the trooper's on the tide.

Yes, makin' mock o' uniforms that guard you while you sleep
Is cheaper than them uniforms, an' they're starvation cheap;

An' hustlin' drunken soldiers 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, the drums begin to roll,
O it's 'Thin red line of 'eroes' when the drums begin to roll.

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 conduck isn't all your fancy paints,
Why, single men in barricks 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,
there's trouble in the wind,
O it's 'Please to walk in front, sir,' when
there's trouble in the wind.

You talk o' better food for us, an' schools, an' fires,
an' all:
We'll wait for extry 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 Sua*kim*,
An' 'e played the cat an' banjo with our forces.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
You 're a pore benighted 'eathen but a first-class fightin' man;
We gives you your certificate, 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 give 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 broke 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,
An 'appy day with Fuzzy on the rush
Will last an 'ealthy Tommy for a year.

So 'ere's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, an' your friends which are 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 give a damn
For a Regiment o' British Infantree!

So 'ere 's *to* you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy, at your 'ome in the Soudan;
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 broke a British square!

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 seed '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 seed '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.'

'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 down an' die with my true love!'
'The pit we dug 'll 'ide 'im an' the 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.

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 of 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 sends 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 Naga an' Looshai, we've give
the Afreedeeman 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 . . .

If a man doesn't work, why, we drills 'im an'
teaches 'im 'ow to behave;
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 you 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!
Jest send in your Chief an' surrender—it 's
worse if you fights or you runs:
You may hide in the caves, they 'll be only
your graves, but you can't get away
from the guns!

CELLS

I'VE a head like a concertina: I've a tongue like a button-stick:
I've a mouth like an old potato, and I'm more than a little sick,
But I've had my fun o' the Corp'ral's Guard: I've made the cinders fly,
And I'm here in the Clink for a thundering drink and blacking the Corporal's eye.

With a second-hand overcoat under my head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,
O it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard!'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

I started o' canteen porter, I finished o' canteen beer,
But a dose o' gin that a mate slipped in, it was
that that brought me here.
'Twas that and an extry double Guard that rubbed
my nose in the dirt;
But I fell away with the Corp'ral's stock and the
best of the Corp'ral's shirt.

I left my cap in a public-house, my boots in the
public road,
And Lord knows where, and I don't care, my belt
and my tunic goed;
They 'll stop my pay, they 'll cut away the stripes
I used to wear,
But I left my mark on the Corp'ral's face, and I
think he 'll keep it there!

My wife she cries on the barrack-gate, my kid in
the barrack-yard,
It ain't that I mind the Ord'ly room—it 's *that* that
cuts so hard.

I'll take my oath before them both that I will sure
abstain,
But as soon as I'm in with a mate and gin, I know
I'll do it again!
With a second-hand overcoat under my
head,
And a beautiful view of the yard,
Yes, it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard!'
Mad drunk and resisting the Guard—
'Strewth, but I socked it them hard!
So it's pack-drill for me and a fortnight's C.B.
For 'drunk and resisting the Guard.'

GUNGA DIN

YOU may talk o' gin and beer
When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot it;
But when it comes to slaughter
You will do your work on water,
An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that 's got it.
Now in Injia's sunny clime,
Where I used to spend my time
A-servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
Of all them blackfaced crew
The finest man I knew
Was our regimental bhisti, Gunga Din,
He was 'Din! Din! Din!
'You limpin' lump o' brick-dust, Gunga Din!
'Hi! slippery *hitherao*!
'Water, get it! *Panee lao*![1]
'You squidgy-nosed old idol, Gunga Din.'

[1] Bring water swiftly.

The uniform 'e wore
Was nothin' much before,
An' rather less than 'arf o' that be'ind,
For a piece o' twisty rag
An' a goatskin water-bag
Was all the field-equipment 'e could find.
When the sweatin' troop-train lay
In a sidin' through the day,
Where the 'eat would make your bloomin' eyebrows crawl,
We shouted 'Harry By!'[1]
Till our throats were bricky-dry,
Then we wopped 'im 'cause 'e could'nt serve us all.
It was 'Din! Din! Din!

'You 'eathen, where the mischief 'ave you been?
'You put some *juldee*[2] in it
'Or I'll *marrow*[3] you this minute
'If you don't fill up my helmet, Gunga Din!'

[1] Mr. Atkins's equivalent for 'O brother.'
[2] Be quick. [3] Hit you.

'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[1] on 'is back,
'E would skip with our attack,
An' watch us till the bugles made 'Retire,'
An' for all 'is dirty 'ide
'E was white, clear white, inside
When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!
It was 'Din! Din! Din!'
With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on the green.
When the cartridges ran out,
You could hear the front-files shout,
'Hi! ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!'

[1] Water-skin.

I sha'n't forgit the night
When I dropped be'ind the fight
With a bullet where my belt-plate should 'a' been.
I was chokin' mad with thirst,
An' the man that spied me first
Was our good old grinnin', gruntin' Gunga Din.
'E lifted up my 'ead,
An' he plugged me where I bled,
An' 'e guv me 'arf-a-pint o' water-green:
It was crawlin' and it stunk,
But of all the drinks I've drunk,
I'm gratefullest to one from Gunga Din.

It was 'Din! Din! Din!

'''Ere 's a beggar with a bullet through 'is spleen;
''E 's chawin' up the ground,
'An' 'e 's kickin' all around:
'For Gawd's sake git the water, Gunga Din!'

'E carried me away
To where a dooli lay,
An' a bullet came an' drilled the beggar clean.
'E put me safe inside,
An' just before 'e died,
'I 'ope you liked your drink,' sez Gunga Din.
So I 'll meet 'im later on
At the place where 'e is gone—
Where it 's always double drill and no canteen;
'E 'll be squattin' on the coals
Givin' drink to poor damned souls,
An' I 'll get a swig in hell from Gunga Din!
Yes, Din! Din! Din!
You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
Though I 've belted you and flayed you,
By the livin' Gawd that made you,
You 're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

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 nor lyin' down to fire;
But it's everlastin' waitin' on a everlastin' road
For the commissariat camel an' 'is commissariat
load.

O the oont,[1] O the oont, O the commissariat
oont!
With 'is silly neck a-bobbin' like a basket
full o' snakes;
We packs 'im like an idol, an' you ought
to 'ear 'im grunt,
An' when we gets 'im loaded up 'is blessed
girth-rope breaks.

[1] Camel:—*oo* is pronounced like *u* in 'bull,' but by Mr. Atkins to rhyme with 'front.'

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' being rushed by Paythans
from the 'ills,
It's the commissariat camel puttin' on 'is bloomin'
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 battery-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 lumpy-'umpy 'ummin'-bird a-singin'
where 'e lies,
'E 's blocked the whole division from the
rear-guard to the front,
An' when we get him up again—the
beggar goes an' dies!

'E 'll gall an' chafe an' lame an' fight—'e smells
most awful vile;
'E 'll lose 'isself for ever 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 floppin', droppin' oont!
When 'is long legs give from under an' 'is meltin' eye is dim,
The tribes is up be'ind us, and the tribes is out in front—
It ain't no jam for Tommy, but it 's kites an' 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,
Ho! then we strips 'is saddle off, and all 'is woes is past:
'E thinks on us that used 'im so, and gets revenge at last.

O the oont, O the oont, O the floatin', bloatin' oont!
The late lamented camel in the water-cut 'e lies;

We keeps a mile be'ind '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' from such we are debarred,
For the same with English 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!
(*ff*) 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 'im 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, . . .

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 bay-
nick down the chink,
An' you 're sure to touch the—
(*Chorus*) Loo! loo! Lulu! Loot! loot! loot!
Ow the loot! . . .

When from 'ouse to 'ouse you 're 'unting, you must
always work in pairs—
It 'alves the gain, but safer you will find—
For a single man gets 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! . . .

You can mostly square a Sergint an' a Quarter-
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 knew—
An' don't you never say I told you so.

An' now I 'll bid good-bye, 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
(*fff*) Whoop 'em forward with a 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 remember 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' roundshot give the knock to *Snarleyow.*

They cut 'im loose an' left 'im—'e was almost tore in two—
But he 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 between 'is 'eels!'

The Driver 'umped 'is shoulder, for the wheels was goin' round,
An' there ain'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 an' between the sections fell;
An' when the smoke 'ad cleared away, before the limber wheels,
There lay the Driver's Brother with 'is 'ead between 'is 'eels.

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 mortial, 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 head
'Twas juicier for the niggers when the case begun
to spread.

The moril of this story, it is plainly to be seen:
You 'avn't got no families when servin' of the
Queen—
You 'avn'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!

THE WIDOW AT WINDSOR

'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 o' the Widow,
Hands off o' the goods in 'er shop,
For the Kings must come down an' the Emperors 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 form with the guns.
(Poor beggars!—it's always they 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!)

BELTS

THERE was a row in Silver Street that's near to
Dublin Quay,
Between an Irish regiment an' English cavalree;
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 down to the Park!

There was a row in Silver Street—the regiments
was out,
They called us 'Delhi Rebels,' an' we answered
'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 subsequint the
storm
A *Freeman's Journal Supplemint* 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
didn't care;

But when they grew impertinint we simultaneous rose,
Till half o' them was Liffey mud an' half was tatthered 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 put down the shine,
Wid each man whisperin' 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 tell 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 punishments to get;
'Tis all a merricle 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!

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 deceased
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 *of* 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 . . .

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 gets in as the liquor dies out,
An' it crumples the young British soldier.
Crum-, crum-, crumples the soldier . . .

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 unkind,
Don't grouse like a woman nor crack on nor blind;
Be handy and civil, and then you will find
That it 's beer for the young British soldier.
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 rations is cold,
Nor love ain't enough for a soldier.
'Nough, 'nough, 'nough for a soldier . . .

If the wife should go wrong with a comrade, be loth
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 shut 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 nor take 'eed at the man that is struck,
Be thankful you're livin', and trust to your luck
And march to your front like a soldier.
Front, front, front like a soldier . . .

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 an' 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,
And wait for supports like a soldier.
Wait, wait, wait like a soldier . . .

When you 're wounded and left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out to cut up what remains,
Jest roll to your rifle and blow out your brains
An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
Go, go, go like a soldier,
So-oldier *of* the Queen!

MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and 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?
On the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

'Er petticoat 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 first 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 '*Kulla-lo-lo!*'

With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin my cheek
We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.

Elephints a-pilin' teak
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!
On the road to Mandalay . . .

But that 's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;
An' I 'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:
'If you 've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught 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 gritty pavin'-
stones,
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever
in my bones;
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea
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;
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that
I would be—
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking 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!
O the road to Mandalay,
Where the flyin'-fishes play,
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer
China 'crost the Bay!

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 takes 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-Ann,
For I 'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit
As a time-expired man.

The Malabar 's in 'arbour with the Jumner at 'er tail,
An' the time-expired 's waitin' of 'is orders for to sail.
Ho! 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 English 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-Ann,
For I 'll marry you yit on a fourp'ny bit,
As a time-expired man.

THE WIDOW'S PARTY

'WHERE have you been this while away,
'Johnnie, Johnnie?'
Out with the rest on a picnic lay,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
They called us out of the barrack-yard
To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,
And you can't refuse when you get the card,
And the Widow gives the party
(*Bugle:* Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara!)

'What did you get to eat and drink,
'Johnnie, Johnnie?'
Standing water as thick as ink,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
A bit o' beef that were three year stored,
A bit o' mutton as tough as a board,
And a fowl we killed with a sergeant's sword,
When the Widow give the party.

'What did you do for knives and forks,
'Johnnie, Johnnie?'
We carries 'em with us wherever we walks,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
And some was sliced and some was halved,
And some was crimped and some was carved,
And some was gutted and some was starved,
When the Widow give the party.

'What ha' you done with half your mess,
'Johnnie, Johnnie?'
They couldn't do more and they wouldn't do less,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
They ate their whack and they drank their fill,
And I think the rations has made them ill,
For half my comp'ny's lying still
Where the Widow give the party.

'How did you get away—away,
'Johnnie, Johnnie?'

On the broad o' my back at the end o' the day,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
I comed away like a bleedin' toff,
For I got four niggers to carry me off,
As I lay in the bight of a canvas trough,
When the Widow give the party.

'What was the end of all the show,
'Johnnie, Johnnie?'
Ask my Colonel, for I don't know,
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!
We broke a King and we built a road—
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed.
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed
When the Widow give the party.
(*Bugle:* Ta—rara—ra-ra-rara!)

FORD O' KABUL RIVER

KABUL town 's by Kabul river—
  Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
There I lef' my mate for ever,
  Wet an' drippin' by the ford.
    Ford, ford, ford o' Kabul river,
      Ford o' Kabul river in the dark!
    There 's the river up and 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 crossing-stakes beside you, an' they
        will surely guide you
      'Cross the ford o' Kabul river in the dark.

Kabul town is sun and dust—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword—
I 'd ha' sooner drownded 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 threshin', 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 him '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' drownded 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.

GENTLEMEN-RANKERS

To the legion of the lost ones, to the cohort of the damned
To my brethren in their sorrow overseas,
Sings a gentleman of England cleanly bred, machinely crammed,
And a trooper of the Empress, if you please.
Yea, a trooper of the forces who has run his own six horses,
And faith he went the pace and went it blind,
And the world was more than kin while he held the ready tin,
But to-day the Sergeant's something less than kind.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!

Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

Oh, it's sweet to sweat through stables, sweet to empty kitchen slops,
And it's sweet to hear the tales the troopers tell,
To dance with blowzy housemaids at the regimental hops
And thrash the cad who says you waltz too well.
Yes, it makes you cock-a-hoop to be 'Rider' to your troop,
And branded with a blasted worsted spur,
When you envy, O how keenly, one poor Tommy being cleanly
Who blacks your boots and sometimes calls you 'Sir.'

If the home we never write to, and the oaths we never keep,
And all we know most distant and most dear,
Across the snoring barrack-room return to break our sleep,
Can you blame us if we soak ourselves in beer?
When the drunken comrade mutters and the great guard-lantern gutters
And the horror of our fall is written plain,
Every secret, self-revealing on the aching white-washed ceiling,
Do you wonder that we drug ourselves from pain?

We have done with Hope and Honour, we are lost to Love and Truth,
We are dropping down the ladder rung by rung,
And the measure of our torment is the measure of our youth.
God help us, for we knew the worst too young!

Our shame is clean repentance for the crime that brought the sentence,
Our pride it is to know no spur of pride,
And the Curse of Reuben holds us till an alien turf enfolds us
And we die, and none can tell Them where we died.

We're poor little lambs who've lost our way,
Baa! Baa! Baa!
We're little black sheep who've gone astray,
Baa—aa—aa!
Gentlemen-rankers out on the spree,
Damned from here to Eternity,
God ha' mercy on such as we,
Baa! Yah! Bah!

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
And the road a-sliding past,
An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly like the last;
While the Big Drum says,
With 'is '*rowdy-dowdy-dow!*'—
'*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy jow?*'[1]

[1] Why don't you get on?

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, . . .

At half-past five's Revelly, an' our tents they down must come,
Like a lot of 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 and the kiddies sit an' shiver in the carts.
An' it 's best foot first, . . .

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 hear us sling
the *bat*.[1]
An' it's best foot first, . . .

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, . . .

[1] Language. 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.

So 'ark an' 'eed, you rookies, which is always grumblin' sore,
There's worser things than marchin' from Umballa to Cawnpore;
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, . . .

We're marchin' on relief over Injia's coral strand,
Eight 'undred fightin' Englishmen, the Colonel, 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
And the road a-sliding past,

An' every bloomin' campin'-ground exactly
like the last;
While the Big Drum says,
With 'is '*rowdy-dowy-dow!*'—
'*Kiko kissywarsti* don't you *hamsher argy*
jow?'

SHILLIN' A DAY

My name is O'Kelly, I 've heard the Revelly
From Birr to Bareilly, from Leeds to Lahore,
Hong-Kong and Peshawur,
Lucknow and Etawah,
And fifty-five more all endin' in 'pore.'
Black Death and his quickness, the depth and
the thickness,
Of sorrow and sickness I 've known on my way,
But I 'm old and I 'm nervis,
I 'm cast from the Service,
And all I deserve is a shillin' a day.

(*Chorus*) Shillin' a day,
Bloomin' good pay—
Lucky to touch it, a shillin' a day!

Oh, it drives me half crazy to think of the days I
Went slap for the Ghazi, my sword at my side,

When we rode Hell-for-leather
Both squadrons together,
That didn't care whether we lived or we died.
But it 's no use despairin', my wife must go charin'
An' me commissairin' the pay-bills to better,
So if me you be'old
In the wet and the cold,
By the Grand Metropold won't you give me a letter?

(*Full chorus*) Give 'im a letter—
Can't do no better,
Late Troop-Sergeant Major an'—
runs with a letter!
Think what 'e 's been,
Think what 'e 's seen,
Think of his pension an'——

GAWD SAVE THE QUEEN!

OTHER VERSES

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 between 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 favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.

'But if he be past 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.

'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 favour of mine,' quoth he, 'ye rode so long alive:
'There was not a rock for 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 feasting 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 grey 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:

'Take up the mare for 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 turquoise-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 hath 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 it 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 Kamal'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 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!

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 favourite 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 sabre 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 scars:
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 dovecot 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 grey apes swing, and the peacocks preen
On fretted pillar and jewelled 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 Bikaneer,
'King of the Jungle,—go!'

All night the red flame 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 grey,
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, 'Ay.'

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 grovelled under-hoof and clamoured
for his life.

Then said the King: 'Have hope, O friend!
Yea, Death disgraced is hard;
'Much honour shall be thine;' and called the
Captain of the Guard,
Yar Khan, a bastard of the Blood, so city-babble
saith,
And he was honoured 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 yelping 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.'

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 clamour 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 honour 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 spake: '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 labouring limbs displaced they
tumbled back again.

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 shrivelled 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 therefor!'

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

THE BALLAD OF THE KING'S JEST

WHEN spring-time 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 tent-peg 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 ;

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 savour 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 grey-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 grey.
'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 unstanched speech.
'Therewith madness—so that he sought
'The favour of kings at the Kabul court;
'And travelled, in hope of honour, far
'To the line where the grey-coat squadrons are.
'There have I journeyed too—but I
'Saw naught, said naught, and—did not die!
'He hearked to rumour, and snatched at a breath
'Of "this one knoweth" and "that one saith,"—
'Legends that ran from mouth to mouth
'Of a grey-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 clamour 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 grey-coat coming who can say?
'When the night is gathering all is grey.
'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!'

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

More than a hundred years ago, in a great battle fought near Delhi, an Indian Prince rode fifty miles after the day was lost with a beggar-girl, who had loved him and followed him in all his camps, on his saddle-bow. He lost the girl when almost within sight of safety. A Maratta trooper tells the story:—

THE wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the neck,
Our hands and scarves were saffron-dyed for signal of despair,
When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the *Mlech*,—
Ere we came back from Paniput and left a kingdom there.

Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the Jumna fords—
The hawk-winged horse of Damajee, mailed squadrons of the Bhao,

Stark levies of the southern hills, the Deccan's
sharpest swords,
And he the harlot's traitor son the goatherd
Mulhar Rao!

Thrice thirty thousand men were we before the
mists had cleared,
The low white mists of morning heard the war-
conch scream and bray;
We called upon Bhowani and we gripped them
by the beard,
We rolled upon them like a flood and washed
their ranks away.

The children of the hills of Khost before our
lances ran,
We drove the black Rohillas back as cattle to
the pen;

'Twas then we needed Mulhar Rao to end what we began,
A thousand men had saved the charge; he fled the field with ten!

There was no room to clear a sword—no power to strike a blow,
For foot to foot, ay, breast to breast, the battle held us fast—
Save where the naked hill-men ran, and stabbing from below
Brought down the horse and rider and we trampled them and passed.

To left the roar of musketry rang like a falling flood—
To right the sunshine rippled red from redder lance and blade—

Above the dark *Upsaras*[1] flew, beneath us plashed the blood,
And, bellying black against the dust, the Bhagwa Jhanda swayed.

I saw it fall in smoke and fire, the banner of the Bhao;
I heard a voice across the press of one who called in vain:—
'Ho! Anand Rao Nimbalkhur, ride! Get aid of Mulhar Rao!
'Go shame his squadrons into fight—the Bhao —the Bhao is slain!'

Thereat, as when a sand-bar breaks in clotted spume and spray—
When rain of later autumn sweeps the Jumna water-head,

[1] The Choosers of the Slain.

Before their charge from flank to flank our riven
ranks gave way;
But of the waters of that flood the Jumna fords
ran red.

I held by Scindia, my lord, as close as man might
hold;
A Soobah of the Deccan asks no aid to guard
his life;
But Holkar's Horse were flying, and our chiefest
chiefs were cold,
And like a flame among us leapt the long lean
Northern knife.

I held by Scindia—my lance from butt to tuft
was dyed,
The froth of battle bossed the shield and roped
the bridle-chain—

What time beneath our horses' feet a maiden rose
and cried,
And clung to Scindia, and I turned a sword-
cut from the twain.

(He set a spell upon the maid in woodlands
long ago,
A hunter by the Tapti banks she gave him
water there:
He turned her heart to water, and she followed to
her woe.
What need had he of Lalun who had twenty
maids as fair?)

Now in that hour strength left my lord; he
wrenched his mare aside;
He bound the girl behind him and we slashed
and struggled free.

Across the reeling wreck of strife we rode as
shadows ride
From Paniput to Delhi town, but not alone
were we.

'Twas Lutuf-Ullah Populzai laid horse upon our
track,
A swine-fed reiver of the North that lusted for
the maid;
I might have barred his path awhile, but Scindia
called me back,
And I—O woe for Scindia!—I listened and
obeyed.

League after league the formless scrub took shape
and glided by—
League after league the white road swirled
behind the white mare's feet—

League after league, when leagues were done, we heard the Populzai,
Where sure as Time and swift as Death the tireless footfall beat.

Noon's eye beheld that shame of flight, the shadows fell, we fled
Where steadfast as the wheeling kite he followed in our train;
The black wolf warred where we had warred, the jackal mocked our dead,
And terror born of twilight-tide made mad the labouring brain.

I gasped:—'A kingdom waits my lord; her love is but her own.
'A day shall mar, a day shall cure for her, but what for thee?

'Cut loose the girl: he follows fast. Cut loose
and ride alone!'
Then Scindia 'twixt his blistered lips:—'My
Queens' Queen shall she be!

Of all who ate my bread last night 'twas she
alone that came
'To seek her love between the spears and find
her crown therein!
'One shame is mine to-day, what need the weight
of double shame?
'If once we reach the Delhi gate, though all be
lost, I win!'

We rode—the white mare failed—her trot a
staggering stumble grew,—
The cooking-smoke of even rose and weltered
and hung low;

And still we heard the Populzai and still we strained anew,
And Delhi town was very near, but nearer was the foe.

Yea, Delhi town was very near when Lalun whispered:—'Slay!
'Lord of my life, the mare sinks fast—stab deep and let me die!'
But Scindia would not, and the maid tore free and flung away,
And turning as she fell we heard the clattering Populzai.

Then Scindia checked the gasping mare that rocked and groaned for breath,
And wheeled to charge and plunged the knife a handsbreadth in her side—

The hunter and the hunted know how that last
pause is death—
The blood had chilled about her heart, she
reared and fell and died.

Our Gods were kind. Before he heard the
maiden's piteous scream
A log upon the Delhi road, beneath the mare
he lay—
Lost mistress and lost battle passed before him
like a dream ;
The darkness closed about his eyes—I bore my
King away.

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 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 ladies 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 Command,
For the Pride of their Race and the Peace of the Land.

Now, first of the foeman 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 worshipped with fluency, fervour, and zeal
The mud on the boot-heels of 'Crook' O'Neil.

But ever a blight on their labours 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 clearing—
The glimpse of a loin-cloth and heavy jade earring—

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 ulnar-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.

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 mould,
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,

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 woe,
The 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 *pet.*

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 labouring 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 grey 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 waxcloth, 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.

'Dear Sir,—I have honour 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 Honour can pass. Price of Blood
'Much cheap at one hundred, and children want
food;

'So trusting Your Honour will somewhat retain
'True love and affection for Govt. Bullock 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 napkins' 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 Kuttamow flood.

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 Tsaleer.

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 un-
fearing,
And muttered aloud, 'So you kept that jade ear-
ring!'

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 Pas-
sion:—
'He took what I said in this horrible fashion,

'*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 dis-
placed,
This: *Gules* upon *argent*, a Boh's Head, *erased!*

THE LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF

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

They have taken away my long jezail,
My shield and sabre 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 woe to bend the stubborn back
Above the grinching quern,
It 's woe 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 lowe
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 Solway 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 the great grey 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?

'My foremast would not mend his boom, my deck-house patch his boats;

'He has whittled the two, this Yank Yahoo, to peddle for shoe-peg 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 tasselled 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 hold,

And the Captains Three called courteously from deck to scuttle-butt:—

'Good Sir, we ha' dealt with that merchantman 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 Yankee brig 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.

'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 chaw, 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 signalled 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 honour warm.'
The halliards twanged against the tops, the bunt-
ing 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 weft 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 'CLAMPHERDOWN'

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 stanchions 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 the 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 armour-belt;
But fifty feet at stern and bow
Lay bare as the paunch of the purser's sow,
To the hail of the Nordenfeldt.

'Captain, they hack 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 cried, 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 adeck, half the rails below,

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 bulkhead 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!

O 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 between;
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 greyback 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, pully-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 SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.

The story of Bisesa, Armod's child,—
A maiden plighted to the Chief in War,
The Man of Sixty Spears, who held the Pass
That leads to Thibet, but to-day is gone
To seek his comfort of the God called Budh
The Silent—showing how the Sickness ceased
Because of her who died to save the tribe.

Taman is One and greater than us all,
Taman is One and greater than all Gods:
Taman is Two in One and rides the sky,

Curved like a stallion's croup, from dusk to dawn,
And drums upon it with his heels, whereby
Is bred the neighing thunder in the hills.

This is Taman, the God of all Er-Heb,
Who was before all Gods, and made all Gods,
And presently will break the Gods he made,
And step upon the Earth to govern men
Who give him milk-dry ewes and cheat his Priests,
Or leave his shrine unlighted—as Er-Heb
Left it unlighted and forgot Taman,
When all the Valley followed after Kysh
And Yabosh, little Gods but very wise,
And from the sky Taman beheld their sin.

He sent the Sickness out upon the hills
The Red Horse Sickness with the iron hooves,
To turn the Valley to Taman again.

And the Red Horse snuffed thrice into the wind,
The naked wind that had no fear of him;

And the Red Horse stamped thrice upon the snow,
The naked snow that had no fear of him ;
And the Red Horse went out across the rocks,
The ringing rocks that had no fear of him ;
And downward, where the lean birch meets the snow,
And downward, where the grey pine meets the birch,
And downward, where the dwarf oak meets the pine,
Till at his feet our cup-like pastures lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon a dead man's face,
And weltered in the valley, bluish-white
Like water very silent—spread abroad,
Like water very silent, from the Shrine
Unlighted of Taman to where the stream
Is dammed to fill our cattle-troughs—sent up
White waves that rocked and heaved and then were still,

Till all the Valley glittered like a marsh,
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist
Knee-deep, so that men waded as they walked.

That night, the Red Horse grazed above the Dam,
Beyond the cattle-troughs. Men heard him feed,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Thus came the sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
Ten men, strong men, and of the women four;
And the Red Horse went hillward with the dawn,
But near the cattle-troughs his hoof-prints lay.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, but rose
A little higher, to a young girl's height;
Till all the valley glittered like a lake,
Beneath the moonlight, filled with sluggish mist.

That night, the Red Horse grazed beyond the Dam
A stone's-throw from the troughs. Men heard him feed,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.
Thus came the sickness to Er-Heb, and slew
Of men a score, and of the women eight,
And of the children two.

Because the road
To Gorukh was a road of enemies,
And Ao-Safai was blocked with early snow,
We could not flee from out the Valley. Death
Smote at us in a slaughter-pen, and Kysh
Was mute as Yabosh, though the goats were slain;
And the Red Horse grazed nightly by the stream,
And later, outward, towards the Unlighted Shrine,
And those that heard him sickened where they lay.

Then said Bisesa to the Priests at dusk,
When the white mist rose up breast-high, and choked
The voices in the houses of the dead :—
'Yabosh and Kysh avail not. If the Horse
'Reach the Unlighted Shrine we surely die.
'Ye have forgotten of all Gods the Chief,
'Taman!' Here rolled the thunder through the Hill.
And Yabosh shook upon his pedestal.
'Ye have forgotten of all Gods the chief
'Too long.' And all were dumb save one, who cried
On Yabosh with the Sapphire 'twixt His knees,
But found no answer in the smoky roof,
And, being smitten of the sickness, died
Before the altar of the Sapphire Shrine.

Then said Bisesa :—'I am near to Death,
'And have the Wisdom of the Grave for gift

'To bear me on the path my feet must tread.
'If there be wealth on earth, then I am rich,
'For Armod is the first of all Er-Heb;
'If there be beauty on the earth,'—her eyes
Dropped for a moment to the temple floor,—
'Ye know that I am fair. If there be Love,
'Ye know that love is mine.' The Chief in War.

The man of Sixty Spears, broke from the press,
And would have clasped her, but the Priests withstood,
Saying:—'She has a message from Taman.'
Then said Bisesa:—'By my wealth and love
'And beauty, I am chosen of the God
'Taman.' Here rolled the thunder through the Hills
And Kysh fell forward on the Mound of Skulls.

In darkness, and before our Priests, the maid
Between the altars cast her bracelets down,
Therewith the heavy earrings Armod made,

When he was young, out of the water-gold
Of Gorukh—threw the breast-plate thick with jade
Upon the turquoise anklets—put aside
The bands of silver on her brow and neck;
And as the trinkets tinkled on the stones,
The thunder of Taman lowed like a bull.

Then said Bisesa, stretching out her hands,
As one in darkness fearing Devils:—'Help!
'O Priests, I am a woman very weak,
'And who am I to know the will of Gods?
'Taman hath called me—whither shall I go?'
The Chief in War, the Man of Sixty Spears,
Howled in his torment, fettered by the Priests,
But dared not come to her to drag her forth,
And dared not lift his spear against the Priests.
Then all men wept.

There was a Priest of Kysh
Bent with a hundred winters, hairless, blind,
And taloned as the great Snow-Eagle is.

His seat was nearest to the altar-fires,
And he was counted dumb among the Priests.
But, whether Kysh decreed, or from Taman
The impotent tongue found utterance we know
As little as the bats beneath the eaves.
He cried so that they heard who stood without:—
'To the Unlighted Shrine!' and crept aside
Into the shadow of his fallen God
And whimpered, and Bisesa went her way.

That night, the slow mists of the evening dropped,
Dropped as a cloth upon the dead, and rose
Above the roofs, and by the Unlighted Shrine
Lay as the slimy water of the troughs
When murrain thins the cattle of Er-Heb:
And through the mist men heard the Red Horse
feed.

In Armod's house they burned Bisesa's dower,
And killed her black bull Tor, and broke her
wheel,

And loosed her hair, as for the marriage-feast,
With cries more loud than mourning for the dead

Across the fields, from Armod's dwelling-place,
We heard Bisesa weeping where she passed
To seek the Unlighted Shrine; the Red Horse neighed
And followed her, and on the river-mint
His hooves struck dead and heavy in our ears.

Out of the mists of evening, as the star
Of Ao-Safai climbs through the black snow-blur
To show the Pass is clear, Bisesa stepped
Upon the great grey slope of mortised stone,
The Causeway of Taman. The Red Horse neighed
Behind her to the Unlighted Shrine—then fled
North to the Mountain where his stable lies.
They know who dared the anger of Taman,
And watched that night above the clinging mists,
Far up the hill, Bisesa's passing in.

She set her hand upon the carven door,
Fouled by a myriad bats, and black with time,
Whereon is graved the Glory of Taman
In letters older than the Ao-Safai;
And twice she turned aside and twice she wept,
Cast down upon the threshold, clamouring
For him she loved—the Man of Sixty Spears,
And for her father,—and the black bull Tor,
Hers and her pride. Yea, twice she turned away
Before the awful darkness of the door,
And the great horror of the Wall of Man
Where Man is made the plaything of Taman,
An Eyeless Face that waits above and laughs.

But the third time she cried and put her palms
Against the hewn stone leaves, and prayed Taman
To spare Er-Heb and take her life for price.

They know who watched, the doors were rent apart
And closed upon Bisesa, and the rain

Broke like a flood across the Valley, washed
The mist away; but louder than the rain
The thunder of Taman filled men with fear.

Some say that from the Unlighted Shrine she cried
For succour, very pitifully, thrice,
And others that she sang and had no fear.
And some that there was neither song nor cry,
But only thunder and the lashing rain.

Howbeit, in the morning men rose up,
Perplexed with horror, crowding to the Shrine,
And when Er-Heb was gathered at the doors
The Priests made lamentation and passed in
To a strange Temple and a God they feared
But knew not.

From the crevices the grass
Had thrust the altar-slabs apart, the walls
Were gray with stains unclean, the roof-beams
swelled

With many-coloured growth of rottenness,
And lichen veiled the Image of Taman
In leprosy. The Basin of the Blood
Above the altar held the morning sun:
A winking ruby on its heart: below,
Face hid in hands, the maid Bisesa lay.

Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai
Bears witness to the truth, and Ao-Safai
Hath told the men of Gorukh. Thence the tale
Comes westward o'er the peaks to India.

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 armoury 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 mother 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?'

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?'

'O feet I have held in my hand,
'O 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 grey gull follows the plough.
''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 put 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,
She 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 worshipped 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 the 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 hewed the living rock, with sweat and tears,

And reared a God against the morning-gold,

A terror in the sunshine, seen afar,

And worshipped 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 eyes, 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 one 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 labour. Out of dung and horns
Dropped in the mire he made a monstrous God,
Abhorrent, shapeless, crowned with plantain tufts
And when the cattle lowed at twilight-time,
He dreamed it was the clamour 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 marvelled, 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 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 mould;
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 at 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 anp
the South, they talked and they fought in
the West,
Till the waters rose on the pitiful land, and the
poor Red Clay had rest—

Had rest till the dank black-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 as old as the Eden Tree—and 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 yelk of an addled egg,

We know that the tail must wag the dog, for 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-rooms green and gold,
The sons of Adam sit them down and scratch with their pens in the mould—
They scratch with their pens in the mould of their graves, and the ink and the anguish start,
For 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 read on the turf as she left it long ago,

And if we could come when the sentry slept and
softly scurry through,
By the favour of God we might know as much—
as our father Adam knew.

THE LEGEND OF EVIL

I

THIS is the sorrowful story
Told when the twilight fails
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails:—

'Our fathers lived in the forest,
'Foolish people were they,
'They went down to the cornland
'To teach the farmers to play.

'Our fathers frisked in the millet,
'Our fathers skipped in the wheat,
'Our fathers hung from the branches,
'Our fathers danced in the street.

'Then came the terrible farmers,
'Nothing of play they knew,
'Only . . . they caught our fathers
'And set them to labour too!

'Set them to work in the cornland
'With ploughs and sickles and flails,
'Put them in mud-walled prisons
'And—cut off their beautiful tails!

'Now, we can watch our fathers,
'Sullen and bowed and old,
'Stooping over the millet,
'Sharing the silly mould,

'Driving a foolish furrow,
'Mending a muddy yoke,
'Sleeping in mud-walled prisons,
'Steeping their food in smoke.

'We may not speak to our fathers,
'For if the farmers knew
'They would come up to the forest
'And set us to labour too.'

This is the horrible story
Told as the twilight fails
And the monkeys walk together
Holding each other's tails.

II

'TWAS when the rain fell steady an' the Ark was pitched an' ready,
That Noah got his orders for to take the bastes below;
He dragged them all together by the horn an' hide an' feather,
An' all excipt the Donkey was agreeable to go.

Thin Noah spoke him fairly, thin talked to him severely,
An' thin he cursed him squarely to the glory av the Lord:—
'Divil take the ass that bred you, and the greater ass that fed you—
Divil go wid you, ye spalpeen!' an' the Donkey went aboard.

But the wind was always failin', an' 'twas most onaisy sailin',
An' the ladies in the cabin couldn't stand the stable air;
An' the bastes betwuxt the hatches, they tuk an' died in batches,
Till Noah said:—'There's wan av us that hasn't paid his fare!'

For he heard a flusteration wid the bastes av all creation—
The trumpetin' av elephints an' bellowin' av whales;

An' he saw forninst the windy whin he wint to stop the shindy
The Divil wid a stable-fork bedivillin' their tails.

The Divil cursed outrageous, but Noah said umbrageous :—
'To what am I indebted for this tenant-right invasion?'
An' the Divil gave for answer :—'Evict me if you can, sir,
'For I came in wid the Donkey—on Your Honour's invitation.'

THE ENGLISH FLAG

Above the portico a flag-staff, 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 vapour 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 coward'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 van-guards go;
'I chase your lazy whalers home from the Disko
floe;
'By the great North Lights above me I work the
will of God,
'And 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 long,
'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—ribboned and rolled and torn;

'I have spread its folds 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 English 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 frighted 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 shrieking 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!'

'CLEARED'

(IN MEMORY OF A COMMISSION)

HELP for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt,
Help for an honourable clan sore trampled in the dirt!
From Queenstown Bay to Donegal, O listen to my song,
The honourable gentlemen have suffered grievous 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 beneath
the surgeon's knife,
The honourable gentlemen 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 honourable gentlemen are cleared—and this
is how:—

They only paid the Moonlighter his cattle-hocking
price,
They only helped the murderer with counsel's best
advice,

But—sure it keeps their honour white—the learned
Court believes
They never give 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 madden
at a 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,' honourable gentlemen! Be thankful 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, you 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 behind the old bell-wether;
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 hanging
fear of harm?

The secret half a county keeps, the whisper in the
lane,
The shriek that tells the shot went home behind
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 accounts—go, guard our honour 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 learned Court perpends:—
We are not ruled by murderers, but only—by their friends.

AN IMPERIAL RESCRIPT

Now this is the tale of the Council the German
Kaiser decreed,
To ease the strong of their burden, to help the
weak in their need,
He sent a word to the peoples, 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 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!'

A 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 collars 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 hammer and chisel and pen,

'We will work for ourself and a woman, for ever and ever, amen.'

Now this is the tale of the Council the German 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.

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 neighbour-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:—

'O 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!

'O none may reach by hired speech of neighbour, priest, and kin,

'Through borrowed deed to God's good meed that lies so fair 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 hearth-stone.
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.

'O 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 yammered, 'Let me in—

'For I mind that I borrowed my neighbour'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.

'Honour 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!'

L'ENVOI

THERE'S a whisper down the field where the year
has shot her yield,
And the ricks stand grey to the sun,
Singing:—'Over then, come over, for the bee has
quit the clover,
'And your English summer's done.'
You have heard the beat of the off-shore
wind,
And the thresh of the deep-sea rain;
You have heard the song—how long! how
long?
Pull out on the trail again!

Ha' done with the Tents of Shem, dear lass,
We've seen the seasons through,

And it's time to turn on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
Pull out, pull out, on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

It's North you may run to the rime-ringed sun
Or South to the blind Horn's hate;
Or East all the way into Mississippi Bay,
Or West to the Golden Gate;
Where the blindest bluffs hold good, dear
lass,
And the wildest tales are true,
And the men bulk big on the old trail, our
own trail, the out trail,
And life runs large on the Long Trail—the
trail that is always new.

The days are sick and cold, and the skies are grey
and old,
And the twice-breathed airs blow damp;

And I'd sell my tired soul for the bucking beam-sea roll
Of a black Bilbao tramp;
With her load-line over her hatch, dear lass,
And a drunken Dago crew,
And her nose held down on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail
From Cadiz Bar on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

There be triple ways to take, of the eagle or the snake,
Or the way of a man with a maid;
But the sweetest way to me is a ship upon the sea
In the heel of the North-East Trade,
Can you hear the crash on her bows, dear lass,
And the drum of the racing screw,
As she ships it green on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
As she lifts and 'scends on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new?

See the shaking funnels roar, with the Peter at the fore,
And the fenders grind and heave,
And the derricks clack and grate, as the tackle hooks the crate,
And the fall-rope whines through the sheave;
It's 'Gang-plank up and in,' dear lass,
It's 'Hawsers warp her through!'
And it's 'All clear aft' on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're backing down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

O the mutter overside, when the port-fog holds us tied,
And the sirens hoot their dread!
When foot by foot we creep o'er the hueless viewless deep
To the sob of the questing lead!
It's down by the Lower Hope, dear lass,

With the Gunfleet Sands in view,
Till the Mouse swings green on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
And the Gull Light lifts on the Long Trail
—the trail that is always new.

O the blazing tropic night, when the wake's a
welt of light
That holds the hot sky tame,
And the steady fore-foot snores through the
planet-powdered floors
Where the scared whale flukes in flame!
Her plates are scarred by the sun, dear
lass,
And her ropes are taunt with the dew,
For we're booming down on the old trail,
our own trail, the out trail,
We're sagging south on the Long Trail—
the trail that is always new.

Then home, get her home, where the drunken rollers comb,
And the shouting seas drive by,
And the engines stamp and ring, and the wet bows reel and swing,
And the Southern Cross rides high!
Yes, the old lost stars wheel back, dear lass,
That blaze in the velvet blue.
They're all old friends on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
They're God's own guides on the Long Trail —the trail that is always new.

Fly forward, O my heart, from the Foreland to the Start—
We're steaming all-too slow,
And it's twenty thousand mile to our little lazy isle
Where the trumpet-orchids blow!

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

The Lord knows what we may find, dear lass,
And The Deuce knows what we may do—
But we're back once more on the old trail, our own trail, the out trail,
We're down, hull down on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.

Printed by T. and A. CONSTABLE, Printers to Her Majesty, at the Edinburgh University Press.

The English Library.

HEINEMANN AND BALESTIER

(*Ltd. London*).

LEIPZIG.

BERLIN. VIENNA. PARIS.

For Sale by all Booksellers, and at all Railway Stalls, on the Continent.

Each Volume sold separately, price 1 *Mark* 60 *Pfennig, or* 2 *Francs.*

The English Library is designed to supply the latest and most excellent examples of English and American fiction and general literature, for Continental reading. The volumes of the series are for sale at all booksellers and at all Railway Stalls on the Continent.

The English Library being especially prepared for the convenience of travellers and Continental readers, is put forth in small, portable, shapely, and convenient volumes, issued in distinctive covers at the uniform price of 1 Mark 60 Pfennig, or 2 Francs per volume. They are clearly and carefully printed on the best paper, and flexibly bound.

The English Library has been fortunate in securing the co-operation of almost every Novelist of importance in England

and America. The resources and variety of **The English Library** may be judged from the following list of authors contributing to it :—

R. L. STEVENSON.
WALTER BESANT.
H. RIDER HAGGARD.
RUDYARD KIPLING.
GEORGE MEREDITH.
HENRY JAMES.
W. E. NORRIS.
F. ANSTEY.
HALL CAINE.
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.
SIR EDWIN ARNOLD.
W. D. HOWELLS.
JUSTIN McCARTHY.
S. BARING-GOULD.
B. L. FARJEON.
MARGARET DELAND.
TASMA.
F. MABEL ROBINSON.
JESSIE FOTHERGILL.
F. C. PHILIPS.
LUCAS MALET.
OSCAR WILDE.
MAARTEN MAARTENS.
MARY E. WILKINS.
MRS. RIDDELL.
FRANK BARRETT.
MRS. ALEXANDER.
JAMES PAYN.
OUIDA.
MRS. PARR.
JEROME K. JEROME.
KATHERINE S. MACQUOID.
J. M. BARRIE.
A. CONAN DOYLE.
CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER
EDNA LYALL.
GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.
F. W. ROBINSON.
MARGARET L. WOODS.
MAXWELL GRAY.
STANLEY J. WEYMAN.
JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.
FLORENCE MARRYAT.
AUSTIN DOBSON.
L. B. WALFORD.
MRS. HUNGERFORD.
FLORENCE WARDEN.
E. FRANCES POYNTER.
HELEN MATHERS.
ROLF BOLDREWOOD.
ROBERT BUCHANAN.
HON. EMILY LAWLESS.
MRS. OLIPHANT.
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

The English Library sets two aims especially before itself:—

FIRST—To issue its volumes *simultaneously* with the appearance of the same works in England and America; and

SECOND—To compress these works (wherever it is possible

without sacrifice of the legibility of the type) into *One Volume.*

English and American travellers and English-speaking residents on the Continent will appreciate the opportunity thus afforded to obtain in a convenient form, and at a moderate price, new books as rapidly as they are issued at home, without being forced to wait until they have ceased to be novelties.

The English Library.*

1. **THE LIGHT THAT FAILED.** By RUDYARD KIPLING, Author of "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Soldiers Three," "The Story of the Gadsbys," &c. 1 vol.

"It is the first truth about Mr. Kipling that he has power, real intrinsic power." *Academy.*

2, 3. **SIDNEY.** By MARGARET DELAND, Author of "John Ward, Preacher." 2 vols.

"Better even than 'John Ward, Preacher.'"—*Speaker.*

4, 5 **APRIL'S LADY.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "Molly Bawn." 2 vols.

"Quite worthy of the author of 'Molly Bawn.'"—*Athenæum.*

"The tipsy-cake of literature, light and sweet."—*Saturday Review.*

6. **THE LIGHT of the WORLD.** By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., Author of "The Light of Asia." 1 vol.

"The multitude of readers who were delighted and instructed by 'The Light of Asia' will turn to this new volume with lively expectation. The whole burden of the poem is to set forth the joyful aspect of the Christian faith as compared with that of Buddha."—*Daily News.*

7. **THE PHANTOM RICKSHAW.** By RUDYARD KIPLING, Author of "The Light that Failed," "Soldiers Three," &c. 1 vol.

"He is a born story-teller, and a man of humour into the bargain." *Saturday Review.*

8, 9. **URITH.** By S. BARING-GOULD, Author of "Mehalah," "John Herring," &c. 2 vols.

"A powerful and ingenious romance." *Anti-Jacobin.*

"Mr. Baring-Gould has been able to create a strong interest, and to maintain it at a high pitch."—*Athenæum.*

10, 11. **MARCIA.** By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "Matrimony," "No New Thing," &c. 2 vols.

"Mr. Norris has the light touch of Thackeray, who guides us through three or four generations as gracefully as a well-bred man might point out the portraits of his ancestors in the family picture gallery." *Quarterly Review.*

12, 13. **BRAVE HEART AND TRUE.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "My Sister the Actress," "Véronique," &c. 2 vols.

"Miss Marryat wields a clever pen." *Athenæum.*

* The greater number of the Volumes mentioned in the following catalogue are now ready, and may be obtained from every bookseller and at every railway bookstall on the Continent. The reader is referred to the last pages of the cover for an exact list of the volumes of The English Library issued up to the present date.

14, 15. **BASIL AND ANNETTE.** By B. L. FARJEON, Author of "Grif," "Blade o' Grass," &c. 2 vols.

"One of the most finished stories, from a literary point of view, that the author has ever produced."—*Spectator.*

16, 17. **IN THE HEART OF THE STORM.** By MAXWELL GRAY, Author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland." 2 vols.

"The nobility, the seriousness of purpose, the keen sense of humour, the boldness and brilliance in description, will all be familiar to the readers of her previous works. It stands far, very far, above our average fiction."—*Speaker.*

18. **TOURMALIN'S TIME CHEQUES.** By F. ANSTEY, Author of "Vice Versâ," "The Giant's Robe," &c. 1 vol.

"A writer who thoroughly understands and sympathetically describes English character."—*Vanity Fair.*

19, 20. **THE WAGES OF SIN.** By LUCAS MALET, Author of "Col. Enderby's Wife," "Mrs. Lorimer," &c. 2 vols.

"Since 'The Mill on the Floss' there has been nothing more powerful in fiction."
Scotsman.

"We admire greatly the singular dramatic power, psychological skill, and literary art of Lucas Malet, never displayed with such effect as in 'The Wages of Sin.'"
Speaker.

21. **THE ANGLOMANIACS.** By Mrs. BURTON HARRISON. 1 vol.

This story, published anonymously in the *Century* magazine, aroused the most lively interest and discussion during its serial course. It has more than usual attraction from its clever analysis of the latest tendency in American society, here satirised under the name of Anglomania.

22. **MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE.** By F. C. PHILIPS, Author of "As in a Looking-Glass," and PERCY FENDALL. 1 vol.

"It requires to go back to Balzac in order to match the pitiless analyses and incisive descriptions which . . . incontestably place Mr. Philips in the first rank of our most artistic and brilliant writers."
Morning Post.

23, 24. **ST. KATHERINE'S BY THE TOWER.** By WALTER BESANT, Author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," &c. 2 vols.

"Written with great power and sometimes with almost tragic intensity."
Daily Telegraph.

25, 26. **ERIC BRIGHTEYES.** By H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," &c. 2 vols.

"The drama of fate and battle fascinates; the figures are cast in the heroic mould; the utterances are large, direct, and simple."
Scotsman.

"We incline to think that this is artistically the most perfect of its author's works."—*Anti-Jacobin.*

27. **WHAT GOLD CANNOT BUY.** By Mrs. ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooing O't," &c. 1 vol.

"Mrs. Alexander tells a story with clearness and spirit."—*Athenæum.*

28, 29. **ONE OF OUR CONQUERORS.** By GEORGE MEREDITH, Author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Beauchamp's Career," &c. 2 vols.

"We doubt if Mr. Meredith has ever written anything stronger, anything more absolutely convincing."—*Speaker.*

30. **A LONDON LIFE.** By HENRY JAMES, Author of "Daisy Miller," "The American," "The Portrait of a Lady," &c. 1 vol.

A collection of tales by Mr. James, marked by the qualities which have made him the foremost living expositor of certain phases of life.

31, 32. **A HARDY NORSEMAN.** By EDNA LYALL, Author of "Donovan," "We Two," &c. 2 vols.

"A grand simplicity, an unconscious poetry of eloquence, which stirs the very depths of the heart."—*Standard.*

33. **PRETTY MISS SMITH.** By FLORENCE WARDEN, Author of "The House on the Marsh," &c. 1 vol.

"Since reading 'The House on the Marsh' I have not read a more exciting tale than the same authoress's 'Pretty Miss Smith.'" *The Baron de Bookworms in Punch.*

"Succeeds in exciting a strong interest of the kind that teases the reader's curiosity."—*Scotsman.*

Sold Everywhere on the Continent.

Price M. 1,60, or 2 Francs per volume.

34. **DERRICK VAUGHAN, and THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLANDER.** By EDNA LYALL, Author of "Donovan," "We Two," &c. 1 vol.

"Edna Lyall has not written anything more artistic, or, from the moral point of view, more stimulating."—*Academy.*

35. **THE MYSTERY OF No. 13.** By HELEN MATHERS, Author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," &c. 1 vol.

A new book by the popular author of "Comin' thro' the Rye." Included in the same volume are other stories which have not before appeared in book form.

36. **A LITTLE IRISH GIRL.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "Molly Bawn." 1 vol.

A new short story by the author of "Molly Bawn," marked by her fresh, crisp touch and spontaneous humour.

37, 38. **THE DEEMSTER.** By HALL CAINE, Author of "The Bondman," &c. 2 vols.

"Mr. Caine stands out among his novelistic brethren, reminding us . . . . of Victor Hugo."—*World.*

39. **THE SHADOW OF A DREAM.** By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "A Hazard of New Fortunes," &c.. 1 vol.

"Mr. Howells is beyond doubt, one of the most charming romance writers in the English language."—*Westminster Review.*

40. **THE RISEN DEAD.** By FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "My Sister the Actress," "Brave Heart and True," &c. 1 vol.

Miss Marryat's latest novel, just issued in book form in England and America.

41. **MINE OWN PEOPLE.** By RUDYARD KIPLING, Author of "The Light that Failed," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Soldiers Three," &c. 1 vol.

A collection of short stories, Indian and military, which have appeared in the magazines since Mr. Kipling came to England.

42. **A WINDOW IN THRUMS.** By J. M. BARRIE, Author of "When a Man's Single," "Auld Licht Idylls," &c. 1 vol.

"We think that this is the very best of the many good sketches of Scottish peasant life which we have ever read."
Standard.

43. **THREE MEN IN A BOAT.** By JEROME K. JEROME, Author of "The Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," &c. 1 vol.

The most successful of the humorous works of the English Mark Twain.

44. **THE SPLENDID SPUR.** By "Q.," Author of "Dead Man's Rock," &c. 1 vol.

This book is universally acknowledged to be the strongest work of one of the most promising of the younger novelists.

45. **WITH ESSEX IN IRELAND.** By Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, Author of "Hurrish." 1 vol.

This book has had a wide success, and has been declared to be one of the most remarkable and accurate historical novels in existence.

46. **A HUMBLE ROMANCE.** By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "A New England Nun," &c. 1 vol.

"Few books of this size contain as much fresh and original story-telling."
Literary World.

"Miss Wilkins's short stories are in our estimate unrivalled."
Aberdeen Free Press.

47. **MISS WENTWORTH'S IDEA.** By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "Matrimony," "No New Thing," &c. 1 vol.

The last of Mr. Norris's novels, which has just completed serial publication in England and America.

48, 49. **THE MISCHIEF OF MONICA.** By L. B. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "The Baby's Grandmother," &c. 2 vols.

Mrs. Walford's latest work, lately published serially in *Longman's Magazine*, is characterised by the knowledge of character and romantic realism which distinguish the author of "Mr. Smith."

50. **A VERY STRANGE FAMILY.** By F. W. Robinson, Author of "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Zeph," &c. 1 vol.

"Thoroughly interesting, as well as fresh in motive."—*Graphic.*

51. **AN AMERICAN GIRL IN LONDON.** By Sarah Jeannette Duncan, Author of "A Social Departure," &c. 1 vol.

This clever work has been one of the greatest successes of the present London season.

52. **HER LAST THROW.** By Mrs. Hungerford, Author of "Molly Bawn." 1 vol.

"Mrs. Hungerford never fails to be prettily piquant."—*Academy.*

53. **THE SCAPEGOAT.** By Hall Caine, Author of "The Deemster," "The Shadow of a Crime," &c. 1 vol.

Mr. Hall Caine has only just concluded the writing of this, his newest novel. It is the fruit of his recent travel in Tangier and introduces the author to new ground.

54. **INTENTIONS.** By Oscar Wilde. 1 vol.

A book of essays in Mr. Wilde's picturesque and vigorous manner, containing the well-known paper, "The Decay of Lying."

55. **A FAR-AWAY MELODY.** By Mary E. Wilkins, Author of "A Humble Romance," "A New England Nun," &c. 1 vol.

This charming volume of short stories has won for the author an unique position as the artist of humble human emotion.

56, 57. **THE SIN OF OLGA ZASSOULICH.** By Frank Barrett, Author of "The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane," "Between Life and Death," &c. 2 vols.

"Those people who . . . . debate whether Mr. R. L. Stevenson or Mr. Rider Haggard shall be awarded the palm of modern romance writing must really take into consideration the claims of Mr. Frank Barrett."—*Athenæum.*

58. **THE ENGLISH POETS.** By James Russell Lowell. 1 vol.

This book contains some of Mr. Lowell's best known contributions to literary criticism.

59. **SOLDIERS THREE.** By Rudyard Kipling, Author of "The Light that Failed," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Mine Own People," &c. 1 vol.

"If Mr. Kipling should not ultimately blossom into an Anglo-Indian Dickens, he will, at all events, occupy a high place in the literature of our day."—*Athenæum.*

60. **ACCORDING TO ST. JOHN.** By Amélie Rives, Author of "The Quick or the Dead," "A Brother to Dragons," &c. 1 vol.

A new and very original work by this powerful and vivid writer.

61, 62. **MR. CHAINE'S SONS.** By W. E. Norris, Author of "Matrimony," "Marcia," "Miss Wentworth's Idea," &c. 2 vols.

Mr. Norris's new story, which has just met with great success in *Temple Bar.*

63. **THE NEW RECTOR.** By Stanley J. Weyman, Author of "The House of the Wolf," &c. 1 vol.

A new story of village life, rich in domestic interest and full of character.

64, 65. **THE MYSTERY OF M. FELIX.** By B. L. Farjeon, Author "Blade o' Grass," &c.

"A novel of great interest and power. It bubbles over with humour of the raciest and richest character."—*Scotsman.*

66. **A SYDNEY-SIDE SAXON.** By Rolf Boldrewood, Author of "Robbery under Arms." 1 vol.

The last novel by the popular Australian novelist.

67. **THE STORY OF THE GADSBYS.** By Rudyard Kipling, Author of "The Light that Failed," "The Phantom Rickshaw," "Soldiers Three," "Mine Own People," &c. 1 vol.

This volume includes "The Story of the Gadsbys," Mr. Kipling's principal sketch of social life in India, and "Under the Deodars," a series of pictures of native life and character.

Sold Everywhere on the Continent.

Price M. 1,60, or 2 Francs per volume.

68. **HEDDA GABLER.** By HENRIK IBSEN. Translated by EDMUND GOSSE. 1 vol.

The last and perhaps the greatest of Ibsen's social dramas, the appearance of which caused so much controversy. The translation here offered is the one used at the performances of the play at the Vaudeville Theatre, London.

69. **THE PENANCE OF PORTIA JAMES.** By "TASMA," Author of "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," "In Her Earliest Youth," &c. 1 vol.

A new story by the author of "Uncle Piper of Piper's Hill," full of character and movement.

70, 71. **MY WINTER ON THE NILE.** By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "Back-Log Studies," "My Summer in a Garden," &c. 2 vols.

This charming book of travel deals, with characteristic skill, good sense, and good humour, with the popular Egyptian tour. The volume is issued in time for the Nile season of 1891-2.

72. **TUSCAN CITIES.** By W. D. HOWELLS, Author of "The Shadow of a Dream," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," &c. 1 vol.

These travel papers deal with their own region of Italy in the genial and cheering spirit made memorable in Mr. Howells' "Venetian Days" and "Italian Journeys."

73. **MY JO, JOHN.** By HELEN MATHERS, Author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," "Cherry Ripe," "The Mystery of No. 13."

"A story of lively interest and attraction by the popular author of "Comin' thro' the Rye."

74. **CECILIA DE NOËL.** By the Author of "Mademoiselle Ixe."

"Well worthy the author of 'Mademoiselle Ixe;' the style is admirable; the figures are all vividly delineated."

Spectator.

75, 76. **THE LITTLE MINISTER.** By J. M. BARRIE, Author of "A Window in Thrums," &c. 2 vols.

"Original men and men with styles are so uncommon as to make Mr. Barrie's appearance as a novelist a matter for general congratulation."

Saturday Review.

77, 78. **THE RAILWAY MAN AND HIS CHILDREN.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Kirsteen," "Within the Precincts," "At His Gates," &c. 2 vols.

79. **THE DOINGS OF RAFFLES HAW.** By A. CONAN DOYLE, Author of "The White Company," "Micah Clarke," &c. 1 vol.

"An entirely new story of stirring life and incident by the author of 'Micah Clarke.'"

80, 81. **ESTHER VANHOMRIGH.** By MARGARET L. WOODS, Author of "A Village Tragedy." 2 vols.

The *Speaker*, announcing the first appearance of "Esther Vanhomrigh" in serial form, said: "If the public had paid half the attention it ought to 'A Village Tragedy,' it would have found that tale to be the one and only thoroughly successful tale that has been printed of late."

82 **SELECTED POEMS.** By AUSTIN DOBSON, Author of "Old-World Idylls," "At the Sign of the Lyre," &c. 1 vol.

Mr. Austin Dobson has himself made this selection from his poems expressly for "The English Library."

83. **STAGELAND.** By JEROME K. JEROME, Author of "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," "Three Men in a Boat," &c. 1 vol.

This characteristic burlesque of the modern dramatic method is universally considered one of the most successful products of any living humorist."

84, 85. **THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.** By Mrs. WALFORD, Author of "Mr. Smith," "The Mischief of Monica," &c. 2 vols

This is one of Mrs. Walford's most skilful and artistic novels.

86, 87. **THE ADVENTURES OF HARRY RICHMOND.** By GEORGE MEREDITH, Author of "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel," "Beauchamp's Career," &c. 2 vols.

88, 89. **THE FAIR GOD.** By LEW WALLACE, Author of "Ben Hur," 2 vols.

A stirring tale of adventure in Mexico.

90. **JUPITER LIGHTS.** By CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON, Author of "Anne," &c. 1 vol.

The best-known work by this successful author.

91. **KING BILLY OF BALLARAT.** By MORLEY ROBERTS, Author of "The Western Avernus," &c. 1 vol.

A series of clever and entertaining short stories.

92. **MAISIE DERRICK.** By KATHARINE S. MACQUOID, Author of "Patty," &c. 1 vol.

The last work by the clever author of "Patty."

93. **JACK'S FATHER.** By W. E. NORRIS, Author of "Matrimony," "Marcia," "Miss Wentworth's Idea," &c. 1 vol.

94. **A ROMANCE OF THE MOORS.** By MONA CAIRD, Author of "The Wing of Azrael, &c. 1 vol.

95, 96. **THE MARRIAGE OF ELINOR.** By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "Kirsteen," "At His Gates," "The Railway Man and His Children," &c. 2 vols.

97. **LADY PATTY.** By Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "Molly Bawn," &c. 1 vol.

98, 99. **HOVENDEN, V.C.** By F. MABEL ROBINSON, Author of "A Woman of the World," "Disenchantment," &c. 2 vols.

HE WENT FOR A SOLDIER. By JOHN STRANGE WINTER, Author of "Bootle's Baby," "Mignon's Husband," "Regimental Legends," &c. 1 vol.

DENZIL QUARRIER. By GEORGE GISSING, Author of "New Grub Street," "The Nether World," &c. 1 vol.

PETER IBBETSON. By GEORGE DU MAURIER. 1 vol.

A NEW ENGLAND NUN. By MARY E. WILKINS, Author of "A Far Away Melody," "A Humble Romance," &c. 1 vol.

GRANIA. By the Hon. EMILY LAWLESS, Author of "Hurrish," "With Essex in Ireland," &c. 2 vols.

THE SLAVE OF THE LAMP. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, Author of "Young Mr. Mistley," &c. 1 vol.

MAMMON. By Mrs. ALEXANDER, Author of "The Wooing O't," &c. 2 vols.

A FATAL SILENCE. By FLORENCE MARRYAT, Author of "My Sister the Actress," "Brave Heart and True," &c. 2 vols.

THE O'CONNORS OF BALLINAHINCH. By Mrs. HUNGERFORD, Author of "Molly Bawn," &c. 1 vol.

T'OTHER DEAR CHARMER. By HELEN MATHERS, Author of "Comin' thro' the Rye," &c. 1 vol.

INCONSEQUENT LIVES. By J. H. PEARCE, Author of "Esther Pentreath," &c. 1 vol.

LODUSKY. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, Author of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," &c. 1 vol.

ANNE. By CONSTANCE FENNIMORE WOOLSON, Author of "Jupiter Lights," &c. 2 vols.

Sold Everywhere on the Continent.

Price M. 1,60, or 2 Francs per volume.