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THE SERVICE EDITION
OF
THE WORKS OF
RUDYARD KIPLING

THE FIVE NATIONS

VOL. II

THE
FIVE NATIONS
BY RUDYARD KIPLING
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II



METHUEN AND CO., LTD.
36 ESSEX STREET W.C.

<i>First Published</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>September 1903</i>
<i>Second Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1903</i>
<i>Third Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1907</i>
<i>Fourth Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1908</i>
<i>Fifth and Sixth Editions</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1909</i>
<i>Seventh Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1910</i>
<i>Eighth Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1911</i>
<i>Ninth Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1912</i>
<i>Tenth, Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth Editions</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1913</i>
<i>Fourteenth Edition</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1914</i>
<i>Fifteenth Edition (2 vols.)</i>	.	.	.	.	<i>1914</i>

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THE OLD ISSUE

OCTOBER 9, 1899

*' HERE is nothing new nor aught unproven,' say
the Trumpets,*

' Many feet have worn it and the road is old indeed.

' It is the King—the King we schooled aforetime !'

(Trumpets in the marshes—in the eyot at Runnymede !)

*' Here is neither haste, nor hate, nor anger,' peal the
Trumpets,*

' Pardon for his penitence or pity for his fall.

' It is the King !'—inexorable Trumpets—

*(Trumpets round the scaffold at the dawning by
Whitehall !)*

THE FIVE NATIONS

*'He hath veiled the crown and hid the sceptre,' warn
the Trumpets,*

*'He hath changed the fashion of the lies that
cloak his will.*

*'Hard die the Kings—ah hard—dooms hard!'
declare the Trumpets,*

*Trumpets at the gang-plank where the brawling
troop-decks fill!*

*Ancient and Unteachable, abide—abide the trum-
pets!*

*Once again the Trumpets, for the shuddering
ground-swell brings*

*Clamour over ocean of the harsh pursuing Trum-
pets—*

*Trumpets of the Vanguard that have sworn no
truce with Kings!*

All we have of freedom, all we use or know—

This our fathers bought for us long and long ago.

THE OLD ISSUE

Ancient Right unnoticed as the breath we
draw—

Leave to live by no man's leave, underneath the
Law.

Lance and torch and tumult, steel and grey-goose
wing

Wrenched it, inch and ell and all, slowly from the
King.

Till our fathers 'stablished, after bloody years,
How our King is one with us, first among his
peers.

So they bought us freedom—not at little cost—
Wherefore must we watch the King, lest our gain
be lost.

Over all things certain, this is sure indeed,
Suffer not the old King: for we know the
breed.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Give no ear to bondsmen bidding us endure,
Whining 'He is weak and far'; crying 'Time
shall cure.'

(Time himself is witness, till the battle joins,
Deeper strikes the rottenness in the people's
loins.)

Give no heed to bondsmen masking war with
peace.
Suffer not the old King here or overseas.

They that beg us barter—wait his yielding
mood—
Pledge the years we hold in trust—pawn our
brother's blood—

Howso' great their clamour, whatso'er their
claim,
Suffer not the old King under any name !

THE OLD ISSUE

Here is naught unproven—here is naught to learn.
It is written what shall fall if the King return.

He shall mark our goings, question whence we came,
Set his guards about us, as in Freedom's name.

He shall take a tribute, toll of all our ware ;
He shall change our gold for arms—arms we may
not bear.

He shall break his Judges if they cross his word ;
He shall rule above the Law calling on the Lord.

He shall peep and mutter ; and the night shall
bring
Watchers 'neath our window, lest we mock the
King—

Hate and all division ; hosts of hurrying spies ;
Money poured in secret, carrion breeding flies.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Strangers of his council, hirelings of his pay,
These shall deal our Justice : sell—deny—delay.

We shall drink dishonour, we shall eat abuse
For the Land we look to—for the Tongue we use.

We shall take our station, dirt beneath his
feet,
While his hired captains jeer us in the street.

Cruel in the shadow, crafty in the sun,
Far beyond his borders shall his teachings run.

Sloven, sullen, savage, secret, uncontrolled—
Laying on a new land evil of the old ;

Long-forgotten bondage, dwarfing heart and
brain—
All our fathers died to loose he shall bind
again.

THE OLD ISSUE

*Here is naught at venture, random nor untrue—
Swings the wheel full-circle, brims the cup anew.*

*Here is naught unproven, here is nothing hid :
Step for step and word for word—so the old Kings
• did !*

*Step by step and word by word : who is ruled may
read.*

Suffer not the old Kings—for we know the breed—

*All the right they promise—all the wrong they bring.
Stewards of the Judgment, suffer not this King !*

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

‘and will supply details to guard the Blood River Bridge.’

District Orders—Lines of Communication.

SUDDEN the desert changes,
The raw glare softens and clings,
Till the aching Oudtshoorn ranges
Stand up like the thrones of kings—

Ramparts of slaughter and peril—
Blazing, amazing—aglow
’Twixt the sky-line’s belting beryl
And the wine-dark flats below.

Royal the pageant closes,
Lit by the last of the sun—
Opal and ash-of-roses,
Cinnamon, umber, and dun.

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

The twilight swallows the thicket,
The starlight reveals the ridge ;
The whistle shrills to the picket—
We are changing guard on the bridge.

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the empty metals shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

We slip through the broken panel
Of fence by the ganger's shed ;
We drop to the waterless channel
And the lean track overhead ;

We stumble on refuse of rations,
The beef and the biscuit-tins ;
We take our appointed stations,
And the endless night begins.

THE FIVE NATIONS

We hear the Hottentot herders
As the sheep click past to the fold—
And the click of the restless girders
As the steel contracts in the cold—

Voices of jackals calling
And, loud in the hush between,
A morsel of dry earth falling
From the flanks of the scarred ravine.

And the solemn firmament marches,
And the hosts of heaven rise
Framed through the iron arches—
Banded and barred by the ties,

Till we feel the far track humming,
And we see her headlight plain,
And we gather and wait her coming—
The wonderful north-bound train.

BRIDGE-GUARD IN THE KARROO

(Few, forgotten and lonely,
Where the white car-windows shine—
No, not combatants—only
Details guarding the line.)

Quick, ere the gift escape us !
Out of the darkness we reach
For a handful of week-old papers
And a mouthful of human speech.

And the monstrous heaven rejoices,
And the earth allows again,
Meetings, greetings, and voices
Of women talking with men.

So we return to our places,
As out on the bridge she rolls ;
And the darkness covers our faces,
And the darkness re-enters our souls.

THE FIVE NATIONS

More than a little lonely

Where the lessening tail-lights shine.

No—not combatants—only

Details guarding the line !

THE LESSON

(1899-1902)

*L*ET us admit it fairly, as a business people
• should,

*We have had no end of a lesson : it will do us no
end of good.*

Not on a single issue, or in one direction or twain,
But conclusively, comprehensively, and several
times and again,

Were all our most holy illusions knocked higher
than Gilderoy's kite.

We have had a jolly good lesson, and it serves us
jolly well right !

This was not bestowed us under the trees, nor
yet in the shade of a tent,
But swingingly, over eleven degrees of a bare
brown continent.

THE FIVE NATIONS

From Lamberts to Delagoa Bay, and from
Pietersburg to Sutherland,
Fell the phenomenal lesson we learned—with a
fulness accorded no other land.

It was our fault, and our very great fault, and
not the judgment of Heaven.
We made an Army in our own image, on an island
nine by seven,
Which faithfully mirrored its makers' ideals,
equipment, and mental attitude—
And so we got our lesson: and we ought to
accept it with gratitude.

We have spent two hundred million pounds to
prove the fact once more,
That horses are quicker than men afoot, since
two and two make four:

THE LESSON

And horses have four legs, and men have two
legs, and two into four goes twice,
And nothing over except our lesson—and very
cheap at the price.

For remember (this our children shall know : we
are too near for that knowledge)
Not our mere astonied camps, but Council and
Creed and College—
All the obese, unchallenged old things that stifle
and overlie us—
Have felt the effects of the lesson we got—an
advantage no money could buy us !

Then let us develop this marvellous asset which
we alone command,
And which, it may subsequently transpire, will
be worth as much as the Rand :

THE FIVE NATIONS

Let us approach this pivotal fact in a humble
yet hopeful mood—

We have had no end of a lesson : it will do us no
end of good !

It was our fault, and our very great fault—and
now we must turn it to use ;

We have forty million reasons for failure, but not
a single excuse !

So the more we work and the less we talk the
better results we shall get—

We have had an Imperial lesson ; it may make
us an Empire yet !

THE FILES

(THE SUB-EDITOR SPEAKS)

FILES—

The Files—

Office Files !

Oblige me by referring to the files.

Every question man can raise,

Every phrase of every phase

Of that question is on record in the files—

(Threshed out threadbare—fought and finished
in the files).

Ere the Universe at large

Was our new-tipped arrows' targe—

Ere we rediscovered Mammon and his wiles—

Facnza, gentle reader, spent her—five-and-
twentieth leader

THE FIVE NATIONS

(You will find him, and some others, in the files).
Warn all future Robert Brownings and Carlyles,
It will interest them to hunt among the files,
Where unvisited, a-cold,
Lie the crowded years of old
In that Kensall-Green of greatness called the files—
(In our newspaPère-la-Chaise the office files),
Where the dead men lay them down
Meekly sure of long renown,
And above them, sere and swift,
Packs the daily deepening drift
Of the all-recording, all-effacing files—
The obliterating, automatic files.
Count the mighty men who slung
Ink, Evangel, Sword, or Tongue
When Reform and you were young—
Made their boasts and spake according in the
files—
(Hear the ghosts that wake applauding in the
files !)

THE FILES

Trace each all-forgot career
From long primer through brevier
Unto Death, a para minion in the files
(Para minion—solid—bottom of the files). . . .
Some successful Kings and Queens adorn the files,
They were great, their views were leaded,
And their deaths were triple-headed,
So they catch the eye in running through the
files
(Show as blazes in the mazes of the files);
For their ‘paramours and priests,’
And their gross, jack-booted feasts,
And their epoch-marking actions see the files.
Was it Bomba fled the blue Sicilian isles?
Was it Saffi, a professor
Once of Oxford, brought redress or
Garibaldi? Who remembers
Forty-odd-year old Septembers?—
Only sextons paid to dig among the files
(Such as I am, born and bred among the files).

THE FIVE NATIONS

You must hack through much deposit
Ere you know for sure who was it
Came to burial with such honour in the files
(Only seven seasons back beneath the files).
' Very great our loss and grievous—
' So our best and brightest leave us,
' And it ends the Age of Giants,' say the files ;
All the '60—'70—'80—'90 files
(The open-minded, opportunist files—
The easy ' O King, live for ever ' files).
It is good to read a little in the files ;
'Tis a sure and sovereign balm
Unto philosophic calm,
Yea, and philosophic doubt when Life beguiles.
When you know Success is Greatness,
When you marvel at your lateness
In apprehending facts so plain to Smiles
(Self-helpful, wholly strenuous Samuel Smiles).
When your Imp of Blind Desire
Bids you set the Thames afire,

THE FILES

You 'll remember men have done so—in the
files.

You 'll have seen those flames transpire—in the
files

(More than once that flood has run so—in the
files).

When the Conchimarion horns
Of the reboantic Norns
Usher gentlemen and ladies
With new lights on Heaven and Hades,
Guaranteeing to Eternity
All yesterday's modernity ;
When Brocken-spectres made by
Some one's breath on ink parade by,
Very earnest and tremendous,
Let not shows of shows offend us.
When of everything we like we
Shout ecstatic :—' *Quod ubique,*
Quod ab omnibus means *semper* !'
Oh, my brother, keep your temper !

THE FIVE NATIONS

Light your pipe and take a look along the files !

You 've a better chance to guess

At the meaning of Success

(Which is Greatness—*vide* press)

When you 've seen it in perspective in the files.

v

THE REFORMERS

*NOT in the camp his victory lies
Or triumph in the market-place,
Who is his Nation's sacrifice
To turn the judgment from his race.*

Happy is he who, bred and taught
By sleek, sufficing Circumstance—
Whose Gospel was the apparelled thought,
Whose Gods were Luxury and Chance—

Sees, on the threshold of his days,
The old life shrivel like a scroll,
And to unheralded dismays
Submits his body and his soul ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

The fatted shows wherein he stood
Foregoing, and the idiot pride,
That he may prove with his own blood
All that his easy sires denied—

Ultimate issues, primal springs,
Demands, abasements, penalties—
The imperishable plinth of things
Seen and unseen, that touch our peace.

For, though ensnaring ritual dim
His vision through the after-years,
Yet virtue shall go out of him :
Example profiting 'his peers.

With great things charged he shall not hold
Aloof till great occasion rise,
But serve, full-harnessed, as of old,
The days that are the destinies.

THE REFORMERS

He shall forswear and put away
The idols of his sheltered house ;
And to Necessity shall pay
Unflinching tribute of his vows.

He shall not plead another's act,
Nor bind him in another's oath
To weigh the Word above the Fact,
Or make or take excuse for sloth.

The yoke he bore shall press him still,
And long-ingrained effort goad
To find, to fashion, and fulfil
The cleaner life, the sterner code.

*Not in the camp his victory lies—
The world (unheeding his return)
Shall see it in his children's eyes
And from his grandson's lips shall learn !*

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

WHO recalls the twilight and the ranged
tents in order

(Violet peaks uplifted through the crystal even-
ing air ?)

And the clink of iron teacups and the piteous,
noble laughter,

And the faces of the Sisters with the dust upon
their hair ?

(Now and not hereafter, while the breath is in
our nostrils,

Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years
go by—

Let us now remember many honourable women,
Such as bade us turn again when we were like
to die.)

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

Who recalls the morning and the thunder through
the foothills

(Tufts of fleecy shrapnel strung along the empty
plains ?)

And the sun-scarred Red-Cross coaches creeping
guarded to the culvert,

And the faces of the Sisters looking gravely
from the trains ?

(When the days were torment and the nights were
clouded terror,

When the Powers of Darkness had dominion
on our soul—

When we fled consuming through the Seven Hells
of fever,

These put out their hands to us and healed and
made us whole.)

Who recalls the midnight by the bridge's wrecked
abutment

THE FIVE NATIONS

(Autumn rain that rattled like a Maxim on the
tin ?)

And the lightning-dazzled levels and the stream-
ing, straining wagons,

And the faces of the Sisters as they bore the
wounded in ?

(Till the pain was merciful and stunned us into
silence—

When each nerve cried out on God that made
the misused clay ;

When the Body triumphed and the last poor
shame departed—

These abode our agonies and wiped the sweat
away.)

Who recalls the noontide and the funerals through
the market

(Blanket-hidden bodies, flagless, followed by
the flies ?)

DIRGE OF DEAD SISTERS

And the footsore firing-party, and the dust and
stench and staleness,
And the faces of the Sisters and the glory in
their eyes ?

(Bold behind the battle, in the open camp all-
hallowed,
Patient, wise, and mirthful in the ringed and
reeking town,
These endured unresting till they rested from
their labours—
Little wasted bodies, ah, so light to lower
down !)

Yet their graves are scattered and their names
are clean forgotten,
Earth shall not remember, but the Waiting
Angel knows

THE FIVE NATIONS

Them that died at Uitvlugt when the plague was
on the city—

Her that fell at Simon's Town in service on our
foes.

*Wherefore we they ransomed, while the breath is in
our nostrils,*

*Now and not hereafter, ere the meaner years go by,
Praise with love and worship many honourable
women,*

*Those that gave their lives for us when we wert
like to die !*

THE ISLANDERS

NO doubt but ye are the People—your throne is
above the King's.

*Whoso speaks in your presence must say acceptable
things :*

*Bowing the head in worship, bending the knee in
fear—*

*Bringing the word well smoothen—such as a King
should hear.*

Fenced by your careful fathers, ringed by your
leaden seas,

Long did ye wake in quiet and long lie down at
ease ;

Till ye said of Strife, ' What is it ? ' of the Sword,
' It is far from our ken ' ;

Till ye made a sport of your shrunken hosts and
a toy of your armed men.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Ye stopped your cars to the warning—ye would
neither look nor heed—

Ye set your leisure before their toil and your lusts
above their need.

Because of your witless learning and your beasts
of warren and chase,

Ye grudged your sons to their service and your
fields for their camping-place.

Ye forced them glean in the highways the straw
for the bricks they brought ;

Ye forced them follow in byways the craft that
ye never taught.

Ye hindered and hampered and crippled ; ye
thrust out of sight and away

Those that would serve you for honour and those
that served you for pay.

Then were the judgments loosened ; then was
your shame revealed,

At the hands of a little people, few but apt in the
field.

THE ISLANDERS

Yet ye were saved by a remnant (and your land's
long-suffering Star),

When your strong men cheered in their millions
while your striplings went to the war.

Sons of the sheltered city—unmade, unhandled,
unmeet—

Ye pushed them raw to the battle as ye picked
them raw from the street.

And what did ye look they should compass?
War-craft learned in a breath,

Knowledge unto occasion at the first far view of
Death?

So! And ye train your horses and the dogs ye
feed and prize?

How are the beasts more worthy than the souls
your sacrifice?

But ye said, 'Their valour shall show them';
but ye said, 'The end is close.'

And ye sent them comfits and pictures to help
them harry your foes,

THE FIVE NATIONS

And ye vaunted your fathomless power, and ye
 flaunted your iron pride,

Ere—ye fawned on the Younger Nations for the
 men who could shoot and ride !

Then ye returned to your trinkets ; then ye con-
 tented your souls

With the flannelled fools at the wicket or the
 muddied oafs at the goals.

Given to strong delusion, wholly believing a
 lie,

Ye saw that the land lay fenceless, and ye let
 the months go by

Waiting some easy wonder : hoping some saving
 sign—

Idle—openly idle—in the lee of the forespent
 Line.

Idle—except for your boasting—and what is
 your boasting worth

If ye grudge a year of service to the lordliest life
 on earth ?

THE ISLANDERS

Ancient, effortless, ordered, cycle on cycle
set,

Life so long untroubled, that ye who inherit
forget

It was not made with the mountains, it is not one
with the deep.

Men, not gods, devised it. Men, not gods, must
keep.

Men, not children, servants, or kinsfolk called
from afar,

But each man born in the Island broke to the
matter of war.

Soberly and by custom taken and trained for the
same ;

Each man born in the Island entered at youth to
the game—

As it were almost cricket, not to be mastered in
haste,

But after trial and labour, by temperance, living
chaste.

THE FIVE NATIONS

As it were almost cricket—as it were even your
play,

Weighed and pondered and worshipped, and
practised day and day.

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless
lightnings wake

In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the
pallid nations quake.

So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul
shall leap

Forthright, accoutred, accepting—alert from the
wells of sleep.

So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need
ye shall send

Men, not children or servants, tempered and
taught to the end ;

Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or de-
spise,

Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacri-
fice.

THE ISLANDERS

But ye say, 'It will mar our comfort.' Ye say,
'It will minish our trade.'

Do ye wait for the spattered shrapnel ere ye learn
how a gun is laid ?

For the low, red glare to southward when the
raided coast-towns burn ?

(Light ye shall have on that lesson, but little time
to learn.)

Will ye pitch some white pavilion, and lustily
even the odds,

With nets and hoops and mallets, with rackets
and bats and rods ?

Will the rabbit war with your foemen—the red
deer horn them for hire ?

Your kept cock-pheasant keep you?—he is
master of many a shire.

Arid, aloof, incurious, unthinking, unthanking,
gelt,

Will ye loose your schools to flout them till their
brow-beat columns melt ?

THE FIVE NATIONS

Will ye pray them or preach them, or print them,
or ballot them back from your shore ?

Will your workmen issue a mandate to bid them
strike no more ?

Will ye rise and dethrone your rulers ? (Because
ye were idle both ?

Pride by insolence chastened ? Indolence purged
by sloth ?)

No doubt but ye are the People ; who shall make
you afraid ?

Also your gods are many ; no doubt but your
gods shall aid.

Idols of greasy altars built for the body's ease ;
Proud little brazen Baals and talking fetishes ;
Teraphs of sept and party and wise wood-pave-
ment gods—

These shall come down to the battle and snatch
you from under the rods ?

From the gusty, flickering gun-roll with viewless
salvoes rent,

THE ISLANDERS

And the pitted hail of the bullets that tell not
whence they were sent.

When ye are ringed as with iron, when ye are
scourged as with whips,

When the meat is yet in your belly, and the boast
is yet on your lips ;

When ye go forth at morning and the noon be-
holds you broke,

Ere ye lie down at even, your remnant, under the
yoke.

*No doubt but ye are the People—absolute, strong,
and wise ;*

*Whatever your heart has desired ye have not with-
held from your eyes.*

*On your own heads, in your own hands, the sin and
the saving lies !*

THE PEACE OF DIVES

THE Word came down to Dives in Torment
where he lay :

‘ Our World is full of wickedness, My Children
maim and slay,

‘ And the Saint and Seer and Prophet

‘ Can make no better of it

‘ Than to sanctify and prophesy and pray.

‘ Rise up, rise up, thou Dives, and take again thy
gold,

‘ And thy women and thy housen as they were to
thee of old.

‘ It may be grace hath found thee

‘ In the furnace where We bound thee,

‘ And that thou shalt bring the peace My Son
foretold.’

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then merrily rose Dives and leaped from out his
fire,
And walked abroad with diligence to do the Lord's
desire ;
And anon the battles ceased,
And the captives were released,
And Earth had rest from Goshen to Gadire.

The Word came down to Satan that raged and
roared alone,
'Mid the shouting of the peoples by the cannon
overthrown
(But the Prophets, Saints, and Seers
Set each other by the ears,
For each would claim the marvel as his own) :

' Rise up, rise up, thou Satan, upon the Earth
to go,
' And prove the peace of Dives if it be good or
no :

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘ For all that he hath planned
‘ We deliver to thy hand,
‘ As thy skill shall serve to break it or bring
low.’

Then mightily rose Satan, and about the Earth
he hied,
And breathed on Kings in idleness and Princes
drunk with pride ;
But for all the wrong he breathed
There was never sword unsheathed,
And the fires he lighted flickered out and died.

Then terribly rose Satan, and he darkened Earth
afar,
Till he came on cunning Dives where the money-
changers are ;
And he saw men pledge their gear
For the gold that buys the spear,
And the helmet and the habergeon of war.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Yea to Dives came the Persian and the Syrian
and the Mede—

And their hearts were nothing altered, nor their
cunning nor their greed—

And they pledged their flocks and farms

For the king-compelling arms,

And Dives lent according to their need.

Then Satan said to Dives :—‘ Return again with
me,

‘ Who hast broken His Commandment in the day
He set thee free,

‘ Who grindest for thy greed,

‘ Man’s belly-pinch and need ;

‘ And the blood of Man to filthy usury ! ’

Then softly answered Dives where the money-
changers sit :—

‘ My refuge is Our Master, O My Master in the
Pit ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

‘ But behold all Earth is laid
‘ In the peace which I have made,
‘ And behold I wait on thee to trouble it ! ’

Then angrily turned Satan, and about the Seas
he fled,
To shake the new-sown peoples with insult,
doubt, and dread ;
But for all the sleight he used
There was never squadron loosed,
And the brands he flung flew dying and fell
dead.

Yet to Dives came Atlantis and the Captains of
the West—
And their hates were nothing weakened nor their
anger nor unrest—
And they pawned their utmost trade
For the dry, decreeing blade ;
And Dives lent and took of them their best.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

Then Satan said to Dives :—‘ Declare thou by
The Name,

‘ The secret of thy subtlety that turneth mine to
shame.

‘ It is known through all the Hells

‘ How my peoples mocked my spells,

‘ And my faithless Kings denied me ere I came.’

Then answered cunning Dives : ‘ Do not gold
and hate abide

‘ At the heart of every Magic, yea, and senseless
fear beside ?

‘ With gold and fear and hate

‘ I have harnessed state to state,

‘ And with hate and fear and gold their hates
are tied.

‘ For hate men seek a weapon, for fear they seek
a shield—

‘ Keener blades and broader targes than their
frantic neighbours wield—

THE FIVE NATIONS

- ‘ For gold I arm their hands,
‘ And for gold I buy their lands,
‘ And for gold I sell their enemies the yield.
- ‘ Their nearest foes may purchase, or their fur-
 thest friends may lease,
‘ One by one from Ancient Accad to the Islands
 of the Seas.
‘ And their covenants they make
‘ For the naked iron’s sake,
‘ But I—I trap them armoured into peace.
- ‘ The flocks that Egypt pledged me to Assyria I
 drave,
‘ And Pharaoh hath the increase of the herds
 that Sargon gave.
‘ Not for Ashdod overthrown
‘ Will the Kings destroy their own,
“ Or their peoples wake the strife they feign to
 brave.

THE PEACE OF DIVES

‘ Is not Calno like Carchemish ? For the steeds
of their desire

‘ They have sold me seven harvests that I sell to
Crowning Tyre ;

‘ And the Tyrian sweeps the plains

‘ With a thousand hired wains,

‘ And the Cities keep the peace and—share the
hire.

‘ Hast thou seen the pride of Moab ? For the
swords about his path,

‘ His bond is to Philistia, in half of all he hath.

‘ And he dare not draw the sword

‘ Till Gaza give the word,

‘ And he show release from Askalon and Gath.

‘ Wilt thou call again thy peoples, wilt thou craze
anew thy Kings ?

‘ Lo ! my lightnings pass before thee, and their
whistling servant brings,

THE FIVE NATIONS

- ‘ Ere the drowsy street hath stirred—
‘ Every masked and midnight word,
‘ And the nations break their fast upon these
things.
- ‘ So I make a jest of Wonder, and a mock of Time
and Space,
‘ The roofless Seas an hostel, and the Earth a
market-place,
‘ Where the anxious traders know
‘ Each is surety for his foe,
‘ And none may thrive without his fellows’ grace.
- ‘ Now this is all my subtlety and this is all my wit,
‘ God give thee good enlightenment, My Master
in the Pit.
‘ But behold all Earth is laid
‘ In the peace which I have made,
‘ And behold I wait on thee to trouble it ! ’

SOUTH AFRICA

LIVED a woman wonderful,
(May the Lord amend her !)
Neither simple, kind, nor true,
But her Pagan beauty drew
Christian gentlemen a few
Hotly to attend her.

*Christian gentlemen a few
From Berwick unto Dover ;
For she was South Africa,
And she was South Africa,
She was our South Africa,
Africa all over !*

Half her land was dead with drouth,
Half was red with battle ;
She was fenced with fire and sword,

THE FIVE NATIONS

Plague on pestilence outpoured,
Locusts on the greening sward
And murrain on the cattle !

*True, ah true, and overtrue ;
That is why we love her !
For she is South Africa,
And she is South Africa,
She is our South Africa,
Africa all over !*

Bitter hard her lovers toiled,
Scandalous their payment,—
Food forgot on trains derailed ;
Cattle-dung where fuel failed ;
Water where the mules had staled ;
And sackcloth for their raiment !

So she filled their mouths with dust
And their bones with fever ;
Greeted them with cruel lies ;

SOUTH AFRICA

Treated them despitful-wise ;
Meted them calamities
Till they vowed to leave her.

They took ship and they took sail,
Raging, from her borders,—
In a little, none the less,
They forgot their sore duresse,
They forgave her waywardness
And returned for orders !

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

Wherefore, being bought by blood,
And by blood restorèd
To the arms that nearly lost,

THE FIVE NATIONS

She, because of all she cost,
Stands, a very woman, most
Perfect and adorèd !

On your feet, and let them know

This is why we love her !

For she is South Africa,

She is our South Africa,

Is our own South Africa,

Africa all over !

THE SETTLER

HERE, where my fresh-turned furrows run,
And the deep soil glistens red,
I will repair the wrong that was done
To the living and the dead.
Here, where the senseless bullet fell,
And the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well,
Against the heat and the thirst.

Here, in a large and a sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbour's hand,
And together we will atone

THE FIVE NATIONS

For the set folly and the red breach
And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.

Here will we join against our foes—
The hailstroke and the storm,
And the red and rustling cloud that blows
The locust's mile-deep swarm ;
Frost and murrain and floods let loose
Shall launch us side by side
In the holy wars that have no truce
'Twixt seed and harvest tide.

Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life ;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife,

THE SETTLER

From the far and the fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn cover our evil dreams
And the young corn our hate.

And when we bring old fights to mind,
We will not remember the sin—
If there be blood on his head of my kind,
Or blood on my head of his kin—
For the ungrazed upland, the untilled lea
Cry, and the fields forlorn :
'The dead must bury their dead, but ye—
Ye serve an host unborn.'

Bless then, our God, the new-yoked plough
And the good beasts that draw,
And the bread we eat in the sweat of our brow
According to Thy Law.

THE FIVE NATIONS

After us cometh a multitude—

Prosper the work of our hands,
That we may feed with our land's food
The folk of all our lands !

Here, in the waves and the troughs of the plains,

Where the healing stillness lies,
And the vast, benignant sky restrains
And the long days make wise—
Bless to our use the rain and the sun
And the blind seed in its bed,
That we may repair the wrong that was done
To the living and the dead !

SERVICE SONGS

*'Tommy' you was when it began,
But now that it is o'er
You shall be called The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*Batt'ry, brigade, flank, centre, van,
Defaulter, Army corps—
From first to last The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore.*

*From 'Alifax to 'Industan,
From York to Singapore—
'Orse, foot, an' guns, The Service Man
'Enceforward, evermore!*

CHANT-PAGAN

ENGLISH IRREGULAR : '99-02

ME that 'ave been what I 've been,
Me that 'ave gone where I 've gone,

Me that 'ave seen what I 've seen—

'Ow can I ever take on

With awful old England again,

An' 'ouses both sides of the street,

And 'edges two sides of the lane,

And the parson an' 'gentry ' between,

An' touchin' my 'at when we meet—

Me that 'ave been what I 've been ?

Me that 'ave watched 'arf a world

'Eave up all shiny with dew,

Kopje on kop to the sun,

An' as soon as the mist let 'em through

Our 'elios winkin' like fun—

THE FIVE NATIONS

Three sides of a ninety-mile square,

Over valleys as big as a shire—

Are ye there? Are ye there? Are ye there?

An' then the blind drum of our fire . . .

An' I'm rollin' 'is lawns for the Squire,

Me!

Me that 'ave rode through the dark

Forty mile often on end,

Along the Ma'ollisberg Range,

With only the stars for my mark

An' only the night for my friend,

An' things runnin' off as you pass,

An' things jumpin' up in the grass,

An' the silence, the shine an' the size

Of the 'igh, inexpressible skies. . . .

I am takin' some letters almost

As much as a mile, to the post,

An' ' mind you come back with the change !'

Me!

CHANT-PAGAN

Me that saw Barberton took
When we dropped through the clouds on
their 'ead,

An' they 'ove the guns over and fled—

Me that was through Di'mond 'Ill,

An' Pieters an' Springs an' Belfast—

From Dundee to Verceniging all !

Me that stuck out to the last

(An' five bloomin' bars on my chest)—

I am doin' my Sunday-school best,

By the 'elp of the Squire an' his wife

(Not to mention the 'ousemaid an' cook),

To come in an' 'ands up an' be still,

An' honestly work for my bread,

My livin' in that state of life

To which it shall please God to call

Me !

Me that 'ave followed my trade

In the place where the lightnin's are made,

THE FIVE NATIONS

'Twixt the Rains and the Sun and the Moon ;
Me that lay down an' got up
Three years an' the sky for my roof—
That 'ave ridden my 'unger an' thirst
Six thousand raw mile on the hoof,
With the Vaal and the Orange for cup,
An' the Brandwater Basin for dish,—
Oh ! it 's 'ard to be'ave as they wish,
(Too 'ard, an' a little too soon),
I 'll 'ave to think over it first—
Me !

I will arise an' get 'ence ;—
I will trek South and make sure
If it 's only my fancy or not
That the sunshine of England is pale,
And the breezes of England are stale,
An' there 's somethin' gone small with the lot ;
For *I* know of a sun an' a wind,
An' some plains and a mountain be'ind,

CHANT-PAGAN

An' some graves by a barb-wire fence ;
An' a Dutchman I 've fought 'oo might give
Me a job were I ever inclined,
To look in an' offsaddle an' live
Where there 's neither a road nor a tree—
But only my Maker an' me,
And I think it will kill me or cure,
So I think I will go there an' see.

M. I.

(MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE LINE)

I WISH my mother could see me now, with a
fence-post under my arm,
And a knife and a spoon in my putties that I
found on a Boer farm,
Atop of a sore-backed Argentine, with a thirst
that you couldn't buy.
I used to be in the Yorkshires once
(Sussex, Lincolns, and Rifles once),
Hampshires, Glosters, and Scottish once ! (*ad
lib.*)

But now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the name
you must call
If you want officers' servants, pickets an' 'orse-
guards an' all—

M. I.

Details for buryin'-parties, company-cooks or
supply—

Turn out the chronic Ikonas! Roll up the
——¹ M. I.!

My 'ands are spotty with veldt-sores, my shirt is
a button an' frill,

An' the things I've used my bay'nit for would
make a tinker ill!

An' I don't know whose dam' column I'm in, nor
where we're trekkin' nor why.

I've trekked from the Vaal to the Orange once—

From the Vaal to the greasy Pongolo once—

(Or else it was called the Zambesi once)—

For now I am M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the push
you require

For outposts all night under freezin', an' rear-
guard all day under fire.

¹ Number according to taste and service of audience.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Anything 'ot or unwholesome ? Anything dusty
or dry ?

Borrow a bunch of Ikonas ! Trot out the
M. I. !

Our Sergcant-Major 's a subaltern, our Captain 's
a Fusilier—

Our Adjutant 's 'late of Somebody's 'Orse,' an'
a Melbourne auctioneer ;

But you couldn't spot us at 'arf a mile from the
crackest caval-ry.

They used to talk about Lancers once,
Hussars, Dragoons, an' Lancers once,
'Elmets, pistols, an' carbines once,

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the
orphans they blame

For beggin' the loan of an 'cad-stall an' makin'
a mount to the same :

M. I.

'Can't even look at an 'orselines but some one
goes bellerin' ' Hi !

' 'Ere comes a burglin' Ikona ! ' Footsack you
—— M. I. !

We 're trekkin' our twenty miles a day an' bein'
loved by the Dutch,

But we don't hold on by the mane no more, nor
lose our stirrups—much ;

An' we scout with a senior man in charge where
the 'oly white flags fly.

We used to think they were friendly once,

Didn't take any precautions once

(Once, my ducky, an' only once !)

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the beggars
that got

Three days ' to learn equitation.' an' six months
o' bloomin' well trot !

THE FIVE NATIONS

Cow-guns, an' cattle, an' convoys—an' Mister De
Wet on the fly—

We are the rollin' Ikonas ! We are the —— M. I. !

The new fat regiments come from home, imaginin'
vain V.C.'s

(The same as our talky-fighty men which are
often Number Threes ¹),

But our words o' command are ' Scatter ' an'
' Close ' an' ' Let your wounded lie.'

We used to rescue 'em noble once,—
Givin' the range as we raised 'em once,
Gettin' 'em killed as we saved 'em once—

But now we are M. I.

That is what we are known as—we are the lan-
terns you view

After a fight round the kopjes, lookin' for men
that we knew ;

¹ Horse-holders when in action, and therefore generally under cover.

M. I.

Whistlin' an' callin' together, 'altin' to catch the
reply :—

' 'Elp me ! O 'clp me, Ikonas ! ' This way, the
—— M. I. !

I wish my mother could see me now, a-gatherin'
news on my own,

When I ride like a General up to the scrub and
ride back like Tod Sloan,

Remarkable close to my 'orse's neck to let the
shots go by.

We used to fancy it risky once

(Called it a reconnaissance once),

Under the charge of an orf'cer once,

But now we arc M. I.

That is what we are known as—that is the song
you must say

When you want men to be Mausered at one and
a penny a day ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

We are no five-bob colonials—we are the 'ome-made supply,
Ask for the London Ikonas ! Ring up the ——
M. I. !

I wish myself could talk to myself as I left 'im
a year ago ;
I could tell 'im a lot that would save 'im a lot on
the things that 'e ought to know !
When I think o' that ignorant barrack-bird, it
almost makes me cry.
I used to belong in an Army once
(Gawd ! what a rum little Army once),
Red little, dead little Army once !
But now I am M. I. !

That is what we are known as—we are the men
that have been
Over a year at the business, smelt it an' felt it
an' seen.

M. I.

We 'ave got 'old of the needful—you will be told
by and by ;

Wait till you 've 'eard the Ikonas, spoke to the
old M. I. !

*Mount—march, Ikonas ! Stand to your 'orses
again !*

*Mop off the frost on the saddles, mop up the miles
on the plain.*

*Out go the stars in the dawnin', up goes our dust to
the sky,*

Walk—trot, Ikonas ! Trek jou,¹ the old M. I. !

¹ Get ahead.

COLUMNS

(MOBILE COLUMNS OF THE LATER WAR)

O UT o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry
(*Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again !*)

'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply ?

(*A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men.*)

'Ere comes the clerk with 'is lantern an' keys

(*Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again !*)

' Surplus of everything—draw what you please

(*For the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men.*)

' What are our orders an' where do we lay ? '

(*Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again !*)

' You came after dark—you will leave before day,

(*You section, you pompom, an' six 'undred men !*)

COLUMNS

Down the tin street, 'all awake an' unfed,
'Ark to 'em blessin' the Gen'ral in bed !
Now by the church an' the outspan they wind—
Over the ridge an' it 's all lef' be'ind

For the section, etc.

Soon they will camp as the dawn 's growin' grey
Roll up for coffee an' sleep while they may—

The section, etc.

Read their 'ome letters, their papers an' such,
For they 'll move after dark to astonish the Dutch

With a section, etc.

'Untin' for shade as the long hours pass,
Blankets on rifles or burrows in grass,

Lies the section, etc.

Dossin' or beatin' a shirt in the sun,
Watching chameleons or cleanin' a gun,

Waits the section, etc.

THE FIVE NATIONS

With nothin' but stillness as far as you please,
An' the silly mirage stringin' islands an' seas
Round the section, etc.

So they strips off their hide an' they grills in their
bones,
Till the shadows crawl out from beneath the pore
stones
Towards the section, etc.

An' the Mauser-bird stops an' the jackals begin,
An' the 'orse-guard comes up and the Gunners
'ook in
*As a 'int to the pompom an' six 'undred
men. . . .*

Off through the dark with the stars to rely
on—
(Alpha Centauri an' somethin' Orion)
Moves the section, etc.

COLUMNS

Same bloomin' 'ole which the ant-bear 'as broke,
Same bloomin' stumble an' same bloomin' joke

Down the section, etc.

Same ' which is right ? ' where the cart-tracks
divide,

Same ' give it up ' from the same clever guide

To the section, etc.

Same tumble-down on the same 'idden farm,
Same white-eyed Kaffir 'oo gives the alarm

Of the section, etc.

Same shootin' wild at the end o' the night,
Same flyin' tackle an' same messy fight

By the section, etc.

Same ugly 'iccup an' same 'orrid squeal,
When it 's too dark to see an' it 's too late to feel

In the section, etc.

THE FIVE NATIONS

(Same batch of prisoners, 'airy an' still,
Watchin' their comrades bolt over the 'ill
From the section, etc.)

Same chilly glare in the eye of the sun
As 'e gets up displeased to see what was done
By the section, etc.

Same splash o' pink on the stoep or the kraal,
An' the same quiet face which 'as finished with
all
In the section, the pompom, an' six 'undred men.

Out o' the wilderness, dusty an' dry
(Time, an' 'igh time to be trekkin' again !)
'Oo is it 'eads to the Detail Supply ?
(A section, a pompom, an' six 'undred men.)

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

‘ . . . On the —th instant a mixed detachment of colonials left — for Cape Town, there to rejoin their respective homeward-bound contingents, after fifteen months’ service in the field. They were escorted to the station by the regular troops in garrison and the bulk of Colonel —’s column, which has just come in to refit, preparatory to further operations. The leave-taking was of the most cordial character, the men cheering each other continuously.’—*Any Newspaper*.

WE ’VE rode and fought and ate and drunk
as rations come to hand,

Together for a year and more around this stinkin’
land :

Now you are goin’ home again, but we must see
it through.

We needn’t tell we liked you well. Good-bye
—good luck to you !

THE FIVE NATIONS

You 'ad no special call to come, and so you
doubled out,
And learned us how to camp and cook an' steal
a horse and scout :
Whatever game we fancied most, you joyful
played it too,
And rather better on the whole. Good-bye—
good luck to you !

There isn't much we 'aven't shared, since Kruger
cut and run,
The same old work, the same old skoff, the same
old dust and sun ;
The same old chance that laid us out, or winked
an' let us through ;
The same old Life, the same old Death. Good-
bye—good luck to you !

Our blood 'as truly mixed with yours—all down
the Red Cross train,

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

We 've bit the same thermometer in Bloeming-
typhoidtein.

We 've 'ad the same old temp'rature—the same
relapses too,

The same old saw-backed fever-chart. Good-
bye—good luck to you !

But 'twasn't merely this an' that (which all the
world may know),

'Twas how you talked an' looked at things which
made us like you so.

All independent, queer an' odd, but most amazin'
new,

My word ! you shook us up to rights. Good-
bye—good luck to you !

Think o' the stories round the fire, the tales along
the trek—

O' Calgary an' Wellin'ton, an' Sydney and
Quebec ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

Of mine an' farm, an' ranch an' run, an' moose an'
cariboo,

An' parrots peekin' lambs to death ! Good-bye
—good luck to you !

We 've seen you 'ome by word o' mouth, we 've
watched your rivers shine.

We 've 'card your bloomin' forests blow of eucalypt'
and pine ;

Your young, gay countries north an' south, we
feel we own 'em too,

For they was made by rank an' file. Good-bye
—good luck to you !

We 'll never read the papers now without in-
quirin' first

For word from all those friendly dorps where you
was born an' nursed.

THE PARTING OF THE COLUMNS

Why, Dawson, Galle, an' Montreal—Port Darwin
—Timaru,
They 're only just across the road ! Good-bye
—good luck to you !

Good-bye !—So-long ! Don't lose yourselves—
nor us, nor all kind friends,
But tell the girls your side the drift we 're comin'
—when it ends !
Good-bye, you bloomin' Atlases ! You 've taught
us somethin' new :
The world 's no bigger than a kraal. Good-bye
—good luck to you !

TWO KOPJES

(MADE YEOMANRY)

ONLY two African kopjes,
Only the cart-tracks that wind
Empty and open between 'em,
Only the Transvaal behind ;
Only an Aldershot column
Marching to conquer the land . . .
Only a sudden and solemn
Visit, unarmed, to the Rand.

Then scorn not the African kopje,
The kopje that smiles in the heat,
The wholly unoccupied kopje,
The home of Cornelius and Piet.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
But of this be you blooming well sure,
A kopje is always a kopje,
And a Boojer is always a Boer !

TWO KOPJES

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the vultures above,
Only baboons—at the bottom,
 Only some buck on the move ;
Only a Kensington draper
 Only pretending to scout . . .
Only bad news for the paper,
 Only another knock-out.

Then mock not the African kopje,
 And rub not your flank on its side,
The silent and simmering kopje,
 The kopje beloved by the guide.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes,
 Only the dust of their wheels,
Only a bolted commando,
 Only our guns at their heels . . .

THE FIVE NATIONS

Only a little barb-wire,
Only a natural fort,
Only ' by sections retire,'
Only ' regret to report ' !

Then mock not the African kopje,
Especially when it is twins,
One sharp and one table-topped kopje,
For that 's where the trouble begins.
You can never be, etc.

Only two African kopjes
Baited the same as before—
Only we 've had it so often,
Only we 're taking no more . . .
Only a wave to our troopers,
Only our flanks swinging past,
Only a dozen voorloopers,
Only *we* 've learned it at last !

TWO KOPJES

Then mock not the African kopje,
But take off your hat to the same,
The patient, impartial old kopje,
The kopje that taught us the game !
For all that we knew in the Columns,
And all they 've forgot on the Staff,
We learned at the fight o' Two Kopjes,
Which lasted two years an' a half.

*O mock not the African kopje,
Not even when peace has been signed—
The kopje that isn't a kopje—
The kopje that copies its kind.
You can never be sure of your kopje,
But of this be you blooming well sure,
That a kopje is always a kopje,
And a Boojer is always a Boer !*

THE INSTRUCTOR

(CORPORALS)

AT times when under cover I 'ave said,
To keep my spirits up an' raise a laugh,
'Earin' 'im pass so busy over-'cad—
Old Nickel Neck, 'oo isn't on the Staff—
'There 's one above is greater than us all.'

Before 'im I 'ave seen my Colonel fall,
An' watched 'im write my Captain's epitaph,
So that a long way off it could be read—
He 'as the knack o' makin' men feel small—
Old Whistle Tip, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

There is no sense in fleein' (I 'ave fled),
Better go on an' do the belly-crawl,

THE INSTRUCTOR

An' 'ope 'e 'll 'it some other man instead
Of you 'e seems to 'unt so speshual—
Fitzzy van Spitz, 'oo isn't on the Staff.

An' thus in mem'ry's gratis biograph,
Now that the show is over, I recall
The pceevish voice an' 'oary mushroom 'ead
Of 'im we owned was greater than us all,
'Oo give instruction to the quick an' the dead—
The Shudderin' Beggar not upon the Staff.

BOOTS

(INFANTRY COLUMNS OF THE EARLIER WAR)

WE 'RE foot—slog—slog—slog—sloggin'
over Africa !

Foot—foot—foot—foot—sloggin' over Africa—
(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up and
down again !)

There 's no discharge in the war !

Seven—six—eleven—five—nine-an'-twenty mile
to-day—

Four—eleven—seventeen—thirty-two the day
before—

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up and
down again !)

There 's no discharge in the war !

Don't—don't—don't—don't—look at what 's in
front of you

BOOTS

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an'
down again);

Men—men—men—men—men go mad with
watchin' 'em,

An' there 's no discharge in the war.

Try—try—try—try—to think o' something differ-
ent—

Oh—my—God—keep—me from goin' lunatic !

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up an'
down again !)

There 's no discharge in the war.

Count—count—count—count—the bullets in the
bandoliers ;

If—your—eyes—drop—they will get atop o'
you

(Boots—boots—boots—boots, movin' up and
down again)—

There 's no discharge in the war !

THE FIVE NATIONS

We—can—stick—out—'unger, thirst, an' weariness,

But—not—not—not—not the chronic sight of
'em—

Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up an'
down again,

An' there 's no discharge in the war !

'Tain't—so—bad—by—day because o' company,
But night—brings—long—strings o' forty thousand million

Boots — boots — boots — boots, movin' up an'
down again.

There 's no discharge in the war !

I—'ave—marched—six—weeks in 'Ell an' certify
It—is—not—fire—devils dark or anything
But boots—boots—boots, movin' up an' down
again,

An' there 's no discharge in the war !

THE MARRIED MAN

(RESERVIST OF THE LINE)

THE bachelor 'e fights for one
As joyful as can be ;
But the married man don't call it fun,
Because 'e fights for three—
For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' Two an' One makes Three)
'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea !

The bachelor pokes up 'is 'ead
To see if you are gone ;
But the married man lies down instead,
An' waits till the sights come on.

THE FIVE NATIONS

For 'Im an' 'Er an' a hit

(Direct or ricochec)

'E wants to finish 'is little bit,

An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor will miss you clear

To fight another day ;

But the married man, 'e says ' No fear !'

'E wants you out of the way

Of 'Im an' 'Er an' It

(An' 'is road to 'is farm or the sea),

'E wants to finish 'is little bit,

An' 'e wants to go 'ome to 'is tea.

The bachelor 'e fights 'is fight

An' stretches out an' snores ;

But the married man sits up all night—

For 'e don't like out o' doors :

THE MARRIED MAN

'E 'll strain an' listen an' peer
An' give the first alarm—
For the sake o' the breathin' 'e 's used to 'ear
An' the 'ead on the thick of 'is arm.

The bachelor may risk 'is 'ide
To 'elp you when you 're downed ;
But the married man will wait beside
Till the ambulance comes round.
'E 'll take your 'ome address
An' all you 've time to say,
Or if 'e sees there 's 'ope, 'e 'll press
Your art'ry 'alf the day—

For 'Im an' 'Er an' It
(An' One from Three leaves Two),
For 'e knows you wanted to finish your bit,
An' 'e knows 'oo 's wantin' you.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Yes, 'Im an' 'Er an' It

(Our 'oly One in Three),

We 're all of us anxious to finish our bit,

An' we want to get 'ome to our tea !

Yes, It an' 'Er an' 'Im,

Which often makes me think

The married man must sink or swim

An'—'e can't afford to sink !

Oh 'Im an' It an' 'Er

Since Adam an' Eve began,

So I 'd rather fight with the bachelor

An' be nursed by the married man !

LICHTENBERG

(N.S.W. CONTINGENT)

SMELLS are surer than sounds or sights
To make your heart-strings crack—
They start those awful voices o' nights
That whisper, 'Old man, come back.'
That must be why the big things pass
And the little things remain,
Like the smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain.

There was some silly fire on the flank
And the small wet drizzling down—
There were the sold-out shops and the bank
And the wet, wide-open town ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

And we were doing escort-duty
To somebody's baggage-train,
And I smelt wattle by Lichtenberg—
Riding in, in the rain.

It was all Australia to me—
All I had found or missed :
Every face I was crazy to see,
And every woman I 'd kissed :
All that I shouldn't ha' done, God knows !
(As He knows I 'll do it again),
That smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain !

And I saw Sydney the same as ever,
The picnics and brass-bands ;
And the little homestead on Hunter River
And my new vines joining hands.

LICHTENBERG

It all came over me in one act

Quick as a shot through the brain—

With the smell of the wattle round Lichtenberg,
Riding in, in the rain.

I have forgotten a hundred fights,

But one I shall not forget—

With the raindrops bunging up my sights

And my eyes bunged up with wet ;

And through the crack and the stink of the cor-
dite

(Ah Christ ! My country again !)

The smell of the wattle by Lichtenberg,

Riding in, in the rain !

STELLENBOSH

(COMPOSITE COLUMNS)

THE General 'eard the firin' on the flank,
An' 'e sent a mounted man to bring 'im
back
The silly, pushin' person's name an' rank
'Oo 'd dared to answer Brother Boer's attack.
For there might 'ave been a serious engagement,
An' 'e might 'ave wasted 'alf a dozen men ;
So 'e ordered 'im to stop 'is operations round the
kopjes,
An' 'e told 'im off before the Staff at ten !

And it all goes into the laundry,
But it never comes out in the wash,
'Ow we 're sugared about by the old men

STELLENBOSH

(‘Eavy-sterned amateur old men !)
That ‘amper an’ ‘inder an’ scold men
For fear o’ Stellenbosh !

The General ‘ad ‘ produced a great effect,’
The General ‘ad the country cleared—almost ;
The General ‘ ‘ad no reason to expect,’
And the Boers ‘ad us bloomin’ well on toast !
For we might ‘ave crossed the drift before the
twilight,
Instead o’ sitting down an’ takin’ root ;
But we was not allowed, so the Boojers scooped
the crowd,
To the last survivin’ bandolier an’ boot.

The General saw the farm’ouse in ‘is rear,
With its stoep so nicely shaded from the
sun ;
Sez ‘e, ‘ I ‘ll pitch my tabernacle ‘ere,’
An’ ‘e kept us muckin’ round till ‘e ‘ad done.

THE FIVE NATIONS

For 'e might 'ave caught the confluent pneumonia

From sleepin' in his gaiters in the dew ;

So 'e took a book an' dozed while the other columns closed,

And ——'s commando out an' trickled through !

The General saw the mountain-range ahead,

With their 'clios showin' saucy on the 'eight,

So 'e 'eld us to the level ground instead,

An' telegraphed the Boojers wouldn't fight.

For 'e might 'ave gone an' sprayed 'em with a pompom,

Or 'e might 'ave slung a squadron out to see—

But 'e wasn't takin' chances in them 'igh an' 'ostile kranzes—

He was markin' time to earn a K.C.B.

STELLENBOSH

The General got 'is decorations thick
(The men that backed 'is lies could not complain),
The Staff 'ad D.S.O.'s till we was sick,
An' the soldier—'ad the work to do again !
For 'e might 'ave known the District was a 'otbed,
Instead of 'andin' over, upside-down,
To a man 'oo 'ad to fight 'alf a year to put it right,
While the General went an' slandered 'im in town !

An' it all went into the laundry,
But it never came out in the wash.
We were sugared about by the old men
(Panicky, perishin' old men)
That 'amper an' 'inder an' scold men
For fear o' Stellenbosh !

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

WHEN by the labour of my 'ands
I 've 'elped to pack a transport tight
With prisoners for foreign lands,
I ain't transported with delight.
I know it 's only just an' right,
But yet it somehow sickens me,
For I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

Be'ind the pegged barb-wire strands,
Beneath the tall electric light,
We used to walk in bare-'ead bands,
Explainin' 'ow we lost our fight.
An' that is what they 'll do to-night
Upon the steamer out at sea,
If I 'ave learned at Waterval
The meanin' of captivity.

HALF-BALLAD OF WATERVAL

They 'll never know the shame that brands—

Black shame no livin' down makes white,

The mockin' from the sentry-stands,

The women's laugh, the gaoler's spite.

We are too bloomin' much polite,

But that is 'ow I 'd 'ave us be . . .

Since I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity.

They 'll get those draggin' days all right,

Spent as a foreigner commands,

An' 'orrors of the locked-up night,

With 'Ell's own thinkin' on their 'ands.

I 'd give the gold o' twenty Rands

(If it was mine) to set 'em free . . .

For I 'ave learned at Waterval

The meanin' of captivity !

PIET

(REGULAR OF THE LINE)

I DO not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels ; still,
What *is* the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill ?
So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite,
Myself, I 'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.
Ah there, Piet !—'is trousers to 'is knees,
'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-
sprinkled breeze ;
'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose
'is seat,
I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight
worse than Piet !

PIET

I 've 'eard 'im cryin' from the ground

Like Abel's blood of old,

An' skirmished out to look, an' found

The beggar nearly cold ;

I 've waited on till 'e was dead

(Which couldn't 'elp 'im much),

But many grateful things 'e 's said

To me for doin' such.

Ah there, Piet! whose time 'as come to
die,

'Is carcass past rebellion, but 'is eyes in-
quirin' why.

Though dressed in stolen uniform with badge
o' rank complete,

I 've known a lot o' fellers go a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

An' when there wasn't aught to do

But camp and cattle-guards,

THE FIVE NATIONS

I 've fought with 'im the 'ole day through
At fifteen 'undred yards ;
Long afternoons o' lyin' still,
An' 'earin' as you lay
The bullets swish from 'ill to 'ill
Like scythes among the 'ay.
Ah there, Piet !—be'ind 'is stony kop,
With 'is Boer bread an' biltong, an' 'is flask
of awful Dop ;
'Is Mauser for amusement an' 'is pony for
retreat,
I 've known a lot o' fellers shoot a dam' sight
worse than Piet.

He 's shoved 'is rifle 'neath my nose
Before I 'd time to think,
An' borrowed all my Sunday clo'es
An' sent me 'ome in pink ;
An' I 'ave crept (Lord, 'ow I 've crept !)
On 'ands an' knees I 've gone,

PIET

And spoorred and floored and caught and kept
An' sent him to Ceylon !

Ah there, Piet!—you've sold me many a
pup,

When week on week alternate it was you an'
me 'ands up !'

But though I never made *you* walk man-
naked in the 'eat,

I've known a lot of fellows stalk a dam'
sight worse than Piet.

From Plewman's to Marabastad,

From Ookiep to De Aar,

Mc an' my trusty friend 'ave 'ad,

As you might say, a war ;

But seein' what both parties done

Before 'e owned defeat,

I ain't more proud of 'avin' won,

Than I am pleased with Piet.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Ah there, Piet !—picked up be'ind the drive !
The wonder wasn't 'ow 'e fought, but 'ow
 'e kep' alive,
With nothin' in 'is belly, on 'is back, or to
 'is feet—
I've known a lot o' men behave a dam' sight
 worse than Piet.

No more I 'll 'ear 'is rifle crack
 Along the block'ouse fence—
The beggar 's on the peaceful tack,
 Regardless of expense.
For countin' what 'e eats an' draws,
 An' gifts an' loans as well,
'E 's gettin' 'alf the Earth, because
 'E didn't give us 'Ell !
 Ah there, Piet ! with your brand-new
 English plough,
Your gratis tents an' cattle, an' your most
 ungrateful frow.

PIET

You 've made the British taxpayer rebuild
your country-seat—

I 've known some pet battalions charge a
dam' sight less than Piet.

‘WILFUL-MISSING’

THERE is a world outside the one you know,
To which for curiousness ’Ell can’t com-
pare—

It is the place where ‘wilful-missings’ go,
As we can testify, for we are there.

You may ’ave read a bullet laid us low,
That we was gathered in ‘with reverent care’
And buried proper. But it was not so,
As we can testify, for we are there.

They can’t be certain—faces alter so
After the old aasvogel’s ’ad ’is share ;
The uniform’s the mark by which they go—
And—ain’t it odd ?—the one we best can spare.

‘ WILFUL-MISSING ’

We might ’ave seen our chance to cut the show—
Name, number, record, an’ begin elsewhere—
Leavin’ some not too late-lamented foe
One funeral—private—British—for ’is share.

We may ’ave took it yonder in the Low
Bush-veldt that sends men stragglin’ unaware
Among the Kaffirs, till their columns go,
An’ they are left past call or count or care.

We might ’ave been your lovers long ago,
’Usbands or children—comfort or despair.
Our death (an’ burial) settles all we owe,
An’ why we done it is our own affair.

Marry again, and we will not say no,
Nor come to bastardise the kids you bear :
Wait on in ’ope—you ’ve all your life below
Before you ’ll ever ’ear us on the stair.

THE FIVE NATIONS

There is no need to give our reasons, though
Gawd knows we all 'ad reasons which were
fair ;

But other people might not judge 'em so,
And now it doesn't matter what they were.

What man can size or weigh another's woc ?
There are some things too bitter 'ard to bear.
Suffice it we 'ave finish'd—Domino !
As we can testify, for we are there,
In the side-world where ' wilful-missings ' go.

UBIQUE

THERE is a word you often see, pronounce it
as you may—

‘ You bike,’ ‘ you bykwe,’ ‘ ubbikwe ’—alludin’
to R.A.

It serves ‘Orse, Field, an’ Garrison as motto for a
crest,

An’ when you ‘ve found out all it means I ‘ll tell
you ‘alf the rest.

Ubique means the long-range Krupp be’ind the
low-range ‘ill—

Ubique means you ‘ll pick it up an’ while you do
stand still.

THE FIVE NATIONS

Ubique means you've caught the flash an'
timed it by the sound.

Ubique means five gunners' 'ash before you've
loosed a round.

Ubique means Blue Fuse, an' make the 'ole to
sink the trail.

Ubique means stand up an' take the Mauser's
'alf-mile 'ail.

Ubique means the crazy team not God nor man
can 'old.

Ubique means that 'orse's scream which turns
your innards cold !

Ubique means ' Bank, 'Olborn, Bank—a penny
all the way '—

The soothin', jingle-bump-an'-clank from day to
peaceful day.

UBIQUE

Ubique means ' They 've caught De Wet, an' now
we shan't be long.'

Ubique means ' I much regret, the beggar 's goin'
strong ! '

Ubique means the tearin' drift where, breech-
blocks jammed with mud,
The khaki muzzles duck an' lift across the khaki
flood.

Ubique means the dancing plain that changes
rocks to Boers.

Ubique means mirage again an' shellin' all out-
doors.

Ubique means ' Entrain at once for Grootdefeat-
fontein ' !

Ubique means ' Off-load your guns '—at mid-
night in the rain !

THE FIVE NATIONS

Ubique means ' More mounted men. Return all
guns to store.'

Ubique means the R.A.M.R. Infantillery Corps !

Ubique means that warnin' grunt the perished
linesman knows,

When o'er 'is strung an' sufferin' front the shrap-
nel sprays 'is focs ;

An' as their firin' dies away the 'usky whisper runs
From lips that 'aven't drunk all day : ' The Guns !
Thank Gawd, the Guns ! '

Extreme, depressed, point-blank or short, end-
first or any'ow,

From Colesberg Kop to Quagga's Poort—from
Ninety-Nine till now—

By what I 've 'eard the others tell an' I in spots
'ave seen,

There 's nothin' this side 'Eaven or 'Ell Ubique
doesn't mean !

THE RETURN

(ALL ARMS)

PEACE is declared, an' I return
To 'Ackneystadt, but not the same ;
Things 'ave transpired which made me learn
The size and meanin' of the game.
I did no more than others did,
I don't know where the change began ;
I started as a average kid,
I finished as a thinkin' man.

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we 'd drop 'er ! But she ain't !*

THE FIVE NATIONS

Before my gappin' mouth could speak

I 'card it in my comrade's tone ;

I saw it on my neighbour's cheek

Before I felt it flush my own.

An' last it come to me—not pride,

Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole

(If such a term may be applied),

The makin's of a bloomin' soul.

Rivers at night that cluck an' jeer,

Plains which the moonshine turns to sea,

Mountains that never let you near,

An' stars to all eternity ;

An' the quick-breathin' dark that fills

The 'ollows of the wilderness,

When the wind worries through the 'ills—

These may 'ave taught me more or less.

Towns without people, ten times took,

An' ten times left an' burned at last ;

THE RETURN

An' starvin' dogs that come to look
For owners when a column passed ;
An' quiet, 'omesick talks between
Men, met by night, you never knew
Until—'is face—by shellfire seen—
Once—an' struck off. They taught me too.

The day's lay-out—the mornin' sun
Beneath your 'at-brim as you sight ;
The dinner-'ush from noon till one,
An' the full roar that lasts till night ;
An' the pore dead that look so old
An' was so young an hour ago,
An' legs tied down before they 're cold—
These are the things which make you know.

Also Time runnin' into years—
A thousand Places left be'ind—
An' Men from both two 'emispheres
Discussin' things of every kind ;

THE FIVE NATIONS

So much more near than I 'ad known,
So much more great than I 'ad guessed—
An' me, like all the rest, alone—
But reachin' out to all the rest !

So 'ath it come to me—not pride,
Nor yet conceit, but on the 'ole
(If such a term may be applied),
The makin's of a bloomin' soul.
But now, discharged, I fall away
To do with little things again. . . .
Gawd, 'oo knows all I cannot say,
Look after me in Thamesfontein !

*If England was what England seems,
An' not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass, an' paint,
'Ow quick we 'd chuck 'er ! But she ain't !*

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies ;
The captains and the kings depart :
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

Far-called, our navies melt away ;
On dune and headland sinks the fire :

THE FIVE NATIONS

Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord !

Amen.

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

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