

THE
Cambridge Edition
OF THE
Poems of
RUDYARD
KIPLING

Three Volume Set



EDITED BY
Thomas Pinney

THE
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TO
The collectors, bibliographers, and librarians
who provided the means

❧

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- The Turkey and the Algebra 1977
- [“Badalia Jane McCann”] 1979
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To repeat the sense of the dedication of this edition, the essential preparation for it has been carried out by the generations of collectors, librarians, and bibliographers who have served Kipling devotedly.

List of works by Kipling containing poems,
by date of publication



- Schoolboy Lyrics*, 1881
Echoes, 1884
Departmental Ditties, 1886
Plain Tales from the Hills, 1888
Soldiers Three, 1888
The Story of the Gadsbys, 1888
In Black and White, [1889]
Under the Deodars, [1889]
The Courting of Dinah Shadd and Other Stories, 1890
The Light that Failed, [1890]
Life's Handicap, 1891
Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads, 1892
The Naulabka, 1892
Many Inventions, 1893
The Jungle Book, 1894
The Second Jungle Book, 1895
The Seven Seas, 1896
"Captains Courageous," 1897
An Almanac of Twelve Sports, 1897
The Day's Work, 1898
Stalky & Co., 1899
Kim, 1901
Just So Stories, 1902
The Five Nations, 1903
Traffics and Discoveries, 1904
Puck of Pook's Hill, 1906
Collected Verse, 1907
Letters to the Family, 1908
Actions and Reactions, 1909
Abaft the Funnel, 1909

- Rewards and Fairies*, 1910
The History of England, 1911
Collected Verse, 1912
Songs from Books, 1912
France at War, 1915
The Fringes of the Fleet, 1915
Sea Warfare, 1916
A Diversity of Creatures, 1916
Twenty Poems, 1918
The Years Between, 1919
Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1919
Land and Sea Tales, 1923
Songs for Youth, [1924]
A Choice of Songs, 1925
Debits and Credits, 1926
Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1927
Songs of the Sea, 1927
A Book of Words, 1928
The Complete Stalky & Co., 1929
Poems, 1886–1929, 1929
Selected Poems, 1931
Limits and Renewals, 1932
Verse, Inclusive Edition, 1933
The Sussex Edition, 1937–1939, the copy text for all of the poems in the titles listed here.
Brazilian Sketches, 1938

Abbreviations



Note: When a simple abbreviation (e.g. *FN* for *The Five Nations*; or *SB* for *Songs from Books*) is used in the record of variants, that means that all significant editions of that title other than the Sussex Edition, the copy text, contain the variant in question. When a modified abbreviation – e.g. *FN* (1Eng; *Bb*); or *SB* (1912; *Poems*) – is used, that means that only the editions specified contain the variant.

In the list of titles that follows, the date given is that of the first edition unless there is a special reason to specify more than one edition, e.g., for *Departmental Ditties* or *The Light that Failed*.

- 1914: "Hymn before Action," London, 1914.
A&R: *Actions and Reactions*, London, 1909.
AF: *Abaft the Funnel*, New York, 1909.
Air: *Air*, London.
AL: unsigned letter.
ALS: autographed letter signed.
AM99: those titles reprinted by Doubleday and McClure in 1899 as the American trade edition (same plates used in Swastika and Copyright editions); these are not first American editions but titles taken over from Macmillan and other publishers, with revised texts.
American: *American Magazine*, New York.
AMK: Alice Macdonald Kipling, RK's mother.
AMS: *All the Mowgli Stories*, London, 1933.
AS: *Animal Stories from Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1932.
ASM: *Associated Sunday Magazines* (American newspaper supplement).
Athenæum: *The Athenæum*, London.
Atlantic: *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston.
ATS: *An Almanac of Twelve Sports*, London, 1898.

- B: broadside printing.
- BA: *Boston American*.
- Baldwin: Baldwin Papers, Special Collections, University of Sussex Library.
- B&M: J. L. Kipling, *Beast and Man in India*, London, 1891.
- Bb: Bombay Edition, 31 vols., London, 1913–1938.
- BB1896: *The Book of Beauty (Late Victorian Era)*, London, 1896.
- BB1902: *The Book of Beauty (Era King Edward VII)*, London, 1902.
- BBRB93: *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*, new edition, with additional poems, New York, 1893; 3rd American edition.
- Berg: MSS in the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection, New York Public Library.
- Birk: Lord Birkenhead, *Rudyard Kipling*, New York, 1978.
- BL: MSS in the British Library, London.
- BRB92: 1st American and 1st English editions of *Barrack-Room Ballads* in separate volume form when their readings agree. When they differ the following two abbreviations are used:
- BBRBtAm: 1st American edition, New York, 1892 (it precedes the first English edition and has a different title: *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*).
- BRBtEng: 1st English edition, London, 1892, with title *Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses*.
- BRBDD: *Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses together with Departmental Ditties*, New York, US Book Co., n.d. [1892].
- BS: *Brazilian Sketches in Letters of Travel*, Sussex Edition, vol. xxiv, London, 1938.
- BSA: *Boston Sunday Advertiser and American*.
- Bun: John Arthur Barry, *Steve Brown's Bunyip*, London and Sydney, 1893.
- CalR: *Calcutta Review*.
- Car: *The Car*, London.
- Cassell's: *Cassell's Magazine*, London.

- CC: "Captains Courageous," New York, 1897.
- CCRK: Charles Carrington, *Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1955.
- CDS: *Collected Dog Stories*, London, 1934.
- CDSb: *The Courting of Dinah Shadd and Other Stories*, New York, 1890.
- CE: Copyright edition: in cases where both an English and an American copyright edition exist, CEEng and CEAm are used.
- CEchoes: *College Echoes*, St. Andrews University.
- Century: *Century Magazine*, New York.
- Cg: cablegram.
- Chandler, Lloyd H. Chandler, *A Summary of the Works of Rudyard Kipling Including Items Ascribed to Him*, New York, The Grolier Club, 1930. RK's annotated copy is in Special Collections, University of Sussex Library.
- Chandler, Lloyd H. Chandler, "Index of 1st Lines of [RK's] Verse and Verses Quoted or Used by Him," typescript, Special Collections, University of Sussex Library. RK's annotated copy, inscribed May 1931.
- First Lines":
- CIM: *Cape Illustrated Magazine*, Cape Town.
- CK diary: Excerpts and summaries from Mrs. Kipling's diary made by Charles Carrington: copy, Special Collections, University of Sussex Library.
- CL: *Country Life in America*, New York.
- CMG: *Civil and Military Gazette*, Lahore.
- Collier's: *Collier's* magazine, New York.
- Con: *Contemporary Review*, London.
- Cosmo: *Cosmopolitan*, New York; afterwards *Hearst's International combined with Cosmopolitan*.
- Cosmopolis: London; no abbreviation.
- Covenanter: *The Covenanter*, London.
- CR: Herbert Baker, *Cecil Rhodes by His Architect*, London, 1934.
- CS: *A Choice of Songs from the Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1925.
- CSR: *The Complete Stalky & Co.*, London, 1929.
- CT: *Chicago Tribune*.

- CV1907: *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, New York, 1907.
 CV1912: *Collected Verse of Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1912.
- Dalhousie: Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.
 DC: *A Diversity of Creatures*, London, 1917.
 DCb: *The Daily Chronicle*, London.
 D&C: *Debits and Credits*, London, 1926.
 DD1: *Departmental Ditties and Other Verses*, Lahore, 1886.
 Successive editions identified as DD2, DD3, etc.
- DDBRB90: *Departmental Ditties, Barrack-Room Ballads and Other Verses*,
 New York, 1890: 1st American edition.
- DDBRB99: *Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*,
 New York, 1899: American trade edition.
- DE: *Rudyard Kipling's Verse Definitive Edition*, London, 1940.
 Del: *The Delineator*, New York.
 DEx: *The Daily Express*, London.
- Diary: RK's diary for 1885: MS, Harvard; printed in *Something
 of Myself*, Cambridge, 1990.
- DM: *The Daily Mail*, London.
 DT: *The Daily Telegraph*, London.
- Dunham Papers: Papers of Josephine Dunham in the care of
 Wolcott B. Dunham, Jr., New York City.
- DW: *The Day's Work*, London, 1898.
 EA: *The Eyes of Asia*, New York, 1918.
 EdL: *Edition de Luxe*, 38 vols., London, 1897–1938.
 EIM: *English Illustrated Magazine*, London.
- Empire: *The Empire and the Century*, London, 1905.
- Engineer: *The Engineer*, London.
 Engl: *The Englishman*, Calcutta.
- EV1900: *Early Verse*, vol. xvii, Outward Bound Edition, New
 York, 1900.
- Every: *Everybody's*, New York.
- Family: *Letters to the Family*, Toronto, 1908.
 FF: *The Fringes of the Fleet*, London, 1915.
 Flag: *The Flag: The Book of the Union Jack Club*, London [1908].
 FN: *The Five Nations*, London, 1903.
 Friend: *The Friend*, Bloemfontein.

- FSS*: *From Sea to Sea*, 2 vols., New York, 1899.
FW: *France at War*, London, 1915.
Gp: galley proofs used to obtain copyright.
Gr: *The Graphic*, London.
 Haileybury: A bound volume of the *United Services College Chronicle*, with his contributions to the paper signed by RK. Presented to the Haileybury School by Mrs. Kipling.
 Harbord: R.E. Harbord, ed., *The Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work*, 8 vols., privately printed, Canterbury, 1961–1972.
Harper's: *Harper's Magazine*, New York.
 Harvard: MSS at Harvard University.
HE: C.R.L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling, *A School History of England*, Oxford, 1911 (verses by RK).
Hearst's: *Hearst's International Magazine*, New York.
HSM: *Hutchinson's Story Magazine*, London.
HT: *Humorous Tales from Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1931.
 Huntington: The Huntington Library, San Marino, California.
HW: *Harper's Weekly*, New York.
Idler: *The Idler*, London.
ISH: *The Illustrated Sunday Herald*, London.
IV1919: *Rudyard Kipling's Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1918*, New York, 1919; London, 1919.
 Successive editions identified as *IV1927*, *IV1933*. The American edition of *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1932*, was published in 1934, but unless it contains a variant not in the English edition of 1933 it is understood to be included in the citation of *IV1933*; if it does contain such a variant, then it is identified as *IV1933 (Am)*.
JB: *The Jungle Book*, London, 1894.
JB2: *The Second Jungle Book*, New York, 1895.
JLK: John Lockwood Kipling, RK's father.
JP: *The Jungle Play*, London, 2000.
JS: *Just So Stories*, London, 1902.
JSSB: *The Just So Song Book*, London, 1903.
KAB: *King Albert's Book* [London], 1914.
KBB: *The Kipling Birthday Book*, London, 1896.

- KH*: Charles Carrington, ed., *Kipling's Horace*, London, 1978.
- KJ*: *Kipling Journal*, London.
- KP*: The Kipling Papers, the property of the National Trust, deposited in Special Collections, University of Sussex Library.
- KPG*: *The King's Pilgrimage*, London, 1922.
- L&R*: *Limits and Renewals*, London, 1932.
- L&S*: *Land and Sea Tales for Scouts and Guides*, London, 1923.
- L&W*: *Land and Water and County Gentleman*, London.
- LC*: MSS in Library of Congress, Rare Book and Special Collections Division, Washington, D.C.
- Letters*: *The Letters of Rudyard Kipling*, ed. Thomas Pinney, 6 vols., London, 1990–2004.
- LF*: *The Light that Failed* has the following ten forms:
- CE*: *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, January 1891, filed as English copyright edition.
- Lipp*: *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine*, January 1891: the regular magazine issue in 12 chapters.
- West*: no. 25 of Lovell's Westminster Series, New York, 1890, in 12 chapters.
- Author*: authorized edn., New York, 1890, in 14 chapters.
- iEng*: London, 1891, in 15 chapters.
- OB*: Outward Bound Edition, vol. ix, New York, 1897.
- AM99*: Doubleday and McClure trade edition, New York, 1899.
- Uniform*, London, 1899.
- Bb*: Bombay Edition, vol. vii, London, 1913.
- Sussex*: Sussex Edition, vol. xviii, London, 1938.
- LH*: *Life's Handicap*, London, 1891.
- LHJ*: *Ladies' Home Journal*, Philadelphia.
- Liberty*: *Liberty*, New York.
- Lit*: *Literature* (afterwards the *Times Literary Supplement*).
- Livingston*, Flora V. Livingston, *Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling*, New York, 1927; *Supplement*, Cambridge, 1938.
- Biblio*: *Bibliography of the Works of Rudyard Kipling*, New York, 1927; *Supplement*, Cambridge, 1938.
- LM*: *London Magazine*, London.

- LP:* *The Literary Pageant*, London [1911].
Lud: *Ludgate Monthly*, London.
Lyra: *Lyra Heroica*, ed. W.E. Henley, London, 1892.
Macm: *Macmillan's Magazine*, London.
McC: *McClure's Magazine*, New York.
McCall's: *McCall's Magazine*, New York.
MacLean's: *MacLean's Magazine*, Toronto.
Magdalene Mag: *Magdalene College Magazine*, Cambridge.
Medici: *Medici Society, Ltd.*, London.
Metro: *Metropolitan Magazine*, New York.
MG: *Montreal Gazette*.
MI: *Many Inventions*, New York, 1893.
MM: *Maidstone Magazine*, London.
Morgan: Morgan Library, New York.
Motor Tours: "R.K.'s Motor Tours" [1911–1926]: typescript, Kipling Papers, University of Sussex.
MP: *Morning Post*, London.
Nash's: *Nash's Magazine*, London.
Nau: *The Naulabka*, London, 1892.
NewR: *New Review*, London.
NGC: Catalogue of the New Gallery, London, Summer Exhibition, 1897.
NLG: *Navy League Guide to the Coronation Review* [London], 1892.
NO: *National Observer*, London (successor to the *Scots Observer*)
Notebooks: RK's holograph notebooks of early poems, Kipling Papers, University of Sussex, and Berg Collection, New York Public Library.
NR: *National Review*, London.
NYH: *New York Herald*.
NYS: *New York Sun*.
NYT: *New York Times*.
NYTrib: *New York Tribune*.
NYW: *New York World*.
OB: Outward Bound Edition, 36 vols., New York, 1897–1937.

- OB₂₇: containing "Poems from History."
 OB₃₄: containing miscellaneous early and late poems.
- OP: *The Order of Proceedings at the National Meeting . . . National Council of Social Service*, [London], January 27, 1932.
- OVK: *The One Volume Kipling*, New York, 1928.
- P: *The Pioneer*, Allahabad.
- Pearson's: *Pearson's Magazine*, London.
- People: *The People*, London.
- PM: *Pioneer Mail*, Allahabad.
- PMB: *Pall Mall Budget*, London.
- PMG: *Pall Mall Gazette*, London.
- PMM: *Pall Mall Magazine*, London.
- Poems: *Poems 1886–1929 by Rudyard Kipling*, 3 vols., London, 1929.
- Pp: page proofs submitted for copyright.
- PPH: *Puck of Pook's Hill*, London, 1896.
- PT: *Plain Tales from the Hills*, Calcutta, 1888.
- PW: *Pearson's Weekly*, London.
- QHF: *Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Liber Quintum*, Oxford, 1920.
- R&F: *Rewards and Fairies*, London, 1910.
- RCH: *Rhymed Chapter Headings for Naulabka*, New York, 1892.
- RCM: *Red Cross Magazine*.
- Rees extracts: Extracts and summaries from Mrs. Kipling's diaries made by Douglas Rees: copy, Special Collections, University of Sussex Library.
- Rev: *Reveille*, London.
- Richards, David Alan Richards, *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography*, New Castle, DE, and London, 2010.
- Biblio:
- RK: Rudyard Kipling.
- Rosenbaum: Barbara Rosenbaum, *Index of English Literary Manuscripts, IV 1880–1900: Part 2 Hardy–Lamb*, London and New York, 1990.
- Rutherford, Andrew Rutherford, ed., *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling 1879–1889: Unpublished, Uncollected, and Rarely Collected Poems*, Oxford, 1986.
- St. Andrews: *St. Andrews: Two Poems*, London [1926].

- S&C: *Stalky & Co.*, London, 1899.
 S&S: *Sea and Sussex*, London, 1926.
 SB: *Songs from Books*.
 SB1912: *Songs from Books*, New York, 1912.
 SB1913: *Songs from Books*, London, 1913.
 Scout: *The Scout*, London.
 Scrapbooks: Nine volumes of cuttings from newspapers and magazines kept by RK of his own work, Kipling Papers, Special Collections, University of Sussex.
 Scribner's: *Scribner's Magazine*, New York.
 SE: *Sunday Express*, London.
 Select: *Selected Poems from Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1931.
 SEP: *Saturday Evening Post*, Philadelphia.
 Sep: separate edition of a poem originally appearing in a periodical or collection.
 SG: *Story of the Gadsbys*, Allahabad [1888].
 SJG: *St. James's Gazette*, London.
 SL: *Schoolboy Lyrics*, Lahore, 1881.
 SN: *St. Nicholas*, New York.
 SO: *Scots Observer*, Edinburgh; afterwards the *National Observer*, London.
 SoM: *Something of Myself*, London, 1937.
 SoS: *Songs of the Sea from Rudyard Kipling's Verse*, London, 1927.
 SP: *Sunday Pictorial*, London.
 SPh: "Sundry Phansies," holograph notebook of early verse, Berg Collection, New York Public Library.
 SR: *Saturday Review*, London.
 SS: *The Seven Seas*, London, 1896.
 ST: *Soldiers Three*, Allahabad, 1888.
 Standard: *The Standard*, London.
 Stewart, James McG. Stewart and A. W. Yeats, *Rudyard Kipling: Catalogue: A Bibliographical Catalogue*, 1959.
 Story: *The Story-Teller*, London.
 Strand: *The Strand Magazine*, London.
 Sussex: Sussex Edition, 35 vols., London, 1937–1939.
 SW1Am: *Sea Warfare*, New York, 1917.

- SWiEng*: *Sea Warfare*, London, 1916.
SY: *Songs for Youth from Collected Verse by Rudyard Kipling*, London [1924].
T&D: *Traffics and Discoveries*, London, 1904.
Times: *The Times*, London.
TimesWE: *The Times Weekly Edition*.
TLS: typed letter signed.
To-day: *To-day*, London.
TP: *Twenty Poems from Rudyard Kipling*, London, 1918.
TW: *This Week* (American newspaper Sunday supplement).
TWP: *A Treasury of War Poetry*, Boston, 1917.
UD: *Under the Deodars*, Allahabad [1889].
UL: R. A. Profeit, ed., *Under Lochnagar*, Aberdeen, 1894.
Uniform: Uniform Edition, 28 vols., London, 1899–1938.
UP: *Uncollected Prose, Part I and Part II*, Sussex Edition, vols. xxix, xxx, London, 1938.
USCC: *United Services College Chronicle, Westward Ho!*
W&S: “Writings and Songs by R. K.,” notebook of poems copied for Flo Garrard, dated 1882, in Berg Collection.
WBS: Julian Ralph, *War’s Brighter Side*, New York, 1901.
Windsor: *Windsor Magazine*, London.
WN: *Week’s News*, Allahabad.
WW: *The World’s Work*, New York.
YB: *The Years Between*, London, 1919.
YC: *The Youth’s Companion*, Boston.

SIGNS

- [] Material within square brackets supplied by the editor.
 < > Material within pointed brackets has been deleted by the author.
 § Indicates a probable typographical error, to distinguish the variant from an authorial change.

Introduction



This edition has three main aims: to be as complete as possible, including both collected and uncollected poems; to provide accurate texts of all the poems, together with a textual history of Kipling's collected poems; and to provide a correct account of the publication history of each of the published poems or information about the uncollected poems. In what follows I discuss what each of these aims entails.

KIPLING THE PROLIFIC

Kipling was both precocious and productive as a poet. He says in *Something of Myself* that “after my second year at school [that is, in 1880], the tide of writing set in”¹ by which he presumably means a steady application to writing. But he had already shown his attraction to the pen: the earliest work in this edition is probably from 1876; he never, thereafter, ceased to write regularly. The result, as this edition makes plain, is that he left a very large body of work in verse form, to say nothing of his work in many varieties of prose. No edition of his works – prose or verse – before this one comes even remotely close to completeness. But if he was copious, he was also fastidious: many things certainly went into the wastebasket.

In addition to Kipling's fecundity there are some special circumstances that make a complete collection of his poetic production difficult to achieve. The first is the fact that much of his early production, for newspapers in India, was anonymous or pseudonymous, after the fashion of journalism in those days. He labored for the *Civil and Military Gazette* of Lahore for some five years, 1882–1887, and began contributing poems to the paper at least from early 1883. In late 1887 he migrated to the *Pioneer* in Allahabad, and until March of 1889 wrote regularly for that

¹ *Something of Myself*, ch. 2 .

paper. Most of the early work is anonymous, or disguised under various pseudonyms – “Blank Cartridge,” “Dan Dindigul,” “Esau Mull,” “Jacob Cavendish,” “Kingcraft,” “N. W. P.” to cite only a few such disguises.

Under his own name, or at least under his own initials, he also contributed to other Indian periodicals: *The Englishman* of Calcutta, the *Calcutta Review*, the *Indian Planter's Gazette and Sporting News*. But Indian periodicals contained only a part of his poetic production: he wrote verse letters to his correspondents back home; he produced impromptus on various occasions that might be remembered and written down by others; he sent valentines and Christmas cards in verse; he wrote prologues for plays at Simla; and, by the time that he began publishing his stories of Indian life in the late 1880s, he had adopted his life-long practice of writing verses to preface or to follow his stories, or of inserting them into the text of the story itself.²

After Kipling returned to England in late 1889 most of his poems were published over his name, so that there is little doubt in identifying them. But even here there are some difficulties. One is the fact that his work appeared in many different sorts of publications: provincial newspapers, specialized magazines long sunk in obscurity, books outside of the ordinary trade channels, political pamphlets. Another is that his poems and stories were contributed to publications all over the world – the United States, Canada, Australia, South Africa, as well as England and Scotland. Many of these were of course later collected in volumes issued by Kipling's regular publishers and so made known to the world at large by the usual means – but not all of them. And the globally dispersed publication of his poems makes it especially difficult to study the complete history of a given poem. In addition to these material difficulties, there is the critical difficulty of identifying as his the many lines of verse that accompany his stories or that are incorporated in those stories. He quotes others frequently; and he frequently writes his own verses to suit his purposes. It is not always easy to assign a given instance to one source or the other with any confidence.

2. See the “List of works by Kipling containing poems” before the Introduction.

KIPLING'S COLLECTED POEMS

Few poets can have enjoyed – if that is the right word – so many collections of their work as Kipling did. The first collection, when the author was not yet sixteen, was carried out without his knowledge by his parents in India, to whom he regularly sent his schoolboy efforts in imitative verse. He showed a remarkable facility in verse from an early age; as one of his admirers said of him then, “Rudyard could versify on any subject.”³ His parents caused to be printed a small volume of this juvenilia at the press of the *Civil and Military Gazette* in Lahore in 1881 under the title of *Schoolboy Lyrics* – without telling their son what they had done. Kipling, when he went out to India in the next year and discovered the existence of the book, was more than a little annoyed, the first evidence of the jealous concern with which he protected the publication of his work thereafter.⁴

The first collection of Kipling's poems, then, was put together by his parents. The second, the volume of parodies and imitations called *Echoes* (1884) was a collaboration with his sister Trix. The third, *Departmental Ditties* (1886), was, in Kipling's eyes, his first book – wholly his own work.⁵ After that, the stream of separate volumes, new editions, and successive complete collections is unbroken. The first publication of the poems to be called “collected” is the American *Collected Verse*, of 1907. This contains 151 poems, but is more notable for what it leaves out than for what it includes. Kipling, who did not care to be identified with *Departmental Ditties*, calling them “worthless,” omitted them from this first collected edition; they were also omitted from the first English *Collected Verse* (1912).⁶

3 Edith Plowden, “Rudyard Kipling's Parents in India,” a paper read before the Kipling Society: MS, 1938, Baldwin Papers, 1/20, University of Sussex. Only excerpts from this appear in the *Kipling Journal*, July, 1938.

4 David Richards, Kipling's latest and most authoritative bibliographer, conjectures that only fifty copies of this book were printed (*Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography*, 2010, p. 1).

5 See his “My First Book,” *The Idler*, December 1892.

6 “They are worthless as verse; and the book as a book has never existed out of India” (to F. N. Doubleday, March 1, 1897: copy, Princeton); “I want to suppress 'em because they are unusual bad, and will not be included in any English edition that I may make . . . doggerel that I am much discontented with” (to Edward Burlingame, April 4, 1897: ALS, Princeton); “squashed – so far as I am concerned – both sides the water” (to Burlingame, April 11, 1897).

This attempt at suppression of well-known work failed, and *Departmental Ditties* was restored in the edition of Kipling's collected works called the Bombay Edition (London, 1913ff.) and in all succeeding collections.

The *Collected Verse* of 1907 and that of 1912 both omit a considerable number of poems that had appeared as headings or tail-pieces to his stories. This, I think, is not because Kipling had any idea of suppressing them but because he had not yet made up his mind to give them an existence independent of the stories to which they belonged. After they had been first collected in *Songs from Books* (New York, 1912; London, 1913) they were included in every subsequent collected edition. Kipling never made a thorough review of all that he had written in this kind, however, so that a few strays remained outside of the collected editions. All of the separate volumes of collected verse omit Kipling's published juvenilia, that is, the poems in *Schoolboy Lyrics* and in *Echoes*. These poems, however, do appear in the first two editions of his collected works, the American Outward Bound Edition (1897ff.) and the English Edition de Luxe (1897ff.), where both *Schoolboy Lyrics* and *Echoes* are gathered in the volume titled *Early Verse* (1900). They then disappear, not to reappear until the final volume of the Sussex Edition, *Early Verse*, vol. xxxv, 1939. Showing remarkable restraint, Kipling allowed himself to apply only the lightest touches of revision to these early poems; he did, however, resolutely refuse ever to reprint the poem called "The Night Before," from *Schoolboy Lyrics*.

By the time that the last collected edition of the poems to be published in Kipling's lifetime appeared, *Rudyard Kipling's Verse: Inclusive Edition 1885–1932* (1933), the tally of poems had risen from the 151 of the 1907 *Collected Verse* to 607.⁷ The 1933 volume forms the basis of the so-called Definitive Edition (1940), a posthumous publication that remained in print for many years and is still regarded as the standard edition.

When the Definitive Edition was being planned in 1939 (it was then called the "Final Edition") Mrs. Kipling sent the following instructions

7 The complete sequence of collected verse volumes is as follows: *Complete Verse*, 1907; *Complete Verse*, 1912; *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1918*, 1919; *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1926*, 1927; *Poems 1886–1929*, 1929; *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1932*, 1933 (American edn., 1934). All except the first two were published in both English and American editions.

to Kipling's literary agent, the firm of A. P. Watt and Co.: "I enclose with this a copy of the contents with changes in punctuation, titles and positions of the poems which will make the Final Edition; it is a copy of the edition that Mr. Kipling gave me to follow."⁸

The corrected copy that Mrs. Kipling refers to is a volume of *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1932*; the book is now at Wimpole Hall, the home of Kipling's only child to survive, Elsie Bambridge. A note on the title page in Kipling's hand reads "Marked copy for future edition," the word "Inclusive" on the title page is changed to "Final," the date altered from 1932 to 1936, and the valedictory poem, "The Appeal," written out in careful fair copy on the title page. He has inserted a number of new titles at various points in the table of contents, and has made changes on some thirty-four pages, mostly small verbal changes.

For some unknown reason the Definitive Edition makes no use of the changes in this marked copy (with one exception to be noted later). Instead, it largely follows the text of *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1932*. But every one of Kipling's textual changes in the marked copy has been incorporated into the text of the verse volumes of the Sussex Edition, making it clear that it is the Sussex and not the Definitive Edition that provides the final text. The Definitive Edition has, in fact, no authority whatever; it either follows the Sussex Edition, or, where it differs from the Sussex Edition, it follows *Verse, Inclusive Edition 1885–1932*. It presents no independent readings at all; the Sussex Edition has many. Moreover, the Definitive Edition omits the early poems published in *Early Verse*, vol. xxxv of the Sussex Edition (1939). The alterations that Kipling made in the text of those many poems that accompany stories in the prose volumes of the Sussex Edition are regularly followed in those poems as they appear in the verse volumes of the edition but not in the Definitive Edition.⁹ Careful students of Kipling's poems should be aware of the

8 Caroline Kipling to A. S. Watt, n.d.: copied in Watt to Nelson Doubleday, December 18, 1939 (McCormick Papers, Manuscript Division, Library of Congress). The title of the edition was changed from "Final" to "Definitive" in August 1940, after Mrs. Kipling's death.

9 A special case is provided by "Rosicrucian Subtleties," which accompanies the early story called "Consequences" in *Plain Tales from the Hills*. Since its first publication, the name of the Rosicrucian Fludd (Robert Fludd, 1574–1637) had been mistakenly printed "Flood" in line 6. RK has corrected the error on the proofs of the Sussex Edition of *Plain Tales* (British

serious limitations of the Definitive Edition – its omissions, and its failure to record Kipling's final changes.

In one matter, however, the Definitive Edition does follow the changes that Kipling made in the corrected volume *Inclusive Verse* of 1933. He supplied in that volume many parenthetical subtitles for the poems in *Songs from Books*, giving the title of the story to which the poem is attached and of the volume of stories in which the story appears. These subtitles duly appear in the Definitive Edition but not in the Sussex Edition. But why, one wonders, were the new subtitles taken over into the Definitive Edition, but not the textual corrections? I have no answer.

There is no doubt about the textual authority of the poems in the Sussex Edition, but there are unanswered questions as to how the work was done. The idea for the Sussex Edition goes back to 1928, when Macmillan proposed to produce an edition of Kipling's work that should be a monument to one of the firm's most valuable authors. A plan was sketched out in 1929; by 1930 Kipling was choosing uncollected stories for it, and in the next years, through 1935, he was busily engaged in correcting proofs for the succession of volumes. But the volumes of the Sussex Edition devoted to Kipling's poems (volumes xxxii–xxxv, the final volumes in the edition) were not yet set up in type at the time of Kipling's death in January, 1936, so he can have had no chance to work directly on the proofs. He did, however, see most of the proofs of those prose volumes in which many of his poems appear as headings or afterwords to his stories, so that changes he made there could then be taken over into the verse volumes.¹⁰ And the corrected copy of *Inclusive Verse*, 1933, now at Wimpole Hall, was evidently closely followed. The poems in the Sussex Edition, however, show many unique alterations of so material a kind that it is impossible to imagine that anyone but Kipling himself was responsible for them, especially given a writer so jealous of the integrity of his texts. Evidently he had prepared lists of changes to be made in advance of any proofs and in addition to the changes in the

Library Add. MS 55852), but the correction was not picked up in the published volume of *Plain Tales*. The correction is, however, made in the verse volume, evidence that the verse volumes, though posthumous, received very careful editing.

¹⁰ These proofs are now among the Macmillan Papers in the British Library, catalogued as Add. MSS 55846–55876.

marked copy at Wimpole Hall. A selection of these changes is laid out in the note at the end of this Introduction. To sum up: the evidence of Kipling's work on the poems that figure in the verse volumes of the Sussex Edition is clear, though one cannot say that his revisions were complete. Probably they were not.

ARRANGEMENT OF THE POEMS

No one has yet made sense of Kipling's arrangements of his poems in the successive collected editions. The basis is neither chronological, nor thematic, nor formal. At the outset there is no difficulty: *Departmental Ditties* is reprinted unaltered (after its return to the fold in 1913). But then intelligible order collapses. Early work is set side by side with late work; poems thematically related are widely separated; utterly different sorts of poems are brought together to incongruous effect; poems from the same volume (e.g., the poems in the *Jungle Books*) are scattered broadcast through the volumes so that their connection is entirely hidden.¹¹

A typical sample, of six poems from pages 90–97 of the Definitive Edition, yields this analysis:

“Song of the Wise Children,” first published in *The Five Nations*, 1902.

“Zion”, first published in the *Daily Telegraph*, October 26, 1916, and collected in *The Years Between*, 1919.

“Buddha at Kamakura,” first published in *The Times*, July 2, 1892; collected in *The Five Nations*, 1902.

“The Greek National Anthem,” first published in the *Daily Telegraph*, October 17, 1918, and collected in *Verses, Inclusive Edition 1885–1918*, 1919.

“The Sea-Wife,” first published as an introductory letter to John Arthur Barry, *Steve Brown's Bunyip*, 1893, and collected in *The Seven Seas*, 1896.

¹¹ The first four poems in *Traffics and Discoveries*, for example – “The Captive,” “Poseidon's Law,” “The Runners,” and “The Wet Litany” – appear on pp. 532, 651, 109, and 659 of the Definitive Edition.

“The Broken Men,” written in 1901 and first published in *The Five Nations*, 1902.

Apart from the fact that three of the poems appear in *The Five Nations* and two in *The Seven Seas*, they appear to have nothing in common or to present any reason why they should be arranged as they are. They range over twenty-six years; one is from Kipling’s visit to Japan, another is from the War, another written at the request of the Greek legation. Such sequences seem wholly arbitrary, and as their occasions are mixed, so is everything else about them – subject, form, tone.

Now and then, it is true, an intelligible grouping occurs (e.g., the more or less nautical series of poems beginning with “The Mary Gloster”), but it soon ends, and the arrangement – or the disarray – resumes its baffling way. As Andrew Rutherford has said of the Definitive Edition, the collection that has represented Kipling’s poems to the public since 1940, “one’s first and final impression is of the chaotic nature of this volume.”¹² Yet Kipling wrote as though he had a plan: “I had of course my own idea of sequences when I arranged the first inclusive edition.”¹³ So far, no one seems to have found the secret.

In the Bombay Edition and in *Poems 1886–1929* Kipling dropped the plan – whatever it is – of the earlier collected editions and presented the poems in the chronological sequence of the original volumes: *Departmental Ditties*, *Barrack-Room Ballads*, *The Seven Seas*, and so on, including in the third and final volume of *Poems* more recent poems that had not yet appeared in a separate volume. This chronological scheme was also followed in the Sussex Edition, the final volume combining early and late work that had not appeared in any one of the separate volumes. The present edition follows the order of the Sussex Edition.

KIPLING’S UNCOLLECTED POEMS

The Definitive Edition of 1940 adds to the *Verse, Inclusive Edition* of 1933 another 66 poems, making a total of 673: the additional poems are all

12 “Some Aspects of Kipling’s Verse,” Chatterton Lecture on an English poet, British Academy, London, 1965, p. 380.

13 To A. S. Watt, June 25, 1928 (*Letters*, v, 439).

taken from the intervening Sussex Edition, though the early poems in the Sussex Edition are not included. The present edition adds another 545 poems that remained uncollected by Kipling, including both published and unpublished poems, some incomplete.

Kipling's uncollected poems are a field that has attracted many eager hunters over the years. It was known that he had published much anonymous or pseudonymous verse in his Indian years; the files of the *Civil and Military Gazette* and of *The Pioneer* were combed through to find likely specimens. The results of this work are conveniently listed in R. E. Harbord's privately printed *Readers' Guide to Rudyard Kipling's Work*, 8 vols., 1961–1972; the volume in this series devoted to the poems lists, according to my count, about 112 poems definitely not by Kipling, another 37 poems whose attribution to Kipling is highly doubtful, and another 7 poems that do not exist, ghosts of one kind and another.

Kipling knew what was going on, but he neither protested against nor assisted the hunters. He had no wish to identify early work that he himself chose not to reprint; as he wrote in 1924, "Well, a man does not like his boyhood's play work (for that is what it comes to) being given to the public after nearly forty years."¹⁴ A typical statement of his position in this matter is in a letter to his agent, A. S. Watt, in 1928, when Macmillan was planning the splendid edition published in three volumes as *Poems 1886–1929* in 1929. Macmillan was eager to make the edition as inclusive as possible and hoped for Kipling's help. The publisher was disappointed, for, as Kipling wrote,

As regards work "not at present accessible to the public", the inclusion of such work makes the new issue more of a collector's book than a considered book of known verse by me offered to the public. Nor, under the circumstances, could it be in any way a complete collection. I notice, for instance, in the list of uncollected material – newspaper bits, old programmes, U. S. C. Chronicles and private scraps published by recipients – material which I never wrote, but which I presume has been ascribed to me at one time or another. I have never denied such ascriptions because I do not think it part of my work to correct or limit the fancies of bibliographers.

14 To Mrs. Edmonia Hill, February 18, 1924 (copy, Cornell University).

But assuming that every item submitted were correct, and that all were of some value, still the collection could not be complete, because there is in existence as much again of my ephemeral, private and occasional verse as bibliographers suppose themselves to have traced up to the present. So any attempt to develop this edition on the bibliographical side would be a failure, and might excite the U.S. market to further piratical efforts.¹⁵

It is clear that Kipling greatly resented the quest for information about his work beyond what he himself saw fit to provide. All efforts to know more were, he held, an invasion of privacy, and Kipling was intensely private. He did relent to the extent of actually reading some bibliographical work by Rear Admiral Lloyd H. Chandler, an American navy man and a devoted student of Kipling.¹⁶ He had met Chandler and liked him; the navy connection was also in Chandler's favor. Chandler sent Kipling copies of two of his remarkable labors of love, *A Summary of the Work of Rudyard Kipling, Including Items Ascribed to Him*, published by the Grolier Club in New York in 1930; and a MS "Index of 1st Lines of [Kipling's] Verse and Verses Quoted or Used by Him" (n.d., but inscribed May 1931). Both of these enumerations are now in Special Collections at the University of Sussex Library, and both have been annotated by Kipling. A third listing of his work that he is known to have reviewed is a copy of Flora Livingston's *Bibliography*, now at Wimpole Hall. In each of these three listings Kipling has written a good many denials against the titles of works attributed to him: "not mine RK"; "none of my work"; "nothing to do with me"; or "Malignant and purposeful lying." Where there is no evidence to the contrary, I have taken these denials as valid; but in a number of cases Kipling has denied the authorship of items in these lists that are certainly his, so that the authority of his notes is somewhat shaken. But if he does not challenge an entry, that would seem

15 To A. S. Watt, June 25, 1928.

16 He also relented to some extent towards Flora Livingston, the rare book librarian at the Widener Library, Harvard, whose bibliography of Kipling (New York, 1927; *Supplement*, Cambridge, 1938) was the product of many years of diligent collecting and research. Kipling reviewed the galley proofs of the bibliography in 1924, but the only thing that we know he told her then was that certain pseudonyms associated with him in his years on the CMG were used as well by others on the staff (Livingston to Caroline Kipling, October 1, 1936: KP 25/53).

to be a reason to accept it as his unless other evidence should call it in question.

In recent years our information about what Kipling wrote has been immensely augmented, especially by the gift of his papers to the National Trust following the death of his only surviving child, Elsie Bambridge, in 1976. The Trust has deposited the papers in the Department of Special Collections in the library of the University of Sussex, where they have been skillfully arranged and made available to scholars. It will be convenient to list the items among these papers that have the most importance for an edition of the poems:

Verse notebooks: these, from Kipling's school years, contain, in manuscript, the poems published in *Schoolboy Lyrics* and many uncollected poems published by Andrew Rutherford in *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling*, 1986:

Verse notebook *KP 24/1*: fifty-two holograph poems, 1881–1882;

Verse notebook *KP 24/2*: MS transcripts by Kipling's parents of twenty-eight poems by Kipling, 1881–82, duplicating twenty-one of the poems in *KP 24/1*;

Verse notebook *KP 24/3*: fifty-eight holograph poems, 1882–1884, duplicating 25 of the poems in *KP 24/1*.

In addition to the Notebooks there are separate MSS, including drafts and fair copies, of about fifty-eight poems, some uncollected.

Scrapbooks: these contain cuttings from printed sources, mainly newspapers, kept by Kipling from the time of his arrival in India and continued down to the end of his life, a total of nine volumes identified as *KP28/1–9*. The first four, covering the years in India, are the richest source of identifications for his anonymous and pseudonymous work in both prose and verse:

Scrapbook *KP 24/1*: contributions to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 1884–1886;

Scrapbook *KP 24/2*: contributions to *The Pioneer*, 1885;

Scrapbook *KP 24/3*: contributions to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, 1886–1887.

Scrapbook *KP 24/4*: contributions to the *Civil and Military Gazette*, *The Pioneer*, *The Englishman*, et al., 1887–1891.

Many of the cuttings in these books are undated, or without clear indication of source, or both, but it has been possible to determine a date and place of publication for almost all of them.

The gradual accumulation in libraries around the world of Kipling material, besides the outstanding acquisition at Sussex, has greatly assisted the establishment of the Kipling canon, a work that is still going on. A variety of Kipling manuscripts, inscribed presentation copies of books, and letters in their thousands, add new information and new texts to our record of what Kipling wrote. To the two great collections in England, the Kipling Papers in the University of Sussex, and Kipling's own collection of his own publications now in the British Library, one may add a long list of important collections in American libraries: the Library of Congress, Yale University, the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library, Princeton University, Cornell University, Syracuse University, Harvard University, the University of Texas, the Huntington Library – to give only a selection. To this distinguished list one must add the great collection formed by Kipling's bibliographer, James McG. Stewart, now at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The Kipling Journal, the publication of the Kipling Society, now in its eighty-fourth year, has provided many newly discovered or forgotten poems by Kipling and much information, otherwise unavailable, about their occasions.

These materials have been studied, organized, and described in a way to facilitate scholarly travel through the jungle of Kipling's work, collected and uncollected, in three indispensable recent works. To take them in the order of publication, there is first the groundbreaking edition by Andrew Rutherford of *Early Verse by Rudyard Kipling*, 1986, the first work to exploit the Kipling Papers at Sussex. Rutherford, with the aid of the verse notebooks and scrapbooks at Sussex, was able to identify dozens and scores of previously unknown poems; he presented them in an edition notable for accuracy and learning. Barbara Rosenbaum, in her contribution to the monumental *Index of English Literary Manuscripts* (vol. iv, 1990) compiled a comprehensive list of the known manuscripts of Kipling's work in both prose and verse. It contains an astonishing 2,309 items, clearly described, with complete information as to form, publication, and present location. Most recently (2010), David Alan

Richards has published *Rudyard Kipling: A Bibliography*, a work exhibiting a complete mastery of the unbelievably complicated bibliographic problems in Kipling's work. It is an inexhaustible source of information on all points of the publication history of Kipling's works as well as a thorough analytical description of their material forms. Our knowledge of these subjects has been transformed by the work.

One result of this increase – one might almost call it an explosion – in our knowledge of Kipling's work is the present edition. Thirty years ago it would have been impossible; now, if the work still faces a good many questions, it can at least be carried out with a reasonable assurance of covering the field in its newly and greatly expanded size. There are still doubtful identifications; and there will still be new discoveries. But it is not unreasonable to think that most of the poems that Kipling wrote and that have survived are now known.

TEXT AND TEXTUAL HISTORY

The text of the collected poems in this edition is that of the Sussex Edition (35 vols., London, 1937–1939), the last complete edition and the last, as has been said, that Kipling corrected.¹⁷

To display the process by which the poems reached the Sussex Edition from their first publication I have attempted to find and to collate every authorized publication of each poem and to record the results. The multiplicity of authorized texts and the difficulty of finding copies of all the publications in which a given poem may have appeared has made this much the most difficult job in carrying out the edition. By “authorized” I mean not every issue of every title put out by Kipling's publishers but those editions, or collections, that Kipling is known to have corrected or that he might plausibly be supposed to have corrected, given that they were published in his lifetime and with his knowledge and permission – e.g., the many anthologies, special collections, and selections that multiplied at the end of his career.

¹⁷ The Sussex Edition is the source of the American Burwash Edition, published in twenty-eight volumes in 1941 by Doubleday. The latter has no independent authority.

In some instances, the results of the study have been very meager; in others, quite the reverse. Kipling, unlike Henry James, did not take the opportunity of new editions to rewrite his work. But he fully exploited his many chances to delete, alter, and add to the texts of his collected poems as they passed from English and American periodical publication to first volume publication and then through successive collections and editions. In a few instances I have had to make over twenty separate collations, though more often the work has required consulting only ten or a dozen forms of a given poem.¹⁸ Readers with different purposes will find different interests in the results of these collations, but all will surely agree that they confirm what T.S. Eliot has said: “no writer has ever cared more for the craft of words than Kipling.”¹⁹

One striking fact that collation reveals is what may be called the instability of revision, by which I mean that a change made in one edition may or may not be carried over into the next or into some far subsequent edition. Such inconsistencies arise, I think, from the sheer multiplicity of Kipling’s editions: which one, of the many available to him after only a few years of authorship, did he use as a copy text in preparing for the next edition?

For example, a copy of *Departmental Ditties* in the second printing, 1900, of the edition published by Newnes in London, 1899, now at Yale, was corrected by Kipling as the copy text for *Departmental Ditties* in the Bombay

18 A typical pattern is traced by, for instance, a poem such as “The Bell-Buoy”: after publication in the English *Saturday Review* (1896) and the American *McClure’s* (1897) it was collected in *The Five Nations* (English and American editions, 1903), then in the American Outward Bound Edition (1903), the English de Luxe Edition (1904), the English Bombay Edition (1914), the American Seven Seas Edition (1915), in the three editions of *Inclusive Verse* (1919, 1927, 1933), both English and American, in *Poems 1886–1929* (1929, English and American), in the English Sussex Edition (1938), in the American Burwash Edition (1941), and, finally, in the Definitive Edition of 1940 – a total of nineteen. The poem also appears in the selections called *Sea and Sussex* (English and American editions, 1926), and *Selected Poems from Rudyard Kipling* (English edition only, 1931), raising the total to twenty-two. Since the American Definitive Edition is simply a copy of the English, and since the American Burwash is a copy of the English Sussex Edition, both made after Kipling’s death, they have no independent authority. More than merely typographical differences between some English and American editions may be found in the same titles published during Kipling’s lifetime.

19 T. S. Eliot, *A Choice of Kipling’s Verse*, 1941, p. 14.

Edition, 1914. The Newnes edition follows the text of the 6th edition, 1891. But why did he not use the edition of *Departmental Ditties* published by Doubleday and McClure in New York, 1899, or the Outward Bound Edition of *Departmental Ditties* in the *Early Verse* volume, 1900? Both of these latter texts have been considerably revised, but Kipling disregarded them in preparing the Bombay Edition and used instead an edition which repeats the text of *Departmental Ditties* in the form that it had reached only by 1891.

A simple example of the consequent instability arising from the apparently arbitrary choice of copy texts is provided by line 29 of the early poem from *Departmental Ditties*, "Study of an Elevation, in Indian Ink." This reads, in the first three Indian newspaper versions and in eight succeeding editions of *Departmental Ditties*, "Should I have riz to what Potiphar is." In the edition of *Departmental Ditties and Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads* published by Doubleday and McClure in New York, 1899, "what" is altered to "where." The change may be approved by readers as fitting the idea of "rising" better than "what" does, and the change is retained in the next edition of the poem, the *Early Verse* volume in the Outward Bound Edition, 1900 (and in the parallel English edition, the Edition de Luxe).

But then, in the next two significant editions, the Bombay Edition of *Departmental Ditties*, 1914, and *Verses, Inclusive Edition*, 1919, "where" reverts to "what."²⁰ In the next edition of *Inclusive Verses*, 1927, "what" is again altered to "where." But in the next edition, the splendid and very carefully revised *Poems* of 1929, "where" once again reverts to "what." This change is then undone in the next edition, *Inclusive Verses*, 1933, which gives "where" for "what," as does the Definitive Edition of 1940, which closely follows the text of the 1933 *Inclusive Verses*. The Sussex Edition of *Departmental Ditties*, however, returns "where" to "what." Why? one wonders. After all the going back and forth, the outcome in the Sussex Edition is the original reading and in the familiar Definitive Edition it is the altered reading. How does one choose? It seems very unlikely that Kipling could not make up his mind about the change; the plausible explanation is, rather, that he had no clear rule about which editions to follow.

20 Here the effect of RK's use of the Newnes edition as copy text for the Bombay Edition of *Departmental Ditties* appears.

There are many other alterations made in the New York 1899 text and in the Outward Bound *Early Verse* that are not perpetuated in later editions, from which I conclude that neither New York 1899 nor Outward Bound *Early Verse* was regularly used as a copy text. The same thing may be said of the changes made in the *Poems* of 1929.²¹ Most of them are taken over into the Sussex Edition, but hardly any of them into *Inclusive Verse*, 1933, or its close follower, the Definitive Edition. Did Kipling repudiate those earlier changes, or was he simply not aware of them? I incline to the latter answer. Apparently he did not always take care to follow the latest edition of his poems when choosing a copy text for the next edition. The result is that there is no clear line of descent from edition to edition. At the end of the sequence of editions, however, there seems to be a definite bifurcation of the textual tradition, the Definitive Edition of 1940 deriving from *Verse*, *Inclusive Edition*, 1933, and the verse volumes of the Sussex Edition relying on the *Poems* of 1929. I have no doubt that it is the second of these lines that should be followed, though the first will also contain readings worth noting.

As there are corrections or alterations that are not maintained, so there are instances of the opposite case: mistakes that are perpetuated. In "The Plea of the Simla Dancers," "dear, dead" (line 37) in the *Civil and Military Gazette* and the first three editions of *Departmental Ditties* becomes "dear, dear" in all succeeding editions. In "London Stone," the word "Stone" (line 5) in the original publication in *The Times* is changed to "Town" in all the collected editions, much to the disturbance of the sense. In the heading to "The Spies' March," the original reading of "medicoes" and "villagers" becomes "medicines" and "villages." Such things are not very common in Kipling's poems, but they are a reminder of the difficulty of keeping things straight in the text of poems that pass through so many editions.

21 Changes made in any one of the sequence of editions risk being overlooked. In line 84 of "The Ballad of Fisher's Boarding House," for example, the word "fray" is altered to "fight" in *Inclusive Verse*, 1919, but in no other edition. In the heading to "The Derelict" the name of the ship is changed from "Mary" to "Margaret" in *Collected Verse*, 1912, but remains "Mary" in *Inclusive Verse*, 1919, *Songs for Youth*, 1924, and *Inclusive Verse*, 1927. There are many more such anomalies.

RULES OF COLLATION

The collation record takes note only of substantive rather than accidental changes, though the border between these things is often uncertain and shifting. Typically, I do not take account of the following changes:

Spelling: variations such as inquire/enquire; to-day/today are ignored.

Capitalization: changes are ignored unless a personification or special emphasis or allusion is in question, e.g. "me" to "Me" in "Study of an Elevation in Indian Ink" or "blood and iron" to "Blood and Iron" in "France." But Kipling is so generous and so seemingly capricious with capitals that a consistent practice is impossible.

Punctuation: semi-colon/colon, single quotation marks/double quotation marks, comma omitted or added without change of meaning, are ignored; but the addition or deletion of dashes, parentheses, ellipses, question marks, exclamation marks, and diacriticals are noted, as is the shift of position in apostrophes indicating possession.

Typographical style: Some poems, or parts of poems, shift from roman to italic type, or vice versa, in different editions, and such a typographic change is usually ignored. But within the text of a poem, when a special emphasis is intended, such shifts are noted.

Indentation: Poems or parts of poems may sometimes be printed with evenly indented lines and sometimes with alternately indented lines; such a change is not recorded.

Stanza division: these may vary from edition to edition but are ignored except in special cases.

Typographical errors: in a very few instances I have silently corrected these; generally I have let the error stand and have identified it with a special sign (§) in the collation record.

THE COLLATION RECORD

In reading the collation record at the end of each poem for which variants are recorded, the following points should be kept in mind:

A hyphen connects, a semi-colon separates, e.g.: a variant in line 57 of “The Last Chantey” is recorded thus:

57 its] his *PMM-SS*

meaning that “his” is found in the *Pall Mall Magazine* and *The Seven Seas*. By consulting the abbreviated collation record in the end note for the poem one finds that every significant edition of *The Seven Seas* except the Sussex Edition is meant, the Sussex Edition of *The Seven Seas* having supplied the copy text from which the other editions vary. From the further editions listed in the collation record it appears that all of the collected editions, from the *Collected Verse* of 1907 to the Definitive Edition of 1940 have the revised reading of “its”, as do two volumes of selections, *Songs for Youth* (1924), and *A Choice of Songs*.

A variant in line 83 of “To the True Romance” is recorded thus:

quick] breathed *MI* (1Am); *CV*1912

meaning that the reading “breathed” is found only in the first American edition of *Many Inventions*; the semi-colon that follows shows that that reading is changed thereafter until it is repeated in the single instance of *Collected Verse*, 1912. All other editions will have the reading of “quick.”

MANUSCRIPTS

The many extant manuscripts of Kipling’s poems do not enter into the collations in this edition. There are two reasons for this. The first is that, when Kipling began a formal distribution of his manuscripts in the 1920s to libraries and institutions in Great Britain, France, Canada, and Australia, he always accompanied the gift of a manuscript with the proviso that the manuscript never be made available “for the purposes of collation.” After Kipling’s death his widow made further gifts, always with the same condition. The manuscripts that were so presented, and the bodies that received them, are as follows:²²

22 In some cases the manuscript consists of pieces from more than one work; in such a case the title refers to the main content. A detailed description of these restricted manuscripts is in Rosenbaum, *Index of English Literary Manuscripts*, pp. 412–15.

Actions and Reactions: St. Andrews University
The Day's Work: British Library
Debits and Credits: Durham University
A Diversity of Creatures: University of Edinburgh
The Five Nations: National Library of Australia
France at War: Bibliothèque Nationale
The Jungle Books: British Library
Puck of Pook's Hill: Bodleian Library
Rewards and Fairies: Cambridge University Library
Sea Warfare; Letters of Travel: British Library
The Seven Seas: Magdalene College, Cambridge
Stalky & Co.: Haileybury and Imperial Service College
Traffics and Discoveries: McGill University
The Years Between: British Library

It can be seen from this list that by far the biggest body of Kipling's extant manuscripts is unavailable for use in this or any other edition. There are, however, a good many separate manuscripts that have found their way into public and private collections. The readings from some of these might well be incorporated into the collations of the printed editions. Others are so fragmentary, inchoate, complex, or all of these at once, that attempting to record all the variations they display would impossibly overload the textual apparatus, as well as encountering the law of diminishing returns almost at once in the process. That is the second reason for excluding the manuscript record. Some day all of this material may well be scanned into a great digital Kipling archive, but that is a very different thing from an edition. Poems that are known only in manuscript are of course included in this edition, but as a rule, and for the reasons given, I do not collate the available manuscripts of the poems that Kipling collected.

PUBLICATION HISTORY

For each of the collected poems I have tried to furnish the following information in an endnote:

Date and form of first publication (copyright edition, periodical publication, volume publication), with any irregularities or special conditions noted. A good many poems have been misdated by Kipling in various collections; I call attention to that fact where appropriate.

Title and date of volume in which the poem was first collected.

A list, in abbreviated form and in chronological order, of the editions collated. This is intended to allow a reader to follow the chronological sequence of the variants listed in the collation record at the end of each poem. For example, a change in line 10 of “The Bell Buoy” is recorded thus:

10: sleek] smooth FN (1Eng-Bb); *Select*

The abbreviated list of editions collated will show that “smooth” is the reading from the first English edition of *The Five Nations* through the Bombay Edition but that before that, in the magazine publication, and after that, in the various collections except for the *Selected Poems* of 1931, the reading is “sleek.” One sees the relations of the parts by consulting the complete list. When a collection exists in both an English and American edition (e.g., *Verse, Inclusive Edition*, 1919) I do not list both editions, but it may be assumed that both have been collated.

When appropriate and possible, a note supplying special information about the poem – the date of its composition, for example, or its occasion. Any remark or comment that Kipling himself has made about a particular poem is information with a high priority, as are notes from Mrs. Kipling’s diary about the history of a poem. For those poems associated with a story that was first published in a periodical, I state whether the poem was part of that first publication or not. In perhaps the majority of cases, such poems had no periodical publication, though whether Kipling wrote them at the same time as the story or at some other time can’t usually be established.

I do not attempt a general annotation. Kipling is intensely allusive, and the fund of reading, observation, and experience from which he drew his allusions is varied and extensive; he is often highly topical, so that a good knowledge of social and political history is assumed; his poems written in India abound in local details and references unfamiliar to most of us: these things, to name no others, provide a happy hunting ground for the annotator. A further ground for commentary is the fact that so

many of Kipling's poems are linked to his stories – practically all of the “Songs from Books,” for example. And without a knowledge of that relation it is simply not possible to appreciate the whole of a given poem's meaning. But to begin on the work of annotation would be to set out on an endless road; I am certain that Kipling will never be fully or finally annotated. I provide some annotation where, in my judgment, it would be particularly helpful towards understanding, but I consciously err on the side of brevity in this matter. It is some comfort to know that a growing group of volunteers sponsored by the Kipling Society is undertaking a new commentary on the poems; the results, which are freely available to the public, may be seen on the Society's website.

Kipling as a poet will doubtless continue to attract admirers and to provoke detractors, and no one can say which of the two will prevail in determining the public judgment of his achievement. This edition aims to present that achievement fully and accurately, however it may finally come to be judged. It goes without saying that I am among his admirers.

NOTE: CHANGES MADE IN THE SUSSEX EDITION
VERSE VOLUMES

This listing is not exhaustive but is meant to show that the changes made in the verse volumes of the Sussex Edition are of a kind that clearly indicates Kipling's hand and not that of an editor, even though Kipling did not see proofs of these volumes.

Verbal changes

- “Anchor Song” line 14: “the harbour-mud” > “her harbour-mud”
- “The Ballad of Minepit Shaw” line 31: “are” > “be” (subjunctive)
- “The Braggart” line 4: “do it” > “make her”
- “Cavaliere Servente” line 7: “Deva” > “Devi”
- “A Counting-Out Song” line 67: “tag” > “rag”
- “A Departure” line 3: “or” > “and”
- “Estunt the Griff” argument: “glories” > “glory”
- “Female of the Species” line 29: “beneath” > “below”
- “The Galley-Slave” line 30: “welts” > “welt”
- “The King” line 34: “left the local – late” > “left the agent – Late”

- “The King’s Job” line 10: “policemen” > “policeman”
“The Nurses” line 16: “trustfully” > “placidly”
“The River’s Tale”: line 2 added
“The Sons of Martha” line 22: “leave their work when they damn-
well” > “drop their job when they dam’-well”
“The Spies’ March” line 69: “thousands” > “corpses”
“That Day” line 13: “wouldn’t” > “couldn’t”
“The Two Races” line 3: “Heavens” > “Stars”; line 12: “Our” >
“That”; line 20: “runs” > “turns”

Punctuation changes

- “The Bee-Boy’s Song” line 24: “away –” > “away.”
“A Child’s Garden” line 2: “except, I think” > “except – I think”
“The Juggler” line 15: ? > !
“Puck’s Song”: exclamation points added at lines 4, 8, 12, 16, 24, 28,
32, 36, 40

Changes to titles and subtitles

- “The Junk and the Dhow”: subtitle added
“L’Envoi”: “When Earth’s Last Picture is Painted” > “L’Envoi”
“Mother Laidinwool”: subtitle added
“Rimmon” subtitle: (*After Boer War*) > (After the South African War)
“The White Man’s Burden”: subtitle added

Headnotes and footnotes added

- “Ballad of the *Clampherdown*”: headnote added
“The Fall of Jock Gillespie”: note added to line 45
“The Marrè Drives of Windsor”: notes added to lines 87, 328, 353
“An Old Song”: notes added to lines 44, 57.
“The Complaint of the Junior Civilian”: notes added to lines 21, 23, 24
“Soldier an’ Sailor too”: note added to line 39
[“A stone’s throw out on either hand”]: note added to line 4

COLLECTED
POEMS



DEPARTMENTAL DITTIES AND
OTHER VERSES



Departmental Ditties

88

PRELUDE



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

Was there aught that I did not share 5
In vigil or toil or ease, —
One joy or woe that I did not know,
Dear hearts across the seas?

I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth, 10
In jesting guise — but ye are wise,
And ye know what the jest is worth.

Title: added DDBRB99 Date 1885 DE Subtitle: (To Departmental Ditties) IV1919-IV1927;
IV1933; DE 4 ye] that ye DD4-DD5; DDBRB90; BRBDD-Bb

GENERAL SUMMARY



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

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

When they scratched the reindeer-bone,
 Some one made the sketch his own,
 15 Filched it from the artist – then,
 Even in those early days,
 Won a simple Viceroy's praise
 Through the toil of other men.
 Ere they hewed the Sphinx's visage
 20 Favouritism governed kissage,
 Even as it does in this age.

Who shall doubt the “secret hid
 Under Cheops' pyramid”
 Was that the contractor did
 25 Cheops out of several millions?

Title: A General Summary *IV*_{1919-IV}₁₉₂₇; *IV*₁₉₃₃; *DE* 2 who] that *KBB* 3 India's prehistoric clay] Pre-historic India *DD*_{1-DD}₃; *KBB* 4 He that] Whoso *DD*_{1-DD}₂; *DDBRB*₉₀; *BRBDD*; who *Bb* 12 took] had *DD*_{1-DD}₂ 19–21 These lines form a separate stanza in *DD*₁; *DDBRB*₉₀; *BRBDD* 24 Was that the] Is that some *EV* 1900 24 did] “did” *DD*_{1-DD}₃

Or that Joseph's sudden rise
To Comptroller of Supplies
Was a fraud of monstrous size
 On King Pharaoh's swart **Civilians?**

Thus, the artless songs I sing 30
Do not deal with anything
 New or never said before.
As it was in the beginning
Is to-day official sinning,
 And shall be for **evermore!** 35

29 Civilians]§ Civilian *DDBRB99* 35 evermore!] ever more. *DD1-DD3*; evermore.
DD4-DDBRB99; *DE*; § evermore *IV1927*; *IV1933*

ARMY HEADQUARTERS



*Old is the song that I sing –
 Old as my unpaid bills –
 Old as the *chicken that khitmutgars*¹ bring
 Men at *dâk-bungalows* – old as the Hills.*

5 Ahasuerus Jenkins of the “Operatic Own”
 Was dowered with a tenor voice of *super-Santley* tone.
 His views on equitation were, perhaps, a trifle queer;
 He had no seat worth mentioning, *but oh! he had* an ear.

He clubbed his wretched company a dozen times a day;
 10 He used to *quit* his charger in a parabolic way;
 His method of saluting was the joy of all beholders;
 But Ahasuerus Jenkins had a head upon his shoulders.

He took two months at *Simla* when the year was at the spring,
 And underneath the deodars eternally did sing.
 15 He warbled like a *bul-bul*² but particularly at
 Cornelia Agrippina, who was musical and fat.

She controlled a humble husband, who, in turn, controlled a Dept.
 Where Cornelia Agrippina’s human singing-birds were kept
 From April to October on a plump retaining-fee,
 20 Supplied, of course, *per mensem*, by the Indian Treasury.

1 Waiters. [RK’s note: added *IV1919*]

2 Nightingale. [RK’s note: added *IV1919*]

3 *chicken that khitmutgars*] chickens that *Kitmagars* CMG; chickens that *Kitmutgars* DD1; chicken that *Kitmutgars* DD2-DD4; *DDBRB99-Poems* (Eng); *IV1933*

8 *but oh! he had*] *but, Oh! he had* CMG-DD3 10 *quit*] *leave* EV 13 *at Simla*] *to Simla* CMG- DD6 19 *plump*] *nice* CMG-DD2 21 *sing with*] *sing* to *DDBRB99*

Cornelia used to sing with him, and Jenkins used to play;
He praised unblushingly her notes, for he was false as they;
So when the winds of April turned the budding roses brown,
Cornelia told her husband: – “Tom, you mustn’t send him down.”

They haled him from his Regiment, which didn’t much regret him; 25
They found for him an office-stool, and on that stool they set him
To play with maps and catalogues three idle hours a day,
And draw his plump retaining-fee – which means his double pay.

Now, ever after dinner, when the coffee-cups are brought,
Ahasuerus waileth o’er the grand pianoforte; 30
And, thanks to fair Cornelia, his fame hath waxen great,
And Ahasuerus Jenkins is a Power in the State!

23 budding roses] verdant doabs CMG-DD₃ 28 which means] I mean CMG-DD₃
32 State!] State. DD₁ BRBDD-Bb

STUDY OF AN ELEVATION, IN INDIAN INK



*This ditty is a string of lies.
But – how the deuce did Gubbins rise?*

Potiphar Gubbins, C. E.,
Stands at the top of the tree;
5 And I muse in my bed on the reasons **that** led
To the hoisting of Potiphar G.

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

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

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

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

Verse heading: omitted *P-PM* 5 **that**] which *CMG-DD2* 8 **Me**] *me* (throughout)
CMG-DD2 9 **he makes**]§ *he makes he* *DD4-DD6* 9 **buckles**] “buckles” *CMG-DD3*

Careless and lazy is he,
Greatly inferior to Me.
What is the spell that you manage so well, 25
Commonplace Potiphar G.?

Lovely Mehitabel Lee,
Let me inquire of thee,
Should I have riz to what Potiphar is,
Hadst thou been mated to Me? 30

29 what] where *DDBRB*99-*EV*1900; *IV*1927; *IV*1933; *DE*

DELILAH



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

Delilah Aberyswith was a lady – not too young –
With a perfect taste in dresses and a badly-bitted tongue,
5 With a thirst for information, and a greater **thirst** for praise,
And a little house in Simla in the Prehistoric Days.

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

She patronised extensively a man, Ulysses Gunne,
Whose **mode for** earning money was a low and shameful one.
He wrote for **certain** papers, which, as everybody knows,
Is worse than serving in a shop or scaring off the crows.

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

Heading in CMG:

“I knew a woman once who kept a secret.
She did not keep it long – she died next morning.”

Charles I.

1–2 added DD₃ 5 thirst [...] thirst] love [...] love CMG 7 in] of IV1927(Am);
Poems (Am); IV1933(Am) 9 a] the IV1919(Am)-IV1927; IV1933; DE 10 bore] kept
CMG 11 She patronised extensively a man] She loved – no, was acquainted with – a
youth” CMG 12 mode for] way of CMG; mode of DD₃-IV1933; DE 13 certain] divers
CMG-DD6; DDBRB99; Bb

One day THEY brewed a secret of a *fine financial* sort;
 It related to Appointments, to a Man and a Report. 20
 'Twas almost worth the keeping, – only seven people knew it –
And Gunne rose up to seek the truth and patiently ensue it.

It was a *Viceroy's* Secret, but – perhaps the *wine was red* –
 Perhaps an Aged Councillor had *lost his aged head* –
 Perhaps Delilah's eyes were bright – Delilah's *whispers* sweet – 25
 The Aged Member told her what '*twere treason* to repeat.

Ulysses went a-riding, and they talked of love and flowers;
 Ulysses went a-calling, and he called for several hours;
 Ulysses went a-waltzing, and Delilah helped him dance –
 Ulysses let the waltzes go, and waited for his chance. 30

The summer sun was setting, and the summer air was still,
 The couple went a-walking in the shade of Summer Hill.
 The wasteful sunset faded out in *turkis-green* and gold,
 Ulysses pleaded *softly*, and . . . that bad Delilah told!

Next *morn*, a *startled Empire* learnt the all-important news; 35
 Next week, the Aged Councillor was shaking in his shoes.
 Next month, I met Delilah and she did not show the least
 Hesitation in *affirming* that Ulysses was a “beast.”

.....

We have another Viceroy now, those days are dead and done –
Off, Delilah Aberyswith and *most mean* Ulysses Gunne! 40

19 *fine financial*] dark and deadly *CMG* 22 *And*] So *DDBRB99-EV1900*
 23 *Viceroy's*] mighty *CMG* 23 *wine was red*] “fizz” was good *CMG* 24 *lost his*
aged head] taken all he should *CMG* 25 *whispers*] converse *CMG* 26 '*twere treason*]
 she swore not *CMG* 33 *wasteful* [. . .] *turkis-green*] purple [. . .] silver, *dun CMG*
 34 *softly*] sweetly *CMG* 35 *morn*, a *startled Empire*] day a dozen papers *CMG*
 38 *affirming*] asserting *DDBRB99-EV1900* 40 *Off*,] *Off!* *CMG*; Of *DD4-EV1900*;
IV1919Am; *IV1919* (2Eng); *IV1927*(Am); *IV1933*(Am) 40 *most mean*] depraved
CMG

A LEGEND OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE



*This is the reason why Rustum Beg,
 Rajah of Kolazai,
 Drinketh the “simpkin”¹ and brandy peg,
 Maketh the money to fly,
 Vexeth a Government, tender and kind,
 Also — but this is a detail — blind.*

Rustum Beg of Kolazai — slightly backward Native State
 Lusted for a C.S.I.² — so began to sanitize.
 Built a Jail and Hospital — nearly built a city drain —
 10 Till his faithful subjects all thought their ruler was insane.

Strange departures made he then . . . yea, Departments stranger still:
 Half-a-dozen Englishmen helped the Rajah with a will,
 Talked of noble aims and high, hinted of a future fine
 For the State of Kolazai, on a strictly Western line.

15 Rajah Rustum held his peace; lowered octroi dues a half;
 Organized a State Police; purified the Civil Staff;
 Settled cess and tax afresh in a very liberal way;
 Cut temptations of the flesh — also cut the Bukhshi’s³ pay;

20 Roused his Secretariat to a fine Mahratta fury,
 By an Order hinting at supervision of *dasturi*;⁴

1 Champagne. [RK’s note: added *IV1919*]

2 Companionship of the Order of the Star of India. [RK’s note: added *IV1919*, where it reads “The order of the Star of [India.]”]

3 Commander-in-Chief. [RK’s note: added *IV1919*]

4 Bribes. [RK’s note: added *IV1919*]

Title: A Legend of the F.O. *CMG-DD3* 13 Talked] ‘Talked *IV1927*; *IV1933*; *DE* 15 a half] one half *DDBRB99* 19 Mahratta] Maratha *CMG-DD2* 20 an Order] a Hookum *CMG-DDBRB99*; *Bb*

Turned the State of Kolazai very nearly upside-down;
When the end of May was nigh waited his **achievement's** crown.

Then the Birthday Honours came. Sad to state and sad to see,
Stood against the Rajah's name nothing more than *C.I.E.*! . . . ⁵
Things were lively for a week in the State of Kolazai, 25
Even now the people speak of that time regretfully.

How he disendowed the Jail – stopped at once the City drain;
Turned to beauty fair and frail – got his senses back again;
Doubled taxes, cesses, all; cleared away each new-built *thana*; ⁶
Turned the two-lakh Hospital into a superb *Zenana*; 30

Heaped upon the Bukhshi Sahib wealth and honours manifold;
Clad himself in Eastern garb – squeezed his people as of old.
Happy, happy Kolazai! Never more will Rustum Beg
Play to catch **his Viceroy's** eye. He prefers the “simpkin” peg.

⁵ Companionship of the Order of the Indian Empire. [RK's note: added IV1919]

⁶ Police-Station. [RK's note: added IV1919]

22 achievement's]§ achievement *DD5-DD6, DDBRB90; BRBDD; DDBRB99, EV1900; Bb* 34 his Viceroy's] the “Lat Sahib's” *CMG-DD3*; the Viceroy's *DD4-DDBRB90; BRBDD-DDBRB99; EV1900; Bb*

THE STORY OF URIAH



Now there were two men in one city; the one
rich, and the other poor. — 2 *Samuel* xii. 1

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

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

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

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

And, when the Last Great Bugle-Call 25
 Adown the Hurnai throbs,
When the last grim joke is entered
 In the big black Book of Jobs,
And Quetta graveyards give again
 Their victims to the air, 30
I shouldn't like to be the man
 Who sent Jack Barrett there.

27 When] And *IV*_{1919-IV}₁₉₂₇; *IV*₁₉₃₃; *DE*

LUCIFER



Think not, O thou from College late departed,
 Pride goeth down
 Among thy seniors – yea, though thou hast sported
 The B.A.'s gown,
 5 And on thy Card the magic letters stand
 Which stamp thee of the Rulers of the Land.

St. Vincent Clare's Papa had lived before him, –
 Which always helps, –
 So early in official life They bore him
 10 From fellow-whelps,
 Destined to die or sicken in the slough
 Of Lower India, to the Mountain's brow.

No fairyland is Capua – still, 'tis better
 Than other lands.
 15 St. Vincent licked the stamp and signed the letter,
 And bound the bands
 Of that foul, frail red tape which strangles ever
 The honest energetic fool's endeavour.

So prospered greatly and forgot his father –
 20 Thereafter, big
 With his own merits, grew to be a rather
 Conceited prig.
 Facile the downward path, O Clare! The Gods
 Saw and prepared for him their briniest rods.

“He is a c—d,” They murmured vexed and low; 25
Yet said in love:

“No matter; give the boy another show;
He may improve.” . . .

“He is impossible.” The fiat went
Forth not so quickly as St. Clare’s descent. 30

Cast out and doubly damned by that **black** epithet,
He sought the Plains;

And now behind his door who’er so tappeth it,
Another reigns:

While Vincent, as the punkah flickers o’er him, 35
Remembers – that his father lived before him.

31 black] terse *DD2* 36 Remembers – that] Remembers that *DD2*

THE POST THAT FITTED



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

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

Long he pondered o'er the question in his scantily furnished quarters –
10 Then proposed to Minnie Boffkin, eldest of Judge Boffkin's daughters.
Certainly an impecunious Subaltern was not a catch,
But the Boffkins knew that Minnie mightn't make another match.

So they recognized the business and, to feed and clothe the bride,
Got him made a Something Something somewhere on the Bombay side.
15 Anyhow, the billet carried pay enough for him to marry –
As the artless Sleary put it: – "Just the thing for me and Carrie."

Did he, therefore, jilt Miss Boffkin – impulse of a baser mind?
No! He started epileptic fits of an appalling kind.
(Of his *modus operandi* only this much I could gather: –
20 "Pears's shaving sticks will give you little taste and lots of lather.")

Frequently in public places his affliction used to smite
Sleary with distressing vigour – always in the Boffkins' sight.
Ere a week was over Minnie weepingly returned his ring,
Told him his "unhappy weakness" stopped all thought of marrying.

5 steamer] trooper *CMG-DD2* 8 Who can cook [...] on eight poor rupees] Who can raise [...] off eight paltry "dibs" *CMG-DD2*; Who can cook [...] on eight paltry dibs *DD3-DD6*; *Bb* 11 was] is *CMG-DD2* 20 Pears's] Pear's *DD3*; Pears' *DD4-DDBRB99*; *Bb* 22 Boffkins'] Boffkin's *CMG-DD2* 24 unhappy] peculiar *CMG-DD3* 24 marrying] § "marrying" *IV1927(Am)*; *IV1933(Am)*

Slery bore the information with a chastened holy joy: – 25
Epileptic fits don't matter in Political employ, –
Wired three short words to Carrie – took his ticket, packed his kit –
Bade farewell to Minnie Boffkin in one last, long lingering fit.

Four weeks later, Carrie Slery read – and laughed until she wept –
Mrs. Boffkin's warning letter on the "wretched epilept." 30
Year by year, in pious patience, vengeful Mrs. Boffkin sits
Waiting for the Slery babies to develop Slery's fits

26 parenthetical in *CMG-DD2*; *DDBRB99-EV1900* 30 epilept."]
epilept." . . . *IV1919-IV1927*; *IV1933*; *DE*

A CODE OF MORALS



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

5 Now Jones had left his new-wed bride to keep his house in
order,
And hied away to the Hurrum Hills above the Afghan border,
To sit on a rock with a heliograph; but ere he left he taught
His wife the working of the Code that sets the miles at naught.

And Love had made him very sage, as Nature made her fair;
10 So Cupid and Apollo linked, *per* heliograph, the pair.
At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her **counsel** wise –
At e'en, the dying sunset bore her husband's homilies.

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

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

3 a most] my ninth CMG-DD2 11 counsel] council CMG-DD1 15 the] my
DDBRB99-EV1900 17 who] that CMG-DDBRB99; Bb

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

“Was ever General Officer addressed as ‘dear’ before?
‘My love,’ i’faith! ‘My duck,’ Gadzooks! ‘My darling
popsy-wop!’

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley, *who* is on that mountain-top?”

The artless Aide-de-Camp was mute, the gilded Staff were still, 25
As, dumb with pent-up mirth, they booked that message from
the hill;

For clear as summer lightning-flare, the husband’s warning
ran: –

“Don’t dance or ride with General Bangs – a most immoral
man.”

(At dawn, across the Hurrum Hills, he flashed her counsel
wise –

But, howsoever Love be blind, the world at large hath eyes. 30
With damnatory dot and dash he heliographed his wife
Some interesting details of the General’s private life.)

The artless Aide-de-Camp was mute, the shining Staff were
still,

And red and ever redder grew the General’s shaven gill.

And this is what he said at last (his feelings matter not): – 35

“I think we’ve tapped a private line. Hi! Threes about there!
Trot!”

21 Dash dot dot dot dot, dot, dot dash, dot dash dot] Dash dot dot dot, dot, dot dash
dot CMG (the CMG version in international Morse code reads BER; the correction
gives DEAR) 27 For] Where EV1900 27 summer lightning-flare] summer lightning
flare CMG-DD1; summer lightning’s flare DD3; summer’s lightning flare DD4-BRBDD;
summer-lightning flare DDBRB99; Bb 29 counsel] council CMG-DD1
30 parentheses closed here CMG-Bb; IV1919-IV1927; IV33; DE

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

37 thereafter] hereafter CMG

PUBLIC WASTE



*Walpole talks of “a man and his price” –
 List to a ditty queer –
 The sale of a Deputy-Acting-Vice-
 Resident-Engineer,
 Bought like a bullock, hoof and hide,
 By the Little Tin Gods on the Mountain Side.*

By the Laws of the Family Circle 'tis written in letters of brass
 That only a Colonel from Chatham can manage the Railways
 of State,
 Because of the gold on his breeks, and the subjects wherein he
 must pass;
 Because in all matters that deal not with Railways his
 knowledge is great. 10

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

Black as the raven his garb, and his heresies jettier still – 15
 Hinting that Railways required lifetimes of study and
 knowledge –
 Never clanked sword by his side – Vauban he knew not nor
 drill –
 Nor was his name on the list of the men who had passed
 through the “College.”

1 price” –] price” – DD1-DD6; price, DDBRB99-EV1900; price,” Bb; price.” DDBRB99;
 IV1919-IV1926; IV1933; DE 12 and eke] likewise DDBRB99 12 and the South] and
 South CMG-IV1927; IV1933; DE 16 lifetimes] decades CMG-DD2; §lifetime DD3
 18 the men] men DDBRB99-EV1900 18 passed] gone CMG-DD2

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

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

“Special, well paid, and exempt from the Law of the Fifty and
 Five,
 Even to Ninety and Nine” – these were the terms of the pact:
 Thus did the Little Tin Gods (long may Their Highnesses
 thrive!)
 30 Silence his mouth with rupees, keeping **their** Circle intact;

Appointing a Colonel from Chatham who managed the Bhamo
 State Line
 (The which was one mile and one furlong – a guaranteed
 twenty-inch gauge),
 So Exeter Battleby Tring consented his claims to resign,
 And died, on four thousand a month, in the ninetieth year of
 his **age!**

25 an] and *DD5-BRBDD; Bb* 30 their] the *CMG* 34 age!] age. *CMG-DD6; Bb*

WHAT HAPPENED



Hurree Chunder Mookerjee, pride of Bow Bazar,
 Owner of a native press, “Barrishter-at-Lar,”
 Waited on the Government with a claim to wear
 Sabres by the bucketful, rifles by the pair.

Then the Indian Government winked a wicked wink, 5
 Said to Chunder Mookerjee: “Stick to pen and ink.
 They are safer implements, but, if you insist,
 We will let you carry arms whereso’er you list.”

Hurree Chunder Mookerjee sought the gunsmith and
 Bought the tubes of Lancaster, Ballard, Dean, and Bland, 10
 Bought a shiny bowie-knife, bought a town-made sword,
 Jingled like a carriage-horse when he went abroad.

But the Indian Government, always keen to please,
 Also gave permission to horrid men like these –
 Yar Mahommed Yusufzai, down to kill or steal, 15
 Chimbu Singh from Bikaner, Tantia the Bhil.

Killar Khan the Marri chief, Jowar Singh the Sikh,
 Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat, Abdul Huq Rafiq –
 He was a Wahabi; last, little Boh Hla-oo
 Took advantage of the Act – took a Snider too. 20

Heading: “That in view of the loyalty of the people, the hardships which it causes, and the unmerited slur it casts upon the people of this country the Government be moved so to modify the provisions of Chapter 4 and, if necessary, any other portions of Act II of 1878 as shall enable all persons to wear arms unless debarred therefrom either as individuals or as members of particular communities for reasons to be recorded in writing and duly published.” – See *Resolution of the “National” Congress; to-day’s Telegram.* P 1 Bazar] Bazaar (and at 28, 46) *EV*1900; *IV*1919-*IV*1927; *IV*1933 7 They are safer] They’re the safest P 9 sought the gunsmith] went to Rodda’s P 10 tubes]§ tuber *DDBRB*90 12 a carriage] an ekka P 13 But] But *DD4-DDBRB*99 14 permission] parwanas P 20 Act – took a] Act, and . . . a P

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

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

Nubbee Baksh Punjabi Jat found a hide-bound flail;
 30 Chimbu Singh from Bikaneer oiled his Tonk *jezail*;
 Yar Mahommed Yusufzai spat and grinned with glee
 As he ground the butcher-knife of the Khyberree.

Jowar Singh the Sikh procured sabre, quoit, and mace,
 Abdul Huq, Wahabi, jerked his dagger from its place,
 35 While amid the jungle-grass danced and grinned and jabbered
 Little Boh Hla-oo and cleared his *dab*-blade from the scabbard.

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

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

21 Ballard] Rodda's *P* 22 chiefly] mostly *P* 26 those] these *P* 30 jezail: *DE* notes as "Native gun." 31 grinned] smiled *P* 33 procured saber] secured tulwar *P* 34 jerked his dagger] took his *peskabz P*; took the dagger *DD4-DD6; Bb*; took his dagger *BRBDD-DDBRB99* 35 While] And *P* 36 cleared his] yerked the *P*; cleared the *DD4-DDBRB99; Bb*; cleared his *EV1900* 37 What became of] Did they meet with *P* 39 Singh is mute] follows suit *P* 40 of all of them] of them all *DDBRB99; BRBDD* 41 Ballard's] Rodda's *P* 44 camp [...] Border.] tent [...] Bordah! *P*

What became of Mookerjee? Ask Mahommed Yar 45
Prodding Siva's sacred bull down the Bow Bazar.
Speak to placid Nubbee Baksh – question land and sea –
Ask the Indian Congress men – only don't ask me!

47 placid] bovine P 48 Congress men] *Delegates* P

THE MAN WHO COULD WRITE



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

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

Boanerges Blitzen argued therefore — "I,
 "With the selfsame weapon, can attain as high."
 Only he did not possess when he made the trial,
 Wicked wit of Colvin, irony of Lyall.

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

Never young Civilian's prospects were so bright,
 Till an Indian paper found that he could write:
 Never young Civilian's prospects were so dark,
 20 When the wretched Blitzen wrote to make his mark.

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

5 Only *may* is italicized in CMG-DD3; 14 Colvin [...] Lyall] C-lv-n [...] L-1
 CMG-IV1927; IV1933 15 Government need, to back their blows.] Government, need
 to back their blows, CMG 16 Something] With something CMG 20 his] a
 CMG-DD1 22 paper — made] paper made CMG-DD2; BRBDD-EV1900

When the Rag he wrote for praised his plucky game, 25
Boanerges Blitzen felt that this was Fame;
When the men he wrote of shook their heads and swore,
Boanerges Blitzen only wrote the more:

Posed as Young Ithuriel, resolute and grim,
Till he found promotion didn't come to him; 30
Till he found that reprimands weekly were his lot,
And his many Districts curiously hot.

Till he found his furlough strangely hard to win,
Boanerges Blitzen didn't care a pin:
Then it seemed to dawn on him something wasn't right – 35
Boanerges Blitzen put it down to "spite."
Languished in a District desolate and dry;
Watched the Local Government yearly pass him by;
Wondered where the hitch was; called it most unfair.

.....

That was seven years ago – and he still is there! 40

25 Rag he wrote for] Indian paper BRBDD; DDBRB99-EV1900 31 reprimands weekly were his lot] "wiggings" were his weekly lot CMG; "wiggings" weekly were his lot DD1-DD; 40 there!] there. CMG-Bb

PINK DOMINOES



"They are fools who kiss and tell" –

Wisely has the poet sung.

Man may hold all sorts of posts

If he'll only hold his tongue.

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

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

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

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

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

3 Man] Men CMG-DD2 4 he'll [...] his] they'll [...] their CMG-DD2
 17–20 added DD2 17 wish] want DD2-DD3

That is to say, in a casual way, 25
 I slipped my arm around her;
 With a kiss or two (which is nothing to you)
 And ready to kiss I found her.

She turned her head and the name she said
 Was certainly not my own; 30
 But ere I could speak, with a smothered shriek
 She fled and left me alone.

Then Jenny came, and I saw with shame
 She'd doffed her domino;
 And I had embraced an alien waist – 35
 But I did not tell her so.

Next morn I knew that there were two
 Dominos pink, and one
 Had cloaked the spouse of Sir Julian Vouse,
 Our big Political gun. 40

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

Now wasn't it nice, when want of *pice* 45
 Forbade us twain to marry,
 That old Sir J., in the kindest way,
 Made me his *Secretarry*?

35 an alien] a stranger's *DDBRB99-EV1900* 42 eye was] eyes were *DDBRB99-EV1900*

48 *Secretarry*] *Secretäry* *CMG*; *Secretary* *DD1-DD2*

THE MAN AND THE SHADOW



If it were mine to choose
 A single gift from Fate,
 I would not ask for Rank or Fame,
 I would not seek a knighted name –
 5 Give me, for office use,
 One good subordinate.

Up the steep Official Stair
 With rapidity amazing
 Clomb, his seniors bedazing,
 10 Into Heights of Glory blazing,
 With the Stars that mortals wear
 On their dress-coat breasts at Levees,
 Hastings Clive Macaulay Bevys.

And they stood below and cursed –
 15 All the Juniors of his calling –
 With a fluency appalling,
 Betting on his chance of falling;
 Prayed to see the bubble burst
 Of the reputation first-class
 20 Of this Idler of the worst class.

In his office, scorned of all,
 Saddle-hued, grotesque of feature,
 Worked a weird, bi-racial creature,
 Far too humble-souled to meet your

Eye – Concepcion Gabral; 25
 Santu Ribiera Paul
 Luz Concepcion Gabral.

This I know, and this is all:
 For his labours unremitting
 Came a recompense befitting 30
 Bevys, *plus* a well-paid flitting
 Into Burmahorbengal:
 But Concepcion the able,
 Stirred not from the office-table.

This I know, and this is all: 35
 There were hints unfit for hinting,
 There was speech unfit for printing,
 There were protests without stinting,
 Heard in BurmahorBengal –
 Crudely, nudely, rudely, rawly, 40
 Saying, “Take back this Macaulay.”

In the brutal, bitter wit
 Much affected east of Suez,
 Where the Englishman so few is,
 And a man must work or rue his 45
 Incapacity and quit,
 Fell innumerable bastings
 Upon Clive Macaulay Hastings.

27 following this line *WN* continues:

What he did I cannot say.
 Did he give or take instruction,
 Break the eggs for Bevys' suction,
 Work that highly-praised deduction
 Which – while sparing Bevys' pay –
 Cut in graduated stages
 Everybody else's wages?

With the Hand of Common Sense
 50 On the Waistband of Despair, they
 Raised that ruler high in air, they
 Stripped him miserably bare, they
 On the soft flesh of Pretence
 In the face of India, smacked him,
 55 Then, as shop-boys say, they “sacked” him.

You may find him still to-day
 ’Twixt Peshawur and Colaba,
 Derelict without a harbour,
 A civilian *Micawber*
 60 (Spare the rhyme who read the lay!)
 In “officiating” fetters,
 Doing *duty* for his betters.

And – oh, irony supreme!
 All the Gods who rule the Nation
 65 Have *withheld the* explanation
 Of his *open* degradation
 From the man they justly deem
 An administrative novice
 Trusting blindly to *his office*.

70 This I know, and this is all
 (*He* is ignorant as ever)
 And if Fate decrees he never
 Meet again the humble, clever,
 Quick-to-grasp-ideas Gabral,
 75 *Sure am I* his end, alas!
 Will be madness or – Madras.

59 *Micawber*]§ *Micawbar* *WN* 62 *duty*] *budli* *WN* 65 *withheld the*] *withheld* *WN*
 66 *open*] *dire* *WN* 69 *his office*] “the office” *WN* 75 *Sure am I*] *I should think* *WN*

MUNICIPAL



“Why is my *District* death-rate low?”

Said Binks of Hezabad.

“Wells, drains, and sewage-outfalls are

My own peculiar fad.

I learnt a lesson once. It ran

Thus,” quoth that most veracious man: —

5

It was an August evening and, in snowy garments clad,
 I paid a round of visits in the lines of Hezabad;
 When, presently, my Waler saw, and did not like at all
 A Commissariat elephant careening down the Mall.

10

I couldn't see the driver, and across my mind it rushed
 That that Commissariat elephant had suddenly gone *musth*.¹
 I didn't care to meet him, and I couldn't well get down,
 So I let the Waler have it, and we headed for the town.

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

15

¹ Mad. [RK's note: added IV1919]

Title: The D.C.'s Story CMG 1 District] City CMG 8 paid a round of visits in] took my *bawab-khana* round the CMG; 10 elephant careening] *bathee*, *nautching* gaily CMG-DD3 12 elephant had suddenly] *bathee* had – forgive the rhyme – CMG-DD3 15 The] My CMG 15 Dykes,] Dykes! *Bb* 16 a bullock] an *ekka* CMG-DD3 18 creature [...] five-foot patent wheels] *bathee* [...] patent five-foot wheels CMG; creature [...] five-foot *shisham* wheels DD3

THE LAST DEPARTMENT



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

“None whole or clean,” we cry, “or free from stain 5
Of favour.” Wait awhile, till we attain
The Last Department where nor fraud nor fools,
Nor grade nor greed, shall trouble us again.

Fear, Favour, or Affection – what are these
To the grim Head who claims our services? 10
I never knew a wife or interest yet
Delay that *pukka* step, miscalled “decease”;

When leave, long overdue, none can deny;
When idleness of all Eternity
Becomes our furlough, and the marigold 15
Our thriftless, bullion-minting Treasury.

Transferred to the Eternal Settlement,
Each in his strait, wood-scantled office pent,
No longer Brown reverses Smith’s appeals,
Or Jones records his Minute of Dissent. 20

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

4 *What will those luckless millions do?*] “What will those luckless millions do? CMG-DD3

25 These be the glorious ends whereto we pass –
 Let Him who Is, go call on Him who Was;
 And He shall see the *mali*¹ steals the slab
 For curry-grinder, and for goats the grass.

 A breath of wind, a Border bullet's flight,
 30 A draught of water, or a horse's fright –
 The droning of the fat *Sheristadar*²
 Ceases, the punkah stops, and falls the night

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

1 Cemetery gardener. [RK's note: added *IV*1919]

2 Clerk of the Court. [RK's note: added *IV*1919]

25–28 parenthetical *CMG-DDBRB*99; *Bb* 36 mine!] mine. *CMG-IV*27; *IV*1933.

Other Verses

88

MY RIVAL



I go to concert, party, ball –
 What profit is in these?
 I sit alone against the wall
 And strive to look at ease.
 The incense that is mine by right 5
 They burn before Her shrine;
 And that's because I'm seventeen
 And She is forty-nine.

I cannot check my girlish blush,
 My colour comes and goes; 10
 I redden to my finger-tips,
 And sometimes to my nose.
 But She is white where white should be,
 And red where red should shine.
 The blush that flies at seventeen 15
 Is fixed at forty-nine.

I wish I had Her constant cheek:
 I wish that I could sing
 All sorts of funny little songs,
 Not quite the proper thing. 20
 I'm very *gauche* and very shy,
 Her jokes aren't in my line;
 And, worst of all, I'm seventeen
 While She is forty-nine.

Heading: "I shall live to see that woman grow old." – *Old Play*. P-PM 7 And that's because I'm] No wonder! I am P-PM 8 She] *She* P-PM; she Bb; DE 9 my] the P-PM 17 I] I P-PM 17 Her] her DE 29–30 P-PM read: They wrap her in her 'ricksaw-rug, / None wrap me into mine

25 The young men come, the young men go,
 Each pink and white and neat,
 She's older than their mothers, but
 They grovel at Her feet.
 They walk beside Her 'rickshaw-wheels –
 30 None ever walk by mine;
 And that's because I'm seventeen
 And She is forty-nine.

 She rides with half-a-dozen men
 (She calls them "boys" and "mashes"),
 35 I trot along the Mall alone;
 My prettiest frocks and sashes
 Don't help to fill my programme-card,
 And vainly I repine
 From ten to two A.M. Ah me!
 40 Would I were forty-nine.

 She calls me "darling," "pet," and "dear,"
 And "sweet retiring maid."
 I'm always at the back, I know –
 She puts me in the shade.
 45 She introduces me to men –
 "Cast" lovers, I opine,
 For sixty takes to seventeen,
 Nineteen to forty-nine.

30 None ever walk] They never walk *DDBRB99-EV1900* 34 "mashes"] "mashers"
DD3-Bb 37 programme-card] programme up *P-DD1*; programmes up *DD2-DD3*
 39 to two] till three *P*; to three *DD1-DD2* 40 forty-nine.] forty-nine! *P-PM*; *BRBDD*;
EV1900 43 back, I know –] back I know, *P-DD3* 44 She] *She P-PM* 46 "Cast"]
 Old *P-DD2*

But even She must older grow
And end Her dancing days, 50
She can't go on for ever so
At concerts, balls, and plays!
One ray of priceless hope I see
Before my footsteps shine;
Just think, that She'll be eighty-one 55
When I am forty-nine!

52 plays!] plays. *P-DD6; Bb-IV1927; IV1933; DE 56* forty-nine!] forty-nine.
DD4-BRBDD; Bb Signed at end: Giroflé / Simla. P-PM

TO THE UNKNOWN GODDESS



Will you conquer my heart with your beauty, my soul going out from afar?

Shall I fall to your hand as a victim of crafty and cautious *shikar*?

Have I met you and passed you already, unknowing, unthinking, and blind?

Shall I *meet* you next *season* at Simla, O sweetest and best of your kind?

5 Does the P. & O. bear you to meward, or, clad in short frocks in the West,

Are you growing the charms that shall capture and *torture* the heart in my breast?

Will you stay in the Plains till September – my passion as warm as the day?

Will you bring me to book *on the Mountains*, or where the thermantidotes play?

When the light of your eyes shall make pallid the mean lesser lights I pursue,

10 *And* the charm of your presence shall lure me from love of the gay “thirteen-two”;¹

1 Polo-pony. [RK's note: added IV1919]

4 meet]§ met *DD*1 4 season] session *DD*5-*BRBDD*; *Bb*

6 torture [...] in] ravish [...] from *P-PM* Following line 6 *P-PM* read:
Girt round with a crowd of admirers, destructive seductive in garb
Will you lure me to fond declarations and give me a frigid *jawab*?

8 on the Mountains] 'neath the *punkab* *P-PM* 10 *And* [...] lure [...] love] When [...] call [...] that *P-PM*

When the “peg”² and the pigskin shall please not; when I buy me
 Calcutta-built clothes;
 When I quit the *Delight of Wild Asses*, forswearing the swearing of
 oaths;

As a deer to the hand of the hunter when I turn 'mid the gibes of
 my friends;
 When the days of my freedom are numbered, and the life of the
 bachelor ends.

Ah, Goddess! child, spinster, or widow – as of old on Mars Hill when 15
 they raised
 To the God *that* they knew not an altar – so I, a young Pagan, have
 praised

The Goddess I know not nor worship; yet, if half that men tell me be
 true,
 You will come in the future, and therefore *these* verses are written to
 you.

2 Whisky and soda. [RK's note: added IV1919]

11 buy]§ long *P-PM* 12 quit] leave *P-PM*

12 *Delight of Wild Asses*] “delight of wild asses” *P-DD*; Following line 12 *P-PM* read:
 When I think of the starch in my wristbands; when I gaze at the gloss on my boots;
 When I part my rough locks in the middle; when I burn my Manilla cheroots.

13 *As*] Like *P-PM* 16 *that*] whom *DD1-DD2* 18 *these*]§ the *Bb*

THE RUPAIYAT OF OMAR KAL'VIN



*Allowing for the difference 'twixt prose and rhymed
exaggeration, this ought to reproduce the sense of what Sir
Auckland [Colvin] told the nation some time ago, when
Government struck from our incomes two per cent.*

Now, the New Year reviving last Year's Debt,
The Thoughtful Fisher casteth wide his Net;
So I with begging Dish and ready Tongue
Assail all Men for all that I can get.

5 Imports indeed are gone with all their Dues –
Lo! Salt a Lever that I dare not use,
Nor may I ask the Tillers in Bengal –
Surely my Kith and Kin will not *refuse*?

10 Pay – and I promise by the Dust of Spring,
Retrenchment. If my promises can bring
Comfort, Ye have Them now a thousand-fold –
By Allah! I will promise *Anything!*

Indeed, indeed, Retrenchment oft before
I swore – but did I mean it when I swore?
15 And then, and then, We wandered to the Hills,
And so the Little Less became Much More.

Heading:

“Than which I know no people done
In India more divinely well.”

Tennyson (adapted) CMG

Headnote: added DD₁ Sir Auckland [Colvin] Sir A – DD₁-IV₁₉₂₇; IV₁₉₃₃; Sir
Auckland *Poems* some time] six months DD₁; two years DD₃
when Government] when the Government DD₄-IV₁₉₂₇; IV₁₉₃₃; DE
8 refuse?] refuse! DD-BRBDD; Bb; § refuse DDBRB99-EV₁₉₀₀; IV₁₉₁₉-1V₁₉₂₇; IV₁₉₃₃;
DE 12 *Anything!*] *Anything*. CMG-DD₂

Whether at Boileaugunge or Babylon,
I know not how the wretched Thing is done,
The Items of Receipt grow surely small;
The Items of Expense mount one by one. 20

I cannot help it. What have I to do
With One and Five, or Four, or Three, or Two?
Let Scribes spit Blood and Sulphur as they please,
Or Statesmen call me foolish – Heed not you.

Behold, I promise – Anything you will. 25
Behold, I greet you with an empty Till –
Ah! Fellow-Sinners, of your Charity
Seek not the Reason of the Dearth but fill.

For if I sinned and fell, where lies the Gain
Of Knowledge? Would it ease you of your Pain 30
To know the tangled Threads of Revenue,
I ravel deeper in a hopeless Skein?

“Who hath not Prudence” – what was it I said,
Of Her who paints Her Eyes and tires Her Head,
And jibes and mocks the People in the Street, 35
And fawns upon them for Her thriftless Bread?

Accursèd is She of Eve’s daughters – She
Hath cast off Prudence, and Her End shall be
Destruction . . . Brethren, of your Bounty grant
Some portion of your daily Bread to Me! 40

18 I know not] The Lord knows CMG-PM 21 I] I CMG-PM 36 Her]§ the P-PM
37 She]§ the She P-PM 40 Me!] Me. DD1-DDBRB99; Bb

PAGETT, M.P.



*The toad beneath the harrow knows
Exactly where each tooth-point goes;
The butterfly upon the road
Preaches contentment to that toad.*

5 Pagett, M. P., was a liar, and a fluent liar therewith, –
He spoke of the heat of India as “The Asian Solar Myth”;
Came on a four months’ visit, to “study the East” in
November,
And I got him to make an agreement vowing to stay till
September.

10 March came in with the *koil*. Pagett was cool and gay,
Called me a “bloated Brahmin,” talked of my “princely pay.”
March went out with the roses. “Where is your heat?” said he.
“Coming,” said I to Pagett. “Skittles!” said Pagett, M.P.

15 April began with the punkah, coolies, and prickly-heat, –
Pagett was dear to mosquitoes, sandflies found him a treat.
He grew speckled and lumpy – hammered, I grieve to say,
Aryan brothers who fanned him, in an illiberal way.

May set in with a dust-storm, – Pagett went down with the
sun.
All the delights of the season tickled him one by one.
Imprimis – ten days’ “liver” – due to his drinking beer;
20 Later, a dose of fever – slight, but he called it severe.

7 Came] ‘Came IV1933 8 make] sign DD1-Bb 9 came in] began DD1 9 *koil* noted as
“Indian bell-bird.” IV1919; or “The Indian bell-bird” DE 11 said] says DD1-DD3
12 said [...] said] says [...] says DD1-DD3 13 began] came in DD1; opened with
punkahs DDBRB99-EV1900 17 set in] began DD1 20 he] he DD1-DD3

Dysent'ry touched him in June, after the *Chota Bursat* —¹
 Lowered his portly person — made him yearn to depart.
 He didn't call me a "Brahmin," or "bloated," or "over-paid,"
 But seemed to think it a wonder that **any one ever stayed**.

July was a trifle unhealthy, — Pagett was ill with fear, 25
 Called it the "Cholera Morbus," hinted that life was dear.
 He babbled of "Eastern exile," and mentioned his home with
 tears;
 But I hadn't seen *my* children for close upon seven years.

We reached a hundred and twenty once in the Court at noon,
 (I've mentioned Pagett was portly) Pagett went off in a swoon. 30
 That was an end **to** the business. Pagett, the perjured, fled
 With a practical, working knowledge of "Solar Myths" in his
 head.

And I laughed as I drove from the station, but the mirth died
 out on my lips
 As I thought of the fools like Pagett who write of their
 "Eastern trips,"
 And the sneers of the travelled **idiots** who duly misgovern the 35
 land,
 And I prayed to the Lord to deliver another one into my hand.

¹ Early rains. [RK's note: added *IV*1919]

24 anyone ever stayed]§ anyone stayed *DD*₄-*BRBDD* 27-28 *DD*₁ reads:
 Dearer than written agreements. So I suspected, and kept
 Most of his kit in my godown locked, and he nearly wept.
 31 to] of *DD*₁-*DD*₃ 35 idiots [...] misgovern] idiot [...] misgoverns *DD*₁

LA NUIT BLANCHE



*A much-discerning Public hold
 The Singer generally sings
 Of personal and private things,
 And prints and sells his past for gold.*

5 *Whatever I may here disclaim,
 The very clever folk I sing to
 Will most indubitably cling to
 Their pet delusion, just the same.*

I had seen, as dawn was breaking
 10 And I staggered to my rest,
 Tara Devi softly shaking
 From the Cart Road to the crest.
 I had seen the spurs of Jakko
 Heave and quiver, swell and sink.
 15 Was it Earthquake or tobacco,
 Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning
 I observed a camel crawl,
 Laws of gravitation scorning,
 20 On the ceiling and the wall.
 Then I watched a fender walking,
 And I heard grey leeches sing,
 And a red-hot monkey talking
 Did not seem the proper thing.

Title: Natural Phenomena CMG Heading:

“Venus. . . falling two, three and four feet at a time; then oscillating from right to left; sometimes dashing to the right and then to the left several feet at a time.”

Vide letter in *Pioneer* of 3rd instant. CMG

r-8 Added DD; 21 Then I watched] Next I found CMG

Then a creature, *skinned* and crimson, 25
 Ran about *the floor* and cried,
 And they said I had the “jims” on,
 And they dosed me with bromide,
And they locked me in my bedroom –
 Me and one *wee* Blood-Red Mouse – 30
 Though I said: – “To give my head room
 You had best unroof the house.”

But my words were all unheeded,
 Though I told the grave M.D.
 That the treatment really needed 35
 Was a dip in open sea
That was lapping just below me,
 Smooth as silver, white as snow,
 And it took three men to throw me
 When I found I could not go. 40

Half the night I watched the Heavens
 Fizz like '81 champagne –
 Fly to sixes and to sevens,
 Wheel and thunder back again;
 And when all was peace and order 45
 Save one planet nailed askew,
 Much I wept because my warder
 Would not let me set it true.

After *frenzied* hours of waiting,
 When the Earth and Skies were dumb, 50
 Pealed an awful voice dictating
 An interminable sum,
 Changing to a tangled story –
 “What *she* said you said I said – ”
 Till the Moon arose in glory, 55
 And I found her . . . in my head;

Then a Face came, blind and weeping,
 And It couldn't wipe Its eyes,
 And It *muttered* I was keeping
 60 Back the moonlight from the skies;
 So I patted It for pity,
 But It whistled shrill with wrath,
 And a huge, black Devil City
 Poured its peoples on my path.

 65 So I fled with steps uncertain
 On a thousand-year-long race,
 But the bellying of the curtain
 Kept me always in one place,
 While the tumult rose and maddened
 70 To the roar of Earth on fire,
 Ere it ebbed and sank and saddened
 To a whisper tense as wire.

 In intolerable stillness
 Rose one little, little star,
 75 And it chuckled at my illness,
 And it mocked me from afar;
 And its brethren came and eyed me –
 Called the Universe to aid –
 Till I lay, with naught to hide me,
 80 'Neath the Scorn of All Things Made.

59 *muttered*] *whispered* CMG

60 After this line the CMG reads:

[*Here follow eight and a half stanzas.*]

But of all the things I mention –
 And they were distinctly queer –
 I have not the *least* intention
 To inform the *P-n-r*.

61–88: added DD₃

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,
 Broke the solemn, pitying Day,
And I knew my pains were ended,
 And I turned and tried to pray;
But my speech was shattered wholly,
 And I wept as children weep,
Till the dawn-wind, softly, slowly,
 Brought to burning eyelids sleep.

DIANA OF EPHEBUS



Ephesus stands – you may find it still –
 On the lee of a verdurous, pine-clad hill,
 And once in a twelve-month, the folk below
 Flock to the pines and the upland snow –
 5 Flee from the sunshine, the glare, and the dust,
 For the good of their souls – as is right and just.

She fell from Heaven – as all aver,
 From the lap of Olympian Jupiter;
 And so descended to govern us
 10 Men of the City of Ephesus.

She ground us under Her dainty heel,
 She bound us slaves to Her chariot-wheel,
 She levied taxes and toll and cess
 For Her sumptuous shrine and Her golden dress;
 15 And we paid them merrily – ever thus
 Is the use of the People of Ephesus.

And the years went on, as the years must do,
 But our great Diana was always new –
 Fresh and blooming, and young and fair,
 20 With azure eyes and with aureate hair;
 While all the people who came and went
 Offered Her praise to Her heart's content.
 So we said in our pride, as the years rolled by: –
 “Our Great Diana can never die!”

25 But once – ah me! – when Her shrine was lit
 And we danced to the Goddess who governed it,

16 use] way *Engl* 19 young] blonde *PT* 20 aureate] golden *KBB* 21 While all the
 people who came and went] And all the folk, as they came or went *PT* 23 pride]
 hearts *Engl*

When the music **thundered** and, far and wide,
 Our lamps made day on the mountain-side,
 When the incense thickened, the trumpets brayed,
 Came the terrible vengeance of Time delayed! 30
 The clear voice faltered – the lithe form stooped –
 The white hands wavered – the bright head drooped –
 The trumpets **quavered**, the lights burned blue,
 And the Goddess died – as Goddesses do.
 And all we could see in the twilight dim 35
 Was a visage meagre and pointed and grim –
 A hard, lined brow, and a mouth grown old,
 And a ripple of bad, discoloured gold
For the folds of the chiton; and so we cried: –
 “What shall we do now Diana hath died?” 40
 Wherefore we mourned till the morrow – thus
 True to its idols is Ephesus.

Then we dragged Her out of the City’s bound,
 And cast Her into the **Stranger’s** Ground.
 We cleansed the shrine from the offerings stale, 45
 We gilt the pillars and altar-rail
 We lit fresh fires and called on Jove
 For another Diana to praise and love;
 And e’en as our **call** went up on high,
 Another Diana dropped out of the sky, 50
 Stepping at once to the old one’s place
 With the light of the Godship about her face.
 And we gave Her power to govern us
 Men of the City of Ephesus.

The City is old as the pines above, 55
 Old as the mountains, as old as Love;
 And I am as old as a man may be
 Ere he pass from the pines to the Unknown Sea.

27 thundered] maddened *Engl* 33 quavered, the] ceased as *Engl* 39 For] From *Engl*
 44 Stranger’s] Strangers’ *Engl-DD3* 49 call] prayer *Engl*

And I serve, as I served in the years gone by,
 60 The Great Diana who fell from the sky.
 The yoke of Her priesthood is heavy to bear
 Though the Great Diana be always fair.
 But, after a *season, and none know when*,
 Our Goddess must die in the sight of men.
 65 We must bear Her forth to the grave that waits
 In the ground unclean, *by* the Temple gates,
 While Her name is forgot and Her face likewise,
 For another Diana drops out of the skies,
 And we make obeisance and hail Her thus: –
 70 “Queen of the City of Ephesus”.

And howso clearly I know the end
 Of the *love* we give and the money we spend;
 And howso clearly Diana foresees
 That terrible day when the trumpets cease;
 75 And howso clearly the grave be made,
 Where the bones of our old-time Queens are laid;
 And howso clearly the City knows
 Whither the path to Her Temple goes,
 These things are certain – I still obey
 80 The great Diana who rules to-day,
 The City with me, and She in state
 Looks out o’er the path to the Temple gate,
 And takes our homage and hears us cry: –
 “Our Great Diana can never die!”
 For this is *our* custom.

85 Endeth thus
 The tale of Diana of Ephesus.

63 *season, and none know when*] while – in a year or ten *Engl* 66 *by*] past *Engl*
 72 *love*]§ *lore Engl* 84 *Our*] The *Engl*

THE LOVERS' LITANY



Eyes of grey – a sodden quay,
 Driving rain and falling tears,
 As the steamer puts to sea
 In a parting storm of cheers.
 Sing, for Faith and Hope are high – 5
 None so true as you and I –
 Sing the Lovers' Litany: –
 "Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of black – a throbbing keel,
 Milky foam to left and right; 10
 Whispered converse near the wheel
 In the brilliant tropic night.
 Cross that rules the Southern Sky,
 Stars that sweep, and turn, and fly,
 Hear the Lovers' Litany: – 15
 "Love like ours can never die!"

Eyes of brown – a dusty plain
 Split and parched with heat of June;
 Flying hoof and tightened rein,
 Hearts that beat the ancient tune. 20
 Side by side the horses fly,
 Frame we now the old reply
 Of the Lovers' Litany: –
 "Love like ours can never die!"

1 a] the *DDBRB99-EV1900* 3 puts] wears *DD1-BRBDD*; *Bb*; heads *DDBRB99-EV1900*
 8 die!] *die.* (and at 16, 24, 32, 41) *DD1-DD3* 9 a] the *DDBRB99-EV1900* 11 Whispered
 converse] Little whispers *DDBRB99-EV1900* 13 Sky,] Sky! *DD1-BRBDD*;
Bb-IV1927-IV1933 14 turn, and fly,] wheel and fly! *DD1-DD2*; wheel, and fly! *DD3*;
 wheel, and fly, *DD4-Bb*; turn, and fly! *Poems* 17 a] the *DDBRB99-EV1900* 20 ancient]
 old, old *DD1-Bb* 21 Side by side] Neck-and-neck *EV1900*

25 Eyes of blue – the Simla Hills
 Silvered with the moonlight hoar;
 Pleading of the waltz that thrills,
 Dies and echoes round Benmore.
 “Mabel,” “Officers,” “Good-bye,”
 30 Glamour, wine, and witchery –
 On my soul’s sincerity,
 “Love like ours can never die!”

 Maidens, of your charity,
 Pity my most luckless state.
 35 Four times Cupid’s debtor I –
 Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
 Yet, despite this evil case,
 An a maiden showed me grace,
 Four-and-forty times would I
 40 Sing the Lovers’ Litany: –
 “Love like ours can never die!”

37 this] my *EV*1900; *IV*1919-*IV*1927; *IV*1933 37-39: *DD*1-*DD*2 read:

Spite of Cupid’s perjury
 If another maid would try
 I dare sing the Litany –

38 An]§And *DDBRB*99 40 Lovers’]§ Lover’s *DD*3

A BALLADE OF BURIAL



“Saint Praxed’s ever was the Church for peace”

If down here I chance to die,
 Solemnly I beg you take
 All that is left of “I”
 To the Hills for old sake’s sake.
 Pack me very thoroughly 5
 In the ice that used to slake
 Pegs I drank when I was dry –
 This observe for old sake’s sake.

To the railway station hie,
 There a single ticket take 10
 For Umballa – goods-train – I
 Shall not mind delay or shake.
 I shall rest contentedly
 Spite of clamour coolies make;
 Thus in state and dignity 15
 Send me up for old sake’s sake.

Next the sleepy Babu wake,
 Book a Kalka van “for four.”
 Few, I think, will care to make
 Journeys with me any more 20
 As they used to do of yore.
 I shall need a “special” break –
 ’Thing I never took before –
 Get me one for old sake’s sake.

Title: Ballade] Ballad DD3-IV1927; IV1933 3§ All that is] All that there is DD2-DD3;
 all that then EV1900 5 Pack me very] Pack, and pack me DDBRB99-EV1900 7 Pegs]
 Drinks DDBRB99-EV1900 15 state and] frozen DDBRB99-EV1900 22 “special”
 break] “special brake” IV1919-IV1927; IV1933 23 ’Thing] Thing DD2-Bb

25 After that – arrangements make.
 No hotel will take me in,
 And a bullock's back would break
 'Neath the teak and leaden skin.
 Tonga ropes are frail and thin,
 30 Or, did I a back-seat take,
 In a tonga I might spin: –
 Do your best for old sake's sake.

 After that – your work is done.
 Recollect a Padre must
 35 Mourn the dear departed one –
 Throw the ashes and the dust.
 Don't go down at once. I trust
 You will find excuse to “snake
 Three days' casual¹ on the bust,” –
 40 Get your fun for old sake's sake.

 I could never stand the Plains.
 Think of blazing June and May,
 Think of those September rains
 Yearly till the Judgment Day!
 45 I should never rest in peace,
 I should sweat and lie awake.
 Rail me then, on my decease,
 To the Hills for old sake's sake!

¹ Three days' leave. [RK's note: added IV1919]

38 “snake”] take *Bb* 46 sweat] fret *DD2* 48 sake!] sake. *DD2-Bb*

A LEVEE IN THE PLAINS



Come here, ye lasses av swate Parnassis!
 Kape cool me hid while me pen recalls
 That night av tormint whin all Lahore
 To honour the Quane an' our great Sorr Charles.

There was music brayin' an' punkahs swayin', 5
 An' men dishplayin' their uniform;
 An' the native ginthry they thronged the inthry;
 An' oh, by Jabers! 'twas powerful warm!

There were Colonels more there than I could score there, 10
 In white an' khaki an' knots and bows;
 An' the bowld Civilians they came in millions,
 Meltin' away under toight dress-clo'es.

There was gowld in plastrons on epigastrons,
 An' stand-up collars that lay down flat;
 An' the Doctors splendid, wid sword attinded, 15
 An' hearse-plumes wavin' above their hat.

The whole Punjab there, in sum'shus garb there,
 Paraded grandly the Aujence Hall;
 An' the Shubadars, wid their midals and shtars,
 Stood up to attintion forinist the wall. 20

Title: Levéety in the Plains *CMG-P* 3 Lahore] L -- *CMG-P* 4 Charles] C --
CMG-P 6 dishplayin'] displayin' *CMG-P* 8 Jabers!] Jabers *CMG-P* 9 were] was
*CMG-EV*1900 9 could] cud *CMG-P* 15 An' the [...] sword] An' [...] swords
CMG-P; An' the [...] swords *EV*1900 17 garb there] garb were *CMG-P* 18 Paraded
[...] Aujence] Paradin' [...] Audience *CMG-P* 20 Stood] Stud *CMG-P*

Thin spurs were scratchin' an' sword-belts catchin'
 As they let the batch in at ten-fiftane,
 An' we stud perspirin' wid zeal ontirin'
 To the greater glory av England's Quane.

25 But oh! the dignity, the moild benignity,
 Whin the Chief Coort Judges tuk the flure;
 A-standin' *sinthry* in the private inthry,
 An' watchin' the rest av us march before.

30 So some bowed nately, an' some too stately,
 An' some went noddin' aisy an' free;
 An' some went trippin', an' some went skippin',
 But all went dhrippin' through the big *Levee*.

Thin down the stairway we ran for airway,
 An' tuk refreshments *whin* all was done;
 35 Wid scabbards clinkin' an' men a-drinkin',
 An' the shtars a-winkin' to watch the fun.

24 To] For *CMG-P* 27 *sinthry*] *senthry CMG-P* 32 *Levee*] *levee P* 34 *whin*] *whan CMG-P*

THE OVERLAND MAIL



(Foot-Service to the Hills)

In the Name of the Empress of India, make way,
 O Lords of the Jungle, wherever you roam,
 The woods are *astir* at the close of the day –
 We exiles are waiting for letters from Home.
 Let the robber *retreat* – *let* the tiger turn tail – 5
 In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!

With a jingle of bells as the dusk gathers in,
 He turns to the footpath that *heads* up the hill –
 The bags on his back and a cloth round his chin,
 And, tucked in his *waistbelt*, the Post Office bill: – 10
 “Despatched on this date, as received *by* the rail,
Per runner, two bags of the Overland Mail.”

Is the torrent in spate? He must ford it or swim.
 Has the rain wrecked the road? He must climb by the cliff.
 Does the tempest cry “*Halt*”? What are tempests to him? 15
 The service admits not a “*but*” or an “*if*.”
 While the breath’s in his mouth, he must bear without fail,
 In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail.

From aloe to rose-oak, from rose-oak to fir,
 From level to upland, from upland to crest, 20
 From rice-field to rock-ridge, from rock-ridge to spur,
 Fly the *soft-sandalled* feet, strains the *brawny, brown* chest.
 From rail to ravine – to the *peak* from the vale –
 Up, up through the night goes the Overland Mail.

*Subtitle: (Foot-service to the Hills in India) SY 3 astir [...] close] awake [...] end
 DDBRB99-EV1900 5 retreat – let] retreat – and DDBRB99; retreat, and EV1900
 8 heads] leads DD2 10 waistbelt] waistcloth DD2 11 by] from EV1900-Bb
 15 “Halt”] “halt” DD2-DD6; IV1919; halt DDBRB99-Bb; IV1927; IV1933; DE
 22 soft-sandalled] soft sandalled DDBRB90; BRBDD 22 brawny, brown] §scrawny
 brown DDBRB99; brown naked SY 23 peak] hill DD2*

25 There's a speck on the hillside, a dot on the road –
 A jingle of bells on the footpath below –
 There's a scuffle above in the monkey's abode –
 The world is awake and the clouds are aglow.
 For the great Sun himself must attend to the hail: –
30 “In the Name of the Empress, the Overland Mail!”

27 monkey's] monkies' *DD*₂; monkeys' *DD*₃; *EV*₁₉₀₀; *SY*

DIVIDED DESTINIES



It was an artless *Bandar*¹ and he danced upon a pine,
 And much I wondered how he lived, and where the *beast* might dine,
 And *many*, many other things, till, o'er my morning smoke,
 I slept the sleep of idleness and dreamt that *Bandar* spoke.

He said: "O man of many clothes! Sad crawler on the Hills! 5
 Observe, I know not *Ranken's* shop, nor Ranken's monthly bills!
 I take no heed to trousers or the coats that you call dress;
 Nor am I plagued with little *cards* for little drinks at Mess.

I *steal* the *bunni's* grain at morn, at noon and eventide
 (For he is fat and I am spare), I *roam* the mountain-side, 10
 I follow no *man's carriage*, and no, never in my life
 Have I *flirted* at *Peliti's* with another *Bandar's* wife.

O man of futile fopperies – unnecessary *wraps*;
 I *own* no ponies in the hills, I drive no tall-wheeled traps.
 I buy me not twelve-button gloves, "short-sixes" eke, *or* rings, 15
 Nor do I waste at *Hamilton's* my wealth on "pretty things."

I quarrel with my wife at home, we never fight abroad;
 But Mrs. B. has grasped the fact I *am* her only lord.
 I never heard of fever – *dumps nor debts depress* my soul;
 And I pity and despise you!" Here he pouched my breakfast-roll. 20

1 Monkey. [RK's note: added IV1919]

Title: The Divided Destinies P-PM 1 It] He P-PM; 2 *beast*] brute P-PM 5 *many*] useless P-PM 6 Ranken's [...] Ranken's [...] bills!] R-nk-n's [...] R-nk-n's [...] bills,] P-PM 8 *cards*] *chits* P-DD; 9 *steal* [...] *grain*] crib [...] *gram* P-PM 10 *roam*] range P-PM 11 *man's carriage*] one's *ghari* P-PM; *man's ghari* DD1-DD; 12 *flirted* [...] *Peliti's* [...] *wife.*] *feasted* [...] P-l-t-i's [...] *wife!* P-PM 13 *wraps;*] *wraps!* P-DD; 14 *own* [...] *drive*] *keep* [...] *own* P-PM 15 *or*]§ of DDBRB99 16 *Hamilton's*] H-m-ton's P-PM 18 *am*] *am* IV1919- IV1927; IV1933; DE 19 *dumps nor debts depress*] *debts nor dumps oppress* P-PM

His hide was very mangy and his face was very red,
 And **ever and anon** he scratched with energy his head.
 His manners were not always nice, but **how** my spirit cried
 To be an artless *Bandar* loose upon the mountain-side!

- 25 **So** I answered: “Gentle *Bandar*, an inscrutable Decree
 Makes thee a gleesome fleasome Thou, and me a wretched Me.
 Go! Depart in peace, my brother, to thy home amid the pine;
 Yet forget not once a mortal wished to change his lot with **thine**.”

22 ever and anon] undisguisedly *DDBRB99-EV1900* 23 how [...] cried] how [...] sighed *P-PM*; how [...] sighed *DD1-DD2*; how [...] cried *DD3* 25 So] Then *P-PM*
 28 thine.] thine! *Bb*

THE MASQUE OF PLENTY



Argument. — The Indian Government being minded to discover the economic condition of their lands, sent a Committee to inquire into it; and saw that it was good

Scene. — *The wooded heights of Simla. The Incarnation of the Government of India in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment: —*

“How sweet is the shepherd’s sweet life!

From the dawn to the even he strays —
 He shall follow his sheep all the day
 And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.
 (*adagio dim.*) Fillèd with praise!”

5

(*largo con sp.*) Now this is the position,
 Go make an inquisition
 Into their real condition
 As swiftly as ye may.
 (*p*) Ay, paint our swarthy billions
 The richest of vermilion
 Ere two well-led cotillions
 Have danced themselves away.

10

Argument: P-PM read: (Vide Government Resolution in last week’s Gazette.)
 lands] land IV1927; IV1933

[The stage direction in *P-PM* reads: *Scene — The wooded heights of Observatory Hill. His Excellency the M-rq-s of A-a in the raiment of the Angel of Plenty sings, to pianoforte accompaniment: —*

1 life!] life, *Bb* 10 the musical instruction (*p.*) omitted *BRBDD* 13 these lines follow in *P-PM*:

Chorus, from Offices R-v-n-e and Agr-c-lt-r-l Dept:
 With reeds new whittled and maps unrolled
 We’ll cover ourselves with glory
 (*ped*) We seek a penalty fifty-fold
 For Dadabhoy’s Awful Story!

[*Echo from Mall: —*They seek a penalty fifty-fold
 For Dadabhoy’s Awful Story!

Turkish Patrol, *as able and intelligent Investigators wind down the *Himalayas**: –

What is the state of the Nation? What is its occupation?

15 Hi! get along, get along, get along – lend us the information!
 (*dim.*) Census the *byle*¹ and the *yabu*² – capture a first-class
 Babu,

Set him to *file* Gazetteers – Gazetteers . . .

(*ff*) What is the state of the Nation, etc. etc.

Interlude, *from *Nowhere in Particular*, to *stringed and Oriental instruments**.

Our cattle reel beneath the yoke they bear –

20 The earth is iron and the skies are brass –
 And faint with fervour of the flaming air
 The languid hours pass.

The well is dry beneath the village tree –

25 The young wheat withers ere it reach a span,
 And belts of blinding sand show cruelly
 Where once the river ran.

Pray, brothers, pray, but to no earthly King –

30 Lift up your hands above the blighted grain,
 Look westward – if they please, the Gods shall bring
 Their mercy with the rain.

Look westward – bears the blue no brown cloud-bank?

Nay, it is written – wherefore should we fly?
 On our own field and by our cattle's flank
 Lie down, lie down to die!

1 Ox. [RK's note: added *IV*1919; in *IV*1927, *IV*1933, this and the next note are combined as "The ox and the pony."]

2 Pony. [RK's note: added *IV*1919]

Himalayas] Simla cart road: *P-PM* 17 file] cut *P-BRBDD*; *Bb* Stage direction before 19; *from Nowhere in Particular, to stringed and Oriental instruments*] to *vina, sitar and nagara* *P-PM*

23 The well is] Our wells are *DDBRB99-EV*1900 Stage direction before

Castanets and step-dance: —

Oh, the *dom*³ and the *mag* and the *thakur* and the *thag*,
 And the *nat* and the *brinjaree*,
 50 And the *bunna* and the *ryot* are as happy and as quiet
 And as plump as they can be!
 Yes, the *jain* and the *jat* in his stucco-fronted hut,
 And the bounding *bazugar*,
 By the favour of the King, are as fat as anything,
 55 They are — they are — they are!

3 Various Indian tribes and castes. [RK's note: added IV1919, where the note follows the word "ryot" and reads: "A list of various Indian tribes and castes."]

Stage direction before 48: step-dance] breakdown *P-PM* 55 these lines follow in *P-PM*:

Lyrical Interlude to the tune of "Sam Hall."

They wear *dbotis* in Bengal.

(*Chorus*), Take your oath?

But their underclothes are small

Take your oath?

Though the news will turn you pale,

They receive per road and rail,

English piece-goods by the bale.

Take your oath?

'Tis a most peculiar thing

Take your oath?

But they live on *dal* and *bing*,

Take your oath?

And they walk about with *lathis*,

And they flourish on *chupattis*,

And the country very flat is.

Take your oath?

Yes, we found it out ourselves

Take your oath?

In the Secretariat shelves.

Take your oath?

It's as wild as Paul de Kock,

And, your feelings not to shock,

We've appended it *en bloc*

Take your oath?

Recitative, *Government of India*, with white satin wings and electro-plated harp: —

How beautiful upon the mountains — in peace reclining,
 Thus to be assured that **our** people are unanimously dining.
 And though there are places not so blessed as others in natural
 advantages, which, after all, was only to be expected,
 Proud and glad **are we** to congratulate you upon the work you
 have thus ably effected.

(*Cres.*) How be-ewtiful upon the mountains!

60

Hired Band, *brasses only, full chorus*: —

God bless the Squire
 And all his rich relations
 Who teach us poor people
 We eat our proper rations —
 We eat our proper rations,
 In spite of inundations,
 Malarial exhalations,
 And casual starvations,
 We have, we have, they say we have —
 We *have* our proper rations!

65

70

Stage Direction after 55: Government of India] Marquis of Ava P-PM 57 our] my
 P-PM 59 are we] am I P-PM 60 P-PM continue: How be-ewtiful — How be-ewtiful
Stage direction before 61: Hired] Phoo-Phoo P-PM 61–70 omitted DD99-EV1900
 67–68 Lines transposed from P-PM 70 After this line P-BRBDD; Bb read:

(*Cornet.*)

Which nobody can deny!
 If he does he tells a lie —
 We are all as willing as Barkiss —
 We all of us loves the Markiss
 We all of us stuffs our ca-ar-kis —
 With food until we die! (*da capo*).

[DD4-BRBDD; Bb end here: P-PM continue as follows:]

*Demi-semi chorus of Collectors, Deputy Collectors
 and Commissioners, led by R-v-n-e and Agr-c-lt-r-l
 Dept., to music of their own trumpets — :*
Kenst du das land where the *thannadar* twineth
 Garlands of marigolds under the trees —
 Where to the night-wind the *zillab* resigneth
 Poignantest perfumes that swoon on the breeze?
 List to the *tappal* who sings at his labours,
 Bear with the bullock oppressed by his beef,

Chorus of *the Crystallized* Facts
 Before the beginning of years
 There came to the rule of the State
 Men with a pair of shears,
 75 Men with an Estimate –
 Strachey with Muir for leaven,
 Lytton with locks that fell,
 Ripon *fooling with* Heaven,
 And Temple riding like H – II!
 80 And the *bigots* took in hand
 Cess and the falling of rain,
 And the measure of sifted sand
 The dealer puts in the grain –
 Imports by land and sea,
 85 To uttermost decimal worth,
 And registration – free –
 In the houses of death and of birth.
 And fashioned with pens and paper,
 And fashioned in black and white,
 90 With Life for a flickering taper
 And Death for a blazing light –
 With the *Armed and the Civil Power*,
 That his strength might endure for a span,
 From Adam's Bridge to *Peshawur*,
 95 The Much Administered Man.

Look where our adipose Aryan neighbours
 Frisk in the wine-press or garner the sheaf!
 Thither might I go with thee,
 O my Mir Munshi, go!

Stage direction before 71: the Crystallized] Crystallized *P-PM* 78 fooling with] fallen
 from *P-PM* 80 bigots] High Gods *P-PM* 92 Armed and the Civil Power] Doctor,
 the 'Stunt and the Padri *P-PM* 94 Peshawur] Jagadhri *P-PM*

In the towns of the North and the East,
 They gathered as unto rule,
 They bade him starve his priest
 And send his children to school.
 Railways and roads they wrought,
 For the needs of the soil within;
 A time to squabble in court,
 A time to bear and to grin.
 And gave him peace in his ways,
 Jails – and Police to fight,
 Justice at length of days,

100

105

96–III Added DD4 98 his] the DD4-BRBDD 101 soil] trade DDBRB99-EV1900
 106 Justice at] Justice – at IV1919-IV1927; IV1933 115 after this line P-PM read:

Semi-chorus of Unsympathetic Public.

Too red a dawn your hands have drawn,
 Too turquoise-blue a sky,
 Too green a turf, too smooth a surf,
 Too fair tranquillity!
 And praised the ligher touch?
 Why show your hand who rule the land? –
 It trembles overmuch.
 Why for an Empire stitch and hem
 Rags of the Gazetteers?
 O why compile so very vile
 A piece of paste and shears?
 It might have been a well-set scene
 To close a brilliant play –
 A fitting “gag” before a “tag” –
 It is – what shall we say?
 A change let slip through want of grip –
 Mulled – messed – and thrown away!

Finale, full Orchestra, trombones at wings: –

The Martlet, on the ducal cap looked forth across the sea,
 (*So fare you well, so fare you well, the birds are flying forth!*)
 She waited for the Ermined Horse that bears the *Fleur de lys* –
 She waited for the coming of the Centaur and the Bee
 (*Be welcome now, be welcome now as Needle to the North!*)

The Martlet on the ducal cap hath set her nest in order
 (*So fare you well, so fare you well, the birds are preened for flight!*)
 The Lion of the Flaming Sword was given her to warder –

And Right – and Might in the Right.
His speech is of mortgaged bedding,
On his kine he borrows yet,
110 At his heart is his daughter's wedding,
In his eye foreknowledge of debt.
He eats and hath indigestion,
He toils and he may not stop;
His life is a long-drawn question
115 Between a crop and a crop.

She made the Northern Hills her rest, the Southern sea her border
(*Be welcome now, be welcome now, as Polestar in the night.*)

The Martlet on the ducal cap hath spread her wings to go
(*So fare you well, so fare you well, the stoutest vans may rest!*)
No velvet pastures wait thy foot, O Centaur with the bow,
But hives beset of many bees that murmur to and fro
(*Be welcome now, be welcome now, Winged Horses from the West.*)

R. K.

“O, BAAL, HEAR US!”



“An attempt should be made to prepare a moral text-book based upon the fundamental principles of natural religion, such as may be taught in all Government and non-Government colleges.” —

Resolution of the Indian Government.

Scene. — *A Palace in Cloudland. Moral Text-Book Committee discovered at a round table, singing.*

Moralists we
From over the sea,
“From the land where philosophers plenty be —
From the land that produced no Kants with a K,
But many Cants with a C. 5
Where the Hodmadod crawls in its shell confined,
The Symbol exalted of Fetterless Mind,
And Arithmetic sits on her throne of pride
As Theology personified.”
We have fished in the Lake, 10
And the Worm wouldn’t bite.
Our preachers have covered
The Pit from our sight.
By the wisdom of Comte
We have learned to devise 15
Our own little roofs, and
Dispense with the skies.
The Gods and the Godlings
On dust-laden shelves
Repose for a sign. 20
We are all Gods ourselves!

Subtitle: (A Metrical Forecast.) P-CMG Heading: Resolution of Indian Government Vide Resolution in this week’s G — tte of I — a. P-CMG 3-9 quotation marks added EV1900

(*Confidentialissimo*)

And so we come here
 With gum-pot and shear –
 Devoid of convictions, but blessed with long faces,
 25 From every land's vext Book
 To clip out a text-book
 Which gives us "religion on natural bases."

President (*solo, tremolo*)
 In Afric's sunny clime the slave
 Assuages both catarrh and grief
 30 By blowing of his nose upon
 The Moral Pocket-handkerchief.

His fetish grins beneath the tree –
 A skull, three rags, an ostrich-feather;
 He turns aside to us who give
 35 Good texts and textile goods together.

Ber-etheren, ere ye stain the pen,
 Think of that joyous Afrikander;
 What saith the Chief of Married Men? –
 "Sauce for the goose will suit the gander."
 (*Flourish of silver trumpets*)

40 In the name of the Great God Fudge,
 I charge ye take good heed
 To weight and sift and sniff and judge
 The merits of every creed,
 That no man may your wage begrudge,
 45 That your fame may be great indeed,
 Who have gotten a God at the Government's nod
 In the land where the deities breed!

27 us]a P-CMG 38 Men?] Men: – P-CMG 42§ weight] weigh P-EV1900 47 breed!] breed. P-CMG

*The Committee fall to their labours. The Indian
Pantheon rises behind them in red fire.*

Chorus of the Indian Pantheon
We be the Gods of **all the** East,
Older than all –
Rulers of Greatest and Least, 50
Rulers of Mourning and Feast,
Rulers of Man and of Beast.
How shall we fall
Whose feet are made firm on men's necks – whose hands hold 55
their heart-strings in thrall?

Semi-Chorus
Over the strife of the schools
Low the day burns;
Back as the kine to the pools
Each one returns
To the life that he knows, where the altar-flame glows, and the 60
tulsi is trimmed in the urns.

Chorus
Will they gape for the husks that ye proffer,
Or move to your song?
And we – have *we* nothing to offer
Who held them so long
In the cloud of the incense, the clash of the cymbal, the blare 65
of the conch and the gong?

President (*jubilantissimo*)
We'll get the text-book ready as quickly as we can
For the Ary – for the Ary – for the Ary-an!

Secretary
I'll go and hunt the Vedas while you play with the Ko-ran
For the Ary – for the Ary – for the Ary-an!

Duet and Dance

70 Oh, isn't it nice to root out Vice, and usher Virtue in!
 And isn't it sad a cultured lad should stumble into sin!
 We'd like to have him moral; but, oh, where shall we begin
 With the Ary – with the Ary – with the Ary-an?

Chorus of Committee

Help the Ary – help the Ary – help the Ary-an!
 75 Three and thirty million Gods don't improve man!
 Wait till we have forced our potted morals in a can
 Down the Ary – down the Ary – down the Ary-an!

President (*patter-song with piccolo accompaniment*)

Take a little Rabelais – just a garlic hint;
 Out of Locke and Bacon steal something fit to print.
 80 Grind 'em down with Butler, add morsels of Voltaire;
 Don't forget the "Precious Fools" sketched by Molière!
Robert Elsmere, Mallock, Hume, Gibbon (on his knees).
 Knock the Ten Commandments out if they fail to please;
 Substitute the Penal Code – sections underlined.
 85 There you have a perfect book to form the infant mind!

81 Molière!] Molière *P-PM*; Molière *CMG*

83 Knock] Take *P-CMG* After the stage direction (*Encore [...] India.*) these lines follow in *P-CMG*:

Aerial Chorus of Invisibles (*Stringed instruments only*) –

(*Con spirit.*) The kine went forth to the clover

In the flush of the morning-tide,

But long ere the day was over

They suffered from pains inside –

(*Retard*)

They laid them down in the clover –

They swelled and they burst and they died.

Now was it the fault of the clover

That tenders its bloom to the bees?

And how did the kine come over

From the scant, dry grass of the leas,

To eat and to burst in the clover

That never had injured the bees?

(*Encore verses may be introduced here according to the taste of the singer or the educational policy of the Government of India.*)

The Committee conclude their labours, and produce Moral Text-Book wrapped in a white handkerchief.

Chorus

Now whoso sneers
At our paste and shears
May go, if he can, **to the Deuce!**
We have **built** for the Pagan
A **first-class** Dagon
For strictly official **use.**

90

Chorus of Admiring Aryavarta
(*organ, plagal cadence*)

When Dagon was builded of old
By the Demons who wrought in a day,
His forehead was brazen, his **belly** was gold,
And his throne was the red river-clay –
But our masters are wiser than they.

95

(*con. molt. exp.*)

They had opened the gates to the clover,
They said it would fatten the kine;
But never a man could discover
It was wrong for cattle to dine
On the windy and wine-red clover,
Too fair – too free – and too fine. (*bis.*)

88 to the Deuce.] to the Deuce. *P-PM*; § to Deuce. *CMG* 89 the musical notation (*ff*) stands at the beginning of the line in *P-CMG* 89 built] made *P-CMG* 90 first-class] First-Grade *P-CMG* 91 use.] use! *P-CMG*; following this line *P-CMG* have this stage direction: (*They dance round the M.T.B. with appropriate gestures.*) 94 belly] body *P-CMG* 95 after this line *P-CMG* have:

And the tempest dissolved it away –
The stage direction (*Trumpets*) then precedes line 97

(Trumpets)

For when Dagon was builded anew,
 By the breath of their order they made him,
 By the froth of their ink-pots they stayed him,
 100 In cut-paper frills they arrayed him,
 The subtle, the supple, the new,
 Who is greater than scourges or rods –
 An *olla podrida*
 Of Faiths and Fifth-Reader,
 105 The Friend of All Possible Gods!

103 *olla podrida*] *olla-podrida P-CMG* 104 Fifth-] First *P-CMG*
 105 Gods!] Gods. *P-CMG* 105 these lines follow in *P-CMG*:

Committee: (*scattering text-books abroad*) –
 It's bound in cloth and it's one rupee,
 And a very good thing you'll find it.
 It may almost pass for – what you please.
 If nobody gets behind it.
 (*Grand general walk-round of Committee. Bundles of*
M.T.B. under their arms; hats over one eye.)
 We don't know anything about it at all,
 But here's the book you see;
 So we'll supply the school and cry:
 "Are ye there Mor-al-i-tee?"

[*Kick-dance in order of Seniority.*

(*f*) We don't care anything about it at all,
 For devil a faith have we;
 But we'll all look sly and gaily cry:
 "Are ye there Mor-al-i-tee?"
 Bouquets, Blue-Fire, General Reformation and
 CURTAIN.

R.K.

THE MARE'S NEST



Jane Austen Beecher Stowe de Rouse
 Was good beyond all earthly need;
 But, on the other hand, her spouse
 Was very, very bad indeed.
 He smoked cigars, called churches slow, 5
 And **raced** – but this she did not know.

For Belial Machiavelli kept
 The little fact a secret, and,
 Though o'er his **minor** sins she wept,
 Jane Austen did not understand 10
 That Lilly – thirteen-two and bay –
 Absorbed one-half her husband's pay.

She was so good she made him worse
 (Some women are like this, I think);
 He taught her parrot how to curse, 15
 Her Assam **monkey** how to drink.
 He vexed her righteous soul until
 She went up, and he went down hill.

Then came the crisis, strange to say,
 Which turned a good wife to a better. 20
 A telegraphic peon, one day,
 Brought her – now, had it been a letter
 For Belial Machiavelli, I
 Know Jane would just have let it lie –

Title: The Legend of the Lilly *P-PM Heading:* This is a simple legend (quite as truthful as the rest) / Of some marvellous disclosures in a female horse's nest *P-PM 6 raced*] *raced!! P-PM 9 minor*] *minor P-PM 16 monkey*] *hooluk P-DD3*

25 But 'twas a telegram instead,
 Marked "urgent," and her duty plain
 To open it. Jane Austen read: –
 "Your Lilly's got a cough again.
 'Can't understand why she is kept
 30 At your expense." Jane Austen wept.

 It was a misdirected wire,
 Her husband was at Shaitanpore.
 She spread her anger, hot as fire,
 Through six thin foreign sheets or more;
 35 Sent off that letter, wrote another
 To her solicitor – and mother.

 Then Belial Machiavelli saw
 Her error and, I trust, his own,
 Wired to the minion of the Law,
 40 And travelled wifeward – not alone.
 For Lilly – thirteen-two and bay –
 Came in a horse-box all the way.

 There was a scene – a weep or two –
 With many kisses. Austen Jane
 45 Rode Lilly all the season through,
 And never opened wires again.
 She races now with Belial. . . . This
 Is very sad, but so it is.

29 'Can't] Can't *DD4-DDBRB99; Bb-IV1919* 33 She spread her anger] She let him
 have it *P-DD2* 44 With many] And lots of *P-DD2* 46 wires] "tars" *P-DD3*
 47 Belial. . . . This] Belial. This *DD1-IV1919*

THE BALLAD OF FISHER'S
BOARDING-HOUSE



That night, when through the mooring-chains
The wide-eyed corpse rolled free,
To blunder down by Garden Reach
And rot at Kedgeree,
The tale that Hugli told the shoal 5
The lean shoal told to me.

'Twas Fultah Fisher's boarding-house,
 Where sailor-men reside,
 And there were men of all the ports
 From Missisip to Clyde, 10
 And regally they spat and smoked,
 And fearsomely they lied.

They lied about the purple Sea
 That gave them scanty bread,
 They lied about the Earth beneath, 15
 The Heavens overhead,
 For they had looked too often on
 Black rum when that was red.

They told their tales of wreck and wrong,
 Of shame and lust and fraud, 20
 They backed their toughest statements with
 The Brimstone of the Lord,
 And crackling oaths went to and fro
 Across the fist-banged board.

5 that Hugli] the Hughli *WN-IV*1927; *IV*1933; *DE*; that Hughli *Poems* 6 told to] whispered *DDBRB*99-*EV*1900 18 Black rum [...] that] "White-eye" [...] it *WN* 19-24 omitted *DDBRB*99-*EV*1900 24 fist-banged] drink-stained *WN*

25 And there was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,
 Who carried on his hairy chest
 The maid Ultruda's charm –
 The little silver crucifix
 30 That keeps a man from harm.

 And there was Jake *Without-the-Ears*,
 And Pamba the Malay,
 And Carboy Gin the Guinea cook,
 And Luz from Vigo Bay,
 35 And Honest Jack who sold them slops
 And harvested their pay.

 And there was *Salem Hardieker*,
 A *lean* Bostonian he –
 Russ, German, English, Halfbreed, Finn,
 40 *Yank, Dane and Portugee*,
 At Fultah Fisher's boarding-house
 They rested from the sea.

 Now Anne of Austria shared their drinks,
 Collinga knew her fame,
 45 From Tarnau in Galicia
 To Jaun *Bazar* she came,
 To eat the bread of infamy
 And take the wage of shame.

31 *Without-the-ears*] *Withouttheears WN* 37 *Salem Hardieker*] *Mister Sylvester WN*
 38 *lean*] *lank WN* 40 *Yank, Dane and Portugee*] *A reckless company WN*
 46 *Bazar*] *Bazaar EV1900; IV1919-IV1927; IV1933* 52 two lines follow in *WN*:
 With offerings from the Outer Seas
 Of shells and spar and furs,

She held a dozen men to heel –
 Rich spoil of war was hers, 50
In hose and gown and ring and chain,
 From twenty mariners,
And, by Port Law, that week, men called
 Her *Salem Hardieker's*.

But seamen learnt – what landmen know – 55
 That neither gifts nor gain
Can hold a *winking* Light o' Love
 Or Fancy's flight restrain,
When Anne of Austria *rolled* her eyes
 On Hans the blue-eyed Dane. 60

Since Life is strife, and strife means knife,
 From Howrah to the Bay,
And he may die before the dawn
 Who liquored out the day,
In Fultah Fisher's boarding-house 65
 We woo while yet we may.

But cold was Hans the blue-eyed Dane,
 Bull-throated, bare of arm,
And laughter shook the chest *beneath*
 The maid Ultruda's charm – 70
The little silver crucifix
 That keeps a man from harm.

54 Salem Hardieker's] "Mister Sylvester's" WN 57 winking] flickering WN
59 rolled] turned WN 69 beneath] that bore WN

“You speak to Salem Hardieker;
 You was his girl, I know.
 75 I ship mineselfs to-morrow, see,
 Und round the Skaw we go,
 South, down the Cattegat, by Hjelm,
 To Besser in Saro.”

When love rejected turns to hate,
 80 All ill betide the man.
 “You speak to Salem Hardieker” –
 She spoke as woman can.
 A scream – a sob – “He called me –
 names!”
 And then the fight began.

85 An oath from Salem Hardieker,
 A shriek upon the stairs,
 A dance of shadows on the wall,
 A knife-thrust unawares –
 And Hans came down, as cattle drop,
 90 Across the broken chairs.

 In Anne of Austria’s trembling hands
 The weary head fell low: –
 “I ship mineselfs to-morrow, straight
 For Besser in Saro;
 95 Und there Ultruda comes to me
 At Easter, und I go

73 You [...] Salem Hardieker] “Just [...] Mister Sylvester WN 74 You was his] He has no WN 76 Und] And WN 78 two lines follow in WN:

“Just speak to Mister Sylvester” –

‘Twas Hans supplied the plan

81–82 added DD4 84 fight] blaze WN; fray DD4-DDBRB99; Bb; IV1927; IV1933; DE 85 An oath from Salem Hardieker] There was a crash of furniture WN 96 und] and WN

South, down the Cattedgat. – What’s here?

There – are – no – lights – to – guide!”

The mutter ceased, the spirit passed,

And Anne of Austria cried

100

In Fultah Fisher’s boarding-house

When Hans the mighty died.

Thus slew they Hans the blue-eyed Dane,

Bull-throated, bare of arm,

But Anne of Austria looted first

105

The maid Ultruda’s charm –

The little silver crucifix

That keeps a man from harm.

THE PLAIN OF THE JUNIOR CIVILIAN



“A handful of juniors just fresh out from Home.”—

Indian Paper’s Definition of a “Junior Civilian.”

I have worked for ten seasons or more,
 In Settlement, District, or Court;
 I have served, *with* the rest of my corps,
 All over the Province, in short.
 5 From Ismail accursed, to the Bar,
 From Jhang to Peshawur I roam,
 And back from Kohat to Hissar;
 But —
They tell me I’m “fresh out from Home!”
 10 I have loved, I have lost, twice or thrice;
 My weeds are “long Dawsons with straw”;
 I can sit fourteen-one of shod Vice,
 And badger a pleader-at-law;
 I can quote with precision the bulk
 15 Of Currie’s delectable tome;
 I can coax a Hill Chief from a sulk,
 And —
 I find I am “fresh out from Home.”
 20 I can flirt with the girls at the well
 In dialect rude and uncouth;
 I can force a fat *Khattri*¹ to tell,
 By accident, half of the truth.

1 One of the trading class. [RK’s note: added *DD* (*Sussex*)]

Headnote: Indian Paper’s] *Vide Pioneer* CMG 3 with] like CMG 9 They tell me] The *Pi* says CMG

I can chew like a Rajah my *pân*,²
 I can slang with a *Naqqal* or *Dom*,³
 I can say, "T'érá músha Pathan!" 25
 Yet –
 They tell me I'm "fresh out from Home."

That Home I have quitted an age.
 (Ten Junes in the District seem long),
 For I sailed when *Our Boys* was the rage, 30
 And "Tommy, make room" was the song;
 There's a patch on the top of my pate
 That needs not the care of the comb,
 And thirteen-eleven's my weight;
 Though – 35
 They tell me I'm "fresh out from Home."

I have worn my first saddle and second
 Clean down to the wood of the tree;
 And D.C.'s a dozen I've reckoned
 Have managed my transfers and me; 40
 I am learnèd in roadways and cess,
 In *rabi*, rice-huskers, and loam –
 Over thirty, but nevertheless,
 Write
 The papers, I'm "fresh out from Home." 45

2 Nut rolled in betel leaf. [RK's note: added *DD* (*Sussex*)]

3 Low castes. [RK's note: added *DD* (*Sussex*)]

27 They tell me] The *Pi* says *CMG* 44 Write] Writes *CMG* 45 The papers, I'm]
 The *Pi*, I am *CMG* 45 following this line the *CMG* reads:

I have grievances many and sound,
 That blossom and bloom with the years;
 And imminent dangers surround
 Myself and my "juvenile" peers
 Who remember when Davies was lord,
 When Egerton passed o'er the foam,
 Ere Aitchison came – the abhorred;
 Still –
 We learn we are "fresh out from Home."

Oh, babes of the Punjab Commission,
Oh, sucklings of "73,"
Consider our humble position,
Remember what juniors we be!
50 Oh, lads without standing or credit,
 Nous, influence, *ukal*, *aplomb*,
The Press, in its wisdom, hath said it:
 We
 Are all of us "fresh out from Home."

46 This stanza headed "L'Envoi." in CMG 52 Press] Pi CMG

POSSIBILITIES



Ay, lay him 'neath the Simla pine –
 A fortnight fully to be missed,
 Behold, we lose our fourth at whist,
 A chair is vacant *where* we *dine*.

His place forgets him; other men 5
 Have bought his ponies, guns, and traps.
 His fortune is the Great Perhaps
 And that cool rest-house down the glen,

Whence he shall hear, as spirits may,
 Our mundane revel on the height, 10
 Shall watch each flashing 'rickshaw-light
Sweep on to dinner, dance, and play.

Benmore shall woo him to the ball
 With lighted rooms and braying band;
 And he shall hear and understand 15
 “*Dream Faces*” better than us all.

For, think you, as the vapours flee
 Across *Sanjaolie* after rain,
 His *soul* may climb the hill again
 To each old field of victory. 20

4 *where*] when *P-PM* 4 *dine.*] *dine! Bb* 12 *Sweep* [...] and] *Pass* [...] or *P-PM*
 18 *Sanjaolie*] *Sungowlie P-PM* 19 *soul*] *ghost PPM*

Unseen, **whom** women held so dear,
 The strong man's yearning to his kind
 Shall shake at most the window-blind,
 Or dull awhile the card-room's cheer.

25 In his own place of power unknown,
 His Light o' Love another's flame,
 His dearest pony galloped lame,
 And he an alien and **alone!**

30 Yet may he meet with many a friend –
 Shrewd shadows, lingering long unseen
 Among us **when** “*God save the Queen*”
 Shows even “extras” have an end.

And, when we leave the heated room,
 And, when at four the lights expire,
 35 The crew shall gather round the fire
 And mock our laughter in the gloom;

Talk as we talked, and they ere death –
Flirt wanly, dance in **ghostly wise**,
 With ghosts of tunes for melodies,
 40 And vanish at the morning's **breath!**

21 whom]§ who *DD5-IV1919* 24ff. these two stanzas follow in *P-PM*:

Unheard who held us to the dawn
 With stories ever strange and fresh –
 The change and chance of equine flesh,
 And cards when shuffled, cut, or drawn.

And stranger tales of womenkind –
 Dark love, a lifetime gathered up;
 And mysteries of many a “cup”
 Wherein are mint and ice combined.

28 alone!] alone. *P-Bb* 31 when] till *P-PM* 38 Flirt] §First *DDBRB90-DDBRB99*; *Bb*
 38 wanly] sadly *P-PM* 38 ghostly wise] ghostly-wise *IV1919-IV1927*; *IV1933*
 40 breath!] breath. *P-BRBDD*; *Bb-IV1919*

ARITHMETIC ON THE FRONTIER



A great and glorious thing it is
 To learn, for seven years or so,
 The Lord knows what of that and this,
 Ere reckoned fit to face the foe –
 The flying bullet down the Pass, 5
That whistles clear: “All flesh is grass.”

Three hundred pounds per annum spent
 On making brain and body meeter
 For all the murderous intent
 Comprised in “villainous *saltpetre!*” 10
 And after? – ask the Yusufzaies
 What comes of all our ’ologies.

A scrimmage in a Border Station –
 A canter down some dark defile –
 Two thousand pounds of education 15
 Drops to a ten-rupee *jezail* –
 The Crammer’s boast, the Squadron’s pride,
 Shot like a rabbit in a *ride!*

No proposition Euclid wrote,
 No formulae the text-books know, 20
 Will turn the bullet from your coat,
 Or ward the *tulwar’s* downward blow.
 Strike hard who cares – shoot straight who can –
 The odds are on the cheaper man.

6 *That whistles clear:*] That has for text *DD1-DD2* 10 *saltpetre!*] *saltpeter*; *DD1-DD2*
 16 *jezail* –] *jezail!* *DD1-DD3* 18 *ride!*] *ride*. *DD1-DD2* 22 *tulwar’s*] *sabre’s* *DD1-DD2*

25 One sword-knot stolen from the camp
 Will pay for all the school expenses
 Of any Kurrum Valley scamp
 Who knows no word of moods and tenses,
 But, being blessed with perfect sight,
 30 Picks off our messmates left and right.

 With home-bred hordes the hillsides teem,
 The troopships bring us one by one,
 At vast expense of time and steam,
 To slay Afridis where they run.
 35 The “captives of our bow and spear”
 Are cheap, alas!, as we are dear.

28 of]§ or DDBRB90; BRBDD 31 teem] team DD1-DD4 36 cheap, alas!] cheap alas!
 DD1-DD6 cheap – alas! DDBRB90; BRBDD

OUR LADY OF REST



The wind in the pine sings Her Praises,
The snows of the North are Her seat,
The bluebells and little Hill-daisies
Make gorgeous the ground at Her feet.
There is **health in Her hand** for the taking, 5
There is **peace on the calm** of Her breast,
And we yearn to Her, sleeping and waking,
Our Lady of Rest!

The Earth is hot iron beneath us,
The Heavens are brazen above, 10
The winds of the Firmament seethe us
With blasts from the Pit as they rove.
The cool and the shade have retreated,
The levin-lit dust-clouds attest;
Our furnace is seven times heated, 15
O Lady of Rest!

“I have built ye a marvellous palace,
As chill and as green as the sea.
Come up – come away from the valleys;
Inherit, my children, with me!” 20
Though the yoke of our servitude gall us,
Laborious, burdened, unblest,
Dare we turn at Her voice, though She call us,
Our Lady of Rest?

5 health in Her hand] peace in her hands *KBB* 6 peace on the calm] sleep on the cool
KBB 16 O] Our *CMG*

25 Not ours the silence and scorning,
 Not ours the fault of delay.
 Clear twilight brings merciless morning,
 And night **little** rest after day.
 For a handful of silver we sold us,
 30 White slaves from the Isles of the West,
 And the chains of captivity hold us,
 Our Lady of Rest!

 Be good to us out of Thy pity,
 For surely, in time, it shall be
 35 That we fly from the sun-smitten city,
 That we **win** to the mountains and Thee;
 And, at last, when the weary Plains leave us,
 When we climb the Himalayan crest,
 From the smoke of our torments receive us,
 40 Our Lady of Rest!

28 little] brings no CMG 36 win] fly CMG

THE SONG OF THE WOMEN



(Lady Dufferin's Fund for Medical Aid to the Women of India)

How shall she know the worship we would do her?
 The walls are high and she is very far.
 How shall the women's message reach unto her
 Above the tumult of the packed bazar?
 Free wind of March, against the lattice blowing, 5
 Bear thou our thanks lest she depart unknowing.

Go forth across the fields we may not roam in,
 Go forth beyond the trees that rim the city
 To whatso'er fair place she hath her home in,
 Who dowered us with wealth of love and pity. 10
 Out of our shadow pass and seek her, singing –
 "I have no gifts but Love alone for bringing."

Say that we be a feeble folk who greet her,
 But old in grief, and very wise in tears:
 Say that we, being desolate, entreat her 15
 That she forget us not in after-years;
 For we have seen the light and it were grievous
 To dim that dawning if our Lady leave us.

Headnote: "Our feelings in this matter are shared by thousands and thousands of our sisters throughout the land – and of this we are assured by many signs not likely to come under the observation of the outside world." – *Vide Address of the Women of Utterpara to Lady Dufferin.* P-WN 3 shall] can P-WN 4 bazar] bazaar EV1900; IV1919-IV1927; IV1933 5 March] Chait P-WN 10 love] help P-WN 12 have] bear P-WN 17 seen the] looked on P-WN 18ff. In P-WN this stanza follows:

The consort of a ruler – more than human –
 Remote, unseen, a gracious name alone?
 Nay surely, for we know her very woman
 Who, stooping down, hath made our woe her own.
 Fear not, O Wind, but swiftly follow after,
 And take our cry, half weeping and half laughter.

By Life that ebbed with none to staunch the failing,
 20 By Love's sad harvest garnered ere the spring,
 When Love in Ignorance wept unavailing
 O'er young buds dead before their blossoming;
 By all the grey owl watched, the pale moon viewed,
 In past grim years declare our gratitude!

25 By hands uplifted to the Gods that heard not,
 By gifts that found no favour in their sight,
 By faces bent above the babe that stirred not,
 By nameless horrors of the stifling night;
 By ills foredone, by peace her toils discover,
 30 Bid Earth be good beneath and Heaven above her!

If she have sent her servants in our pain,
 If she have fought with Death and dulled his sword;
 If she have given back our sick again,
 And to the breast the weakling lips restored,
 35 Is it a little thing that she has wrought?
 Then Life and Death and Motherhood be naught.

Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
 And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
 In reed-roofed hut, or white-walled home of kings,
 40 Who have been holpen by her in their need.
 All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat
 Shall be a tasseled floorcloth to thy feet.

19 ebbed [...] staunch] passed [...] stay *P-WN* 20 ere] in *DD4-Bb* 21 Love in Ignorance] Love-in-Ignorance *P-WN* 22 their] the *P-WN* 23 grey owl watched, the pale] *purdah* cloaked, the cold *P-WN* 24 gratitude!] gratitude. *P-WN* 30 her!] her. *P-WN* 34 the breast] our breast *P-WN*; *KBB* 35 has] hath *P-WN*; *KBB* 36 Life] Birth *P-WN*; *KBB* 37our] the *P-WN* 40 holpen] helpen *DD4-DD6*; *Bb* 42 tasseled] golden *P-WN*

Haste, for our hearts are with thee; take no **rest!**

Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea

Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,

45

Of those in darkness by her hand set free,

Then very softly to her **presence** move,

And whisper: "Lady, lo, they know and love!"

43 rest!] rest. *P-WN* 44 Loud-voiced] Clear voiced *P-WN* 47 presence] Presence
P-WN

FOR THE WOMEN



Ave Imperatrix, Moriturae Te Salutant!

We knit a riven land to strength by cannon, code, and sword;
 We drove the road for all men's feet, we bridged the raving ford;
 We cleared the waste of force and wrong, we bade the land be still;
 And wheresoe'er that will was good, we wrought the people's will.

5 The Wisdom of the West is theirs – our schools are free to all.
 The strength of all the West is theirs, to prop them lest they fall;
 And men may say what things they please, and none dare stay their
 tongue.
 But who has spoken out for these – the women and the young?

10 Who know but you, O men we taught, and men who teach us now,
 Co-heirs of our eight hundred years, and . . . Servants of the Cow –
 Who know but you the life you cloak, secure from alien stare?
 Are all our gifts for men alone, or may your women share?

Small wish have they for learning's light or Wisdom of the West;
 Small wish have you that they should learn, or we should break their
 rest.

15 But – pitiless as when He spoke, untempered, quick to slay –
 The curse God laid on Eve is theirs for heritage to-day.

You know the “Hundred Danger Time” when, gay with paint and
 flowers,
 Your household Gods are bribed to help the bitter, helpless hours;
 You know the worn and rotten mat whereon the mother lies;
 20 You know the *sootak* room unclean, the cell wherein she dies –

17 You] Ye (and at 19, 20, 24) *RCH-Nau* 17 “Hundred Danger Time”] Hundred
 Danger Time *Nau* 19 the mother] your daughter *RCH-Nau* 20 dies –] dies. *Nau*

Dies, with the babble in her ear of midwife's muttered charm,
 Dies, 'spite young Life that strains to stay, the suckling *in her arm*,
 Dies in the *three-times-heated air*, *scorched* by the Birth-fire's breath,
 Foredoomed, *you* say, lest anguish lack, to haunt her home in death.

These things *you* know, and more than these – grim secrets of the 25
 Dead,

Foul horrors done in ignorance, by Time on Folly bred.
 The women have no voice to speak, but none can *check* your pen –
 Turn for a moment from your strife and plead their cause, O men!

Help here – and not for us the boon and not to us the gain;
 Make room to save the *babe* from death, the mother from her pain. 30
 Is it so great a thing we ask? Is there no road to find
 When women of our people seek to help your womenkind?

No word to sap their faith, no talk of Christ or creed need be,
 But woman's help in woman's need and woman's ministry.
 Such healing as the West *can give*, that healing may they win. 35
 Draw back the *purdah* for their sakes, and *pass* our women *in!*

22 *in her arm,*] on her arm – *RCH-Nau* 23 *three-times-heated air, scorched*
 four-fold heated room, parched *RCH-Nau* 24 *you* [...] death.] *ye* [...] death. *Nau*
 (iEng; iAm; Uniform; *Sussex*); *ye* [...] death! *Nau (Bb)* 25 *you* [...] grim] *ye* [...]]
 foul *Letters* 26 *Foul horrors*] *Black horror Letters* 27 *check*] *stay Letters* 28 This
 stanza follows in *CMG*:

Help now – for your own sakes give help. Look! since the world began
 Was never people walked apart – the woman from the man.
 And you are rich in all our lore, you make our thoughts your own –
 But, by the mothers of your race, you cannot rise alone.

29 *Help here – and not for us the boon*] *Help now, and not to us the praise Letters*
 30 *babe* [...] pain.] *child* [...] pain! *Letters* 35 *can give*] *hath taught Letters* 36 *pass*]
 let *CMG-P* 36 *in!*] *in. Letters*

THE BETROTHED



“You must choose between me and your cigar.” –

Breach of Promise Case, Glasgow, circa 1885.

Open the old cigar-box, get me a Cuba stout,
For things are running crossways, and Maggie and I are out.

We quarreled about Havanas – we fought o’er a good cheroot,
And I know she is exacting, and she says I am a brute.

5 Open the old cigar-box – let me consider a space;
In the soft blue veil of the vapour musing on Maggie’s face.

Maggie is pretty to look at – Maggie’s a loving lass,
But the prettiest cheeks must wrinkle, the truest of loves must pass.

10 There’s peace in a Larranaga, there’s calm in a Henry Clay;
But the best cigar in an hour is finished and thrown away –

Thrown away for another as perfect and ripe and brown –
But I could not throw away Maggie for fear o’ the talk o’ the town!

Maggie, my wife at fifty – grey and dour and old –
With never another Maggie to purchase for love or gold!

15 And the light of Days that have Been the dark of the Days that Are,
And Love’s torch stinking and stale, like the butt of a dead cigar –

Title: “The Meditation of William Kirkland” *P-CMG Heading:* “You must choose between me and a cigar.” / Last letter of Miss Maggie Watson in a recent breach of promise case *P-CMG*; “you must choose between me and your cigar” *DD4-EV1900*; “You must choose between me and your cigar.” – A Glasgow breach of promise case *Bb*; “You must choose between me and your cigar.” *Breach of Promise Case, circa, 1885. IV1919-IV1927; IV1933; DE*; “You must choose between me and your cigar.” – Breach of Promise Case, Glasgow, circa 1885. *Poems 2* are running] in Court are *P-CMG 4 I* [...] she is] I [...] she is *P-CMG*; I [...] she is *DD4-EV1900 15 Days*] the Days *P-CMG*

The butt of a dead cigar you are bound to keep in your pocket –
With never a new one to light tho' it's charred and black to the
socket.

Open the old cigar-box – let me consider a while.
Here is a mild Manila – there is a wifely smile. 20

Which is the better portion – bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string?

Counsellors cunning and silent – comforters true and tried,
And never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride?

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes, 25
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eye-lids close,

This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
With only a *Suttee's* passion – to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead. 30

The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish Main,
When they hear that my harem is empty will send me my brides
again.

I will take no heed to their raiment, nor food for their mouths
withal,
So long as the gulls are nesting, so long as the showers fall.

I will scent 'em with best vanilla, with tea will I temper their hides, 35
And the Moor and the Mormon shall envy who read of the tale of
my brides.

18 socket.] socket! *IV*1919-*IV*1927; *IV*1933 22 fifty tied in] tied in a yellow *P-CMG*

24 bride?] bride. *P-Bb* 24 These lines follow in *P-CMG*:

Never a voice to be lifted, never a tear to fall,
Never a tongue to cavil – never a baby to bawl.

32 hear that my harem is empty] know that my stock is exhausted *P-CMG* 32 hear
that] hear *DD4-IV*1927; *IV*1933; *DE* 36 who] as they *Bb*

For Maggie has written a letter to give me my choice between
The wee little whimpering Love and the great god Nick o' Teen.

40 And I have been servant of Love for barely a twelve-month clear,
But I have been Priest of Cabanas a matter of seven year;

And the gloom of my bachelor days is flecked with the cheery light
Of stumps that I burned to Friendship and Pleasure and Work and
Fight.

And I turn my eyes to the future that Maggie and I must prove,
But the only light on the marshes is the Will-o'-the-Wisp of Love.

45 Will it see me safe through my journey or leave me bogged in the
mire?
Since a puff of tobacco can cloud it, shall I follow the fitful fire?

Open the old cigar-box – let me consider anew –
Old friends, and who is Maggie that I should abandon you?

50 A million surplus Maggies are willing to bear the yoke;
And a woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a Smoke.

Light me another Cuba – I hold to my first-sworn vows.
If Maggie will have no rival, I'll have no Maggie for Spouse!

37 letter to give] letter that gives *DDBRB99-EV1900* 38 Teen] Tine *P-CMG*
40 Cabanas] Partagas *P-DDBRB99*; Havanas *Bb* 48 and who is Maggie] are Maggies
so scarce *P-CMG* 51 Cuba – I] Cuba; I *DDBRB90*; *BRBDD*; Cuba. I *Bb* 51 to] by
P-CMG

A BALLADE OF JAKKO HILL



One moment bid the horses wait,
 Since tiffin is not laid till three,
 Below the upward path and strait
 You climbed a year ago with me.
 Love came upon us suddenly 5
 And loosed – an idle hour to kill –
 A headless, harmless armoury
 That smote us both on Jakko Hill.

Ah, Heaven! we would wait and wait
 Through Time and to Eternity! 10
 Ah, Heaven! we would conquer Fate
 With more than Godlike constancy!
 I cut the date upon a tree –
 Here stand the clumsy figures still:
 “10 – 7 – 85, A.D.” 15
 Damp in the mists on Jakko Hill.

What came of high resolve and great,
 And until Death fidelity?
 Whose horse is waiting at your gate?
 Whose 'rickshaw-wheels ride over me? 20
 No Saint's, I swear; and – let me see
 To-night what names your programme fill.
 We drift asunder merrily,
 As drifts the mist on Jakko Hill!

1 horses] *jhampan* DD2-DD3 3 Below the upward [...] strait] Above the upward
 [...] strait DD2; Below the upward [...] straight DDBRB90; BRBDD 11 would]
 could DDBRB90; BRBDD 16 in the mists] with the mist DD2-Bb 19 waiting]
 tethered EV1900

L'Envoi

25 Princess, behold, our ancient state
Has clean departed; and we see
'Twas Idleness we took for Fate
That bound light bonds on you and me.
Amen! Here ends the comedy
30 Where it began in all good will,
Since Love and Leave together flee
As driven mist on Jakko Hill!

25 Princess] Woman *DDBRB99-EV1900* 25 behold, our] behold our *DD2-IV1933*

CARMEN SIMLAENSE



I've danced till my shoes are outworn
 From ten till the hours called small;
 I've cantered with Beauty at morn –
 At even made love at the ball.
 Light Loves for five months were my lot, 5
 Heavy bills and long “ticks” that appal
 Me when counting the cost of the shot.
Lord! What was the good of it all?

Good-bye to the Annandale roses –
 Sweet talks in the dusk on the Mall; 10
 Adieu to a season that closes –
 Peliti's, the Club, and the call!
 To the pines that moaned over our playtime,
 The deodars sombre and tall –
 Diversions of night and of daytime. 15
Lord! What was the good of it all?

I sit on my bulgy portmanteau
 (As once in his tent-gloom lay Saul),
 And I write me this cynical canto,
 In the ink of derision and gall, 20
 As I think of the cash I must borrow
 From that excellent *shroff* Bunsee Lal,
 And the tonga I've booked for to-morrow.
Lord! What was the good of it all?

Title: A Ballad of the Break Up CMG 12 Peliti's] Adieu to CMG 18 once in his] erst
 in the CMG 21 cash] “dibs” CMG 23 to-morrow] the morrow CMG

25 Of tuppenny passions and small,
 Of Levee and function and feast,
 Of charmers that used to enthrall
 For a month, or a fortnight at least,
 From October to April I'm clear –
 30 From Olympus to Hades I fall.
 By the bills on my file, ye were dear!
 But what was the good of it all?

28 month] week CMG 32 following this line CMG reads:

“L'Envoi”

Princess! It was pleasant to meet:
 (Loves fade, and Leave ends, and snows fall)
 And I turn to the Plains at our feet
 From the racket, the ride and the ball;
 From a season that comes to a stop,
 From flirtations that weary and pall,
 And I wonder, as downward I drop:
 Lord! What was the good of it all?
Simla, 17th Oct. 1885.

THE PLEA OF THE SIMLA DANCERS



Too late, alas! the song
To remedy the wrong —
The rooms are taken from us, swept and garnished for their fate,
But these tear-besprinkled pages
Shall attest to future ages 5
That we cried against the crime of it — too late, alas! too late!

“What have we ever done to bear this grudge?”
 Was there no room save only in Benmore
 For docket, *duftar*,¹ and for office-drudge,
 That you usurp our smoothest dancing-floor? 10
Must Babus do their work on polished teak?
 Are ballrooms *fittest* for the ink you spill?
 Was there no other cheaper house to seek?
 You might have left them all at Strawberry Hill.

We never harmed you! Innocent our guise, 15
 Dainty our shining feet, our voices low;
 And we revolved to divers melodies,
 And we were happy but a year ago.
 To-night, the moon that watched our lightsome wiles —
 That beamed upon us through the deodars — 20
 Is wan with gazing on official files,
 And desecrating desks disgust the stars.

1 Office. [RK's note: added *IV1919*]

Heading: “The Punjab Government, with a ruthless disregard of the fair women and brave men who annually congregate in Simla for a season’s enjoyment has appropriated Benmore.” See *to-day’s Simla Letter*. *CMG*; in P the last sentence replaced by: *Civil and Military Gazette’s Simla correspondent* 1–6 added *DD1* 1 the] our *DD1-DD3*
 11 *Must Babus*] *Must baboos* *CMG-DD2*; *Must babus* *DD3*; *Must babus* *DD4-DD6*;
IV1919-IV1927; *IV1933* 12 *fittest*] *fitted* *CMG-DD1* 15 *We*] *We* *CMG-DD3*

Nay! By the memory of tuneful nights –
 Nay! By the witchery of flying feet –
 25 Nay! By the glamour of fordone delights –
 By all things merry, musical, and meet –
 By wine that sparkled, and by sparkling eyes –
 By wailing waltz – by reckless galop’s strain –
 By dim verandas and by soft replies,
 30 Give us our ravished ballroom back again!

Or – hearken to the curse we lay on you!
 The ghosts of waltzes shall perplex your brain,
 And murmurs of past merriment pursue
 Your ’wildered clerks that they indite in vain;
 35 And when you count your poor Provincial millions,
 The only figures that your pen shall frame
 Shall be the figures of dear, dear cotillions
 Danced out in tumult long before you came.

Yea! “*See-Saw*” shall upset your estimates,
 40 “*Dream Faces*” shall your heavy heads bemuse,
 Because your hand, unheeding, desecrates
 Our temple fit for higher, worthier use.
 And all the long verandas, eloquent
 With echoes of a score of Simla years,
 45 Shall plague you with unbidden sentiment –
 Babbling of kisses, laughter, love, and tears.

So shall you mazed amid old memories stand,
 So shall you toil, and shall accomplish naught,
 And ever in your ears a phantom Band
 50 Shall blare away the staid official thought.
 Wherefore – and ere this awful curse be spoken,
 Cast out your swarthy sacrilegious train,
 And give – ere dancing cease and hearts be broken –
 Give us our ravished ballroom back again!

37§ dear, dear] dear, dead CMG-DD3 39 Yea!] Yes! CMG-DD1 42 temple fit]
 temple – fit DD1-DD2; temple; fit DD3-DDBRB99

“AS THE BELL CLINKS”



As I left the Halls at Lumley, rose the vision of a comely
Maid last season worshipped dumbly, watched with fervour from
afar;

And I wondered idly, blindly, if the maid would greet me kindly.

That was all – the rest was settled by the clinking tonga-bar.¹

Yea, my life and hers were coupled by the tonga coupling-bar. 5

For my misty meditation, at the second changing station,

Suffered sudden dislocation, fled before the tuneless jar

Of a Wagner *obbligato*, *scherzo*, double-hand *staccato*,

Played on either pony’s saddle by the clacking tonga-bar –

Played with human speech, I fancied, by the jiggling, jolting bar. 10

“She was sweet,” thought I, “last season, but ’twere surely wild
unreason

Such a tiny hope to freeze on as was offered by my Star,

When she whispered, something sadly: ‘I – we feel your going
badly!’”

“And you let the chance escape you?” rapped the rattling tonga-bar.

“What a chance and what an idiot!” clicked the vicious tonga-bar. 15

Heart of man – O heart of putty! Had I gone by Kakahutti,

On the old Hill-road and ratty, I had ’scaped that fatal car.

But his fortune each must bide by, so I watched the milestones slide
by

To – “You call on Her to-morrow!” – fugue with cymbals by the bar –

“You must call on Her to-morrow!” – post-horn galop by the bar. 20

1 Bar of the old-fashioned curricl that took men up to Simla before the railroad was made.
[RK’s note: added IV1919]

Subtitle: (*The Tale of a Tonga*.) CMG 5 Yea] Ay DD5-DD6 9 clacking] clanking EV1900
12 Such a]§ Such DDBRB90; BRBDD 13 something] somewhat CMG 14 rattling]
angry CMG 15 clicked]§ clinked IV1919 16 Kakahutti] Kakarhutti CMG

Yet a **further** stage my goal on – we were whirling down to Solon,
 With a double lurch and roll on, best foot foremost, *ganz und gar* –
 “She was *very* sweet,” I hinted. “If a kiss had been imprinted – ?”
 “*Would ha’ saved a world of trouble!*” clashed the busy tonga-bar.
 25 “*Been accepted or rejected!*” banged and clanged the tonga-bar.

Then a notion wild and daring, **’spite the income-tax’s** paring
 And a hasty thought of **sharing – less than many incomes are –**
 Made me put a question private (you can guess what I would drive
 at).
 “*You must work the sum to prove it,*” clanked the careless tonga-bar.
 30 “*Simple Rule of Two will prove it,*” lilted back the tonga-bar.

It was under **Khyraghaut** I mused: – “Suppose the maid be
 haughty –
 There are lovers rich – and forty – wait some wealthy Avatar?
 Answer, monitor untiring, ’twixt the ponies twain perspiring!”
 “*Faint heart never won fair lady,*” creaked the straining tonga-bar.
 35 “*Can I tell you ere you ask Her?*” pounded slow the tonga-bar.

Last, the Tara Devi turning showed the lights of Simla burning,
 Lit my little lazy yearning to a fiercer flame by far.
 As below the Mall we jingled, through my very heart it tingled –
 Did **the iterated** order of the threshing tonga-bar: –
 40 “*Try your luck – you can’t do better!*” twanged the loosened tonga-bar.

21 further] farther *EV1900-Bb* 26 ’spite the income-tax’s] in the face of C-lv-n’s
CMG-DD3 27 sharing – less than many incomes are] sharing monthly – less than *ek*
bazar CMG-DD3 31 Khyraghaut] Khyraghat *CMG-DD3* 35 “*Can I tell you ere you ask*
Her?”] “*Never made a greater error*” *CMG* 39 the iterated] the full, imperious *CMG*; The
 reiterated *DDBRB99-EV1900*

A BALLADE OF BAD ENTERTAINMENT



A wanderer from East to West
 From Mandalay to Matheran,
 By itch of loaferdom possest,
 I scour the plains of Hindustan.
 Dismissed the fragrant *gariwān*,¹ 5
 I clamour at each hostelry:
 “What, ho! within there, *be imān!*”²
 “*Khodawund, siruf murgbi hai!*”³

The days repeat the sorry jest –
 The dusty drive, the dreary barn. 10
 “All things await the Sahib’s behest,
 Borne through his slave Mohammed Jan.”
 And after? Hear the wild *tūfān*⁴
 Among the cockerels as they fly!
 What comes of that false feigned *élan*? 15
 “*Khodawund, siruf murgbi hai!*”

Though in ten thousand fashions messed
 They bear the *Janwar ki nisban*,⁵
 The bold black legs, the bony crest,
 The flesh more tough than sailors’ yarn. 20
 Oh, land of *uttr*⁶ and of *pân*,
 For this poor corpse thy children cry,
 Loud as the mullah shouts *azán*,⁷
 “*Khodawund, siruf murgbi hai!*”

1 Driver. [RK’s note: added EV1900]

2 Man without faith. [RK’s note: added EV1900]

3 Heaven-born, there is only fowl. [RK’s note: added EV1900]

4 Uproar. [RK’s note: added EV1900]

5 Mark of the Beast. [RK’s note: added EV1900]

6 Attar, perfume. [RK’s note: added DD (Sussex)]

7 The call to prayer. [RK’s note: added EV1900]

L'Envoi

25 Prince! (Here the wearied bard will rest
 From long "a" rhymes.) If Famine fan
 The flames of Fury in *your* breast,
 And grievously you smite your man,
 For his one answer, this I can
 30 Add to your comfort: An he die,
 You shall be told by all his clan:
 "Kbodawund, *siruf murgbia bai!*"⁸

8 Heaven-born, he is only dead! [RK's note: added EV1900]

28 your] the WN 32 *siruf*] *bésbak* WN

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA



Dim dawn behind the tamarisks – the sky is saffron-yellow –
 As the women in the village grind the corn,
 And the parrots seek the river-side, each calling to his fellow
 That the Day, the staring Eastern Day, is born.
 Oh, the white dust on the highway! Oh, the stenches in
 the byway! 5
 Oh, the clammy fog that hovers over earth!
 And at Home they're making merry 'neath the white and
 scarlet berry –
 What part have India's exiles in their mirth?

Full day behind the tamarisks – the sky is blue and staring –
 As the cattle crawl afield beneath the yoke, 10
 And they bear One o'er the field-path, who is past all hope or
 caring,
 To the ghat below the curling wreaths of smoke.
 Call on Rama, going slowly, as ye bear a brother lowly –
 Call on Rama – he may hear, perhaps, your voice!
 With our hymn-books and our psalters we appeal to 15
 other altars,
 And to-day we bid “good Christian men rejoice!”

High noon behind the tamarisks – the sun is hot above us –
 As at Home the Christmas Day is breaking wan.
 They will drink our healths at dinner – those who tell us how
 they love us,

3 parrots] *minas P-PM; mynas DD* 5 Oh [...] Oh, (and at 6, 21, 22)] Oh [...] Oh
P-DD6; DDBRB99; Bb; O [...] O IV1919-IV1927; IV1933; DE 10 crawl] go *P-PM*
 13 lowly –] lowly! *P-PM* 16 Quotation marks added *DD*;

20 And forget us till another year be **gone!**
 Oh, the toil that knows no breaking! Oh, the *Heimweh*,
 ceaseless, aching!
 Oh, the black dividing Sea and alien Plain!
 Youth was cheap – wherefore we sold it. Gold was
 good – we hoped to hold it.
 And to-day we know the fulness of our **gain.**

25 Grey dusk behind the tamarisks – the parrots fly together –
 As the sun is sinking slowly over Home;
 And his last ray **seems to mock** us shackled in a life-long tether
 That drags us back howe'er so far we roam.
 Hard her service, poor her payment – she in ancient,
 tattered raiment –

30 India, she the grim Stepmother of our kind.
 If a year of life be lent her, if her temple's shrine we enter,
 The door is shut – we may not look behind.

Black night behind the tamarisks – the owls begin their
 chorus –
 As the conches from the **temple** scream and bray.

35 With the **fruitless** years behind us and the hopeless years
 before us,
 Let us honour, **O** my brothers, Christmas **Day!**
 Call a truce, then, to our labours – let us feast with
 friends and neighbours,
 And be merry as the custom of our caste;
 For, if “faint and forced the laughter,” and if sadness
 follow after,

40 We are richer by one mocking Christmas past.

20 gone!] gone. *P-PM* 24 gain.] gain! *IV1919-IV1927; IV1933; DE* 27 seems to mock]
 turns to jeer *DDBRB99-EV1900* 33 Black] Dark *P-PM* 34 temple] temples *P-PM*
 35 fruitless] weary *P-PM* 36 O] oh, *DD3-DD6; DDBRB99-EV1900; oh Bb* 36 Day!]
 Day. *P-PM* 39 Quotation marks added *DD3*.

“NEW LAMPS FOR OLD”



When the flush of the new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and
gold,
A Lying Spirit sat under the Tree and sang, “New Lamps for Old!”
And Adam waked from his mighty sleep, and Eve was at his side,
And the twain had faith in the song that they heard, and knew not
the Spirit lied.

They plucked a lamp from the Eden-tree (the ancient legend saith), 5
And lighted themselves the Path of Toil that runs to the Gate of
Death;
They left the lamp for the joy of their sons, and that was a glorious
gain,
When the Spirit cried, “New Lamps for Old!” in the ear of the
branded Cain.

So he gat fresh hope, and builded a town, and watched his breed
increase,
Till Tubal lighted the Lamp of War from the flickering Lamp of 10
Peace;
And ever they fought with fire and sword and travailed in hate and
fear,
As the Spirit sang, “New Lamps for Old!” at the change of the
changing year.

They sought new lamps in the Morning-red, they sought new
lamps in the West,
Till the waters covered the pitiful land and the heart of the world
had rest –
Had rest with the Rain of the Forty Days, but the Ark rode safe 15
above,
And the Spirit cried, “New Lamps for Old!” when Noah loosened
the Dove.

And some say now that the Eden-tree had never a root on earth;
 And some say now from an eyeless eft our Father Adam had birth;
 And some say now there was never an Ark and never a God to save;
 20 And some say now that Man is a God, and some say Man is a slave;

And some build altars East and West, and some build North and
 South;

And some bow down to the Work of the Hand and some to the
 Word of the Mouth.

But wheresoever a heart may beat or a hand reach forth to hold,
 The Spirit comes with the coming year, and cries, "New Lamps for
 Old!"

25 And the sons of Adam leave their toil who are cursed with the
 Curse of Hope,
 And hang the profitless past in a noose of the thundering belfry's
 rope,
 And tear the branch from the laurel-bush with feastings manifold,
 When the cry goes up to the scornful stars, "New Lamps! New
 Lamps for Old!"

Though all the lamps that ever were lit have winked at the world
 for years,
 30 The sons of Adam crowd the streets with laughter and sighs and
 tears;
 For they hold that new, strange lamps shall shine to guide their feet
 aright,
 And they turn their eyes to the scornful stars and stretch their arms
 to the night.

And the Spirit gives them the Lamp of War that burns at the
 cannon-lip,
 As it blazed on the point of Tubal's blade and the prow of the
 battleship;
 35 And the Lamp of Love that was Eve's to snatch from Lilith under
 the Tree;
 And the Lamp of Fame that is old as Strife and dim as Memory;

And the Lamp of Faith that was won from Job, and of Shame that
was wrung from Cain;
And the Lamp of Youth that was Adam's once, and the cold blue
Lamp of Pain;
And last is the terrible Lamp of Hope that every man must bear,
Lest he find his peace ere the day of his death by the light of the
Lamp Despair. 40

We know that the Eden Lamp is lost, – if ever were Eden made, –
And the ink of the Schools in the Lamp of Faith has sunk a world
in the shade;
But ever we look for a light that is new, and ever the Spirit cries,
“New Lamps for Old!” and we take the lamps, and – behold, the
Spirit lies!

38 Light] Lamp *P-PM* 42 Lamp] Light *P-PM* 43 look] hope *P-PM*

THE GRAVE OF THE HUNDRED HEAD



There's a widow in sleepy Chester
 Who weeps for her only son;
 There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
 A grave that the Burmans shun;
 5 And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri
 Who *tells* how the work was done.

A Snider squibbed in the jungle —
 Somebody laughed and fled,
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 10 Picked up their subaltern dead,
 With a big blue mark *on* his forehead
 And the back blown out of his head.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
 Jemadar Hira Lal,
 15 Took command of the party,
 Twenty rifles in all,
 Marched them down to the river
 As the day was beginning to fall.

They buried the boy by the river,
 20 A blanket over his face —
 They wept for their dead Lieutenant,
 The men of an alien race —
 They made a *samadb*¹ in his honour,
 A mark for his resting-place.

1 Memorial. [RK's note: added IV1919]

6 *tells*] *knows* EV1900 11 *on*] in CMG; DD4-EV1900 22 *The*] Those WN-CMG

For they swore by the Holy Water, 25
 They swore by the salt they ate,
 That the soul of Lieutenant Eshmitt Sahib
 Should go to his God in state,
 With fifty file of *Burmans*
 To open him Heaven's gate. 30

The men of the First Shikaris
 Marched till the break of day,
 Till they came to the rebel village,
 The village of Pabengmay –
 A *jingal*² covered the clearing, 35
 Calthrops hampered the way.

Subadar Prag Tewarri,
 Bidding them load with ball,
 Halted a dozen rifles
 Under the village wall; 40
 Sent out a flanking-party
 With Jemadar Hira Lal.

The men of the First Shikaris
 Shouted and smote and slew,
 Turning the grinning *jingal* 45
 On to the howling crew.
 The Jemadar's flanking-party
 Butchered the folk who flew.

Long was the morn of slaughter,
 Long was the list of slain, 50
 Five score heads were taken,
 Five score heads and twain;
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 Went back to their grave again,

2 Native cannon. [RK's note: added IV1919]

29–30 *WN-CMG* read: They cooked their rice by the river / And set their *puttis*
 straight 29 *Burmans*] *Burman DD4-DD6; DDBRB99-IV1927; IV1933*

55 Each man bearing a basket
 Red as his palms that day,
 Red as the blazing village –
 The village of Pabengmay.
 And the “*drip-drip-drip*” from the baskets
 60 Reddened the grass by the way.

 They made a pile of their trophies
 High as a tall man’s chin,
 Head upon head distorted,
 Set in a sightless grin,
 65 Anger and pain and terror
 Stamped on the smoke-scorched skin.

 Subadar Prag Tewarri
 Put the head of the Boh
 On the top of the mound of triumph,
 70 The head of his son below –
 With the sword and the Peacock Banner
 That the world might behold and know.

 Thus the *samadh* was perfect,
 Thus was the lesson plain
 75 Of the wrath of the First Shikaris –
 The price of a white man slain;
 And the men of the First Shikaris
 Went back into camp again.

60 Reddened] Withered WN-CMG 64 Set] Clinched DDBRB99-EV1900
 66 Stamped]Writ DDBRB99-EV1900 66 the] each WN-CMG 68 Put] Set WN;
 DDBRB99-EV1900 71 sword] *dab* WN-CMG 73 was perfect] was finished WN; §with
 finished CMG

Then a silence came to the river,
 A hush fell over the shore, 80
 And Bohs that were brave departed,
 And Sniders squibbed no more;
 For the Burmans said
 That a white man's head
 Must be paid for with heads five-score. 85

*There's a widow in sleepy Chester
 Who weeps for her only son;
 There's a grave on the Pabeng River,
 A grave that the Burmans shun;
 And there's Subadar Prag Tewarri 90
 Who tells how the work was done.*

81 And Bohs] And the Bohs IV1919 83-84 are one line in EV1900 83 Burmans]
 Burman WN 84 white man's] kullab's WN-Bb

AN OLD SONG



So long as 'neath the Kalka hills
 The tonga-horn shall ring,
 So long as down the Solon dip
 The hard-held ponies swing,
 5 So long as Tara Devi sees
 The lights of Simla town,
 So long as Pleasure calls us up,
 And Duty drives us down,
If you love me as I love you
 10 *What pair so happy as we two?*

So long as Aces take the King,
 Or backers take the bet,

6 of] o' DD4-IV1919(Eng)

8 And] Or CMG 10 CMG reads: "No thing on earth shall part us two." iff: stanzas 2,3,
and 4 have been reworked and rearranged from CMG, which reads:

So long as Simla Mall shall bear
 The flying 'rickshaw fine,
 So long as girls go out to dance
 And men – to loll in line;
 So long as through the choking smoke
 They hear the oft-told tale:–
 "Twelve hundred in the lottery,
 And *Whatsitsname* for sale."
"If you love me as I love you,
No power can come between us two?"

So long as Awful Stories vex
 Our peaceful pious life,
 So long as Some One's name is linked
 With Some One Else's wife;
 So long as little luncheons, love
 And scandal hold their vogue,
 While there is sport at Annandale
 Or liquor at Jutogh,
"If you love me as I love you
What pair so happy as we two?"

So long as debt leads men to wed,
 Or marriage leads to debt,
 So long as little luncheons, Love, 15
 And scandal hold their vogue,
 While there is sport at Annandale
 Or whisky at Jutogh,
If you love me as I love you
What knife can cut our love in two? 20

So long as down the rocking floor
 The raving polka spins,
 So long as Kitchen Lancers spur
 The maddened violins,
 So long as through the whirling smoke 25
 We hear the oft-told tale –
 “Twelve hundred in the Lotteries,”
 And *Whatsbername* for sale,
If you love me as I love you
We’ll play the game and win it too. 30

So long as Lust or Lucre tempt
 Straight riders from the course,
 So long as with each drink we pour
 Black brewage of Remorse,
 So long as those unloaded guns 35
 We keep beside the bed,

So long as Aces take the Knave,
 Or backers take the bet;
 So long as debt leads men to wed,
 Or marriage leads to debt;
 So long as Christchurch bells shall boom: –
 “December mates with May,”
 So long as mothers sell the child
 To rank and heavy pay,
“If you love me as I love you
What can a world against us do?”

Blow off, by obvious accident,
 The lucky owner's head,
If you love me as I love you
 40 *What can Life kill or Death undo?*

So long as Death 'twixt dance and dance
 Chills *best and* bravest blood,
 And drops the reckless rider down
 The rotten, rain-soaked *kbud*,¹
 45 So long as rumours from the North
 Make *loving* wives afraid,
 So long as Burma *takes* the boy
 Or typhoid *kills* the maid,
If you love me as I love you
 50 *What knife can cut our love in two?*

By all that *lights* our daily life
 Or *works* our lifelong woe,
 From Boileaugunge to Simla Downs
 And those *grim* glades below,
 55 Where, heedless of the flying *hoof*
 And *clamour* overhead,
 Sleep, with the grey *langur*² for guard,
 Our very scornful Dead,
If you love me as I love you
 60 *All Earth is servant to us two!*

1 Ravine. [RK's note: added *DD* (*Sussex*)]

2 Ape. [RK's note: added *DD* (*Sussex*)]

42 best and] best the *EV*1900 46 loving] tender *CMG* 47 takes] claims
*DDBRB*99-*EV*1900 48 Or] And *DD*4-*DD*6; *Bb* 48 kills] takes *CMG* 50 *CMG*
 reads: *We'll fight the world and beat it too.* 51 lights] fills *CMG* 52 works] marks *EV*1900
 54 grim] still *CMG* 55 hoof] hooves *CMG* 56 clamour] babble *CMG* 60 *CMG*
 reads: *What can Life kill or Death undo?* 60 *two!*] *two.* *DD*4; *two?* *DD*5-*BRBDD*

By Docket, Billet-doux, and File,
By Mountain, **Cliff**, and Fir,
By Fan and Sword and Office-box,
By Corset, **Plume**, and Spur,
By Riot, Revel, Waltz, and War, 65
By **Women**, Work, and Bills,
By all the life that fizzes in
The everlasting Hills
If you love me as I love you
What pair so happy as we two? 70

62 Cliff] Map CMG 63 CMG reads: By Kiss and Card, by Fan and Pen 64 Plume]
Sword CMG 66 Women [...] Bills] Woman [...] Wills CMG 66 Women]
Woman P; DDBRB99-EV1900 70 CMG reads: *No thing can cut our love in two.*

CERTAIN MAXIMS OF HAFIZ



If It be pleasant to look on, stalled in the packed *serai*,
 Does not the Young Man try Its temper and pace ere he buy?
 If She be pleasant to look on, what does the Young Man say?
 “Lo! She is pleasant to look on. Give Her to me to-day!”

II

5 Yea, though a Kafir die, to him is remitted Jehannum
 If he borrowed in life from a native at sixty per cent per annum.

III

Blister we not for *bursati*?¹ So when the heart is vext,
 The pain of one maiden’s refusal is drowned in the pain of the next.

IV

The temper of chums, the love of your wife, and a new piano’s
 tune –
 10 Which of the three will you trust at the end of an Indian June?

V

Who are the rulers of Ind – to whom shall we bow the knee?
 Make your peace with the women, and men will make you L.G.²

¹ A skin-disease of horses. [RK’s note: added IV1919]

² Lieutenant-Governor. [RK’s note: added IV1919]

Title: “Some Unpublished Maxims of Hafiz” *P:* in *P* ten maxims appear, in the Sussex Edition order of 2, 8, 13, 4, 5, 12, 3, 6, 10; the final maxim in *P* is omitted from all later editions; see entry on line 22, below 4 look on. Give] look on, give *DD1-DDBRB99; Bb;* look on; give *EV; IV1919(Eng)* 4 to-day!] to-day. *DD1* 7 heart] soul *DD1-DD3* 8 refusal] *jawab P-DD3* 9–10 Maxim iv appears in *DD2* in place of this in *P-DDr*:

Hearts that be seared with passion and hocks that the iron sears,

Though they may irk their owner last for a hundred years.

11–12: this maxim is used as heading to ch. 3 of *The Naulabka*, where the second line reads: “Make thy peace with the women, and men shall make thee L.G.” 12 men will] haply they’ll *P*

VI

Does the woodpecker flit round the young *ferash*?³ Does the grass
 clothe a new-built wall?
 Is she under thirty, the woman who holds a boy in her thrall?

VII

If She grow suddenly gracious – reflect. Is it all for thee? 15
 The blackbuck is stalked through the bullock, and Man through
 Jealousy.

VIII

Seek not for favour of women. So shall you find it indeed.
 Does not the boar break cover just when you're lighting a weed?

IX

If He play, being young and unskilful, for shekels of silver and
 gold,
 Take His money, my son, praising Allah. The kid was ordained to
 be sold. 20

X

With a “weed” among men or horses verily this is the best,
 That you work him in office or dog-cart lightly – but give him no
 rest.

XI

Pleasant the snaffle of Courtship, improving the manners and
 carriage;
 But the colt who is wise will abstain from the terrible thorn-bit of
 Marriage.

³ Tamarisk. [RK's note: added IV1927]

13 Does the grass] Does grass DD1-IV1919(Eng) 14 a boy] our “boys” P 15 grow]§
 grows DDBRB99 17 you] ye DD1-DD2 22 dog-cart] tum-tum P 22 in P Maxim x
 reads:

Three things the young man shies off and becomes a C.S.I. –
 The “fizz” they give at dances, and a darkened balcony,
 And a “man from the mofussil” when the points at whist are high.

XII

25 As the thriftless gold of the *babul* so is the gold that we spend
 On a Derby Sweep, or our neighbour's wife, or the horse that we
 buy from a friend.

XIII

The ways of a man with a maid be strange, yet simple and tame
 To the ways of a man with a horse, when selling or racing that
 same.

XIV

In public Her face turneth to thee, and pleasant Her smile when ye
 meet.
 30 It is ill. The cold rocks of El-Gidar smile thus on the waves at their
 feet.
 In public Her face is averted, with anger She nameth thy name.
 It is well. Was there ever a loser content with the loss of the game?

XV

If She have spoken a word, remember thy lips are sealed,
 And the Brand of the Dog is upon him by whom is the secret
 revealed.
 35 If She have written a letter, delay not an instant but burn it.
 Tear it in pieces, O Fool, and the wind to Her mate shall return it!
 If there be trouble to Herward, and a lie of the blackest can clear,
 Lie, while thy lips can move or a man is alive to hear.

XVI

My son, if a maiden deny thee and scufflingly bid thee give o'er,
 40 Yet lip meets with lip at the lastward – get out! She has been there
 before.
 They are pecked on the ear and the chin and the nose who are
 lacking in lore.

27 a man] man *IV*1919 29ff. Maxims xiv–xvii added *DD*3; 36 the wind to Her mate]
 the treacherous wind *DD*3; the wind to her mate *DD*4-*IV*1927; *IV*1933

XVII

If we fall in the race, though we win, the hoof-slide is scarred on
the course.
Though Allah and Earth pardon Sin, remaineth for ever Remorse.

XVIII

“By all I am misunderstood!” if the Matron shall say, or the Maid:
“Alas! I do not understand – ,” my son, be thou nowise afraid.
In vain in the sight of the Bird is the net of the Fowler displayed.

45

XIX

My son, if I, Hafiz, thy father, take hold of thy knees in my pain,
Demanding thy name on stamped paper, one day or one hour –
refrain.
Are the links of thy fetters so light that thou cravest another man’s
chain?

THE MOON OF OTHER DAYS



Beneath the deep veranda's shade,
 When bats begin to fly,
 I sit me down and watch – *alas!*
 Another evening die.
 5 Blood-red behind the sere *ferash*
 She rises through the haze.
 Sainted Diana! can *that* be
 The Moon of Other Days?

Ah! shade of little Kitty Smith,
 10 Sweet Saint of Kensington!
 Say, was it ever thus at Home
 The Moon of August shone,
 When arm in arm we wandered long
 Through Putney's evening haze,
 15 And Hammersmith was Heaven beneath
 The Moon of Other Days?

But Wandle's stream is Sutelj now,
 And Putney's evening haze
 The dust that half a hundred kine
 20 Before my window raise.
 Unkempt, unclean, *athwart* the mist
 The seething city looms,
 In place of Putney's golden gorse
 The sickly *babul* blooms.

3 –*alas!*] at ease *P* 7 *that*] *that P-DD* 3 12 The Moon of August] September's moon-beams *P* 21 *athwart*] across *P*

Glare down, old Hecate, through the dust, 25
 And bid the pie-dog yell,
Draw from the drain its typhoid germ,
 From each bazar its smell;
Yea, suck the fever from the tank
 And sap my strength therewith: 30
Thank Heaven, you show a smiling face
 To little Kitty Smith!

29 Yea] Aye P-DD2

THE FALL OF JOCK GILLESPIE



This fell when dinner-time was done —
 'Twixt the first an' the second rub —
 That oor mon Jock cam' hame again
 To his rooms ahint the Club.

5 An' syne he laughed, an' syne he sang,
 An' syne we thocht him fou,
 An' syne he trumped his partner's trick,
 An' garred his partner rue.

10 Then up an' spake an elder mon,
 That held the Spade its Ace —
 "God save the lad! Whence comes the licht
 That wimples on his face?"

An' Jock he sniggered, an' Jock he smiled,
 An' ower the card-brim wunk: —
 15 "I'm a' too fresh fra' the stirrup-peg,
 Maybe that I am drunk."

"There's whusky brewed in Galashiels
 An' L. L. L. forbye;
 But never liquor lit the lowe
 20 That keeks fra' oot your eye.

There's a thrid o' hair on your dress-coat breast,
 Aboon the heart a wee?"
 "Oh! that is fra' the lang-haired Skye
 That slobbers ower me."

10 Spade] trump CMG 12 wimples on] sits upon CMG 19 lit the lowe] made the licht CMG; made the low DD3; lit the low DD4-Bb 23 fra'] from CMG

“Oh! lang-haired Skyes are lovin’ beasts, 25
 An’ terrier dogs are fair,
 But never yet was terrier born
 Wi’ ell-lang gowden hair!

There’s a smirch o’ pouter on your breast,
 Below the left lappel?” 30
 “Oh! that is fra’ my auld cigar,
 Whenas the stump-end fell.”

“Mon, Jock, ye smoke the Trichi coarse,
 For ye are short o’ cash,
 And best Havanas couldna leave 35
 Sae white an’ pure an ash.

This nicht ye stopped a story braid,
 An’ stopped it wi’ a curse.
 Last nicht ye told that tale yoursel’ –
 An’ capped it wi’ a worse! 40

Oh! we’re no fou! Oh! we’re no fou!
 But plainly we can ken
 Ye’re fallin’, fallin’ fra’ the band
 O’ cantie single men!”

An’ it fell when *siris*¹-shaws were sere, 45
 An’ the nights were lang an’ mirk,
 In braw new breeks, wi’ a gowden ring,
 Oor Jockie gaed to the Kirk!

¹ Acacia. [RK’s note: added *DD* (Sussex)]

45 *siris*] birken *CMG* 48 Kirk!] Kirk. *DD3-IV1919*(Eng)

WHAT THE PEOPLE SAID



(Queen Victoria's Jubilee, 21st June, 1887)

By the well, where the bullocks go
 Silent and blind and slow –
 By the field, where the young corn dies
 In the face of the sultry skies,
 5 They have heard, as the dull Earth hears
 The voice of the wind of an hour,
 The sound of the Great Queen's voice: –
 "My God hath given me years,
 Hath granted dominion and power:
 10 And I bid you, O Land, rejoice."

And the Ploughman settles the share
 More deep in the grudging clod;
 For he saith: – "The wheat is my care,
 And the rest is the will of God.
 15 He sent the Mahratta spear
 As He sendeth the rain,
 And the *Mlech*,¹ in the fated year,
 Broke the spear in twain,

And was broken in turn. Who knows
 20 How our Lords make strife?
 It is good that the young wheat grows,
 For the bread is Life."

¹ Foreigner. [RK's note: added *IV*1919, where it reads "The foreigner"; in *IV*1927(Am) it is "The foreigners."]

Title: A Jubilee Ode (*Punjabi Peasant's point of view*) *CMG*; What the People Said (June 21st, 1887.) *DD*₃-*Bb* 2 silent] burdened *CMG* 4 sultry] staring *EV*1900 8 given] granted *CMG*-*DD*₃ 9 granted] given *CMG*-*DD*₃ 15–22 printed as a separate stanza *DD*₃-*DD*₆

Then, far and near, as the twilight drew,
 Hissed up to the scornful dark
 Great serpents, blazing, of red and blue, 25
 That rose and faded, and rose anew,
 That the Land might wonder and mark.
 “To-day is a day of days,” they said,
 “Make merry, O People, all!”
 And the Ploughman listened and bowed his head. 30
 “To-day and to-morrow God’s will,” he said,
 As he trimmed the lamps on the wall.

 “He sendeth us years that are good,
 As He sendeth the dearth.
 He giveth to each man his food, 35
 Or Her food to the Earth.
 Our Kings and our Queens are afar –
 On their peoples be peace –
 God bringeth the rain to the Bar,
 That our cattle increase.” 40
 And the Ploughman settled the share
 More deep in the sun-dried clod: –
 “Mogul, Mahratta, and *Mlech* from the North,
 And White Queen over the Seas –
 God raiseth them up and driveth them forth 45
 As the dust of the ploughshare flies in the breeze;
 But the wheat and the cattle are all my care,
 And the rest is the will of God.”

24 scornful] silent CMG 33 us] the Bb 39 rain to] rain on CMG; Rains to EV1900

46 of] from CMG

THE UNDERTAKER'S HORSE



*To-tschin-shu is condemned to death. How can he
drink tea with the Executioner? – Japanese Proverb.*

The eldest son bestrides him,
And the pretty daughter rides him,
And I meet him oft o' mornings on the Course;
And there wakens in my bosom
5 An emotion chill and gruesome
As I canter past the Undertaker's Horse.

Neither shies he nor is restive,
But a hideously suggestive
10 Trot, professional and placid, he affects;
And the cadence of his hoof-beats
To my mind this grim reproof beats: –
“Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming. Who's the next?”

Ah! stud-bred of ill omen,
I have watched the strongest go – men
15 Of pith and might and muscle – at your heels,
Down the plantain-bordered highway,
(Heaven send it ne'er be my way!)
In a lacquered box and jetty upon wheels.

4 there wakens in] I feel within CMG-DD3; there kindles in IV1919-IV1927 9 Trot, professional and placid, he] Trot, of five full miles an hour, he most CMG-DD2
11 To] In CMG 12 “Mend your pace, my friend, I'm coming”] “Carpe Diem Gents! I'm waiting” CMG

Answer, sombre beast and dreary,
Where is Brown, the young, the cheery? 20

Smith, the pride of all his friends and half the Force?

You were at that last *dread dâk*

We *must cover* at a walk,

Bring them back to me, O Undertaker's Horse!

With your mane *unhogged* and flowing, 25

And *your* curious way of going,

And that businesslike black crimping of your tail,

E'en with Beauty on your back, Sir,

Pacing as a lady's hack, Sir,

What wonder when I meet you I turn pale? 30

It may be you wait your time, Beast,

Till I write my last bad rhyme, Beast –

Quit the sunlight, cut the rhyming, drop the glass –

Follow after with the others,

Where some dusky heathen smothers 35

Us with marigolds in lieu of English grass.

Or, perchance, in years to follow,

I shall watch your plump sides hollow,

See Carnifex (gone lame) become a corse –

See old age at last o'erpower you, 40

And the Station Pack devour you,

I shall chuckle then, O Undertaker's Horse!

19–21 CMG reads:

Where is Brown the ever cheery;

Smith the young, the bright, the "leary:"

Jones, the pride of all his friends and half the force?

22 dread] slow CMG 22 *dâk*: IV1919-IV1927; IV1933 insert at this point the footnote:

"Stage of a journey." 23 *must cover*] accomplish CMG-DD2 24 *Bring*] Drive CMG

25 *unhogged*] unkempt CMG 26 *your*] that CMG 29 *Pacing*] Passing CMG

But to insult, jibe, and quest, I've
 Still the hideously suggestive
 45 Trot that hammers out the unrelenting text,
 And I hear it hard behind me
 In what place soe'er I find me: —
 "Sure to catch you soon or later. Who's the next?"

43 But] Yet *CMG* 44 Still the] But that *CMG* 45 that hammers out the unrelenting
 text,] (professional and placid) he affects; *CMG-DD2*; that hammers out the grim and
 warning text *DD3-BRBDD* 46 hard] aye *CMG-DD3* 48 soon]§ sooner *DD4-IV1919*

ONE VICEROY RESIGNS



Lord Dufferin to Lord Lansdowne: —

So here's your Empire. No more wine, then? Good.
 We'll clear the Aides and *kbitmutgars* away.
 (You'll know that fat *old fellow* with the knife —
 He keeps the Name Book, talks in English, too,
 And almost thinks himself the Government.) 5
 O Youth, Youth, Youth! Forgive me, you're so young.
 Forty from sixty — twenty years of work
 And power to back the working. *Ay de mi!*
 You want to know, you want to see, to touch
 And, by your lights, to *act*. It's natural. 10
 I wonder can I help *you?* Let me try.
 You saw — what did you see from Bombay east?
 Enough to frighten any one but me?
Neat that! It frightened Me in Eighty-Four!
 You shouldn't take a man from Canada 15
 And bid him smoke in powder-magazines;
 Nor with a Reputation such as — Bah!
 That ghost has haunted me for twenty years,

Title and heading: P-PM

One Word More.

In the Manner of R. Br — ng.

Don't you protest now! It's fair give and take,

You've had your turn and spoken your home truths,

The hand's mine now and here you follow suit.

Bishop Blougram's Apology.

2 *kbitmutgars*] *kbitmatgars* DD4-Bb 3 *old fellow*] *chaprassi* P-PM 8 *mi*] *mi* DD4- IV1919;
me IV1927; IV1933 10 *act.*] *act?* EV1900; Bb 11 *you?*] *you.* DD4-Bb 14 *Neat that! It*] *Neat, that — it* EV1900

My Reputation now full-blown. Your fault!
 20 Yours, with your stories of the strife at Home,
 Who's up, who's down, who leads and who is led –
 One reads so much, one hears so little here.
 Well, now's your turn of exile. I go back
 To Rome and leisure. All roads lead to Rome,
 25 Or books – the refuge of the destitute.
 When you . . . that brings me back to India. See!
 Start clear. I couldn't. Egypt served my turn.
 You'll never plumb the Oriental mind,
 And if you did, it isn't worth the toil.
 30 Think of a sleek French priest in Canada;
 Divide by twenty half-breeds. Multiply
 By twice the Sphinx's silence. There's your East,
 And you're as wise as ever. So am I.
 Accept on trust and work in darkness, strike
 35 At venture, stumble forward, make your mark,
 (It's chalk on granite) – then thank God no flame
 Leaps from the rock to shrivel mark and man.
 I'm clear – my mark is made. Three months of drouth
 Had ruined much. It rained and washed away
 40 The specks that might have gathered on my Name.
 I took a country twice the size of France,
 And shuttered up one doorway in the North.

19 full-blown. Your fault!] full-blown – Your fault – *DD4-EV1900*;
 full-blown . . . Your fault – *Bb 25* is followed in *P-PM* by:

I'm crippled, too. Some trouble in this hand,
 Wrist-dropping. What a hand to hold the reins
 As I did! But I held them.

What's to tell?

I freed my mind among the Scotch last week
 So far as any one can free . . . You know
 The old, old trick – one word for “courteous hosts”
 And twenty for the telegraph, as suits
 Our Guildhall dinner. Go to it next year.

26 See!]§ See *PM 27 I] I DDBRB99-EV1900 36 granite) – then] granite,) then*
DDBRB99; granite), then DDBRB90; EV1900-Bb; granite) then DD4-DD6;
IV1919-IV1927; IV1933

I stand by those. You'll find that both will pay.
 I pledged my Name on both – they're yours to-night.
 Hold to them – they hold fame enough for two. 45
 I'm old, but I shall live till Burma pays.
 Men there – *not* German traders – Crosthwaite knows –
 You'll find it in my papers. For the North
 Guns always – quietly – but always guns.
 You've seen your Council? Yes, they'll try to rule, 50
 And prize their Reputations. Have you met
 A grim lay-reader with a taste for coins,
 And faith in Sin most men withhold from God?
 He's gone to England. Ripon knew his grip
 And kicked. A Council always has its Hopes. 55
 They look for nothing from the West but Death
 Or Bath or Bournemouth. Here's their ground.
 They fight
 Until the Middle Classes take them back,
 One of ten millions plus a C. S. I.,
 Or drop in harness. Legion of the Lost? 60
 Not altogether. Earnest, narrow men,
 But chiefly earnest, and they'll do your work,
 And end by writing letters to *The Times*.
 (Shall I write letters answering Hunter – fawn
 With Ripon on the Yorkshire grocers? Ugh!) 65
 They have their Reputations. Look to one –
 I work with him – the smallest of them all,
 White-haired, red-faced, who sat the plunging horse
 Out in the garden. He's your right-hand man,

44 pledged] staked *EV1900* 47 *not* [...] Crosthwaite] *not* [...] Cr-sthw-te
P-DDBRB90; BRBDD; not [...] Cr-sthw-te *DD4-EV1900; IV1919-IV1927; IV1933*
 54 Ripon] R-p-n *P-IV1927; IV1933* 55 Hopes] H-pes *P-IV1927; IV1933*
 61 altogether. Earnest] altogether – earnest *P-Bb* 63 *The Times*] *the Times*
DD4-DDBRB99; IV1919-IV1933; DE; the “Times” *EV1900-Bb* 64 I [...] Hunter] I
 [...] H-nt-r *P; Bb-IV1927; IV1933* I [...] H-nt-r *DD4-EV1900; I* [...] Hunter *DE*
 65 With Ripon] Like R-p-n *P-PM*; With R-p-n *DD4-IV1927; IV1933*

70 And dreams of tilting **Wolseley** from the throne,
 But while he dreams gives work we cannot buy;
 He has his Reputation – wants the Lords
 By way of Frontier Roads. Meantime, I think,
 He values very much the hand that falls
 75 Upon his shoulder at the Council table –
Hates cats and knows his **business**. *Which is yours.*
 Your business! **Twice a hundred million souls**.
 Your business! I could tell you what I did
 Some nights of Eighty-Five, at Simla, worth
 80 A Kingdom's ransom. When a big ship drives
 God knows to what new reef, the man at the wheel
 Prays with the passengers. They lose their lives,
 Or rescued go their way; but he's no man
 To take his trick at the wheel **again**. **That's** worse
 85 Than drowning. Well, a galled Mashobra mule
 (You'll see Mashobra) passed me on the Mall,
 And I was – some fool's wife had ducked and bowed
 To show the others I would stop and speak.
 Then the mule fell – three galls, a **hand-breadth** each,
 90 Behind the withers. Mrs. **Whatsisname**
 Leers at the mule and me by turns, thweet thou!
 "How could they make him carry such a load!"
 I saw – it isn't often I dream dreams –
 More than the mule that minute – smoke and flame
 95 From Simla to the haze below. **That's weak**.
You're younger. You'll dream dreams before you've done.
 You've youth, that's one; good workmen – that means two
 Fair chances in your favour. Fate's the third.
 I know what *I* did. Do you ask me, "Preach"?

70 Wolseley] W-ls-y P-IV1927; IV1933 76 Hates] 'Hates P-PM 76 business. *Which is yours.*] business: *which is yours.* P-IV1919(Eng) 77 Twice a hundred million souls.] Fifteen hundred thousand miles! P-PM 84 again. That's] again – that's DD4-DDBRB99; Bb 89 hand-breadth] hands-breadth P-PM 90 Whatsisname] Whatsisname P-PM; What's-his-name EV1900 95 weak.] weak? EV1900 96 you've] you're] P-PM

I answer by my past or else go back 100
 To platitudes of rule – or take you thus
 In confidence and say: – “You know the trick:
 You’ve governed Canada. You know. *You know!*”
 And all the while commend you to Fate’s hand
 (Here at the top one loses sight o’ God), 105
 Commend you, then, to something more than you –
 The Other People’s blunders and . . . that’s all.
 I’d agonise to serve you if I could.
 It’s incommunicable, like the cast
 That drops the tackle with the gut adry. 110
 Too much – too little – there’s your salmon lost!
 And so I tell you nothing – wish you luck,
 And wonder – how I wonder! – for your *sake!*
 And triumph for my own. You’re young, you’re young,
 You hold to half a hundred Shibboleths. 115
 I’m old. I followed Power to the last,
 Gave her my best, and Power followed Me.
 It’s worth it – on my soul I’m speaking plain,
 Here by the claret glasses! – worth it all.
 I gave – no matter what I gave – I win. 120
 I *know* I win. Mine’s work, good work that lives!
 A country twice the size of France – the North
 Safeguarded. That’s my record: sink the rest
 And better if you can. The Rains may serve,
 Rupees may rise – threepence will give you Fame – 125
 It’s rash to hope for *sixpence*. If *they* rise
 Get guns, more guns, and lift the *salt-tax . . .*
 Oh!
 I told you what the Congress meant or thought?
 I’ll answer nothing. Half a year will prove

110 § tackle] hackle P-PM; IV1919-IV1933; DE 113 sake!] sake P-Bb 121 know[. . .]
 lives]§ know[. . .] live DDBRB90; BRBDD 125 Rupees may] And Silver P-PM
 126 sixpence.] sixpence . . . IV1919 126 they] it PM 127 salt-tax . . .] salt-tax.
 DD4-IV1919 128 I] I P-DDBRB99

130 The full extent of time and thought you'll spare
 To Congress. Ask a Lady Doctor *once*
 How little Begums see the light – deduce
 Thence how the True Reformer's child is born.
 It's interesting, curious . . . and vile.
 135 I told the Turk he was a gentleman.
 I told the Russian that his Tartar veins
 Bled pure Parisian ichor; and **he** purred.
 The Congress doesn't purr. I think it swears.
 You're young – you'll swear too ere you've reached the end.
 140 The End! God help you, if there be a **God**.
 (There must be one to startle **Gladstone's** soul
 In that new land where all the wires are cut,
 And **Cross** snores anthems on the asphodel.)
 God help you! And I'd help you if I could,
 145 But that's beyond me. Yes, your speech was crude.
 Sound claret after olives – yours and mine;
 But **Médoc** slips into *vin ordinaire*
 (I'll drink my first at Genoa to your health).
 Raise it to Hock. You'll never catch my style.
 150 And, after all, the Middle-Classes grip
 The Middle-Class – for Brompton talk Earl's Court.
 Perhaps you're right. I'll see you in *The Times* –
 A quarter-column of eye-searing print,
 A leader once a quarter – then a war;
 155 The Strand a-bellow through the fog: “**Defeat!**”
 ““**Orrible slaughter!**” while you lie awake
 And wonder. Oh, you'll wonder ere you're free!
 I wonder now. The four years slide away
 So fast, so fast, and leave me here alone.
 160 **Reay, Colvin, Lyall, Roberts, Buck**, the rest,

137 he] they *P-PM* 140 a God.] a God! *Bb* 141 Gladstone's] Gl-dst-ne's *P-IV*1927;
*IV*1933 143 Cross] Cr-ss *P-IV*1927; *IV*1933 147 Médoc [...] *vin ordinaire*] Medoc
 [...] *vin ordinaire* *P-DDBRB*99; *Bb-IV*1927; *IV*1933; Medoc [...] *vin ordinaire* *EV*1900
 152 *The Times*] the *Times* *DD4-DDBRB*99; *IV*1919- *IV*1933; *DE*; the “Times” *EV*1900-*Bb*
 155 Defeat!] Defeat *P-PM* 160 Reay, Colvin, Lyall, Roberts, Buck] R – y, C-lv-n, L –
 l, R-b-rts, B-ck *P-IV*1927; *IV*1933

Princes and Powers of Darkness, troops and trains,
 (I *cannot* sleep in trains), land piled on land,
 Whitewash and weariness, red rockets, dust,
 White snows that mocked me, palaces – with draughts,
 And *Westland* with the drafts he couldn't pay, 165
 Poor *Wilson* reading his obituary
 Before he died, and *Hope*, the man with bones,
 And *Aitchison* a dripping mackintosh
 At Council in the Rains, his grating "Sirr"
 Half drowned by *Hunter's* silky: "Bât, my lahd." 170
 Hunterian always: *Marshal* spinning plates
 Or standing on his head; the Rent *Bill's* roar,
 A hundred thousand speeches, much red cloth,
 And Smiths thrice happy if I *called* them Jones
 (I can't remember half their names), or reined 175
 My pony on the Mall to greet their wives.
 More trains, more troops, more dust, *and then all's done . . .*
 Four years, and I forget. If I forget,
 How *will* *they* bear me in their minds? The North
 Safeguarded – nearly (*Roberts* knows the rest), 180
 A country twice the size of France annexed.
 That stays at least. The rest may pass – may pass –
 Your heritage – and I can teach you *naught*.
 "High trust," "vast honour," "interests twice as vast,"
 "Due reverence *to your* Council" – keep to those. 185

165 *Westland* [...] *he*] *W-stl-nd* [...] *we P-PM*; *W-stl-nd* [...] *he DD4-IV1927*;
IV1933 166 *Wilson*] *W-ls-n P-IV1927*; *IV1933* 167 *Hope*] *H-pe P-IV1927*; *IV1933*
 168 *Aitchison*] *A-tch-s-n P-IV1927*; *IV1933* 170 *Hunter's* [...] *Bât*] *H-nt-r's* [...] *Bât P-EV1900*;
H-nt-r's [...] *Bat Bb*; *H-nt-r's* [...] *Bât IV1919-IV1927*; *IV1933*
 171 *Marshal*] *M-rsh-l P-IV1927*; *IV1933* 172 *Bill's*] *Bill P-PM* 174 *called*] *call DD4-IV1927*
 177 *and then all's done . . .*] *trunks corded up. P-PM*; *and then all's done. DD4-EV1900* 177 is followed by these lines in *P-PM*

My mother's letters – that will be a book –
 The Legend of the Doorkeys, how they bred –
 This land spawns Doorkeys. You shall see the proofs . . .

179 *will*] *shall EV1900* 180 *Roberts*] *R-b-rts P-IV1927*; *IV1933* 183 *naught*] *nought DDBRB90*;
BRBDD 185 *to your*] *for your P-PM*

I envy you the twenty years you've gained,
But not the five to follow. What's that? **One!**
Two! – Surely not so late. Good night. *Don't* dream.

187 One!] One? *DDBRB90; BRBDD; EV1900(Am); One, EV1900(Eng)* 188 Two!] Two? *EV1900*

THE GALLEY-SLAVE



Oh, gallant was our galley from her carven steering-wheel
 To her figurehead of silver and her beak of hammered steel.
 The leg-bar chafed the ankle and we gasped for cooler air,
 But no galley on the waters with our galley could compare!

Our bulkheads bulged with cotton and ours masts were stepped in 5
 gold –

We ran a mighty merchandise of niggers in the hold;
 The white foam spun behind us, and the black shark swam below,
 As we gripped the kicking sweep-head and we made the galley go.

It was merry in the galley, for we reveled now and then –
 If they wore us down like cattle, faith, we fought and loved like 10
 men!

As we snatched her through the water, so we snatched a minute's
 bliss,
 And the mutter of the dying never spoiled the lover's kiss

Our women and our children toiled beside us in the dark –
 They died, we filed their fetters, and we heaved them to the
 shark –

We heaved them to the fishes, but so fast the galley sped 15
 We had only time to envy, for we could not mourn our dead.

Bear witness, once my comrades, what a hard-bit gang were we –
 The servants of the sweep-head, but the masters of the sea!
 By the hands that drove her forward as she plunged and yawed
 and sheered,

Woman, Man, or God or Devil, was there anything we feared? 20

4 waters] water *DD4-Bb* 8 the galley] that galley *DD4-Bb* 9 It was] 'Twas
DDBRB90-EV1900 12 lover's] lovers' *DD4-Bb* 14 heaved] hove *EV1900* 15 heaved]
 hove *EV1900*

Was it storm? Our fathers faced it, and a wilder never blew;
 Earth that waited for the wreckage watched the galley struggle
 through.

Burning noon or choking midnight, Sickness, Sorrow, Parting,
 Death?

Nay, our very babes would mock you had they time for idle
 breath.

25 But to-day I leave the galley and another takes my place;
 There's my name upon the deck-beam – let it stand a little space.
 I am free – to watch my messmates beating out to open main,
 Free of all that Life can offer – save to handle sweep again.

By the brand upon my shoulder, by the gall of clinging steel,
 30 By the **welts** the whips have left me, by the scars that never heal;
 By eyes grown old with staring through the sunwash on the brine,
 I am paid in full for **service**. **Would** that service still were mine!

Yet they talk of times and seasons and of woe the years bring
 forth,

Of our galley swamped and shattered in the rollers of the North;
 35 When the niggers break the hatches and the decks are gay with
 gore,
 And a craven-hearted pilot crams her crashing on the shore.

She will need no half-mast signal, minute-gun, or rocket-flare.
 When the cry for help goes seaward, she will find her servants
 there.

Battered chain-gangs of the orlop, grizzled drafts of years gone by,
 40 To the bench that broke their manhood they shall lash themselves
 and die.

Hale and crippled, young and aged, paid, deserted, shipped away –
Palace, cot, and lazaretto shall make up the tale that day,
When the skies are black above them, and the decks ablaze
 beneath,
And the top-men clear the raffle with their clasp-knives in their
 teeth.

It may be that Fate will give me life and leave to row once more – 45
Set some strong man free for fighting as I take awhile his oar.
But to-day I leave the galley. Shall I curse her service then?
God be **thanked!** Whate'er comes after, I have lived and toiled
 with Men!

48 thanked!] thanked – *DD4-IV1919*(Eng)

A TALE OF TWO CITIES



Where the sober-coloured cultivator smiles
 On his *byles*;¹
 Where the cholera, the cyclone, and the crow
 Come and go;
 5 Where the merchant deals in indigo and tea,
 Hides and *ghi*;
 Where the Babu drops inflammatory hints
 In his prints;
 Stands a City – Charnock chose it – packed away
 10 Near a Bay –
 By the *sewage* rendered fetid, by the sewer
 Made impure,
 By the Sunderbunds unwholesome, by the swamp
 Moist and damp;
 15 And the City and the Viceroy, as we see,
 Don't agree.

Once, two hundred years ago, the trader came
 Meek and tame.
 Where his timid foot first halted, there he stayed,
 20 Till mere trade
 Grew to Empire, and he sent his armies forth
 South and North,
 Till the country from *Peshawur* to Ceylon
 Was his own.

1 Cattle. [RK's note: added IV1927]

Title: "Love Among the Ruins" *CMG Heading:* (*With apologies to R. . . . t B. . . . g.*)
 "Sometimes they insist that they must have the Supreme Head of the Government in their midst. Living or dead, he must not stir beyond the Ditch. . . . At other times their desire is confined to 'hot potting' the Viceroy's Councillors. . . . There is a good deal in it of the London Tradesman's grumble." See *Pioneer*. May 30th. *CMG*
 6 ghi is footnoted as "Butter." *DE* 11 *sewage*] *bustee* *CMG-DD3* 23 *Peshawur*] *Peshawar* *DD3-EV1900*(Eng); *Bb-IV1919*

Thus the midday halt of Charnock – more’s the pity! – 25
Grew a City.
As the fungus sprouts chaotic from its bed,
So it spread –
Chance-directed, chance-erected, laid and built
On the silt – 30
Palace, byre, hovel – poverty and pride –
Side by side;
And, above the packed and pestilential town,
Death looked down.

But the Rulers in *that* City by the Sea 35
Turned to flee –
Fled, with each returning Springtide, from its ills
To the Hills.
From the clammy fogs of morning, from the blaze
Of the days, 40
From the sickness of the *noontide*, from the heat,
Beat retreat;
For the country from *Peshawur* to Ceylon
Was their own.
But the Merchant risked the perils of the Plain 45
For his gain.

Now the resting-place of Charnock, ’neath the palms,
Asks an alms,
And the burden of its *lamentation* is,
Briefly, this: – 50
“Because, for certain months, we boil and stew,
So should you.
Cast the Viceroy and his Council, to perspire
In our fire!”
And for answer to the argument, in vain 55
We explain

35 that] the CMG 35 that] the DD₃ 41 noontide] noonday CMG 43 Peshawur]
Peshawar CMG-EV1900(Eng); Bb-IV1919 48 Asks an alms,] Is in arms. CMG
49 lamentation] indignation CMG

That an amateur Saint Lawrence cannot cry: –
 “All must fry!”

That the Merchant risks the perils of the Plains
 60 For his gains,
 Nor can Rulers rule a house that men grow rich in,
 From its kitchen.

Let the Babu drop inflammatory hints
 In his prints;
 65 And mature – consistent soul – his plan for stealing
 To Darjeeling:
 Let the Merchant seek, who makes his silver pile,
 England’s isle;
 Let the City Charnock pitched on – evil day! –
 70 Go Her way.
 Though the argosies of Asia at Her doors
 Heap their stores,
 Though Her enterprise and energy secure
 Income sure,
 75 Though “out-station orders punctually obeyed”
 Swell Her trade –
 Still, for rule, administration, and the rest,
 Simla’s best!

57 cry]§ fry DDBRB90 59 Plains] Plain CMG-IV1919 60 gains] gain CMG-IV1919
 65–66 parenthetical CMG 71 begins a new stanza DD3-DD6 73 enterprise and
 energy] “enterprise” and “energy” CMG-DD3 78 best!] best. DD3-Bb

IN SPRINGTIME



My garden blazes brightly with the rose-bush and the peach,
 And the *koil*¹ sings above it, in the *siris* by the well,
 From the creeper-covered trellis comes the squirrel's chattering
 speech,
 And the blue-jay screams and flutters where the cheery
*sat-bhai*² dwell.
 But the rose has lost its fragrance, and the *koil*'s note is strange; 5
 I am sick of endless sunshine, sick of blossom-burdened
 bough.
 Give me back the leafless woodlands where the winds of
 Springtime range –
 Give me back one day in England, for it's Spring in England
 now!

Through the pines the gusts are booming, o'er the brown fields
 blowing chill,
 From the furrow of the ploughshare streams the fragrance of
 the loam, 10
 And the hawk nests on the cliffside and the jackdaw in the hill,
 And my heart is back in England 'mid the sights and sounds
 of Home.

1 Bell-bird. [RK's note: added *IV*1919, where the note reads "The Indian bell-bird." Note omitted in *DE*]
 2 Starlings. [RK's note: added *IV*1919, where the note reads "Indian starlings."]

Title: In the Spring Time *P*; In Spring Time *DD* 1-6; *DDBRB*99; *Bb* 2 *koil*] in all editions except *Poems, Sussex*, and *DE* spelled *kōil* 2 above it] among them *P*; above them *DD*1-*DD*2 3 chattering]§ clattering *P* 6 endless sunshine] all this splendour *P* 8 now!] now. *DD*1-*DD*2 9 Through the pines the gusts are booming] In the pines the winds are waking *P* 10 streams the fragrance of the] comes the scent of fresh-turned *P*; steams the fragrance of the *DD*1-*DD*3; *EV*1900; *IV*1919(Eng) 11 on [...] in] in[...] in *P*; in [...] on *DDBRB*99-*EV*1900

But the garland of the sacrifice this wealth of rose and peach is,
Ah! *koil*, little *koil*, singing on the *siris* bough,
15 In my ears the knell of exile your ceaseless bell-like speech is –
Can you tell me aught of England or of Spring in England now?

15 ears] eyes *P*