

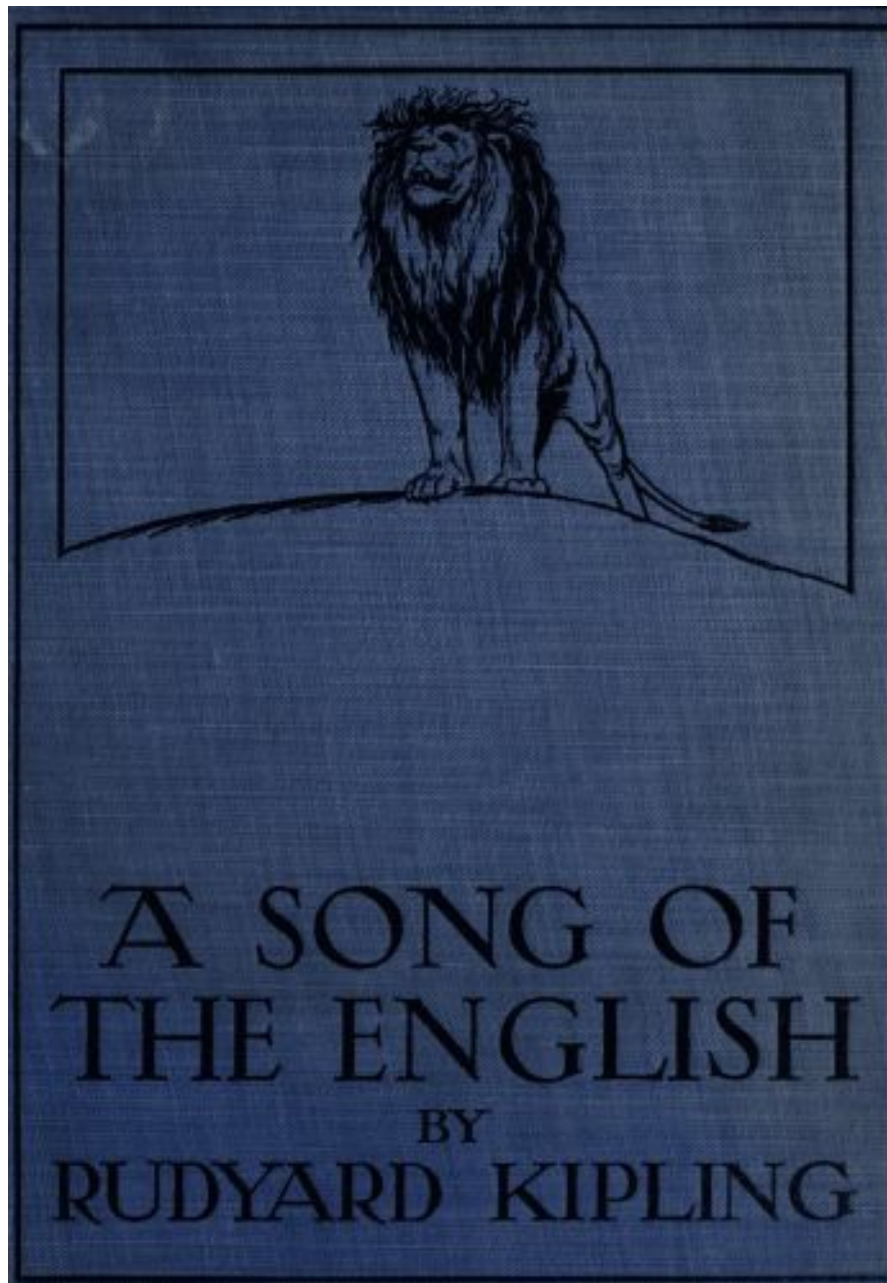
Rudyard Kipling

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# A Song of the English



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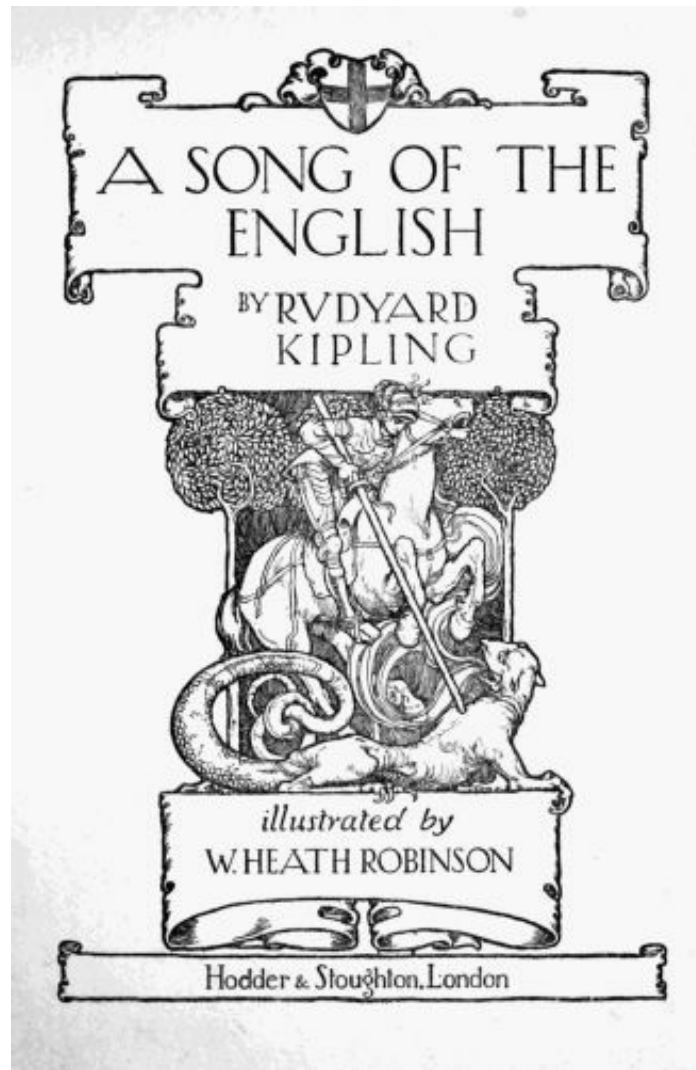


A SONG OF THE ENGLISH  
THE COASTWISE LIGHTS  
THE SONG OF THE DEAD  
THE DEEP-SEA CABLES  
THE SONG OF THE SONS  
THE SONG OF THE CITIES  
ENGLANDS ANSWER



**CAME THE WHISPER, CAME THE VISION.**

Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,  
Till the Soul that is not mans soul was lent us to lead.



# A SONG OF THE ENGLISH

BY RUDYARD  
KIPLING

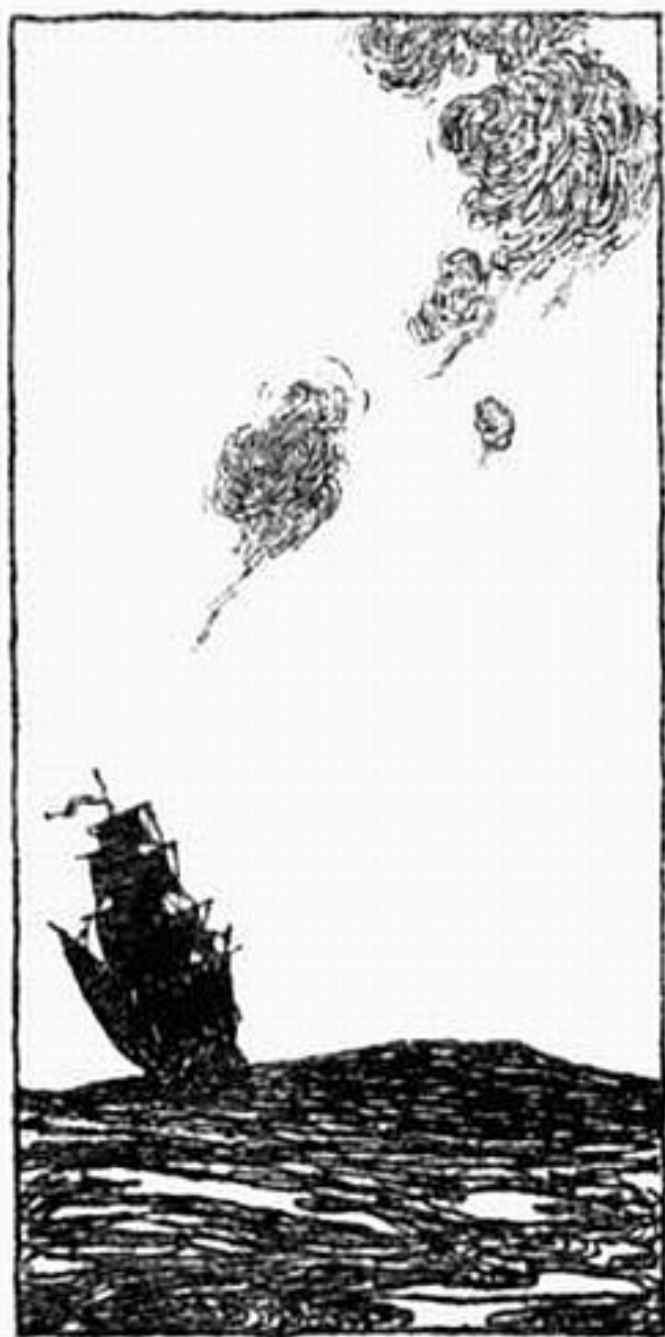
*illustrated by*  
W. HEATH ROBINSON

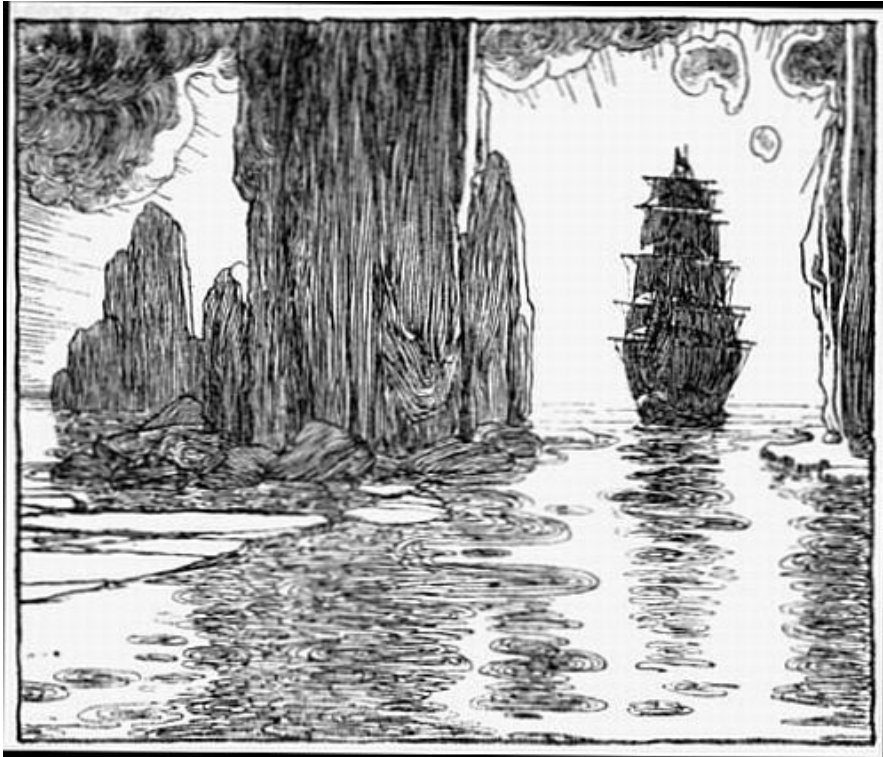
Hodder & Stoughton, London

*This Edition of A Song of the English is reprinted from The Seven Seas, and the Publishers desire to acknowledge the courtesy of Messrs. Methuen & Co. in consenting to its issue as a separate volume*

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## A SONG OF THE ENGLISH



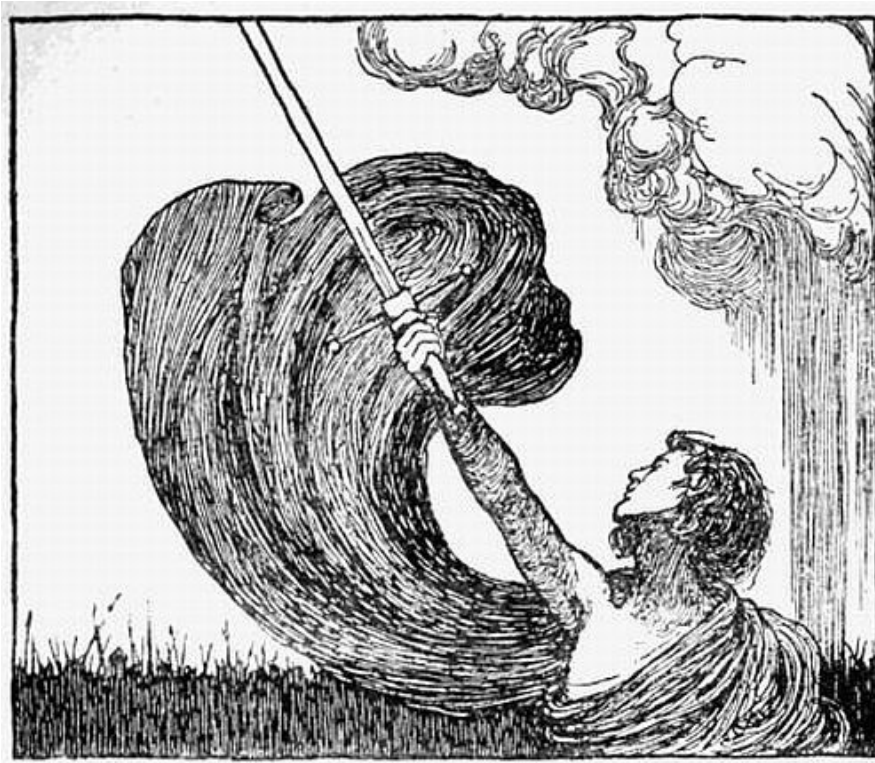


*Fair is our lotO goodly is our heritage!  
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)  
For the Lord our God Most High  
He hath made the deep as dry,  
He hath smote for us a pathway to the ends of all the Earth!*

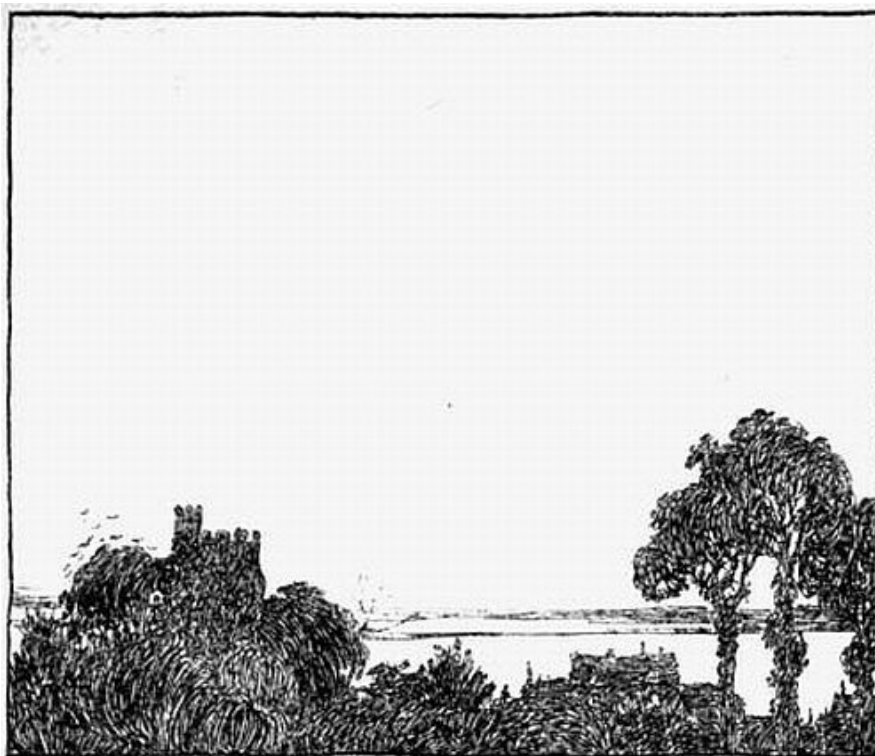


*Yea, though we sinnedand our rulers went from righteousness  
Deep in all dishonour though we stained our garments hem.  
Oh be ye not dismayed,*

*Though we stumbled and we strayed,  
We were led by evil counsellors the Lord shall deal with them!*



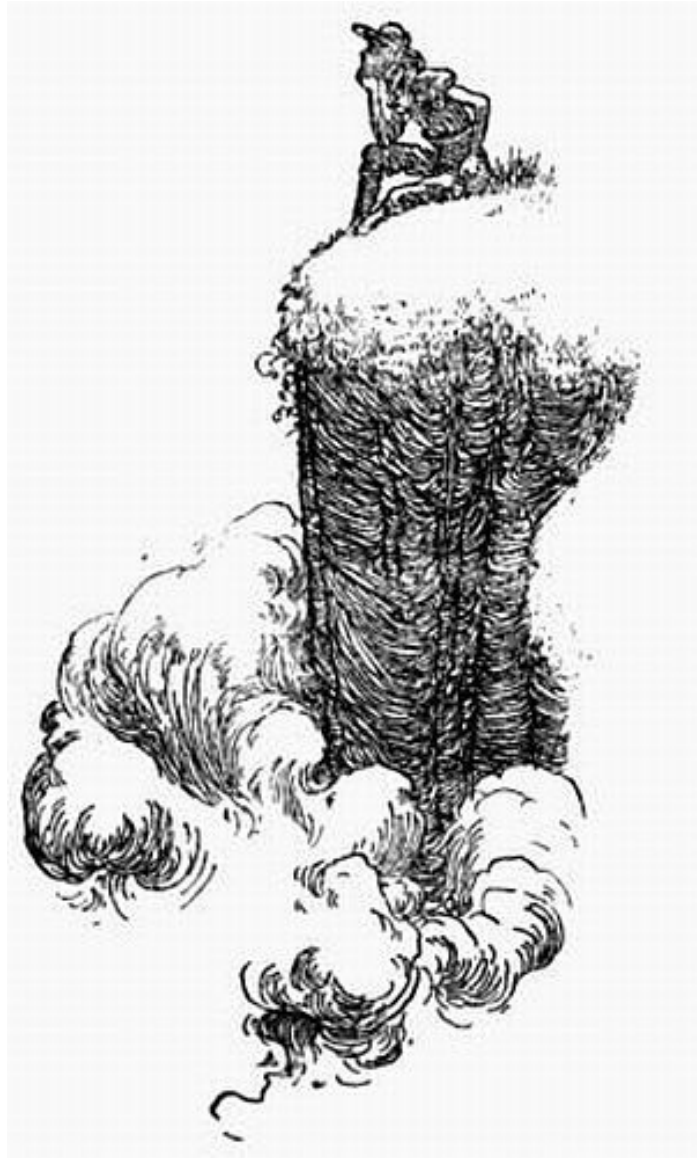
*Hold ye the Faith the Faith our Fathers sealed us;  
Whoring not with vision otherwise and over-stale.  
Except ye pay the Lord  
Single heart and single sword,  
Of your children in their bondage shall He ask them treble-tale!*



*Keep ye the Lawbe swift in all obedience  
Clear the land of evil, drive the road and bridge the ford.  
Make ye sure to each his own  
That he reap where he hath sown;  
By the peace among Our peoples let men know we serve the Lord!*

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*Hear now a songa song of broken interludes  
A song of little cunning; of a singer nothing worth.  
Through the naked words and mean  
May ye see the truth between  
As the singer knew and touched it in the ends of all the Earth!*

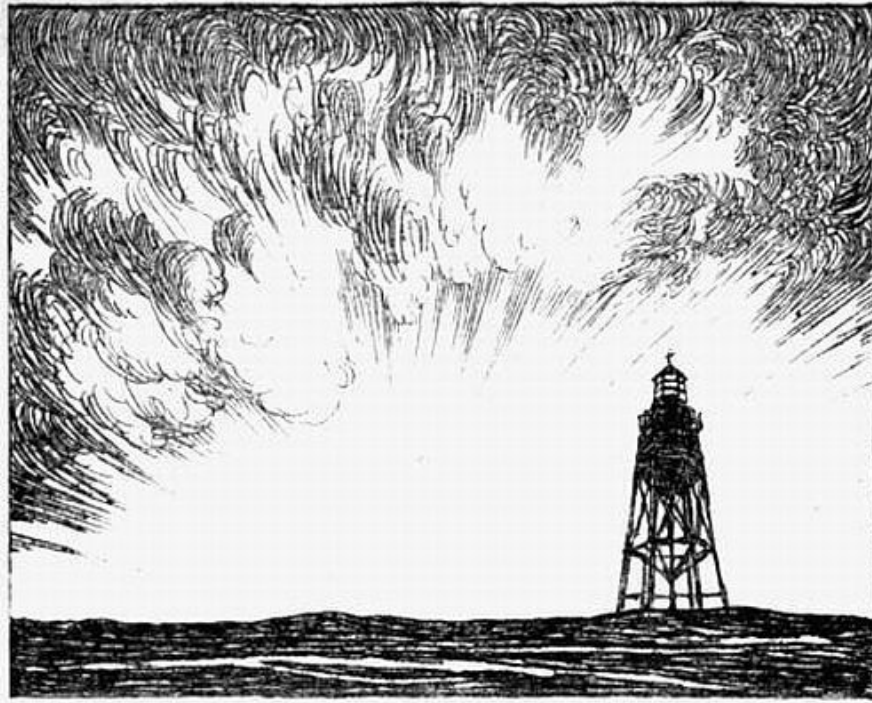


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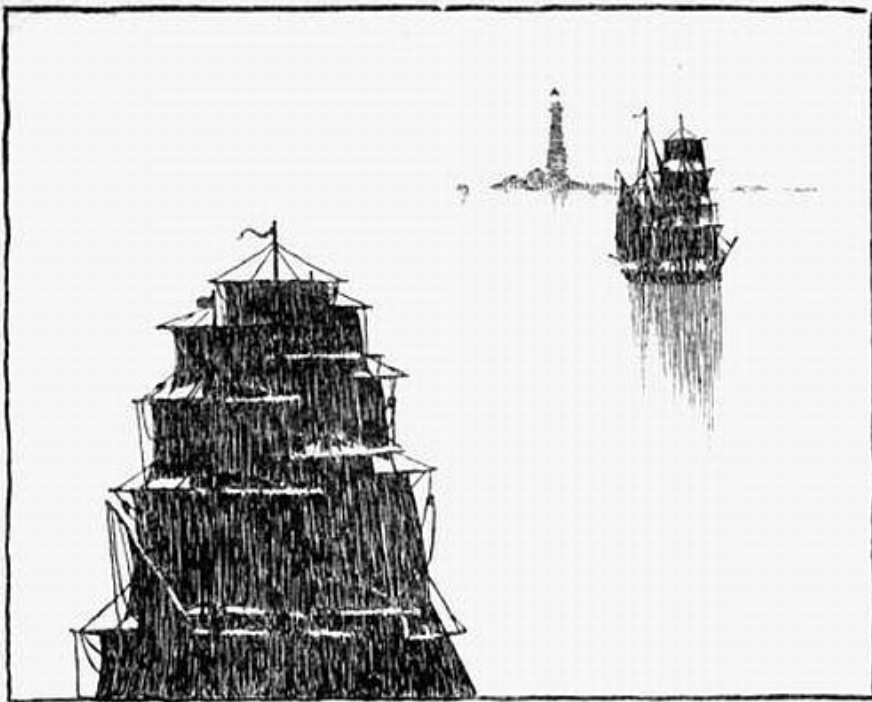
## THE COASTWISE LIGHTS







Our brows are bound with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;  
 Our loins are battered neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.  
 From reef and rock and skerryover headland ness, and voe  
 The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!

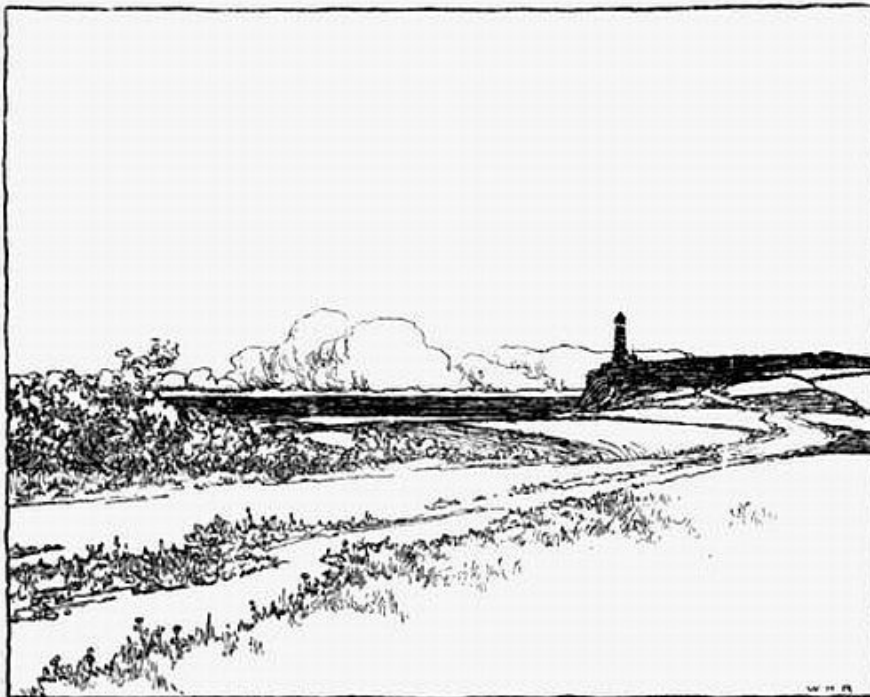


Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors;  
 Through the yelling Channel tempest when the siren hoots and roars  
 By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rockets trail  
 As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.



We bridge across the dark and bid the helmsman have a care,  
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer;  
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains  
The lover from the sea-rim drawn his love in English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;  
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith, and Hull;  
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea  
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of Dundee!

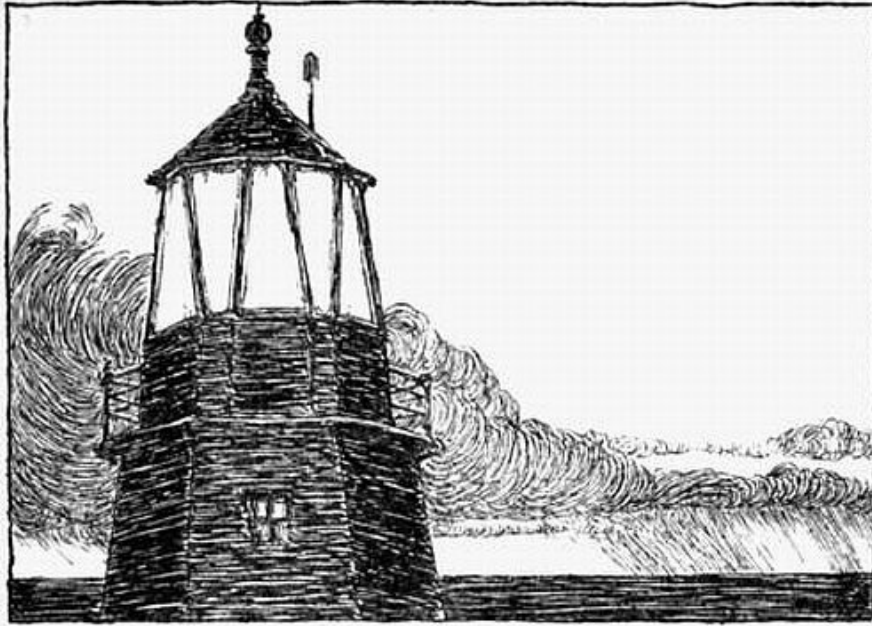
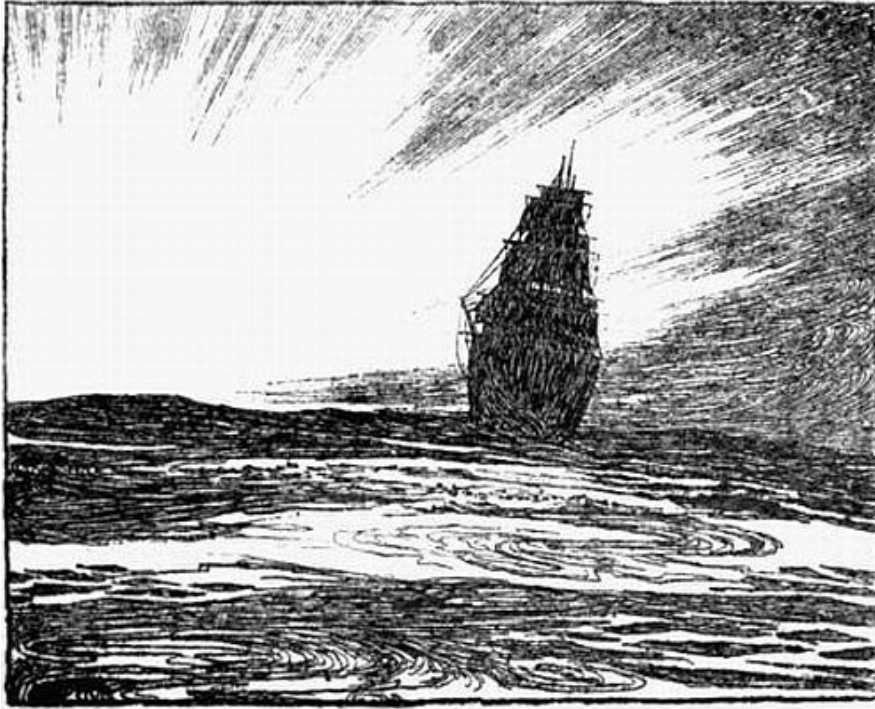




**THE COASTWISE LIGHTS OF ENGLAND.**

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn!  
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!  
Swift shuttles of an Empires loom that weave us, main to main,  
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guard-ports of the Morn!  
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!  
Swift shuttles of an Empires loom that weave us, main to main,  
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!



Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;  
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!  
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,  
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak!

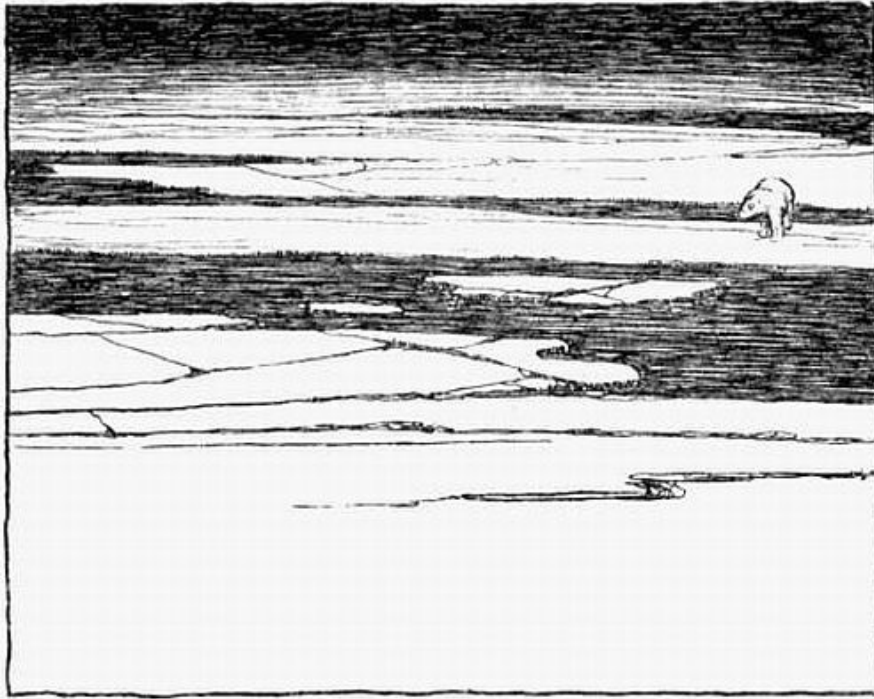
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## THE SONG OF THE DEAD

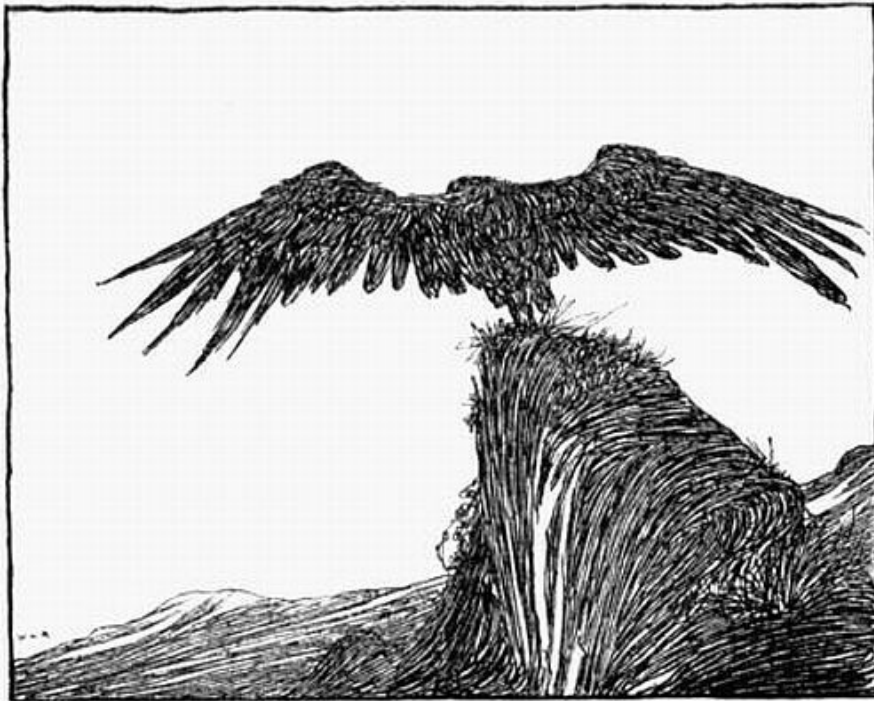


**THE SONG OF THE DEAD.**

Follow after we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,  
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.

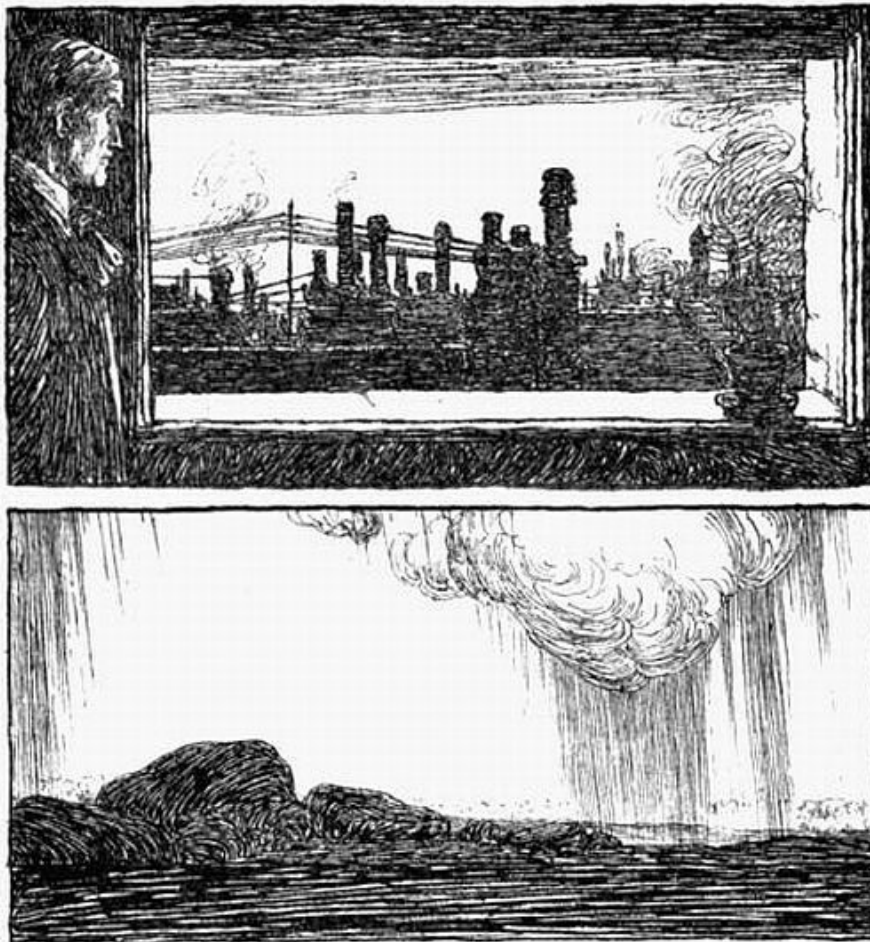


*Hear now the Song of the Dead in the North by the torn berg-edges  
 They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-stripped sledges.  
 Song of the Dead in the South in the sun by their skeleton horses,  
 Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust of the sere river-courses.*



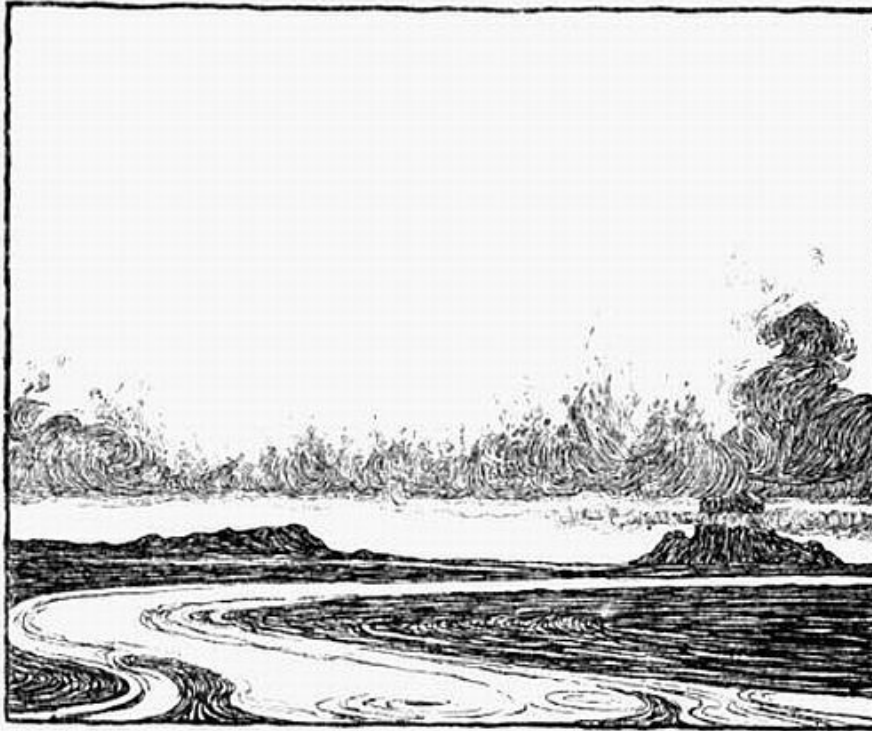
*Song of the Dead in the East in the heat-rotted jungle hollows,  
 Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof in the brake of the buffalo-wallows.  
 Song of the Dead in the West in the Barrens, the waste that betrayed them,  
 Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp and the grave-mound they made them;  
 Hear now the Song of the Dead!*

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;  
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.  
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,  
Till the Soul that is not mans soul was lent us to lead.  
As the deer breaksas the steer breaksfrom the herd where they graze,  
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.



Then the wood failedthen the food failedthen the last water dried  
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.  
On the sand-drifton the veldt-sidein the fern-scrub we lay,  
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.  
Follow afterfollow after! We have watered the root,  
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!





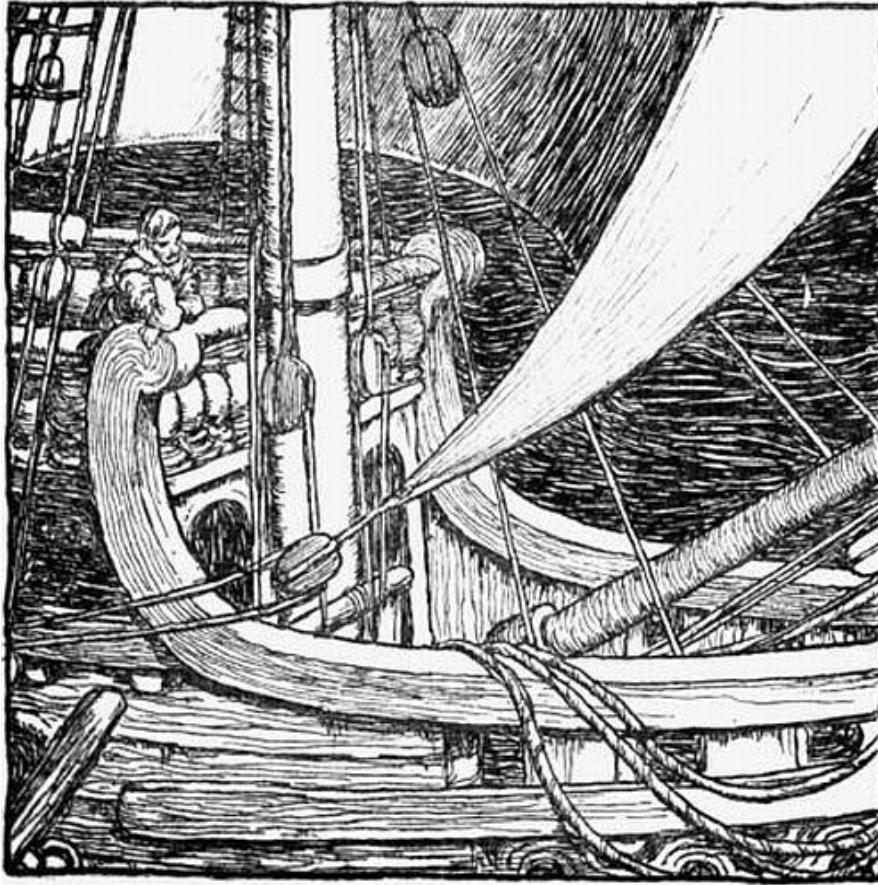
Follow afterwe are waiting, by the trails that we lost,  
 For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.  
 Follow afterfollow afterfor the harvest is sown:  
 By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!



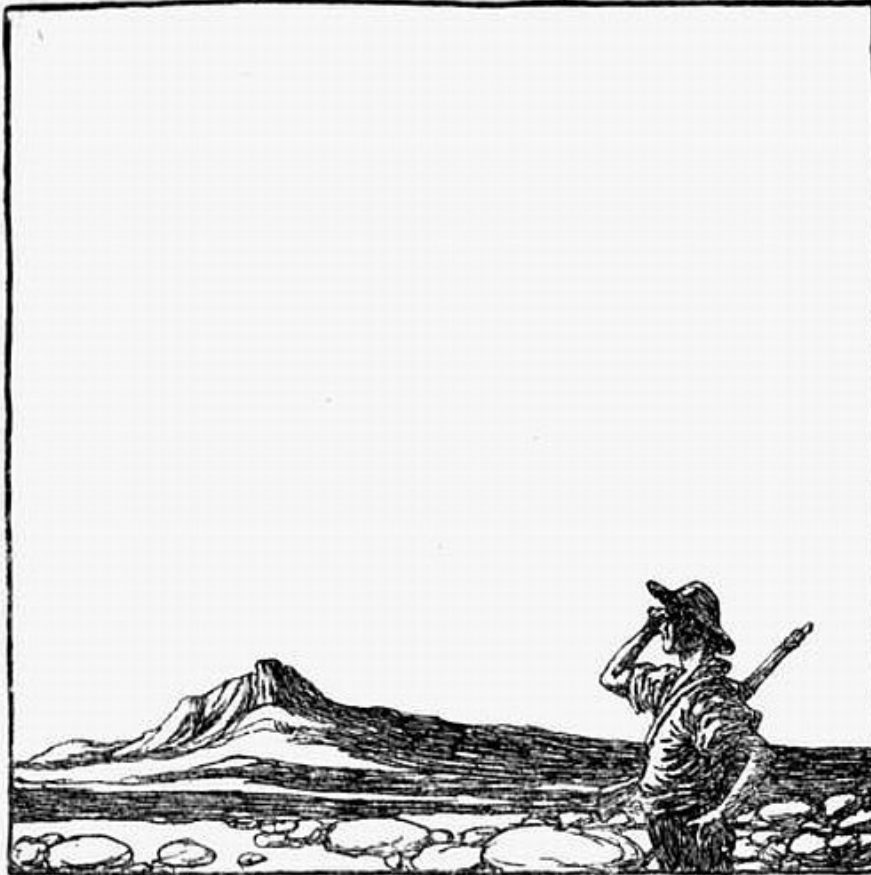
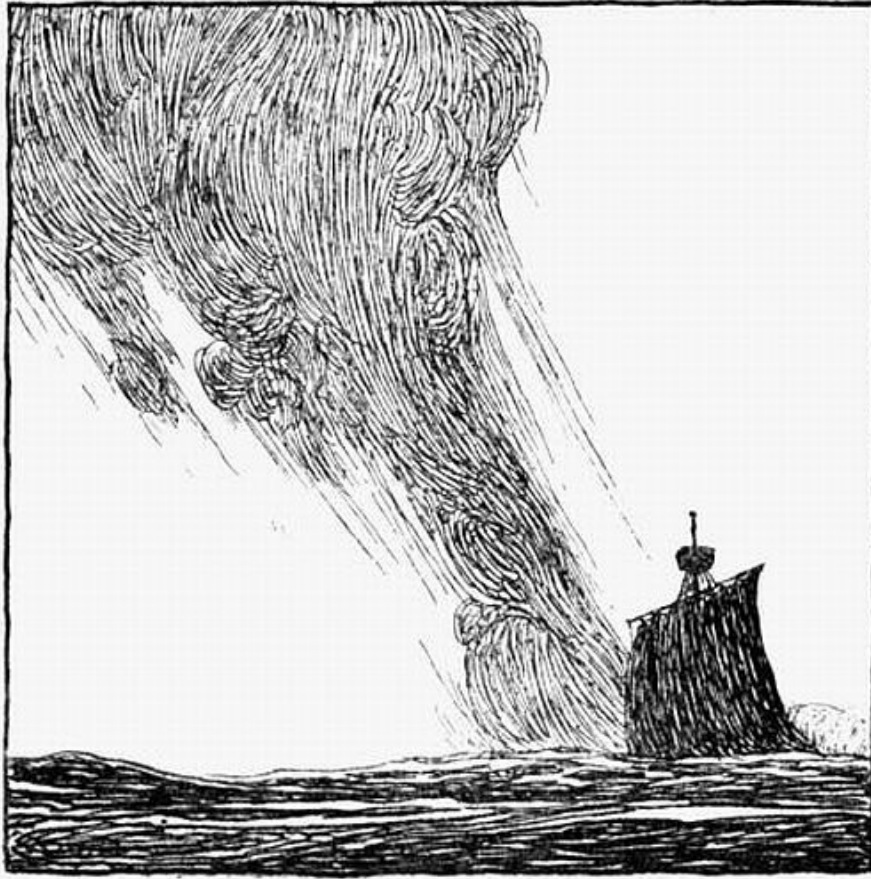
#### FOLLOW AFTER.

Follow afterfollow afterfor the harvest is sown:  
 By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

*When Drake went down to the Horn  
 And England was crowned thereby,  
 Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed  
 Our Lodgeour Lodge was born  
 (And England was crowned thereby!)*

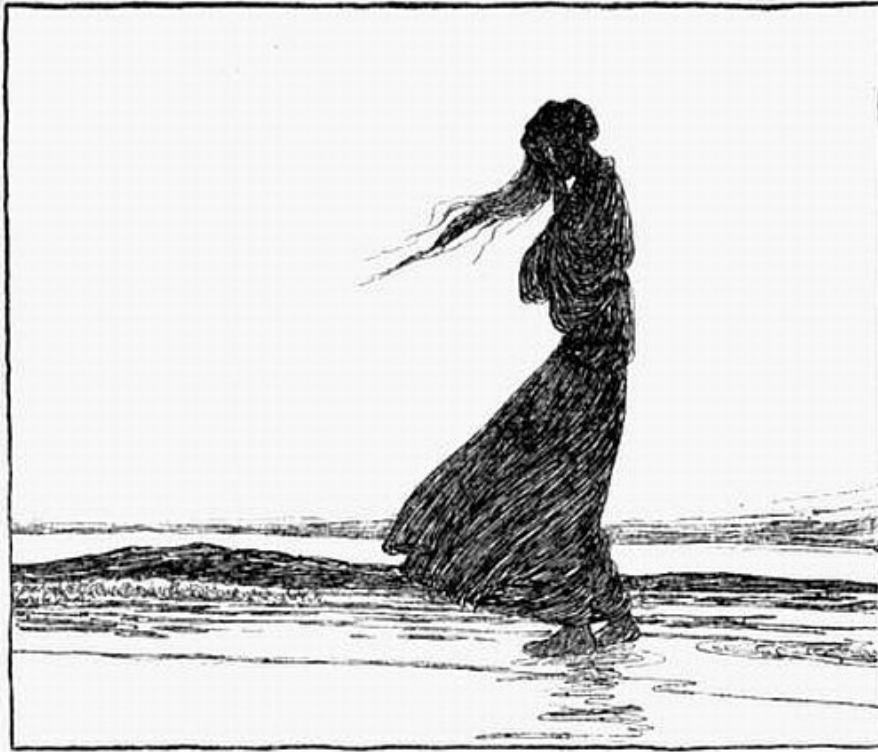


*Which never shall close again  
By day nor yet by night,  
While man shall take his life to stake  
At risk of shoal or main  
(By day nor yet by night)*



*But standeth even so  
As now we witness here,*

*While men depart, of joyful heart  
Adventure for to know  
(As now bear witness here!)*



## II

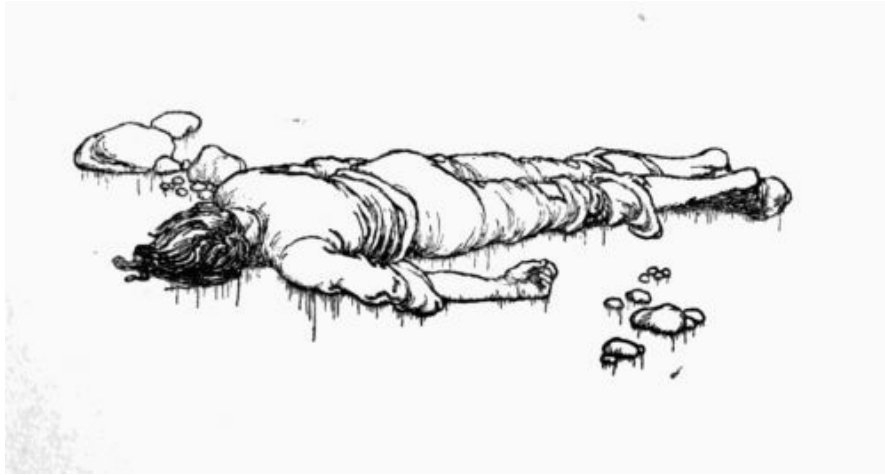
We have fed our sea for a thousand years  
And she calls us, still unfed,  
Though there's never a wave of all her waves  
But marks our English dead:  
We have strawed our best to the weeds unrest  
To the shark and the sheering gull.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha paid in full!



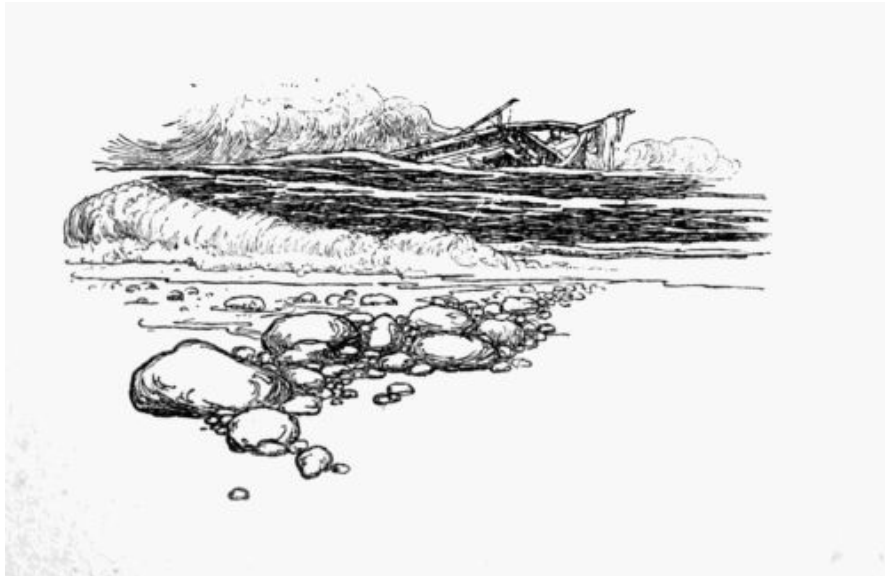
**LORD GOD, WE HA' PAID IN FULL!**

If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha paid in full!

Theres never a flood goes shoreward now  
But lifts a keel we manned;  
Theres never an ebb goes seaward now  
But drops our dead on the sand  
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,  
From the Ducies to the Swin.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha paid it in!

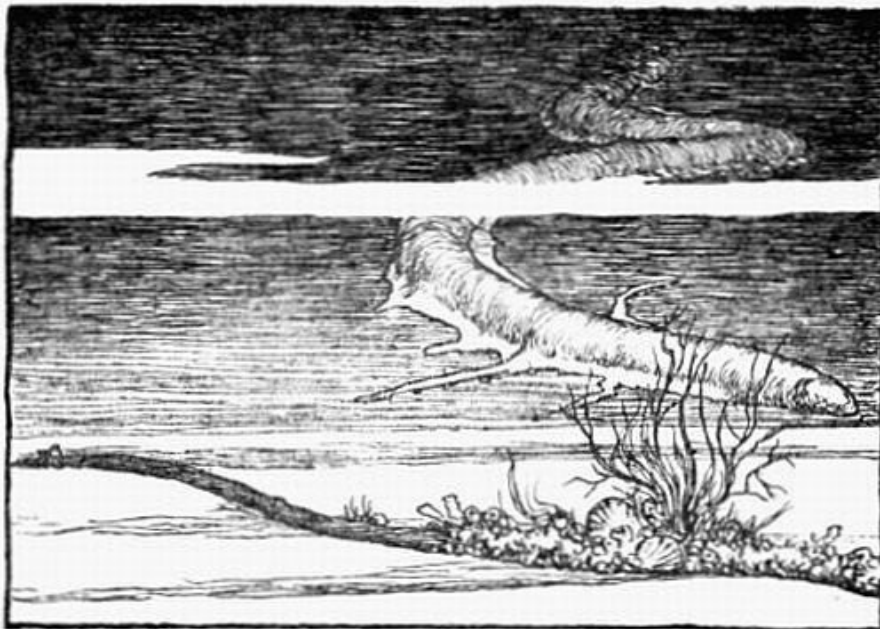
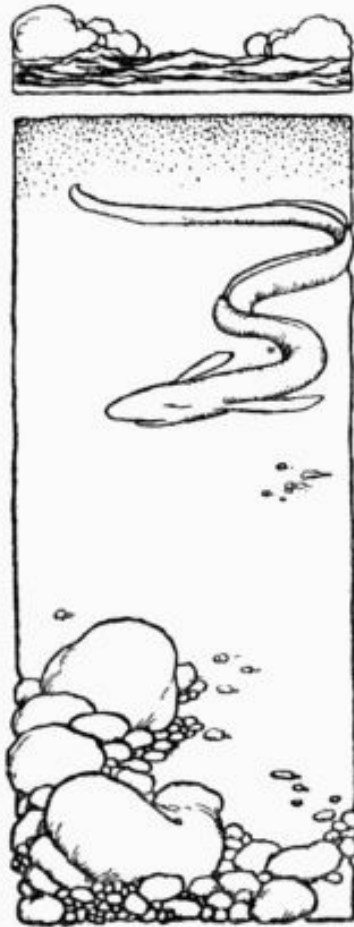


We must feed our sea for a thousand years,  
For that is our doom and pride,  
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,  
Or the wreck that struck last tide  
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef  
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
If blood be the price of admiralty,  
Lord God, we ha bought it fair!



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## THE DEEP-SEA CABLES



The wrecks dissolve above us; their dust drops down from afar  
Down to the dark, to the utter dark, where the blind white sea-snakes are.  
There is no sound, no echo of sound, in the deserts of the deep,

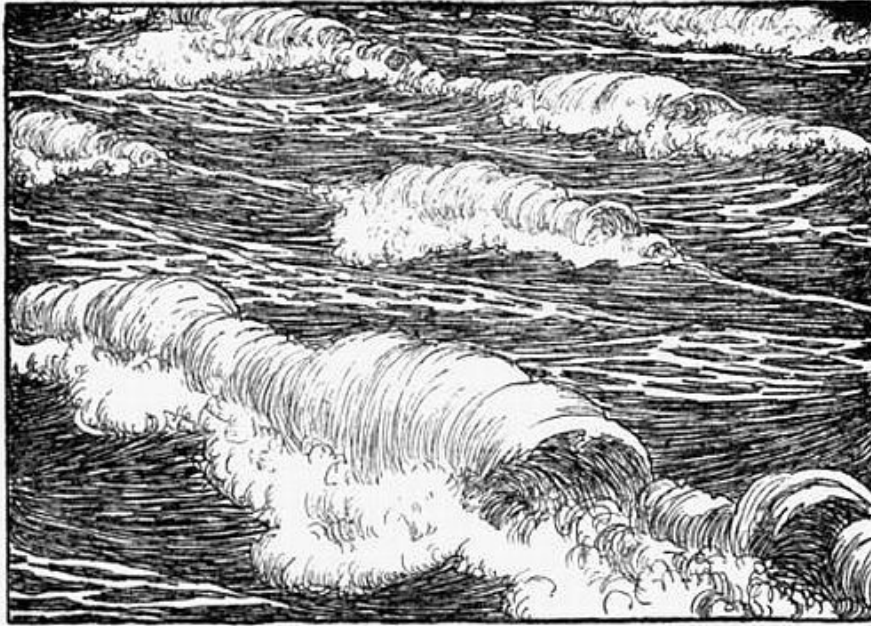
Or the great grey level plains of ooze where the shell-buried cables creep.

Here in the womb of the world here on the tie-ribs of earth

Words, and the words of men, flicker and flutter and beat

Warning, sorrow and gain, salutation and mirth

For a Power troubles the Still that has neither voice nor feet.



They have wakened the timeless Things; they have killed their father Time;

Joining hands in the gloom, a league from the last of the sun.

Hush! Men talk to-day oer the waste of the ultimate slime,

And a new Word runs between: whispering, Let us be one!

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## THE SONG OF THE SONS





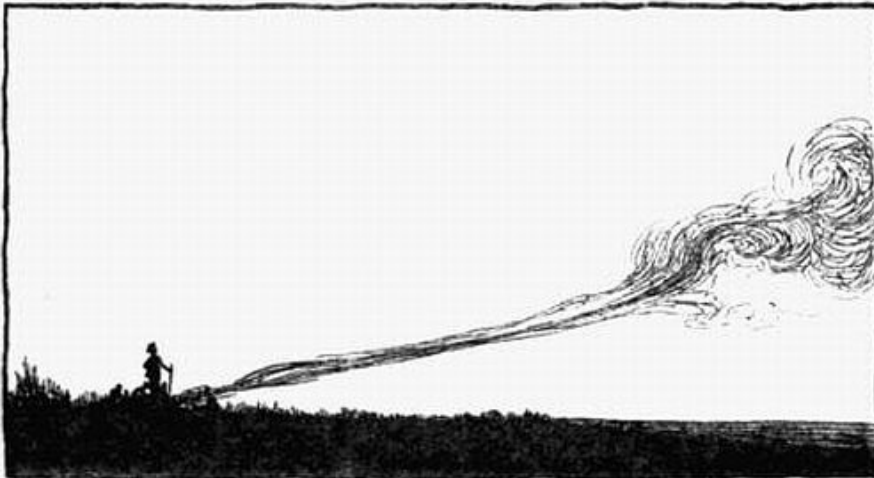
One from the ends of the earth gifts at an open door  
Treason has much, but we, Mother, thy sons have more!  
From the whine of a dying man, from the snarl of a wolf-pack freed,  
Turn, and the world is thine. Mother, be proud of thy seed!  
Count, are we feeble or few? Hear, is our speech so rude?  
Look, are we poor in the land? Judge, are we men of The Blood?



#### **WE THAT WERE BRED OVERSEAS.**

Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in  
 We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.  
 Not in the dark do we fighthaggle and flout and gibe;  
 Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.

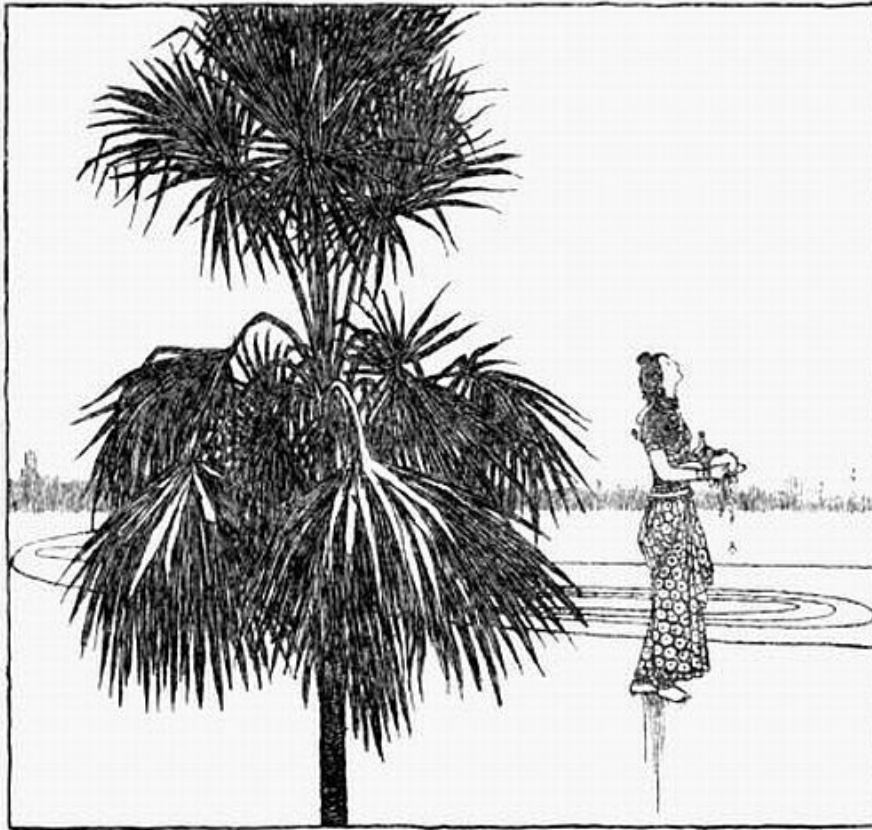
Those that have stayed at thy knees, Mother, go call them in  
 We that were bred overseas wait and would speak with our kin.  
 Not in the dark do we fighthaggle and flout and gibe;  
 Selling our love for a price, loaning our hearts for a bribe.  
 Gifts have we only to-day Love without promise or fee  
 Hear, for thy children speak, from the uttermost parts of the sea!




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## **THE SONG OF THE CITIES**





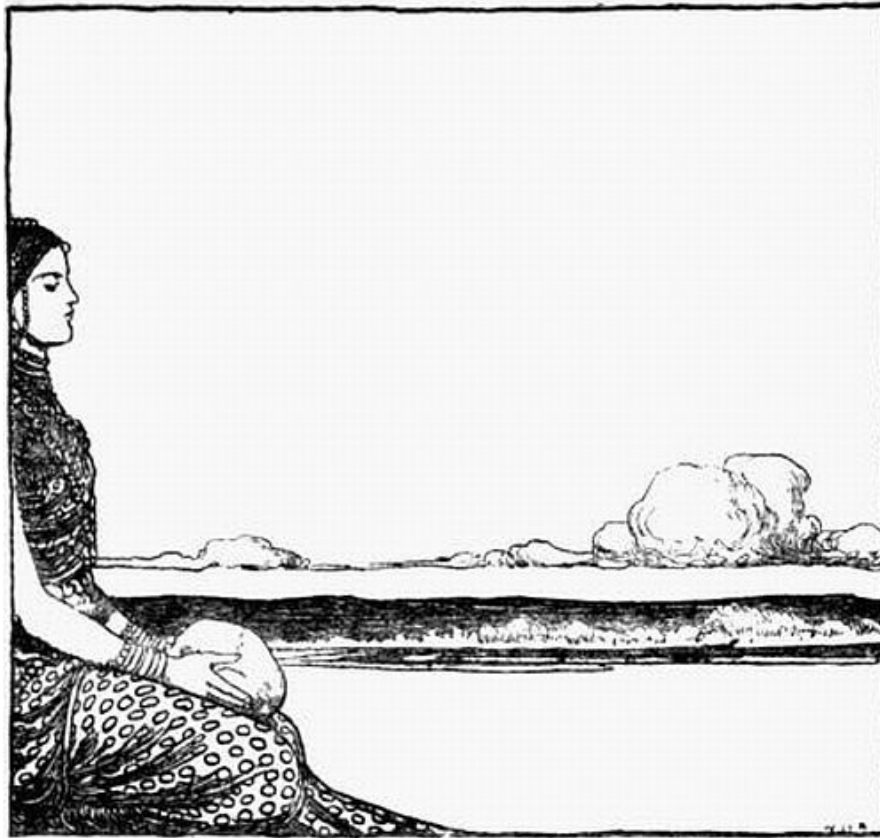
## BOMBAY

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen  
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.



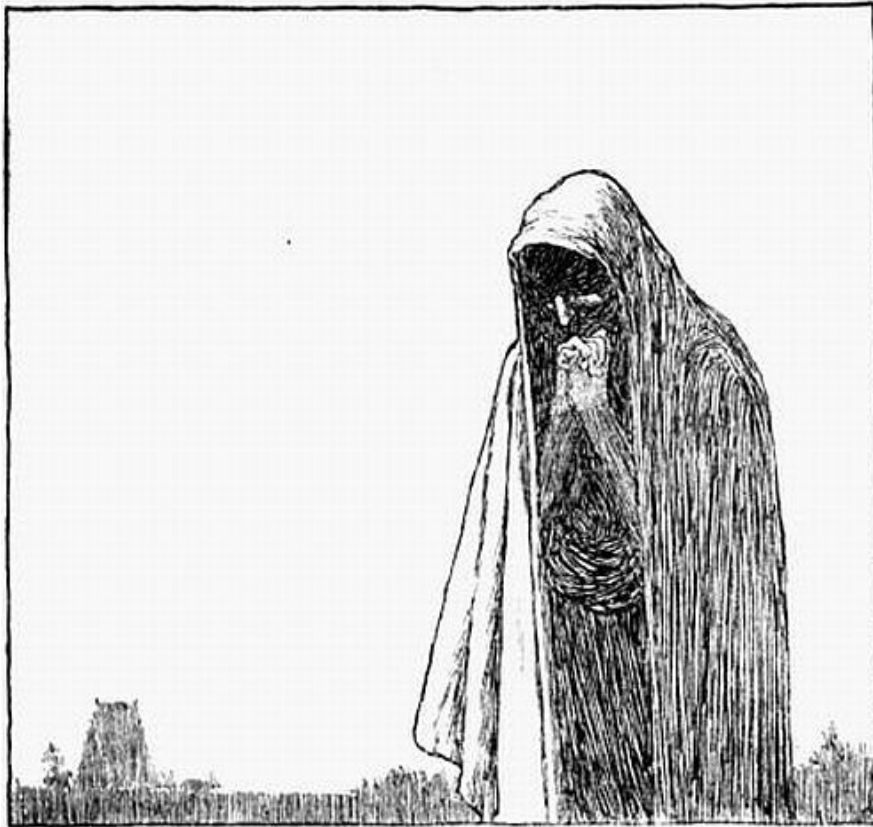
**BOMBAY.**

Royal and Dower-royal, I the Queen  
Fronting thy richest sea with richer hands  
A thousand mills roar through me where I glean  
All races from all lands.



## CALCUTTA

Me the Sea-captain loved, the River built,  
Wealth sought and Kings adventured life to hold.  
Hail, England! I am AsiaPower on silt,  
Death in my hands, but Gold!



## MADRAS

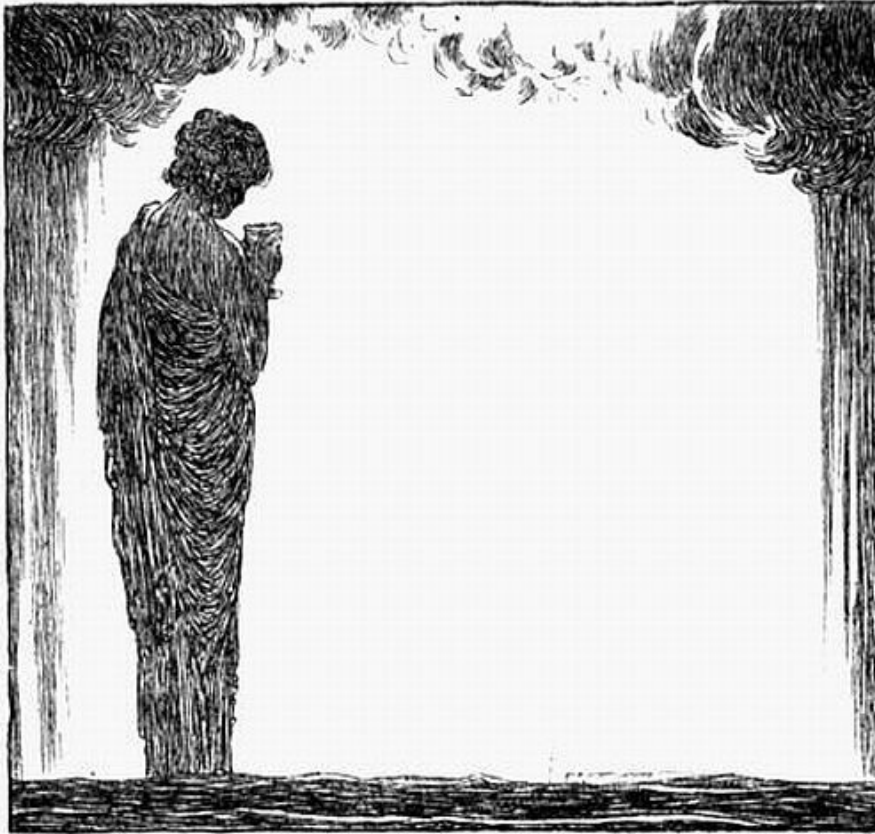
Clive kissed me on the mouth and eyes and brow,  
Wonderful kisses, so that I became  
Crowned above Queensa withered beldame now,  
Brooding on ancient fame.



## RANGOON

Hail, Mother! Do they call me rich in trade?  
Little care I, but hear the shorn priest drone,  
And watch my silk-clad lovers, man by maid,  
Laugh neath my Shwe Dagon.





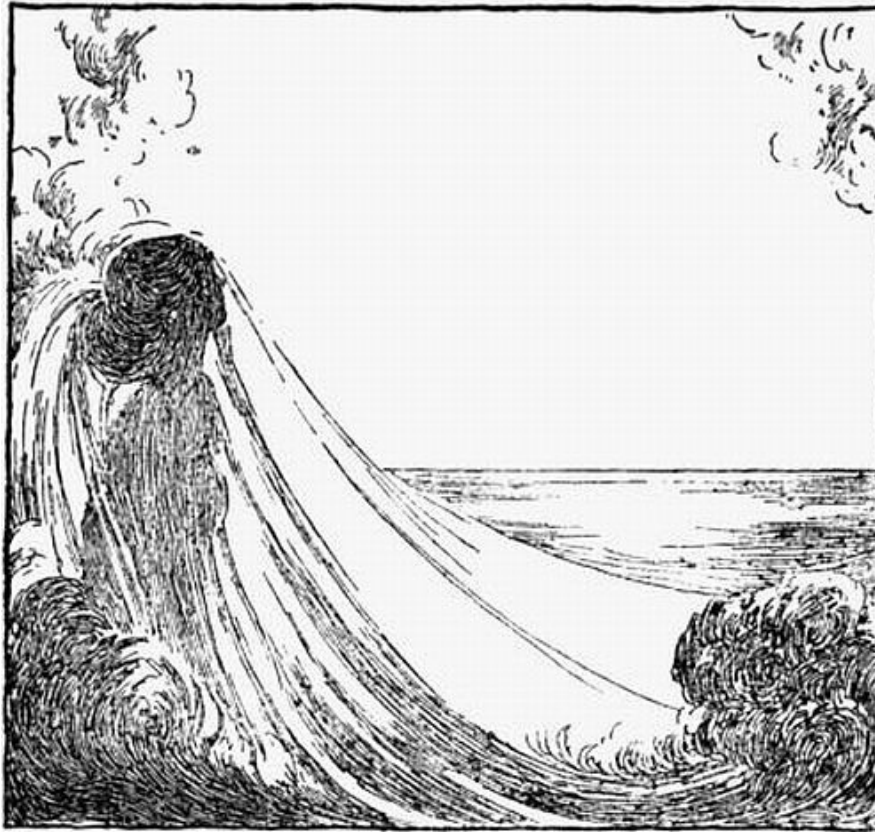
## SINGAPORE

Hail, Mother! East and West must seek my aid  
Ere the spent gear may dare the ports afar.  
The second doorway of the wide worlds trade  
Is mine to loose or bar.



## HONG-KONG

Hail, Mother! Hold me fast; my Praya sleeps  
Under innumerable keels to-day.  
Yet guard (and landward), or to-morrow sweeps  
Thy warships down the bay!



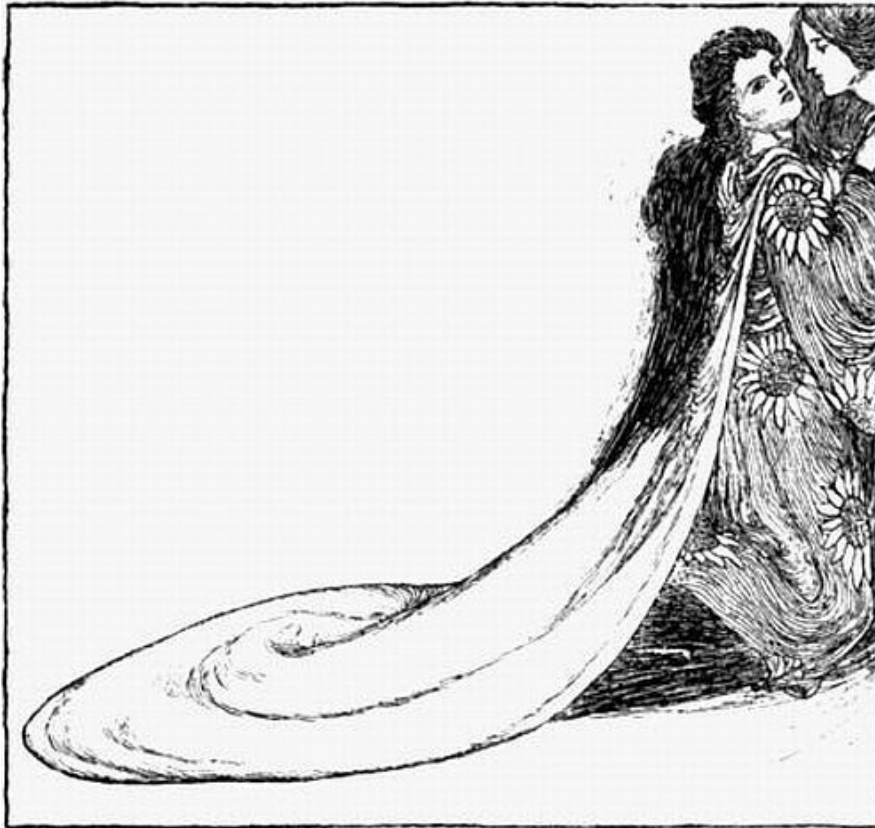
## HALIFAX

Into the mist my guardian prow's put forth,  
Behind the mist my virgin ramparts lie,  
The Warden of the Honour of the North,  
Sleepless and veiled am I!



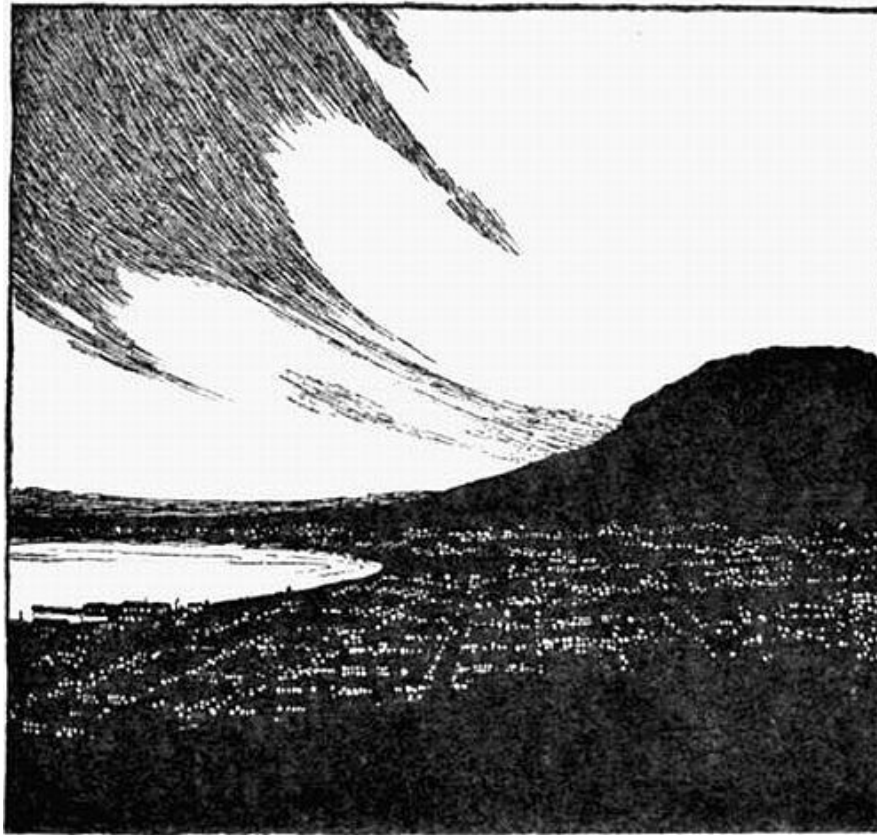
## QUEBEC AND MONTREAL

Peace is our portion. Yet a whisper rose,  
Foolish and causeless, half in jest, half hate.  
Now wake we and remember mighty blows,  
And fearing no man, wait!



## VICTORIA

From East to West the circling word has passed,  
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue;  
From East to West the tested chain holds fast,  
The well-forged link rings true!



## CAPETOWN

Hail! Snatched and bartered oft from hand to hand,  
I dream my dream, by rock and heath and pine,  
Of Empire to the northward. Ay, one land  
From Lions Head to Line!



## MELBOURNE

Greeting! Nor fear nor favour won us place,  
Got between greed of gold and dread of drouth,  
Loud-voiced and reckless as the wild tide-race  
That whips our harbour-mouth!



## SYDNEY

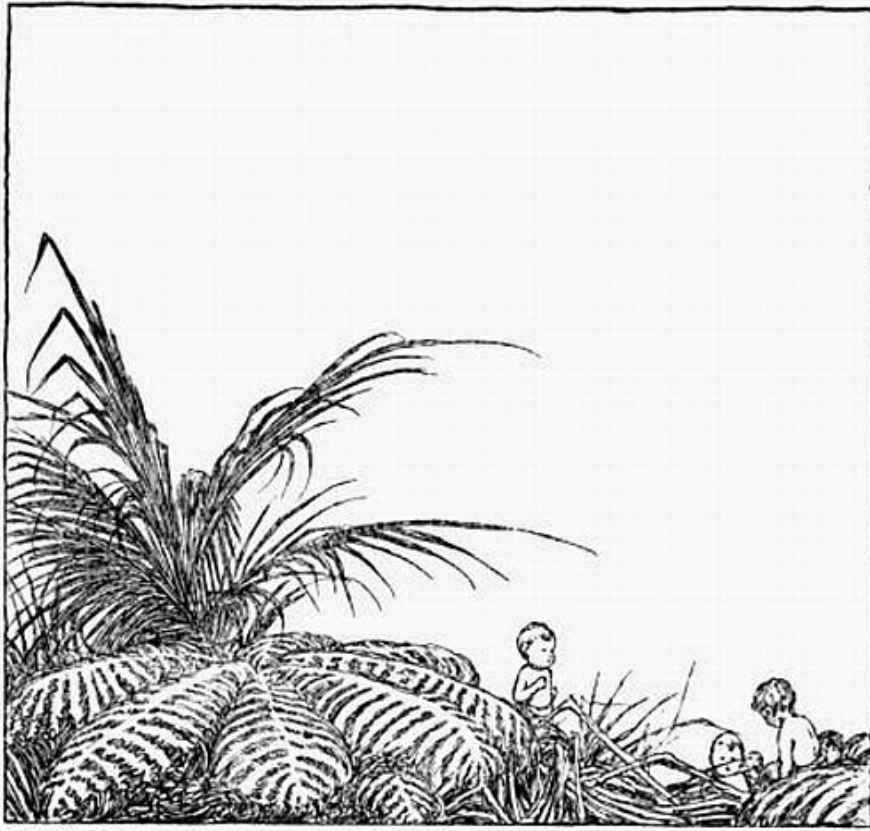
Greeting! My birth-stain have I turned to good;  
Forcing strong wills perverse to steadfastness;  
The first flush of the tropics in my blood,  
And at my feet Success!





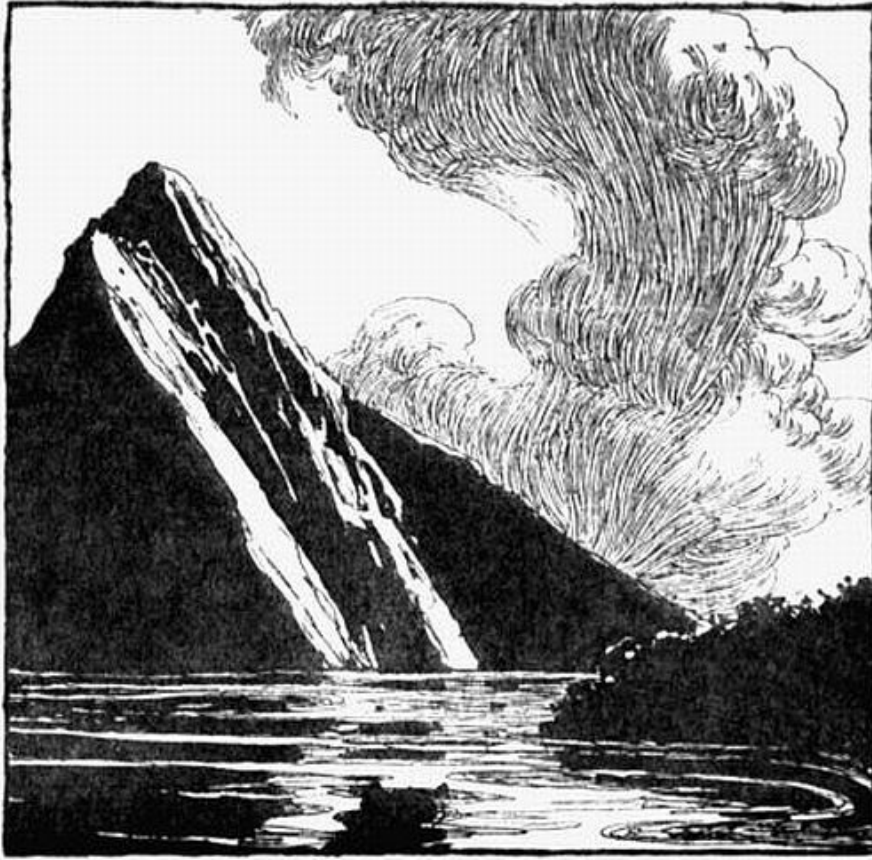
## BRISBANE

The northern stirp beneath the southern skies  
I build a Nation for an Empires need,  
Suffer a little, and my land shall rise,  
Queen over lands indeed!



## HOBART

Mans love first found me; mans hate made me Hell;  
For my babes sake I cleansed those infamies.  
Earnest for leave to live and labour well,  
God flung me peace and ease.



## AUCKLAND

Last, loneliest, loveliest, exquisite, apart  
On us, on us the unswerving season smiles  
Who wonder mid our fern why men depart  
To seek the Happy Isles!

---

## ENGLANDS ANSWER





Truly ye come of The Blood; slower to bless than to ban;  
Little used to lie down at the bidding of any man.  
Flesh of the flesh that I bred, bone of the bone that I bare;  
Stark as your sons shall bestern as your fathers were.  
Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.



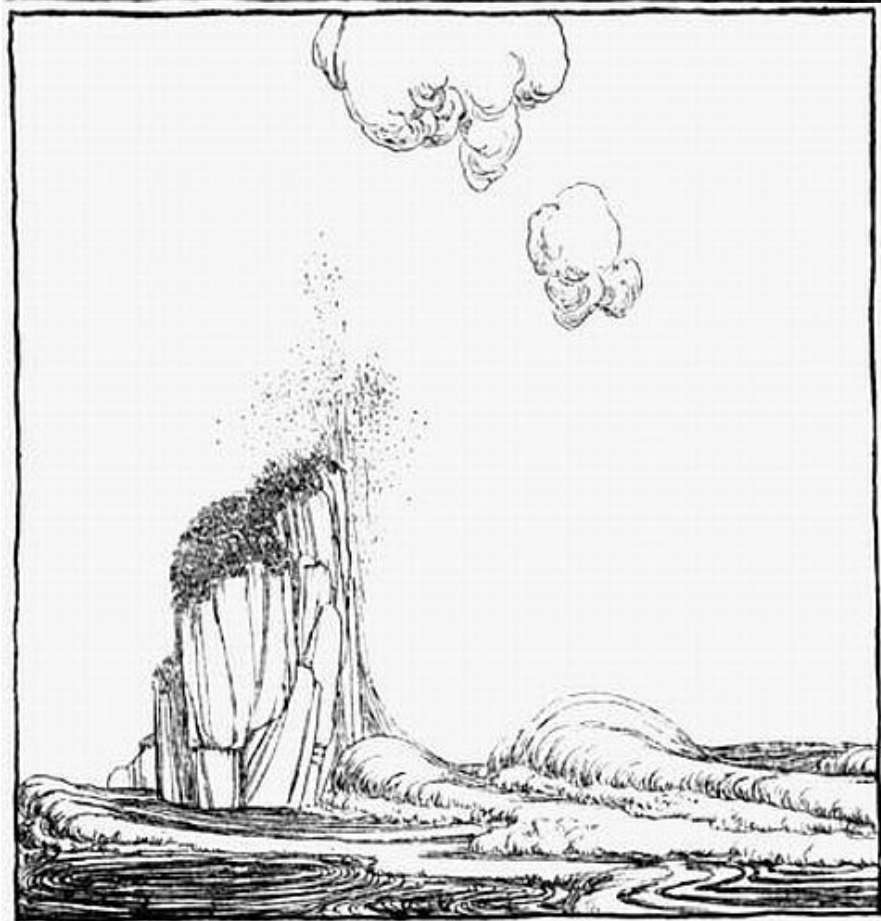


**MY ARM IS NOTHING WEAK, MY STRENGTH IS NOT GONE BY.**

Deeper than speech our love, stronger than life our tether,  
But we do not fall on the neck nor kiss when we come together.  
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;  
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.



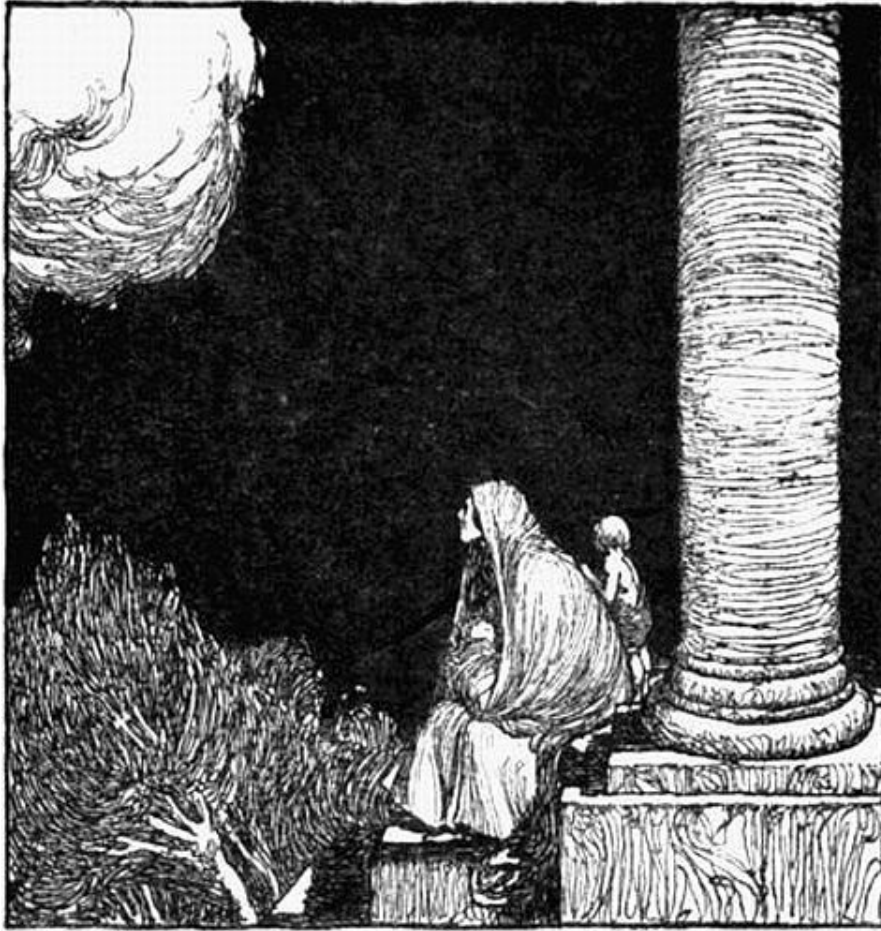
My arm is nothing weak, my strength is not gone by;  
Sons, I have borne many sons, but my dugs are not dry.  
Look, I have made ye a place and opened wide the doors,  
That ye may talk together, your Barons and Councillors  
Wards of the Outer March, Lords of the Lower Seas,  
Ay, talk to your grey mother that bore you on her knees!



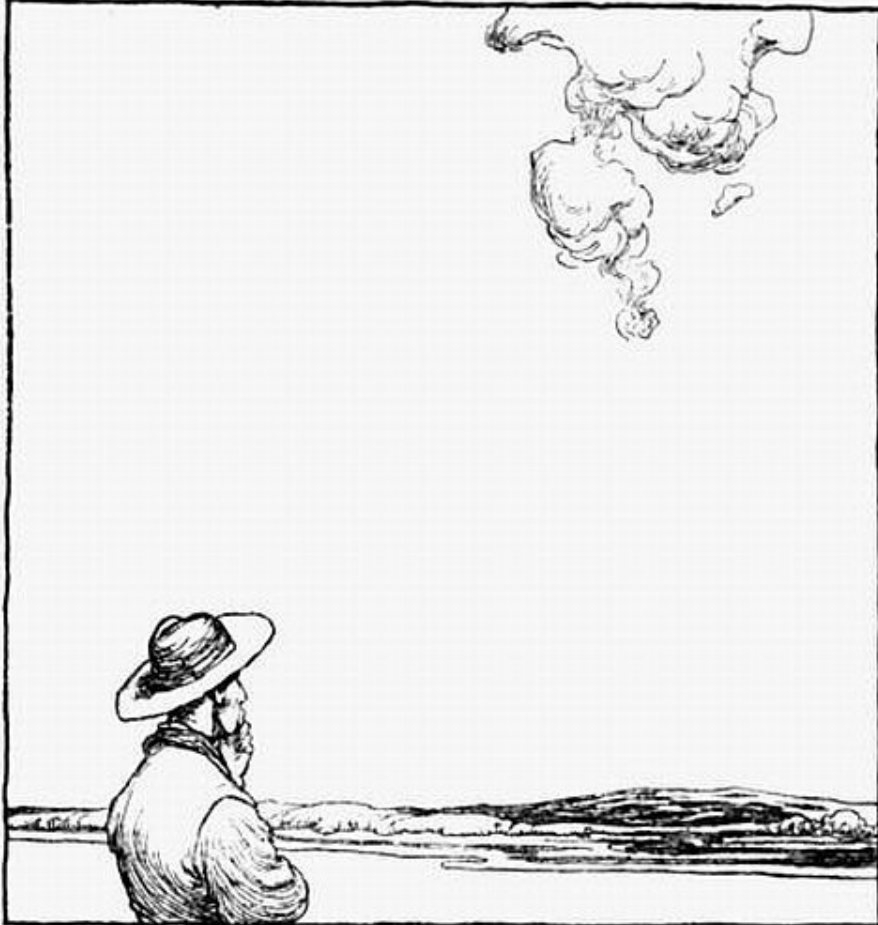


That ye may talk together, brother to brothers face  
Thus for the good of your people thus for the Pride of the Race.  
Also, we will make promise. So long as The Blood endures,  
I shall know that your good is mine: ye shall feel that my strength is yours:  
In the day of Armageddon, at the last great fight of all,  
That Our House stand together and the pillars do not fall.





Draw now the threefold knot firm on the ninefold bands,  
And the Law that ye make shall be law after the rule of your lands.  
This for the waxen Heath, and that for the Wattle-bloom,  
This for the Maple-leaf, and that for the southern Broom.  
The Law that ye make shall be law and I do not press my will,  
Because ye are Sons of The Blood and call me Mother still.



Now must ye speak to your kinsmen and they must speak to you,  
After the use of the English, in straight-flung words and few.  
Go to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways,  
Baulking the end half-won for an instant dole of praise.  
Stand to your work and be wisecertain of sword and pen,  
Who are neither children nor Gods, but men in a world of men!



*Edinburgh: T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty*