

**MANY  
INVENTIONS, VOL. I**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649170845

Many inventions, Vol. I by Rudyard Kipling

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**RUDYARD KIPLING**

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INVENTIONS, VOL. I**



MANY INVENTIONS

VOL. I

# MANY INVENTIONS

BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I

'Lo, this only have I found, that God hath made man upright; but they have sought out many inventions.'—  
Ecclesiastes vii. 29.

MACMILLAN AND CO., LIMITED  
ST. MARTIN'S STREET, LONDON  
1915

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## TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

*Thy face is far from this our war,  
Our call and counter-cry,  
I shall not find Thee quick and kind,  
Nor know Thee till I die.  
Enough for me in dreams to see  
And touch Thy garments' hem :  
Thy feet have trod so near to God  
I may not follow them.*

Through wantonness if men profess  
They weary of Thy parts,  
E'en let them die at blasphemy  
And perish with their arts ;  
But we that love, but we that prove  
Thine excellence august,  
While we adore discover more  
Thee perfect, wise, and just.

Since spoken word Man's spirit stirred  
Beyond his belly-need,  
What is is Thine of fair design  
In thought and craft and deed ;  
Each stroke aright of toil and fight,  
That was and that shall be,  
And hope too high wherefore we die,  
Has birth and worth in Thee.

## MANY INVENTIONS

Who holds by Thee hath Heaven in fee  
To gild his dross thereby,  
And knowledge sure that he endure  
A child until he die—  
For to make plain that man's disdain  
Is but new Beauty's birth—  
For to possess in loneliness  
The joy of all the earth.

As Thou didst teach all lovers speech  
And Life her mystery,  
So shalt Thou rule by every school  
Till love and longing die,  
Who wast or yet the lights were set,  
A whisper in the Void,  
Who shalt be sung through planets young  
When this is clean destroyed.

Beyond the bounds our staring rounds,  
Across the pressing dark,  
The children wise of outer skies  
Look hitherward and mark  
A light that shifts, a glare that drifts,  
Rekindling thus and thus,  
Not all forlorn, for Thou hast borne  
Strange tales to them of us.

Time hath no tide but must abide  
The servant of Thy will ;  
Tide hath no time, for to Thy rhyme  
The ranging stars stand still—  
Regent of spheres that lock our fears  
Our hopes invisible,  
Oh 'twas certes at Thy decrees  
We fashioned Heaven and Hell !

## TO THE TRUE ROMANCE

Pure Wisdom hath no certain path  
That lacks thy morning-eyne,  
And captains bold by Thee controlled  
Most like to Gods design;  
Thou art the Voice to kingly boys  
To lift them through the fight,  
And Comfortress of Unsuccess,  
To give the dead good-night—

A veil to draw 'twixt God His Law  
And Man's infirmity,  
A shadow kind to dumb and blind  
The shambles where we die;  
A sum to trick th' arithmetic  
Too base of leaguings odds,  
The spur of trust, the curb of lust,  
Thou handmaid of the Gods!

Oh Charity, all patiently  
Abiding wrack and scaith!  
Oh Faith, that meets ten thousand cheats  
Yet drops no jot of faith!  
Devil and brute Thou dost transmute  
To higher, lordlier show,  
Who art in sooth that utter Truth  
The careless angels know!

*Thy face is far from this our war,  
Our call and counter-cry,  
I may not find Thee quick and kind,  
Nor know Thee till I die.*

*Yet may I look with heart unshook  
On blow brought home or missed—*