

**BARRACK-ROOM
BALLADS AND OTHER
VERSES. VOL. II**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649756872

Barrack-room ballads and other verses. Vol. II by Rudyard Kipling

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

RUDYARD KIPLING

**BARRACK-ROOM
BALLADS AND OTHER
VERSES. VOL. II**

BARRACK-ROOM
BALLADS

AND OTHER VERSES
BY RUDYARD KIPLING
IN TWO VOLUMES
VOL. II



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

Forty-third Edition

<i>First Published</i>	<i>April 1892</i>
<i>Second, Third, and Fourth Editions</i>	<i>1892</i>
<i>Fifth and Sixth Editions</i>	<i>1893</i>
<i>Seventh Edition</i>	<i>1894</i>
<i>Eighth Edition</i>	<i>1895</i>
<i>Ninth and Tenth Editions</i>	<i>1896</i>
<i>Eleventh and Twelfth Editions</i>	<i>1897</i>
<i>Thirteenth and Fourteenth Editions</i>	<i>1898</i>
<i>Fifteenth and Sixteenth Editions</i>	<i>1899</i>
<i>Seventeenth and Eighteenth Editions</i>	<i>1900</i>
<i>Nineteenth Edition</i>	<i>1902</i>
<i>Twentieth Edition</i>	<i>1903</i>
<i>Twenty-first Edition</i>	<i>1905</i>
<i>Twenty-second and Twenty-third Editions</i>	<i>1907</i>
<i>Twenty-fourth and Twenty-fifth Editions</i>	<i>1908</i>
<i>Twenty-sixth and Twenty-seventh Editions</i>	<i>1909</i>
<i>Twenty-eighth Edition</i>	<i>1910</i>
<i>Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth Editions</i>	<i>1911</i>
<i>Thirty-first and Thirty-second Editions</i>	<i>1912</i>
<i>Thirty-third, Thirty-fourth, Thirty-fifth, and Thirty-sixth Editions</i>	<i>1913</i>
<i>Thirty-seventh, Thirty-eighth, Thirty-ninth, and Fortieth Editions</i>	<i>1914</i>
<i>Forty-first, Forty-second, and Forty-third Editions</i>	<i>1915</i>

CONTENTS

	PAGE
BALLAD OF BOH DA THONE, THE	12
BALLAD OF THE 'BOLIVAR,' THE	50
BALLAD OF THE 'CLAMPHERDOWN,' THE	44
'CLEARED'	98
CONUNDRUM OF THE WORKSHOPS, THE	81
ENGLISH FLAG, THE	90
EVARRA AND HIS GODS	76
EXPLANATION, THE	69
GIFT OF THE SEA, THE	71
IMPERIAL RESCRIPT, AN	108
LAMENT OF THE BORDER CATTLE THIEF, THE	30
LEGEND OF BVIL, THE	85
L'ENVOI	126
RHYME OF THE THREE CAPTAINS, THE	34
SACRIFICE OF ER-HEB, THE	56
TOMLINSON	113
WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI	1





INDEX TO FIRST LINES

	PAGE
. . . At the close of a winter day,	34
Er-Heb beyond the Hills of Ao-Safai,	56
Help for a patriot distressed, a spotless spirit hurt,	93
It was our war-ship 'Clampherdown'	44
Love and Death once ceased their strife,	69
Now this is the tale of the Council the German Kaiser decreed,	103
Now Tomlinson gave up the ghost in his house in Berkeley Square,	113
O woe is me for the merry life,	30
Read here: This is the story of Evarra—man—, . .	76
Seven men from all the world back to Docks again,	50
The dead child lay in the shroud,	71
The wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the neck,	1

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS

	PAGE
There's a whisper down the field where the year has shot her yield,	120
This is the ballad of Boh da Thone,	12
This is the sorrowful story,	85
When the flush of a new-born sun fell first on Eden's green and gold,	81
Winds of the World, give answer! They are whimpering to and fro,	90

WITH SCINDIA TO DELHI

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

THE wreath of banquet overnight lay withered on the neck,

Our hands and scarves were saffron-dyed for signal of despair,

When we went forth to Paniput to battle with the *Mlech*,—

Ere we came back from Paniput and left a kingdom there.

Thrice thirty thousand men were we to force the Jumna fords—

The hawk-winged horse of Damajec, mailed squadrons of the Bhao,