BALLADS AND BARRACK ROOM BALLADS, PP. 1-216

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Ballads and Barrack Room Ballads, pp. 1-216 by Rudyard Kipling

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AND

BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS



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By Rudyard Kipling



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WOLCOTT BALESTIER

- Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through utter darkness hurled,
- Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled, Sit such as fought and sailed and ruled and loved and made our world.
- They are purged of pride because they died; they know the worth of their bays;
- They sit at wine with the Maidens Nine, and the Gods of the Elder Days-
- It is their will to serve or be still as fitteth our Father's praise.
- Tis theirs to sweep through the ringing deep where Azrael's outposts are,
- Or buffet a path through the Pil's red wrath when God goes out to war.
- Or hang with the reckless Seraphim on the rein of a redmaned star.
- They take their mirth in the joy of the earth—they dare not grieve for her pain—
- For they know of toil and the end of toil—they know God's Law is plain;
- So they whistle the Devil to make them sport who know that sin is vain.
- And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,
- And tells them tales of the Seventh Day-of Edens newly made,
- And they rise to their feet as He passes by—gentlemen unafraid.

- To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust and Shame—
- Gods, for they knew the heart of Men-men, for they stooped to Fame-
- Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit came.
- Scarce had he need to cast his pride or slough the dross of earth.
- Een as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth—
- In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.
- So, cup to lip in fellowship, they gave him welcome high And made him place at the banquet board, the Strong Men ranged thereby,
- Who had done his work and held his peace and had no fear
- Beyond the loom of the last lone star through open darkness hurled,
- Further than rebil comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled.
- Sits he with such as praise our God for that they served his world.