

**TWENTY POEMS
FROM
RUDYARD KIPLING**

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Twenty poems from Rudyard Kipling by Rudyard Kipling

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I/- *Net*

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"My brother kneels," so says Kabir,
"To stone and brass in heathen-wise,
But in my brother's voice I hear
Mine own unanswered agonies.
His God is as his fates assign,
His prayer is all the world's—and mine."

A Song of Kabir

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE SONS OF MARTHA	1
THE LOWESTOFT BOAT	3
THE SECRET OF THE MACHINES	4
SOUTH AFRICA	7
THE THOUSANDTH MAN	9
"MY BOY JACK"	10
THE LONG TRAIL	11
IF—	15
TRAWLERS	17
THE HOLY WAR	18
THE GLORY OF THE GARDEN	20
THE FLOWERS	22
GUNGA DIN	23
OUR LADY OF THE SNOWS	25
THE DAWN WIND	29
BIG STEAMERS	32
THE CHILDREN	33
MOTHER O' MINE	35
THE BEGINNINGS	36
"FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE"	37

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POEMS

THE SONS OF MARTHA

THE Sons of Mary seldom bother, for they have
inherited that good part,
But the Sons of Martha favour their Mother of the
careful soul and the troubled heart ;
And because she lost her temper once, and because
she was rude to the Lord her Guest,
Her Sons must wait upon Mary's Sons, world without
end, reprieve or rest.

It is their care, in all the ages, to take the buffet and
cushion the shock.
It is their care that the gear engages—it is their
care that the switches lock.
It is their care that the wheels run truly—it is their
care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary
by land and main.

They say to mountains, "Be ye removed." They
say to the lesser floods, "Be dry."
Under their rods are the rocks reproved—they are
not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hill-tops shake to the summit—then is
the bed of the deep laid bare,
That the Sons of Mary may overcome it, pleasantly
sleeping and unaware.

They finger Death at their glove's end where they
piece and repiece the living wires.
He roars against the gates they tend: they feed him
hungry behind their fires.
Early at dawn, ere men see clear, they stumble into
his terrible stall,
And hale him forth like a haltered steer, and goad
and turn him till evenfall.

To these from birth is Belief forbidden; from these
till death is Relief afar.
They are concerned with matters hidder:—under the
earth-line their altars arc.
The secret fountains to follow up, waters withdrawn
to restore to the mouth,
And gather the floods as in a cup, and pour them
again at a city's drouth.

They do not teach that their God will rouse them a
little before the nuts work loose;
They do not preach that His Pity allows them to
leave their work when they dam-well choose.
As in the thronged and the lighted ways, so in the
dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days, that their brethren's
days may be long in the land.

THE LOWESTOFT BOAT

3

Raise ye the stone or cleave the wood to make a
path more fair or flat;
Lo, it is black already with blood some Son of
Martha spilled for that!
Not as a ladder from earth to Heaven, not as a
witness to any creed,
But simple service simply given to his own kind in
their common need.

And the Sons of Mary smile and are blessed—they
know the Angels are on their side.
They know in them is the Grace confessed, and for
them are the Mercies multiplied.
They sit at The Feet—they hear The Word—they
see how truly The Promise runs;
They have cast their burden upon the Lord, and—
the Lord He lays it on Martha's Sons!

THE LOWESTOFT BOAT

(Written 1915)

In Lowestoft a boat was laid,
Mark well what I do say!
And she was built for the herring trade,
But she has gone a-rovin', a-rovin', a-rovin',
The Lord knows where!

They gave her Government coal to burn,
And a Q.F. gun at bow and stern,
And sent her out a-rovin', etc.