

**BARRACK-ROOM  
BALLADS AND  
OTHER VERSES**

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Barrack-room ballads and other verses by Rudyard Kipling

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**RUDYARD KIPLING**

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AND OTHER VERSES .

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*J. H. Langley*

BARRACK-ROOM  
**B A L L A D S**

AND OTHER VERSES BY  
RUDYARD KIPLING



METHUEN AND CO.  
13 BURY STREET, W.C.  
LONDON  
1892

*Third Edition*

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## PREFACE

*The greater part of the 'Barrack-Room Ballads,' as well as 'Cleared,' 'Evarra,' 'The Explanation,' 'The Conundrum,' 'Tomlinson,' and the 'English Flag' have appeared in the 'National Observer.' Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have kindly given me permission to reproduce four ballads contributed to their Magazine, and I am indebted to the 'St. James's Gazette' for a like courtesy in regard to the ballads of the 'Clampherdown' and 'Bolivar,' and the 'Imperial Rescript.' 'The Rhyme of the Three Captains' was printed first in the 'Athenæum.' I fancy that most of the other verses are new.*

RUDYARD KIPLING.

TO  
WOLCOTT BALESTIER

R. K.



*Beyond the path of the outmost sun through utter darkness  
hurled—*

*Further than ever comet flared or vagrant star-dust swirled—  
Live 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 red-  
maned star.*

*They take their mirth in the joy of the Earth—they dare  
not grieve for her pain—*

*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 oft-times cometh our wise Lord God, master of every trade,  
And tells them tales of His daily toil, of Edens newly made;  
And they rise to their feet as He passes by, gentlemen un-  
afraid.*

*To these who are cleansed of base Desire, Sorrow and Lust  
and Shame—  
Gods for they knew the hearts of men, men for they stooped  
to Fame,  
Borne on the breath that men call Death, my brother's spirit  
came.*

*He scarce had need to doff his pride or slough the dross of  
Earth—  
E'en 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  
to die.*

*Beyond the loom of the last lone star, through open darkness  
hurled,  
Further than rebel comet dared or hiving star-swarm swirled,  
Sits he with those that praise our God for that they served His  
world.*

