

From The Buffalo Express.

Take up the White Man’s burden,
Nor stop to mourn and sob—
The filling of the office,
The giving of the job.

Too small now grows your country,
The places won’t go round;
Among those new-caught people
New chances must be found.

Take up the White Man’s burden—
Those fluttered folk and wild
Know naught of holding office,
As devil, man, or child.

While ye have such a surplus
’Twould really be a shame
To let this chance slip past you.
Increase your power and fame!

Take up the White Man’s burden—
Your duty bids you rule—
Of course, you do not want to,
But, then, you’re not a fool.
You’ve often proved your fitness
In caucus and on stump.
The Lord made Anglo-Saxons
To make poor natives hump.