

The White Man's Burden.

(Dedicated to Mr Rudyard Kipling.)
Take up the White Man's burden,
Send forth thy radiant youth
To do the White Man's Duty—
To speed the White Man's truth;
To cheer the heavy-hearted,
To lift the sore oppressed;
To send the poor your bounty,
And give the hunted rest.

Take up the White Man's burden,
Go pilot as ye may
Your new-caught sullen peoples,
Who do not know the way.
O, teach them not with cannon,
These fluttered folk and wild,
But lead them, as with yearning,
The mother leads her child.

Take up the White Man's burden,
Not as, on Indus strand,
The sanctimonious butcher
Has laid his bloody hand.
All Albion's honeyed phrases
Shall ne'er from memory drive
The dastard crimes of Hastings—
The infamies of Clive.

Take up the White Man's burden,
Not as in greed and pride,
He built his torture chamber
Above the Ganges' tide.
While hearts shall ache with pity,
To heaven's blue dome will ring
The shrieks of Sujah Dowlah—
The groans of Cheyty Sing.

Take up the White Man's burden,
The lion, tired awhile
Devouring peaceful peasants
Along the languid Nile,
Salutes us as her offspring:
"My noble cub," she says,
And offers us her leavings,
And swears us with her praise.

Take up the White Man's burden,
Mark where his bullets sped!
Go face the frenzied mother
Above her precious dead.
Hurry the Red Cross succor
To Luzon's patriot band,
That lie in awful windrows
Along Manila's strand.

Take up the White Man's burden!
Instead of torch and sword,
Let our triumphant banner
Bear Freedom's gracious word.
In peace let heathen worship
Around their altar fires—
This is the White Man's burden—
The burden of our sires!

W. A. CROFFUT.