

**RECESSIONAL AND
OTHER POEMS**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649760251

Recessional and other poems by Rudyard Kipling

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
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RUDYARD KIPLING

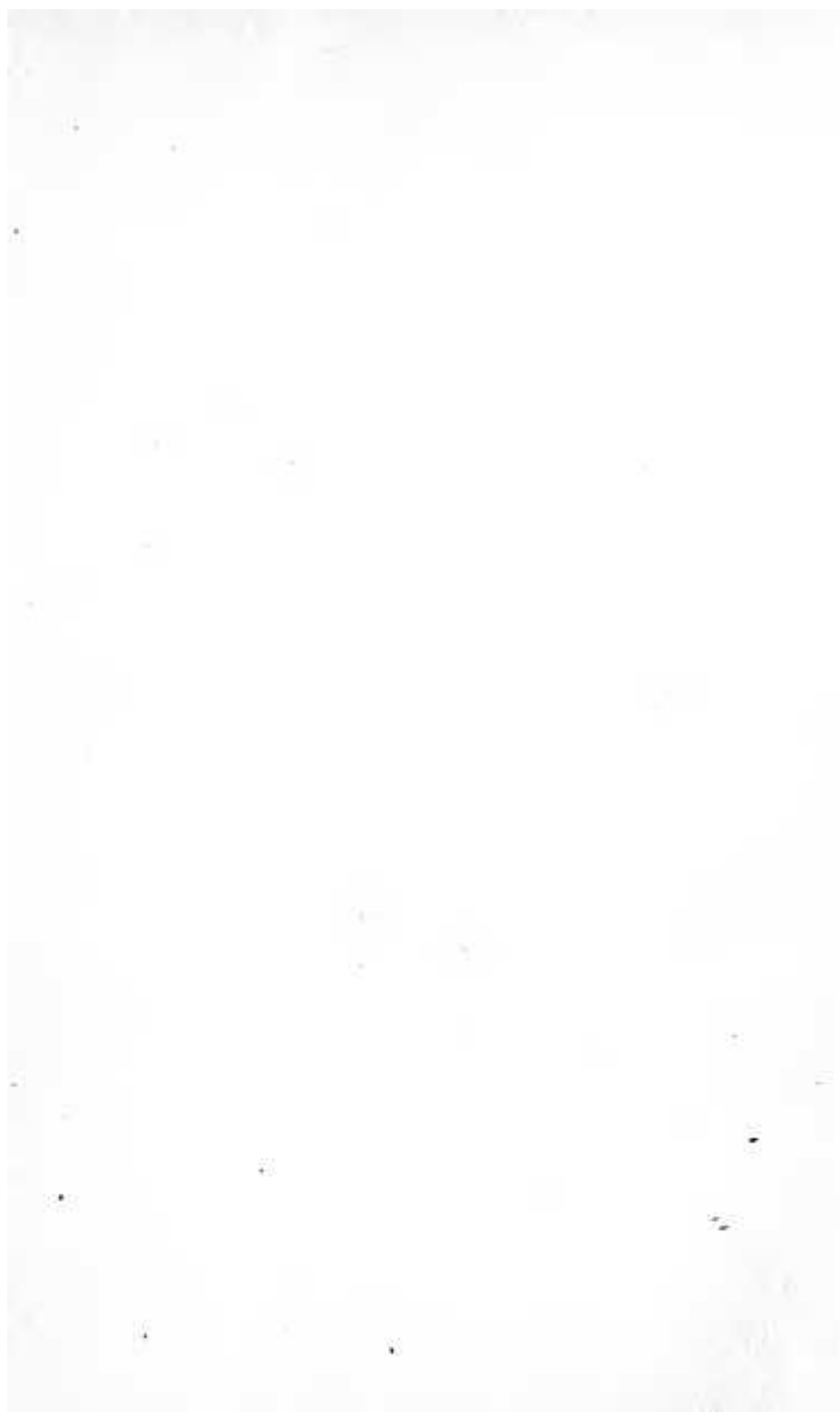
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BY
RUDYARD KIPLING



T. Y. CROWELL & CO.
NEW YORK AND BOSTON



RECESSIONAL
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Recessional

A VICTORIAN ODE

GOD of our fathers, known of old—
Lord of our far-flung battle line—
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Recessional

Far-called, our navies melt away—
On dune and headland sinks the fire—
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe—
Such boasting as the Gentiles use,
Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard—
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding calls not Thee to guard—
For frantic boast and foolish word,
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

The Vampire

*AS SUGGESTED BY THE PAINTING
BY PHILIP BURNE-JONES*

A FOOL there was and he made his prayer
 (Even as you and I!)
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair
(We called her the woman who did not care),
But the fool he called her his lady fair
 (Even as you and I!)

Oh the years we waste and the tears we waste
And the work of our head and hand
Belong to the woman who did not know
(And now we know that she never could know)
 And did not understand.

A fool there was and his goods he spent
 (Even as you and I!)
Honour and faith and a sure intent

The Vampire

(And it was n't the least what the lady meant),
But a fool must follow his natural bent
(Even as you and I!)

Oh the toil we lost and the spoil we lost
And the excellent things we planned
Belong to the woman who did n't know why
(And now we know she never knew why)
And did not understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide
(Even as you and I!)
Which she might have seen when she threw him
aside—
(But it is n't on record the lady tried)
So some of him lived but the most of him died—
(Even as you and I!)

And it is n't the shame and it is n't the blame
That stings like a white-hot brand.

The Vampire

It's coming to know that she never knew why
(Seeing at last she could never know why)
And never could understand.

Danny Deever

WHAT are the bugles blowin' for?" said
Files-on-Parade.

"To turn you out, to turn you out," the Colour-
Sergeant said.

"What makes you look so white, so white?" said
Files-on-Parade.

"I'm dreadin' what I've got to watch," the Colour-
Sergeant said.

For they're hangin' Danny Deever, you can hear
the Dead March play,
The regiment's in 'ollow square—they're hang-
in' him to-day ;
