

Coldly they went about to raise  
To life and make more dread  
Abominations of old days,  
That men believed were dead.

They paid the price to reach their goal  
Across a world in flame;  
But their own hate slew their own soul  
Before that victory came.

### *The White Man's Burden*

1899

*(The United States and the Philippine Islands)*

Take up the White Man's burden—  
Send forth the best ye breed—  
Go bind your sons to exile  
To serve your captives' need;  
To wait in heavy harness  
On fluttered folk and wild—  
Your new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

Take up the White Man's Burden—  
In patience to abide,  
To veil the threat of terror  
And check the show of pride;  
By open speech and simple,  
An hundred times made plain,  
To seek another's profit,  
And work another's gain.

Take up the White Man's burden—  
The savage wars of peace—  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease;  
And when your goal is nearest  
The end for others sought,  
Watch Sloth and heathen Folly  
Bring all your hope to nought.

Take up the White Man's burden—  
No tawdry rule of kings,  
But toil of serf and sweeper—  
The tale of common things.

The ports ye shall not enter,  
 The roads ye shall not tread,  
 Go make them with your living,  
 And mark them with your dead!

Take up the White Man's burden—  
 And reap his old reward:  
 The blame of those ye better,  
 The hate of those ye guard—  
 The cry of hosts ye humour  
 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:—  
 "Why brought ye us from bondage,  
 "Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden—  
 Ye dare not stoop to less—  
 Nor call too loud on Freedom  
 To cloak your weariness;  
 By all ye cry or whisper,  
 By all ye leave or do,  
 The silent, sullen peoples  
 Shall weigh your Gods and you.

Take up the White Man's burden—  
 Have done with childish days—  
 The lightly proffered laurel,  
 The easy, ungrudged praise.  
 Comes now, to search your manhood  
 Through all the thankless years,  
 Cold, edged with dear-bought wisdom,  
 The judgment of your peers!

### *Hymn Before Action*

1896

The earth is full of anger,  
 The seas are dark with wrath,  
 The Nations in their harness  
 Go up against our path:  
 Ere yet we loose the legions—  
 Ere yet we draw the blade,  
 Jehovah of the Thunders,  
 Lord God of Battles, aid!