



“The White Man’s Burden,” by Rudyard Kipling (1899)

Take up the White Man’s burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go send your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need

To wait in heavy harness (5)

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 (10)

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 (15)

And work another's gain

Take up the White Man's burden—

And reap his old reward:

The blame of those ye better

The hate of those ye guard— (20)

The cry of hosts ye humour

(Ah slowly) to the light:

"Why brought ye us from bondage,

“Our loved Egyptian night?”

Take up the White Man's burden- (25)

Have done with childish days-

The lightly proffered laurel,

The easy, ungrudged praise.

Comes now, to search your manhood

Through all the thankless years, (30)

Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom,

The judgment of your peers!