“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  
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—  
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—  
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!