

# “The White Man’s Burden”

---

Rudyard Kipling, 1899

---

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 hopes 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 !) towards 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 judgement of your peers.