

# The White Man's Burden

by Rudyard Kipling

*McClure's Magazine* 12 (Feb. 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;  
5 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,  
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--  
The savage wars of peace--  
Fill full the mouth of Famine  
And bid the sickness cease;  
20 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--  
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!

Take up the White Man's burden--  
No tawdry rule of kings,  
But toil of serf and sweeper--  
35 The tale of common things.  
The ports ye shall not enter,  
The roads ye shall not tread,  
Go mark them with your living,  
And mark them with your dead.

40 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  
45 (Ah, slowly!) toward the light:--  
"Why brought he us from bondage,  
Our loved Egyptian night?"

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

# The Brown Man's Burden

by Henry Labouchère

*Truth* (London); reprinted in *Literary Digest* 18 (Feb. 25, 1899).

Pile on the brown man's burden  
To gratify your greed;  
Go, clear away the "niggers"  
Who progress would impede;  
5 Be very stern, for truly  
'Tis useless to be mild  
With new-caught, sullen peoples,  
Half devil and half child.

Pile on the brown man's burden;  
10 And, if ye rouse his hate,  
Meet his old-fashioned reasons  
With Maxims up to date.  
With shells and dumdum bullets  
A hundred times made plain  
15 The brown man's loss must ever  
Imply the white man's gain.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
compel him to be free;  
Let all your manifestoes  
20 Reek with philanthropy.  
And if with heathen folly  
He dares your will dispute,  
Then, in the name of freedom,  
Don't hesitate to shoot.

25 Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And if his cry be sore,  
That surely need not irk you--  
Ye've driven slaves before.  
Seize on his ports and pastures,  
30 The fields his people tread;  
Go make from them your living,  
And mark them with his dead.

Pile on the brown man's burden,  
And through the world proclaim  
35 That ye are Freedom's agent--  
There's no more paying game!  
And, should your own past history  
Straight in your teeth be thrown,  
Retort that independence  
40 Is good for whites alone.