

The Seven Seas

By

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Author of Many Inventions,

Barrack-Room Ballads,

The Jungle Books,

Etc.

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DEDICATION

To The City Of Bombay.

The Cities are full of pride,
Challenging each to each--
This from her mountain-side,
That from her burthened beach.

They count their ships full tale--
Their corn and oil and wine,
Derrick and loom and bale,
And rampart's gun-flecked line;
City by city they hail:
"Hast aught to match with mine?"

And the men that breed from them
They traffic up and down,
But cling to their cities' hem
As a child to the mother's gown.

When they talk with the stranger bands,
Dazed and newly alone;
When they walk in the stranger lands,
By roaring streets unknown;

Blessing her where she stands
For strength above their own.

(On high to hold her fame
That stands all fame beyond,
By oath to back the same,
Most faithful-foolish-fond;
Making her mere-breathed name
Their bond upon their bond.)

So thank I God my birth
Fell not in isles aside--
Waste headlands of the earth,
Or warring tribes untried--
But that she lent me worth
And gave me right to pride.

Surely in toil or fray
Under an alien sky,
Comfort it is to say:
"Of no mean city am I."

(Neither by service nor fee
Come I to mine estate--
Mother of Cities to me,
For I was born in her gate,

Between the palms and the sea,
Where the world-end steamers wait.)

Now for this debt I owe,
And for her far-borne cheer
Must I make haste and go
With tribute to her pier.

And she shall touch and remit
After the use of kings
(Orderly, ancient, fit)
My deep-sea plunderings,
And purchase in all lands.
And this we do for a sign
Her power is over mine,
And mine I hold at her hands.

A SONG OF THE ENGLISH.

Fair is our lot--O goodly is our heritage!
(Humble ye, my people, and be fearful in your mirth!)
For the Lord our God Most High