**The White Man’s Burden Rudyard Kipling**

Take up the white man's burden

Send forth the best ye breed -  
Go bind your son's 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

**“The Black Man’s Burden”: A Response to Kipling H. T. Johnson**

Pile on the Black Man’s Burden.

'Tis nearest at your door;

Why heed long bleeding Cuba,

or dark Hawaii’s shore?

Hail ye your fearless armies,

Which menace feeble folks

Who fight with clubs and arrows

and brook your rifle’s smoke.

Pile on the Black Man’s Burden

His wail with laughter drown

You’ve sealed the Red Man’s problem,

And will take up the Brown,

In vain ye seek to end it,

With bullets, blood or death

Better by far defend it

With honor’s holy breath.