

# BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

A Dramatic Poem

by  
Rudyard Kipling



**Wetmore Declamation Bureau**

**Box 2695  
Sioux City, IA 51106**

**[www.wetmoredeclamation.com](http://www.wetmoredeclamation.com)  
Email: [speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com](mailto:speeches@wetmoredeclamation.com)**

CAUTION: Wetmore Declamation Bureau material is protected by United States copyright law and conventions. None of our material may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—electronic, mechanical, photocopy, recording, or any other—without prior permission. No trademark, copyright or other notice may be removed or changed. All rights reserved. Violators will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST  
A Dramatic Poem

Rudyard Kipling

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,  
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;  
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,  
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,  
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:  
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,  
And turned the catkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.  
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:  
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"  
Then up and spoke Mahommed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:  
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.  
At dusk he harries the Abazai--at dawn he is into Bonair,  
But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare,  
So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,  
By the favour of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.  
But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,  
For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.  
There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,  
And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."  
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,  
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of the gallows-tree.  
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat--  
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.  
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,  
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,  
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.

--- END OF FREE PREVIEW ---