

"The White Man's Burden: The United States and The Philippine Islands."

|                                  |                                     |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Take up the White Man's burden—  | Take up the White Man's burden—     |
| Send forth the best ye breed—    | And reap his old reward:            |
| Go send your sons to exile       | The blame of those ye better        |
| To serve your captives' need     | The hate of those ye guard—         |
| To wait in heavy harness         | The cry of hosts ye humour          |
| On fluttered folk and wild—      | (Ah slowly) to the light:           |
| Your new-caught, sullen peoples, | "Why brought ye us from bondage,    |
| Half devil and half child        | "Our loved Egyptian night?"         |
| Take up the White Man's burden   | Take up the White Man's burden-     |
| In patience to abide             | Have done with childish days-       |
| To veil the threat of terror     | The lightly proffered laurel,       |
| And check the show of pride;     | The easy, ungrudged praise.         |
| By open speech and simple        | Comes now, to search your manhood   |
| An hundred times made plain      | Through all the thankless years,    |
| To seek another's profit         | Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom, |
| And work another's gain          | The judgment of your peers!         |

As you read, answer the following questions to guide your understanding of the poems.

1. According to Kipling, and in your own words, what was the "White Man's Burden"?
2. What reward did Kipling suggest the "White Man" gets for carrying his "burden"?
3. Who did Kipling think would read his poem? What do you think that this audience might have said in response to it?
4. For what audiences do you think H.T. Johnson and George McNeil wrote their poems? How do you think those audiences might have responded to "The Black Man's Burden" and "The Poor Man's Burden"?

George McNeill "Poor Man's Burden," March, 1899.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—

Drive out the beastly breed;

Go bind his sons in exile

To serve your pride and greed;

To wait in heavy harness,

Upon your rich and grand;

The common working peoples,

The serfs of every land.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—

His patience will abide;

He'll veil the threat of terror

And check the show of pride.

By pious cant and humbug

You'll show his pathway plain,

To work for another's profit

And suffer on in pain.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—

Your savage wars increase,

Give him his full of Famine,

Nor bid his sickness cease.

And when your goal is nearest

Your glory's dearly bought,

For the Poor Man in his fury,

May bring your pride to naught.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—

Your Monopolistic rings

Shall crush the serf and sweeper

Like iron rule of kings.

Your joys he shall not enter,

Nor pleasant roads shall tread;

He'll make them with his living,

And mar them with his dead.

Pile on the Poor Man's Burden—

The day of reckoning's near—

He will call aloud on Freedom,

And Freedom's God shall hear.

He will try you in the balance;

He will deal out justice true:

For the Poor Man with his burden

Weighs more with God than you.

Lift off the Poor Man's Burden—

My Country, grand and great—

The Orient has no treasures

To buy a Christian state,

Our souls brook not oppression;

Our needs—if read aright—

Call not for wide possession.

But Freedom's sacred light.

H.T. Johnson, "The Black Man's Burden," 1899.

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.