

# Justice

Rudyard Kipling

Across a world where all men grieve  
And grieving strive the more,  
The great days range like tides and leave  
Our dead on every shore.  
Heavy the load we undergo,  
And our own hands prepare,  
If we have parley with the foe,  
The load our sons must bear.

*Before we loose the word  
That bids new worlds to birth,  
Needs must we loosen first the sword  
Of Justice upon earth;  
Or else all else is vain  
Since life on earth began,  
And the spent world sinks back again  
Hopeless of God and Man.*

*A People and their King*

*Through ancient sin grown strong,  
Because they feared no reckoning  
Would set no bound to wrong;  
But now their hour is past,  
And we who bore it find  
Evil Incarnate held at last  
To answer to mankind.*

*For agony and spoil  
Of nations beat to dust,  
For poisoned air and tortured soil  
And cold, commanded lust,  
And every secret woe  
The shuddering waters saw—  
Willed and fulfilled by high and low—  
Let them relearn the Law:*

*That when the dooms are read,  
Not high nor low shall say:—  
“My haughty or my humble head  
Has saved me in this day.”*

*That, till the end of time,  
Their remnant shall recall  
Their fathers' old, confederate crime  
Availed them not at all:*

*That neither schools nor priests,  
Nor Kings may build again  
A people with the heart of beasts  
Made wise concerning men.  
Whereby our dead shall sleep  
In honour, unbetrayed,  
And we in faith and honour keep  
That peace for which they paid.*

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