

# Rimini

Words: Rudyard Kipling

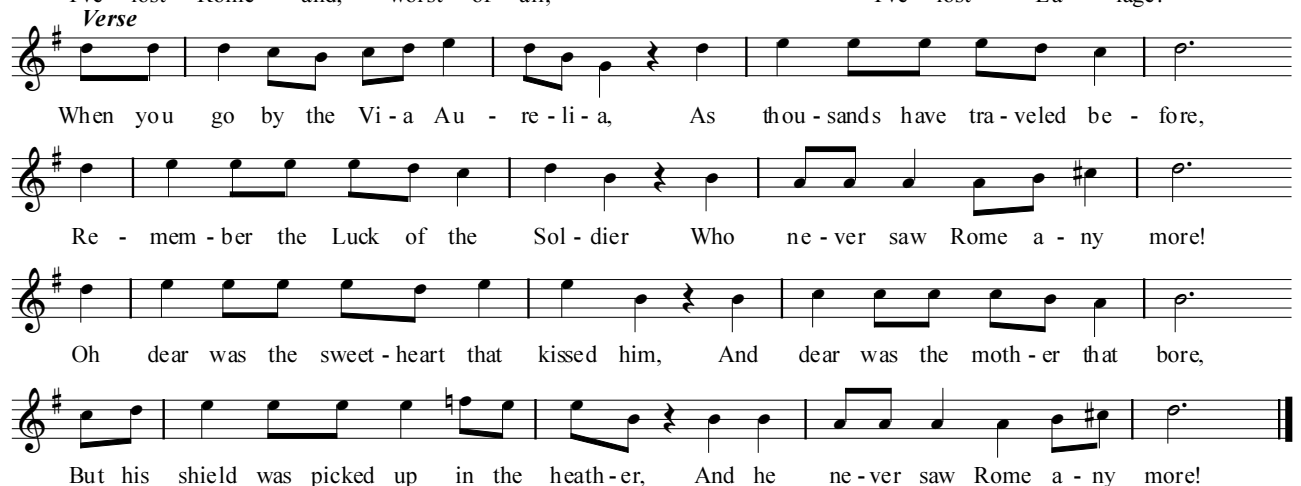
Music: Leslie Fish

*Chorus*



When I left Rome for La - la-ge's sake By the Le-gions' Road to Ri - mi-ni, She vowed her heart was  
mine to take With me and my shield to Ri - mi - ni ('Till the Ea-gles flew from Rim - i - ni) And  
I've tramped Bri-tain, and I've tramped Gaul, And the Pon-tic shore where the snow -flakes fall As  
white as the neck of La-lage- (As cold as the heart of Lal-age!) And I've lost Bri-tain, and I've lost Gaul And  
I've lost Rome and, worst of all, I've lost La - lage!

*Verse*



When you go by the Vi-a Au - re - li - a, As thou - sands have tra - veled be - fore,  
Re - mem - ber the Luck of the Sol - dier Who ne - ver saw Rome a - ny more!  
Oh dear was the sweet - heart that kissed him, And dear was the moth - er that bore,  
But his shield was picked up in the heath - er, And he ne - ver saw Rome a - ny more!

*When I left Rome for Lalage's sake  
By the Legions' Road to Rimini,  
She vowed her heart was mine to take  
With me and my shield to Rimini  
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini)  
And I've tramped Britain, and I've tramped Gaul,  
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall  
As white as the neck of Lalage-  
(As cold as the heart of Lalage!)  
And I've lost Britain, and I've lost Gaul  
And I've lost Rome and, worst of all,  
I've lost Lalage!*

When you go by the Via Aurelia,  
As thousands have traveled before,  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who never saw Rome any more!  
Oh dear was the sweetheart that kissed him,  
And dear was the mother that bore,  
But his shield was picked up in the heather,  
And he never saw Rome any more!

*And he left Rome, etc.*

When you go by the Via Aurelia  
That runs from the City to Gaul,  
Remember the Luck of the Soldier  
Who rose to be master of all!  
He carried the sword and the buckler  
He mounted his guard on the Wall,  
Till the Legions elected him Caesar,  
And he rose to be master of all!

*And he left Rome, etc.*

It's twenty-five marches to Narbo,  
It's forty-five more up the Rhone,  
And the end may be death in the heather  
Or life on an Emperor's throne;  
But whether the Eagles obey us,  
Or we go to the Ravens-alone,  
I'd sooner be Lalage's lover  
Than sit on an Emperor's throne!

*We've all left Rome for Lalage's sake, etc.*