

Song of the Red War Boat

Words: Rudyard Kipling

Music: Erich Hlodowechssun (Erich Schraer)

SHOVE off from the wharf-edge! Stead-y! Watch for a smooth! Give way! If she feels the lop al-
- read-y She'll stand on her head in the bay. It's ebb-it's dusk-it's blow-ing- The shoals are a mile of
white, But (snatch her a - long!) we're go - ing To find our mas - ter to - night.
For we hold that in all di - sa - ster Of ship - wreck, storm, or sword,
A Man must stand by his Mas - ter When once he has pledged his word.

SHOVE off from the wharf-edge! Steady!
Watch for a smooth! Give way!
If she feels the lop already
She'll stand on her head in the bay.
It's ebb-it's dusk-it's blowing-
The shoals are a mile of white,
But (snatch her along!) we're going
To find our master to-night.
For we hold that in all disaster
Of shipwreck, storm, or sword,
A Man must stand by his Master
When once he has pledged his word.
Raging seas have we rowed in
But we seldom saw them thus,
Our master is angry with Odin-
Odin is angry with us!
Heavy odds have we taken,
But never before such odds.
The Gods know they are forsaken.
We must risk the wrath of the Gods!
Over the crest she flies from,
Into its hollow she drops,
Cringes and clears her eyes from
The wind-torn breaker-tops,
Ere out on the shrieking shoulder
Of a hill-high surge she drives.
Meet her! Meet her and hold her!
Pull for your scoundrel lives!
The thunder below and clamor
The harm that they mean to do!
There goes Thor's own Hammer
Cracking the dark in two!
Close! But the blow has missed her,
Here comes the wind of the blow!

Row or the squall'll twist her
Broadside on to it!-Row!
Heark'ee, Thor of the Thunder!
We are not here for a jest-
For wager, warfare, or plunder,
Or to put your power to test.
This work is none of our wishing-
We would house at home if we might-
But our master is wrecked out fishing.
We go to find him to-night.
For we hold that in all disaster-
As the Gods Themselves have said-
A Man must stand by his Master
Till one of the two is dead.
That is our way of thinking,
Now you can do as you will,
While we try to save her from sinking
And hold her head to it still.
Bale her and keep her moving,
Or she'll break her back in the trough...
Who said the weather's improving,
Or the swells are taking off?
Sodden, and chafed and aching,
Gone in the loins and knees-
No matter-the day is breaking,
And there's far less weight to the seas!
Up mast, and finish baling-
In oar, and out with mead-
The rest will be two-reef sailing...
That was a night indeed!
But we hold it in all disaster
(And faith, we have found it true!)
If only you stand by your Master,
The Gods will stand by you!