**RIMINI**

 by Rudyard Kipling

When I left Rome for Lalage's sake

By 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 trampled Britain and I've trampled Gaul

And the Pontic shore where the snowflakes 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 mother that bore,

But his shield was picked up in the heather,

And he never saw Rome any more!

And he left Rome ...

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...

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!