**THE PICT SONG**

 by Rudyard Kipling

Rome never looks where she treads.

Always her heavy hooves fall

On our stomachs, our hearts or our heads,

And Rome never heeds when we bawl.

Her sentries pass on -- that is all,

And we gather behind them in hordes

And plot to reconquer the Wall

With only our tongues for our swords.

We are the Little Folk -- we!

Too little to love or to hate.

Leave us alone and you'll see

How we can drag down the state!

We are the worm in the wood!

We are the rot at the root!

We are the taint in the blood!

We are the thorn in the foot!

Mistletoe killing the oak --

Rats gnawing cables in two --

Moths making holes in a cloak --

How they must love what they do!

Yes -- and we Little Folk too,

We are busy as they --

Working our works out of view --

Watch and you'll see it some day!

No, indeed! We are not strong,

But we know peoples that are,

Yes, and we'll guide them along

To smash and destroy you in war!

We shall be slaves just the same?

Yes, we have always been slaves,

But you -- you will die of the shame

And then we shall dance on your graves!