



Natur - Kultur - Erlebnis

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## Road to Mandalay

By Rudyard Kipling  
Born 1865



By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin', and I know she thinks o' me;  
For the wind is in the palm-trees, and the temple-bells they say:  
"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to Mandalay!"

                  Come you back to Mandalay,  
                  Where the old Flotilla lay:  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon to Mandalay?  
                  On the road to Mandalay,  
                  Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the Bay!

                  'Er petticoat was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-lat—jes' the same as Theebaw's Queen,  
                  An' I seed her first a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,  
                  An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:  
                  Bloomin' idol made o'mud—  
                  Wot they called the Great Gawd Budd—  
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where she stud!  
                  On the road to Mandalay . . .

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was droppin' slow,  
                  She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "Kulla-lo-lo!"  
                  With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' 'er cheek agin' my cheek  
                  We useter watch the steamers an' the hathis pilin' teak.  
                  Elephints a-pilin' teak  
                  In the sludgy, squdgy creek,  
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid to speak!  
                  On the road to Mandalay . . .



But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,  
An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay;  
An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year soldier tells:  
“If you've 'eard the East a-callin', you won't never 'eed naught else.”  
No! you won't 'eed nothin' else  
But them spicy garlic smells,  
An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly temple-bells;  
on the road to Mandalay . . .

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,  
An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones;  
Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the Strand,  
An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?  
Beefy face an' grubby 'and—  
Law! wot do they understand?  
I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener land!  
On the road to Mandalay . . .

Ship me somewheres east of Suez, where the best is like the worst,  
Where there aren't no Ten Commandments an' a man can raise a thirst;  
For the temple-bells are callin', an' it's there that I would be—  
By the old Moulmein Pagoda, looking lazy at the sea;  
On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay,  
With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to Mandalay!  
On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crosst the Bay!

