

IMPERIAL HERITAGE

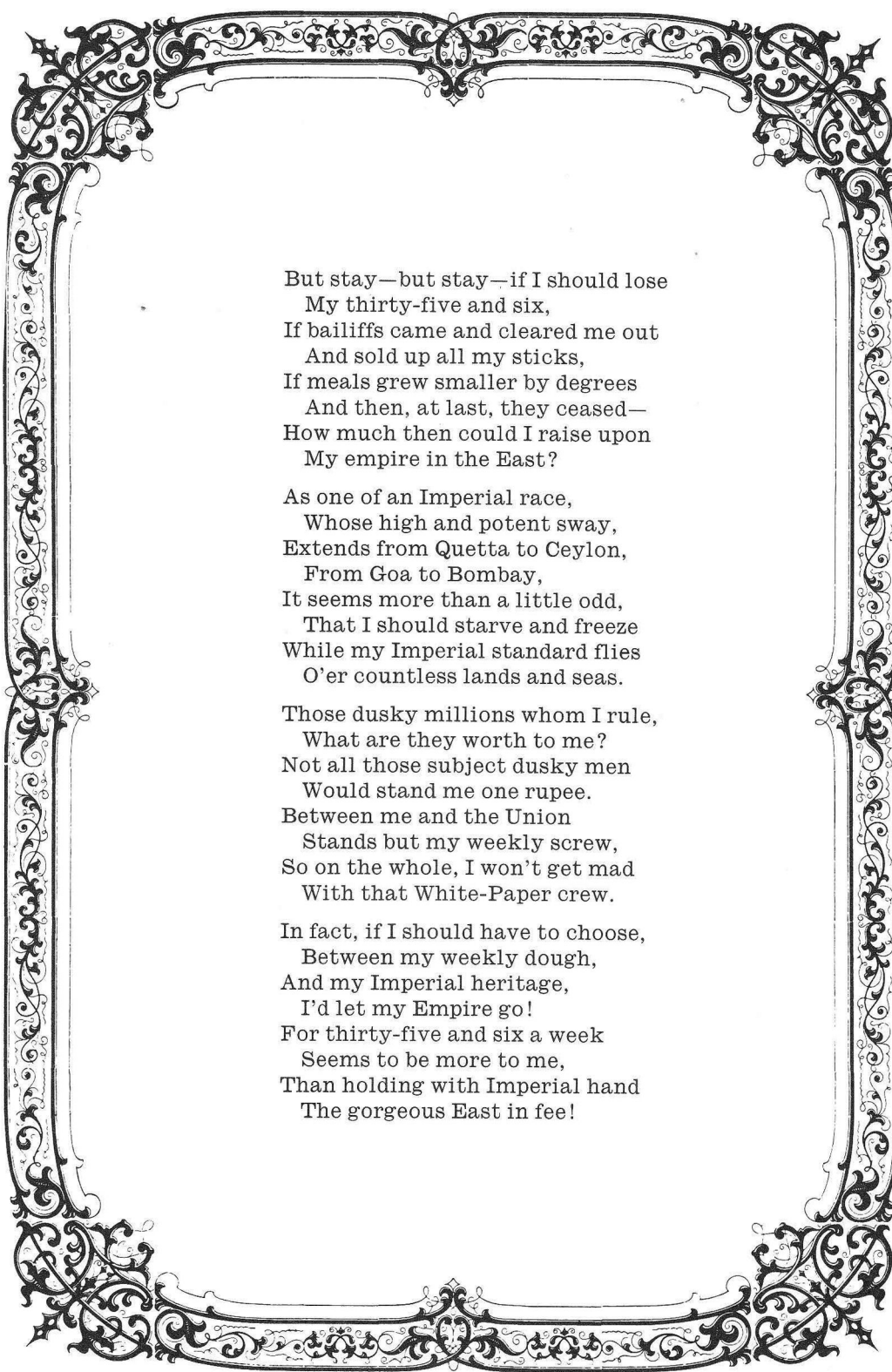
*by Frank Richards*



As one of an Imperial race,  
My heart swells high with pride.  
My vast imperial heritage  
Stretches far and wide.  
Three hundred million dusky men  
In dusky tropic lands,  
Must yield obedience, more or less,  
If I should give commands.

Each morn I jump into the Tube  
And to the City hie,  
For thirty-five and six a week—  
Not much—but what care I?  
As one of an Imperial race,  
A despot from my birth,  
Strap-hanging in a stuffy Tube,  
I govern half the earth!

If I should chance to lose my job  
And lose my weekly screw,  
I'll have my Indian Empire left,  
If that White-Paper crew  
Don't hand it over to the folks  
To whom it did belong.  
Ye gods! It makes my blood to boil,  
To think of such a wrong!



But stay—but stay—if I should lose  
My thirty-five and six,  
If bailiffs came and cleared me out  
And sold up all my sticks,  
If meals grew smaller by degrees  
And then, at last, they ceased—  
How much then could I raise upon  
My empire in the East?

As one of an Imperial race,  
Whose high and potent sway,  
Extends from Quetta to Ceylon,  
From Goa to Bombay,  
It seems more than a little odd,  
That I should starve and freeze  
While my Imperial standard flies  
O'er countless lands and seas.

Those dusky millions whom I rule,  
What are they worth to me?  
Not all those subject dusky men  
Would stand me one rupee.  
Between me and the Union  
Stands but my weekly screw,  
So on the whole, I won't get mad  
With that White-Paper crew.

In fact, if I should have to choose,  
Between my weekly dough,  
And my Imperial heritage,  
I'd let my Empire go!  
For thirty-five and six a week  
Seems to be more to me,  
Than holding with Imperial hand  
The gorgeous East in fee!