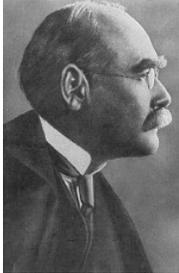




The Burning Bush—Online article archive

Ulster - 1912



Rudyard Kipling,
1865 - 1936.

The parallel between what Ulster was threatened with in 1912 during the Home Rule crisis and what has taken place under the present DUP/Sinn Fein/IRA power-sharing coalition in Stormont is not too difficult to discern.

Rudyard Kipling's poem sets forth the betrayal executed upon the loyal people of Ulster some 100 years ago.

Sadly, while by the mercy of God, Ulster's political leadership and unionist people were resolved on resisting the betrayal and were successful in their efforts in 1912, that resolution, though often boasted of, was sadly lacking in the hour of our present trial.

God is able to maintain His glorious truth and preserve the freedom to continue the witness of the Free Presbyterian Church.

For this we particularly pray.

Ulster 1912

Rudyard Kipling

("Their webs shall not become garments, neither shall they cover themselves with their works: their works are works of iniquity and the act of violence is in their hands," Isaiah lix. 6.)

The dark eleventh hour
Draws on and sees us sold
To every evil power
We fought against of old.
Rebellion, rapine, hate,
Oppression, wrong and greed
Are loosed to rule our fate,
By England's act and deed.

The Faith in which we stand,
The laws we made and guard,
Our honour, lives, and land
Are given for reward
To Murder done by night,



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To Treason taught by day,
To folly, sloth, and spite,
And we are thrust away.

The blood our fathers spilt,
Our love, our toils, our pains,
Are counted us for guilt,
And only bind our chains.
Before an Empire's eyes
The traitor claims his price.
What need of further lies?
We are the sacrifice.

We asked no more than leave
To reap where we had sown,
Through good and ill to cleave
To our own flag and throne.
Now England's shot and steel
Beneath that flag must show
How loyal hearts should kneel
To England's oldest foe.

We know the war prepared
On every peaceful home,
We know the hells declared
For such as serve not Rome—
The terror, threats, and dread
In market, hearth, and field—
We know, when all is said.
We perish if we yield.

Believe, we dare not boast,
Believe, we do not fear
We stand to pay the cost
In all that men hold dear.
What answer from the North?
One Law, one Land, one Throne
If England drive us forth
We shall not fall alone!