

BROTHER RUDYARD KIPLING

THE ROYAL ARCH MASON Winter 1964

Jubal sang of the wrath of God  
And the curse of thistle and thorn,  
But Tubal got him a pointed rod  
And scrambled the earth for corn.  
Old - old as that early mould,  
Young as the sprouting grain-  
Yearly green is the strife between

Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the new found sea,  
And the love that its waves divide:  
But Tubal hollowed a fallen tree  
And passed to the farther side.  
Black - black as the hurricane wrack,  
Salt as the under main  
Bitter and cold is the hate they hold -

Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the golden years,  
When wars and wounds shall cease;  
But Tubal fashioned the hand-flung spears  
And showed his neighbors peace.  
New - new as the nine-point-two,  
Older than Lamech's slain  
Roaring and loud is the feud avowed, 'twixt

Jubal and Tubal Cain!

Jubal sang of the cliffs that bar  
And the peaks that none may crown  
But Tubal clambered by jut and scar,  
And there he builded a town.  
High - high as the snowsheds lie,  
Low as the culverts drain  
Wherever they be, they can never agree-

Jubal and Tubal Cain!