

COLD IRON

by Joseph Rudyard Kipling

*Gold is for the mistress -- silver for the maid --
Copper for the craftsman cunning at his trade.*
"Good!" said the Baron, sitting in his hall,
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of them all."

So he made rebellion 'gainst the King his liege,
Camped before his citadel and summoned it to siege.
"Nay!" said the cannoneer on the castle wall,
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- shall be master of you all!"

Woe for the Baron and his knights so strong,
When the cruel cannon-balls laid 'em all along;
He was taken prisoner, he was cast in thrall,
And Iron -- Cold Iron -- was master of it all!

Yet his King spake kindly (ah, how kind a Lord!)
"What if I release thee now and give thee back thy sword?"
"Nay!" said the Baron, "mock not at my fall,
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of men all."

*Tears are for the craven, prayers are for the clown --
Halters for the silly neck that cannot keep a crown.*
"As my loss is grievous, so my hope is small,
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- must be master of men all!"

Yet his King made answer (few such Kings there be!)
"Here is Bread and here is Wine -- sit and sup with me.
Eat and drink in Mary's Name, the whiles I do recall
How Iron -- Cold Iron -- can be master of men all!"

He took the Wine and blessed it. He blessed and brake the Bread,
With His own Hands He served Them, and presently He said:
"See! These Hands they pierced with nails, outside My city wall,
Show Iron -- Cold Iron -- to be master of men all."

"Wounds are for the desperate, blows are for the strong.
Balm and oil for weary hearts all cut and bruised with wrong.
I forgive thy treason -- I redeem thy fall --
For Iron -- Cold Iron -- must be master of men all!"

*Crowns are for the valiant -- sceptres for the bold!
Thrones and powers for mighty men who dare to take and hold.*
"Nay!" said the Baron, kneeling in his hall,
"But Iron -- Cold Iron -- is master of men all!
Iron out of Calvary is master of men all!"

Joseph Rudyard Kipling

30 December 1865 – 18 January 1936 / Bombay, India

*Rhythm poem published in **Rewards and Fairies**, which is a historical fantasy book by Rudyard Kipling published in 1910.*

ŽELEZO HLADNÓ

prevod Andrej Ivanuša

»Zlato za gospodične, za dekleta je srebro,
in baker za rokodelce je, spretne vse zelo.«
»Dobro!« rekel je Baron, sedeč v dvorani stari.
»A železo, železo hladnó njim vsem gospodari!«

Dvignil je upor proti Kralju, fevdnemu gospodu,
oblegal ga je v trdnjavi, kar temu ni bilo po godu.
»Nikamor,« na grajskem zidu dejal kanonir je stari.
»Moje železo, železo hladnó vsem zagospodari!«

Gorjé Baronu in njegovim vitezom pogumnim,
kanonske kugle položile so drugega za drugim.
Ujet je bil Baron in vržen v temno grajsko ječo
in to železo, železo hladnó mu ni bilo za srečo.

Kralj (kako prijazen je moj lord!) spravljivo reče:
»Kaj, če te spustim in vrnem ti bleščeče meče?«
»Ne,« rekel Baron je, »poklekiniti res ni moja stvar,
saj železo, železo hladnó nam vsem je gospodar.«

»Solze so za strahopetce, molitve za slabiče one,
ki brez ovratnice tesne ne zmorejo zadržati krone.«
»Moje upanje je majhno, bridka moja je izguba,
da železo, železo hladnó vaša bi bila poguba!«

Znova Kralj (redki kralji taki so!) odgovori takoj:
»Tu je kruh in tu je vino, sedi, se krepčaj z menoj.«
Jedli, pili so na Marijino ime, če ne vara me spomin,
kako železo, železo hladnó naj jim bode opomin.

Pili močno vino, blagoslovljeni kruh lomili so ob tem,
visoki lord z lastnimi rokami ga je nudil in dejal zatem:
»Glej! Te roke so prebodli žebli izza grajskega zidu.
Torej železo, železo hladnó naj možem ne da miru.

Udarce naj nosijo močni, rane pustimo obupanim,
balzam, olje utrujenim srcem, od krivice obtolčenim.
Odpuščam tvoje ti izdajstvo, odkupim padec tvoj,
ker le železo, železo hladnó gospodari naj nocoj!

*Krone smelim, žezla krepkim, prestole, moč jim dati
možem mogočnim, ki drznejo si vzeti in tudi obdržati.«*
»Ne!« rekel je Baron, klečeč v kraljevi dvorani stari.
»Ker železo, železo hladnó vsem možem gospodari!
Železo, železo hladnó iz Kalvarije vsem gospodari!«

Joseph Rudyard Kipling

30. december 1865 – 18. januar 1936 / Bombay, Indija

*Ritmična proza je bila objavljena v **Reward and Fairies**. To je zgodovinska fantazijska knjiga, ki jo je avtor založil leta 1910.*