

## *The Sea and the Hills*

RUDYARD KIPLING

Who hath desired the Sea? -- the sight of salt water unbounded --  
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-  
hounded?

The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enormous, and  
growing --

Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing --  
His Sea in no showing the same his Sea and the same 'neath each  
showing:

His Sea as she slackens or thrills?

So and no otherwise -- so and no otherwise -- hillmen desire their  
Hills!

Who hath desired the Sea? -- the immense and contemptuous surges?  
The shudder, the stumble, the swerve, as the star-stabbing bow-sprit  
emerges?

The orderly clouds of the Trades, the ridged, roaring sapphire  
thereunder --

Unheralded cliff-haunting flaws and the headsail's low-volleying  
thunder --

His Sea in no wonder the same his Sea and the same through each  
wonder:

His Sea as she rages or stills?

So and no otherwise -- so and no otherwise -- hillmen desire their  
Hills.

comber] a curling, breaking wave

the lap of the Line] the circuit of the Equator

bow-sprit] the projecting spar at the front of a ship

Trades] the prevalent winds forming the oceans' trade routes

cliff-haunting flaws] sudden unpredictable gusts of wind from high land