

**The Thousandth Man by Rudyard Kipling.**

**Read by Joanna Stout in Memory of Graeme Turner**

One man in a thousand, Solomon says,  
Will stick more close than a brother.  
And it's worth while seeking him half your days  
If you find him before the other.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine depend  
On what the world sees in you,  
But the Thousandth man will stand your friend  
With the whole round world agin you.

'Tis neither promise nor prayer nor show  
Will settle the finding for 'ee.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em go  
By your looks, or your acts, or your glory.  
But if he finds you and you find him.  
The rest of the world don't matter;  
For the Thousandth Man will sink or swim  
With you in any water.

You can use his purse with no more talk  
Than he uses yours for his spendings,  
And laugh and meet in your daily walk  
As though there had been no lendings.  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine of 'em call  
For silver and gold in their dealings;  
But the Thousandth Man h's worth 'em all,  
Because you can show him your feelings.

His wrong's your wrong, and his right's your right,  
In season or out of season.  
Stand up and back it in all men's sight --  
With that for your only reason!  
Nine hundred and ninety-nine can't bide  
The shame or mocking or laughter,  
But the Thousandth Man will stand by your side  
To the gallows-foot -- and after!