

We and They

by Rudyard Kipling

Father, mother, and me
Sister and Auntie say,
All the people like us are We
And everyone else is They.
And They live over the sea
While We live over the way
But -- would you believe it?
As only a sort of They!

We eat pork and beef
With cow-horn handles knives
They who gobble their rice off a leaf,
Are horrified out of their lives;
While They who live up a tree
And feast on grubs and clay
(Isn't it scandalous?) Look upon We
As a simply disgusting They!

We shoot birds with a gun
They stick lions with spears
Their full dress is un
We dress up to our ears.
They like their friends for tea
We like our friends to stay;
And, after all that, They look upon We
As an utterly ignorant They.

We eat kitcheny food
We have doors that latch
They drink milk or blood
Under an open thatch,
We have doctors to fee
They have wizards to pay
And, (impotent heathen!) They look
upon We
As a quite impossible They!

All good people agree
And all good people say
All nice people like us, are We
And everyone else is They;
But if you cross over the sea
Instead of over the way
You may end by (think of it!) Looking
on We
As only a sort of They