

The Stranger within my Gate
Rudyard Kipling

The Stranger within my gate,
He may be true or kind,
But he does not talk my talk--
I cannot feel his mind
I see the face and the eyes and mouth
But not the soul behind.

The men of my own stock,
They may do ill or well,
But they tell the lies I am wonted to,
They are used to the lies I tell;
And we do not need interpreters
When we go to buy and sell.

The stranger within my gates
He may be evil or good
But I cannot tell what powers control,
What reasons sway his mood;
Nor when the Gods of his far-off land
Shall repossess his blood.

The men of my own stock,
Bitter bad they may be,
But at least they hear the things I hear
And see the things I see;
And whatever I think of them and their likes,
They think of the likes of me.

This was my father's belief,
And this is also mine:
Let all the corn be one sheaf
And the grapes be all one vine
Ere our children's teeth are set on edge
By bitter bread and wine