

“The White Man’s Burden.”

UNCLE SAM TO KIPLING.

“*Take up the White Man’s burden!
Have done with childish days.*”—R. K.

OH, thank you, Mr. Kipling,
For showing us the way
To buckle down to business
And end our “childish day.”
We know we’re young and frisky
And haven’t too much sense —
At least, not in the measure
We’ll have a few years hence.
Now, this same “White Man’s
burden”
You’re asking us to tote
Is not so unfamiliar
As you’re inclined to note.
We freed three million negroes,
Their babies and their wives;
It cost a billion dollars,
And near a million lives!
And while we were a-fighting
In all those “thankless years”

We did not get much helping—
Well, not from English “peers.”
And so—with best intentions—
We’re not exactly wild
To free the Filipino,
“Half devil and half child.”

Then, thank you, Mr Kipling,
Though not disposed to groan
About the White Man’s burden,
We’ve troubles of our own;
Enough to keep us busy
When English friends inquire,
“Why don’t you use your talons?
There are chestnuts in the fire!”
Droch.