**They Say**

by

Ella Wheeler Wilcox (1850-1919)

Have you heard of the terrible family They,

and the dreadful venomous things They say?

Why, half the gossip under the sun,

if you trace it back, you will find begun

in that wretched House of They.

A numerous family, so I am told,

and its genealogical tree is old;

For ever since Adam and Eve began

to build up the curious race of man,

has existed the House of They.

Gossip-mongers and spreaders of lies,

horrid people whom all despise!

And yet the best of us now and then

repeat queer tales about women and men

and quote the House of They.

They live like lords, and never labor;

a They’s one task is to watch his neighbor,

and tell his business and private affairs

to the world at large; they are sowers of cares—

these folks in the House of They.

It is wholly useless to follow a They

with a whip or a gun, for he slips away

and into his house, where you can not go;

it is locked and bolted and guarded so—

this horrible House of They.

Though you can not get in, yet they get out,

and spread their villainous tales about;

of all the rascals under the sun,

who have come to punishment, never one

belonged to the House of They.

END OF DOCUMENT