

They are old and yet young, with a spirit possest
By the dream of the East and the hope of the West;
The earth is their country, the race is their kin;
In populous cities their guerdon they win,
And in gold miners' cabins and lumbermen's shacks
You will find the ubiquitous, venturesome Macs.

Distinguished they've been with the sword and the pen;
In pulpit and parliament, leaders of men;
Prime ministers, presidents, merchants, viziers,
They have manag'd the business of both hemispheres;
And the Dago day-laborers laying the tracks
Are boss'd by the Macs or the Mics (who are Macs).

'Twas thought by the ancients that Atlas upbore
The sphere on his shoulders—'tis thought so no more;
Prometheus and Atlas and all of their kith,
The Titans, are now but a fable, a myth.
The men who are bearing the world on their backs
Are the Macs and the Mics (who are mixed with the
Macs).