

We have the worst, yet we provide the best,
We shower blessings, yet are never blest,
From birth to death poor, meagre fare is ours,
Those who "toil not nor spin" take all the rest.

They OWN—that is the secret of their bliss;
The Other World for Us, They stick to This;
Their judgment's good—I have no fault to
find,

But ours? But ours? Oh, the GOOD THING
we miss!

"We'll leave all to the good and great," some say,
"They'll make all right for us, they know the way,
We'll put our trust in them, we'll hope and
wait,"

They'll wait quite long—for ever and a day.

But what say you? Are you content to wait
The time and pleasure of the "good and great"?

If so, you'll find, as all who've waited found,
Dammed Pleasure's fountain and barred Plenty's
gate.

Wipe from your eyes the politician's dust,
Neither in master, king or "statesman" trust,
Wait not for some "great man" to "take the
lead,"

Would *you* be free? Then strike the blow *you*
must!