

I take a father's pride in you,
 I'd have you honest, lad, and true,
 Courageous, honest, free and bold—
 Truth is more precious, son, than gold.
 We scorn the base pen-parasite
 Who for a wage betrays the right;
 Such souls are peddled, sold and bought
 To duplicate their masters' thought.
 A man in chains may yet be brave,
 The meanest is the mental slave;
 Shame upon the ink-stained slob
 Who only writes to please the mob.
 Here is a truth, lad, known to few—
 Ideas are cleanest when they are new;
 It's best parade them at their birth,
 They grow stained on the vulgar earth;
 But if their source, the mind, is clean,
 They are like to flourish ever green;
 Parade them then in justice cause
 And be suspicious of applause.
 Perfect this lesson in your youth—
 You win few laurels speaking truth;
 Such products often sting and hurt—
 You will find more sale for lies and dirt.

We will run this race, lad, unattached,
 The others are unfairly matched,
 So weighted down in soul and mind—
 G'dap! we'll leave them far behind.
 The man is beaten to his knees
 Who hesitates and strives to please,
 Who blends a mess of truth and lies
 That he may win the Nobel Prize;