

## THE VOICE OF THE WESTLAND

I am the voice of the Westland, and I call from the  
ends of the earth,  
Call from my snow-diamond Rockies, call to the land  
of new birth,  
Call o'er the pale blue Pacific, call from Atlanta's cold  
shores,  
Call to my prairies and forests, call to my long cached  
stores;  
Come all ye tired and weary, come ye who sink  
'neath the yoke,  
Come from the lands over-peopled, come from the  
fettters that choke,  
Come from the grime of the workshop, come from a  
room-stilted air,  
Come, all ye workers with dreamings, come to a  
service that's fair;  
Come from the soul-blasting cities, you by your  
masters oppressed,  
Come, all ye downtrod and weary, you will I give  
wealth and rest;  
Come to me, servers of mortals, under my banner  
enlist,  
You will I shape for my serving, moulding you as  
you resist.  
You will I roast in my summers, you will I freeze in  
my fall,  
You will I temper with blizzard, torture you under my  
thrall,  
Shaping your minds and your bodies, forming with  
stern-gentle hand  
Creatures that be not unworthy, elect of my long-  
promised land.