

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
fettors 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.