

(Oh, there are some, the wiliest of our foes,
Who, as the Labour movement thrives and grows
Will offer us their "help and leadership"—
If we accept, they'll lead us "by the nose."

Mayhap, the Wizard with the compound name,
That arch-expert in the nose-leading game,
Will pull one more from out his bag of tricks,
And as a "Labour Leader" bid for fame).

Some of the rich may take our side, but still,
It's safe to say not many of them will,

'Tis such as us who must the battle win,
'Tis ours to call the tune and pay the bill.

'Tis ours to build the Social World anew,
True to ourselves and to each other true,

'Tis ours to think and organise and train,
To vision and to plan, to dare and do.

"There is a World to Come where you shall share
An endless bliss if patiently you bear

Your ills below," has long been preached to us,
"Oh, look Above, in faith and hope and prayer."