

Thank heaven, there yet are realms this side of Styx  
Void of base commerce and vile politics,  
And grafting parasites with bloodless veins,  
And vicious laws and prostituted brains.  
There still are hearts contained in human form  
With modest honesty and virtue warm,  
And elemental men resembling God,  
Unlike the modern polished, bloodless fraud;  
Hearts quick to startle at their fellows' grief,  
Nor fly lest poverty should need relief;  
Glad to bestow a portion of their wealth,  
And find a joy in charitable stealth;  
Nor seek, like sharpers of commercial fame,  
By pompous gifts to immortalize their name.

To you, redeemers of a vicious age,  
The poet dedicates his closing page;  
Assured there still remains of honest worth  
Enough to renovate our part of earth.  
Sufficient sanity, and hate of fraud,  
To prove our right to our Dominion broad.  
'Tis not for us to rant of cults and flags,  
And trap ourselves in regimental rags;  
We're here to thrive and cultivate the soil,  
And reap the recompense of honest toil;  
To grow in manhood, cleanliness and peace,  
Our virtue warrant of perpetual lease;  
Prepared against the world to make it good  
With our last dollar and last drop of blood.