

Yes, it SHALL be, there's nought our power can
 stay,
Though hoary lies and ignorance block the way,
 Historic forces fight upon our side,
Behind us is the science of our day.

"But surely wealthy folks can help?" you plead;
Well, yes, they can, if they but learn the need
 To fight the battle side by side with us,
Presuming not to patronise or "lead."

There are some who desert our foes, no doubt,
And fight our battle in a manner stout,
 With knowledge as their guide, freedom their
 aim,
But there are spurious ones, *they'll be found out.*

A comrade's hand, a comrade's love and cheer
To such as join our ranks with hearts sincere,
 Willing to serve as they are *fit* to serve,
Wishing no preference, seeking no "career."

But scorn for those who, mouthing "Labour,"
 try
To save some ancient myth, some modern lie;
 To further some ambition, gain some end,
'The freak, the fraud, the schemer and the spy.