

"I."

I, TUPPER the old, have come, I'm here ;
Sons of this land, I speak ; hearken and hear :
I rolled yon sun upon his gilded way ;
I spoke, and lo ! he gives you light by day ;
I made and hung on high the silver moon,
I cause her face to shine in night's dark noon ;
I made the sea, I made it roar and laugh ;
I sowed the freckles on the tall giraffe ;
I make the buds and leaves, the streams to flow,
I make the dew, the rain, the ice, the snow.
Sir Mac must go, and I your boss will be.
They told me, too, down by the sounding sea,
That Murray rues he e'er against me ran,
Or tried to lick the Bishops' hired man.
Again I say, I've come, now hear :
Your debt shall grow and grow from year to year,
For I will bridge the broad Atlantic's tide,
And tuncel calm Pacific, rolling wide ;
I'll melt the Arctic ice from round the pole,
I'll dig or bore a million-fathom hole,
That I the axle of the earth may grease.
Hurrah for "I !" you idiotic geese.
I'll grind the Rockies into powder small ;
I'll make St. Lawrence climb Niagara Fall ;
I'll ditches dig and worthless bridges make.
If that won't do, I'll pump out every lake.
This land I'll boom, I will, *I will*, by gob !
Come, heelers, one and all, who want a job.