

THE IMMIGRANTS

From British Isles come kith and kin,
With willing hands and minds to win.
Our brothers form an Eastern Band,
Our cousins from the borderland.

The Frank and German pass along;
The Jap and Russian join the throng;
The Greeks and Latins, Chinese, too,
And "Douks" and "Gals" pass in review.

There's swarthy brows, with raven hair,
And flaxen locks with faces fair.
There's fez and turban, scarf and band,
And garments strange from every land.

Through the open gates of the West there pours
An endless host from foreign shores;
A murmur of tongues, a low-toned song,
A ceaseless, ceaseless, moving throng.