

Crushing the happiness out of their homes, starving their children and wives—
 That's what ye've done for my People, fettered and shackled like slaves
 Ye've delivered them over to Tyrants, Money-kings, Rogues, and Knaves.
 And Music and Art and Science languish throughout the land,
 While the Party Hack and the Heeler are fattening at your hand.
 And what have you done for Religion, ye who bow to the Holy Rood?
 Ye have mortared your Temples and Churches with my little Children's blood.
 Ye have sent my gold to the heathen. Hospitals bear your name;
 And ye crowd your victims into the wards built with my Maidens' shame.
 There was never a worn-out evil of the older, wiser lands,
 But ye have planted it on my soil and fostered it with your hands—
 Every known wrong of the ages and every mistake of the years,
 Wrongs that have only been righted with bloodshed and bitter tears,
 Mistakes that have only been mended in the flames of a Civil War.
 Halt ye! My rulers, halt ye! Halt, lest ye go too far.
 But no more do I ask for justice, pleading on bended knees,
 For I hear a murmur of discontent borne down on the Western breeze,
 And I see each prairie schoolhouse surging with eager throngs
 As straight-limbed Farmer on Farmer rises and speaks my wrongs;
 And their cry is 'Equal rights to all and favors dealt to none.'
 For each man has a right to life and his own place in the sun.
 Long have I watched that People and the magic of their toil,
 That turns the willow scrub to wheat; to gold, my virgin soil.
 They put their plough to the wilderness, and lo, 'tis a smiling field,
 And the rich black earth responds to their touch, giving to them its yield.
 Watch, and the whole wide prairie is a waving, waveless sea,
 Grain and grain and the shimmer of grain as far as the eye can see.
 So now I turn to the prairie where the Nations have sent of their best,
 Pinning my soul's salvation on the strength of the men of the West.
 I see the smile on your faces, the sneer, and the lift of the brow.
 Smile not, my Masters, and sneer not, ye'd better be listening now.
 Do ye think ye can fool that People, sober and strong and sane?
 Their breed is the Anglo-Saxon-Celt crossed by the Norman-Dane.
 Do ye think ye can mould that People into your willing Slaves?
 Why! Their fathers were born within sight of the sea and nursed on the ocean waves.
 Do ye think ye can drive that People? Do ye think ye can hold the reins?
 Why! The fighting blood of the old Sea-Kings is coursing through their veins.
 Don't try it, my Masters, don't try it. Don't try to make them Slaves,
 Lest they rise in their ire, like a wave of fire, and trample ye into your graves.
 Don't try it, my Masters, don't try it. Don't try it or ye will fall.
 Don't try it, lest they take their case to that last Dread Court of all,
 That last Dread Court where the dues are paid in the husbands' blood and widows' tears
 In the smoking plain and the trampled grain, and the bitter hate for years and years.
 The future flashes before me. I see the West arise,
 One great united People, sober and strong and wise.
 And they're sending their Heralds forward, forward shouting my name,
 Bidding ye do me justice, bidding ye cleanse me of shame,
 And marching behind their Heralds, holding their heads like Kings,
 Line upon line in shining ranks, each close-lock't cohort swings.
 And I see ye cower, my Masters, and the whole bright heavens sing,
 As down in the mire 'neath my People's ire goes Combine, Merger, and Ring;
 And the Party Hack and the Heeler and the Land Speculator and Trust
 Are swept from their path by my People's wrath and trampled into the dust.
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And I take my place in Liberty's race, now that I'm cleansed from shame,
 And the People shout when they see me, for my Car bears Freedom's name;
 The old Mother turns to greet me, a smile lights her face like the Sun;
 She kisses my cheek and whispers "Well done, my Daughter, well done."
 And my Sisters come running towards me, catching me by the hands,
 And kiss me and say I'm the fairest of all the Free Young Lands.
 Now I'm first in the race and I'm winning, cheered on by the gods above,
 And my House is cleansed from West to East and I'm rich in my People's love.