

THE VOICE OF THE WESTLAND

The stores of my plains shall be yours, the fruits of
my gumbo and loam;
I will sate you beyond your old dreamings, and
then you will love it—your home.
The land that you cursed once you swear by, you love
with a terrible love,
The land that you earned with your manhood, that
you gave up your best years to prove.
Then come, all you stalwart and weary (my sons be
no enervate scum),
Come, all ye toilers with dreamings, well reckon the
paying, but come.
Come to my forests' green bosom, come to my prairies
bare space,
Come to me, hale wives and maidens, the mothers of
my future race,
Come, civilization's failures, placeless in life's dizzy
plan,
Come to my lists, waking youthhood—you will I
turn into man.
You who are nought to your masters but the slaves of
an hour soon past,
Thinkers who see but life thralldom, be freemen upon
my lone vast.
Vendors of youth and of manhood, think of the
long years to be,
Look out before you, time-servers, come and be servers
of me.
I want no enervate weaklings, I ask not a lusted
world's scum;
Well reckon the payment I ask you, look out before
you, but—Come.