

See how the rich grow richer by its aid,
 Whilst day by day the poor are poorer made.
 Destroy the monster so designed and framed
 That rich men may be helped and poor men maimed.
 Onwards! Stili-onwards! Mark your country's needs,
 Fear not to follow whither justice leads;
 Be bold and fearless, lead us to the fight,
 Thrice is he armed who battles for the right.
 Knock off her shackles, all her fetters break,
 Enfranchise Commerce on land, sea, and lake;
 Let not the people's voice be rendered vain
 By gerrymanders made for party gain;
 By strictest laws keep our elections pure,
 Make equal doom for bribed and briber sure;
 Make every change that's requisite to give
 The poor as well as rich a chance to live.
 Onwards, Sir Richard, never be dismayed!
 As for your tariff—here's one ready made:
 The wisest, noblest, simplest, ever planned,
 One only tax—the single tax—on land.
 Unfurl your flag, close up your ranks and then
 Your battle cry—Free Trade, Free Land, Free Men!
 Onwards! Excelsior! Linger not I pray,
 High be your aim, for Justice points the way;
 Onwards! Assist her in progression's path,
 Heed not the bigot's unavailing wrath;
 Of ignorance dense, "purge, purge the visual ray,"
 On blind intolerance "pour the light of day;"
 Freedom and Truth hold up as beacon lights,
 And to defrauded manhood give his rights.
 This is true wisdom's course, and this shall be
 The only noble, true, and great N. P.