

Let us see the great western world,
Where freedom once muttered a call ;
The Stars and the Stripes were unfurled,
Designed as a model for all.
Now passing the nursery of freedom,
Where the cradle of liberty's rocked ;
Thinking nothing on earth could exceed them :
Still freedom in reality is mocked.

This was the land and this was the people
That offered to Europe such peace.
That Republic that now is so feeble
Had offered all bondsmen release ;
Was a model designed for the world—
An eden for all upon earth ;
In the air like a vapour was hurled,
In misery, in slaughter, in death.

Twenty-five hundred millions of dollars
Hang over the skulls of the poor ;
With the future taxation that follows,
That burden they cannot endure.
That wild imposition above
Has had no parallel upon earth.
Not a cent will they ever remove,
Not even to the day of their death.

In Mexico it was opposed to the church,
About which some battles were fought.
That very same party was left in the lurch,
And poor Maximilian was shot.
The Yankees had aided Juarez,
And winked at the Emperor's death.
This seemed the Republic to please,
And food for cousin Jonathan's mirth.