

THE VOICE OF THE WESTLAND

But I hold tight my grip on your heart-strings, for my
love is the love of a life,
And beneath all your cursings there's something that
holds you to pioneer strife.
Fires o'er the prairies and forests shall ravish o'er
limitless vasts,
Red legions marshalled against you, belching out
withering blasts;
Flames ruddy, lurid, and grass-fed, baring the clay
and the loam,
Greedily gorging on pastures, gluttoning what you
called home.
Your births you shall have in strange places, with
pain and with greater travail,
Strange deaths shall encompass you striving with
man-weapons, pygmy-like, frail.
At the fords you will drown in spring torrents, or see
your prized teams borne away,
Some frail in my blizzards shall perish, and some 'neath
the ice-breaks shall stay;
My forests and mines shall make harvest, my moun-
tains and valleys take toll,
All that you take shall be paid for, and the price must
be paid e'er the goal.
The price that you pay is a big one, but jewels are not
purchased with filth,
And the bodies and souls that can purchase, them will
I sate with my wealth.
For as sure as you fought the fight fairly, as sure as
the game has been hard,
As sure as you strive to the finish, so sure shall you
have your reward.