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SONGS

AND

SONNETS

OF THE

NEW CRUSADE.

BY

DR. A. S. HOUGHTON.

PUBLISHED BY
NATIONAL ECONOMIST,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

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SONGS AND SONNETS

OF THE

NEW CRUSADE.

CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS AND OMAHA.

To the tune of "Dusty Miller;" Chorus, "Oh! Zion."

There was a wire-puller who lived at Albany,
He looked into his bonnet and there he saw a bee;
Said he, "Oh! Mr. Bee, you have been biting me,"
And he cracked his bones upon the stones way up at Albany;
CHORUS—Oh! David; Oh! David;
David, when the people come.

There was a "man of destiny," his girth was very great;
His mind was lined with vanities about the cares of State;
Once more to serve his countrymen his time he'd "consecrate,"
But he's gone to meet deserved defeat despite the rule of fate!
CHORUS—Oh! Grover; Oh! Grover;
Grover, when the people come.

There was a man from Indian' who wore a famous hat,
And from the banks and industries, with cunning, "fried the fat."
Four years he's occupied the chair where Grover Cleveland sat,
And his record is as infamous and pretty near as flat.
CHORUS—Oh! Bennie; Oh! Bennie;
Bennie, when the people come.

There was a man who had a bill, McKinley was its name,
Which taxed the people to protect the robbers in their game;

But like a moth he burnt his wings in its delusive flame,
 And fell outside the breastworks, disfigured, sore and lame.
 CHORUS—Oh! William; Oh! William.

William, when the people come.

There is a man, a statesman true, on whom we can rely,
 His record is a spotless one, we'll show it by and by;
 He is no politician; to serve mankind he'll try,
 We'll shout his name at Omaha the 4th of next July.

CHORUS—Oh! Zion; Oh! Zion;

Zion, when the people come.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

There's the very deuce to pay
 Among old party chiefs,
 Heresy has undermined
 The working folks beliefs,
 The plutocratic ship of State
 Is driving on the reefs;

The People's party's broken out in Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah! hurrah! we'll sound the jubilee;
 Hurrah! hurrah! the cause that makes us free,
 So we sing in ecstasy from Dalton to the sea,
 The People's party's broken out in Georgia.

How the people shouted when
 Alliance members broke
 Chains around their consciences
 And from their necks the yoke,
 For the People's party in
 United phalanx spoke,
 The People's party's broken out in Georgia.

Chorus—

Many years have we been fooled;
 Like cattle meekly stood,
 Never got a blessed thing
 But always told we should
 Have our needs attended to

If others only could
Monopolize the politics of Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! we'll sound the jubilee ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the cause that makes us free,
So we sing in ecstasy from Dalton to the sea,
The People's party's broken out in Georgia.

Now we've stood this sort of thing
As long as mortals can,
We propose to legislate
Upon another plan,
And the folks who till the soil
Are, almost to a man,
Going to run the politics of Georgia.

Chorus—

Demagogues for Moses may
In angry tumult shout,
Livingston may still pretend
To know what he's about,
But where will they betake themselves
When all the lights go out,
And darkness dooms the plutocrats in Georgia?

Chorus—

Now what is true in Georgia
Is true in other States,
North and West the plutocrats
Control old party slates.
The only way to get relief
Is run your candidates
The way the folks are doing down in Georgia.

CHORUS.—Hurrah ! hurrah ! we'll sound the jubilee ;
Hurrah ! hurrah ! the cause that makes us free,
So we sing in ecstasy from Dalton to the sea,
The People's party's broken out in Georgia.

IN THE SWEET BYE AND BYE.

We've all heard of that beautiful land,
 The political haven of bliss,
 But when entrance the people demand,
 They receive some such answer as this—

CHORUS :

In the sweet bye and bye,
 You permission to enter will get,
 In the sweet bye and bye,
 But we can't throw the doors open yet.

When reforms and redresses we seek,
 And petitions most humbly present,
 We are told to be patient and meek,
 That we'll all see the promised event—

In the sweet bye and bye (first chorus).

Many promises thus we've received,
 That redemption would soon come about,
 No more will this yarn be believed,
 For our votes they will fruitlessly shout—

In the sweet bye and bye (last chorus).

There'll be help for the poor bye and bye,
 But not till the toilers employ
 Independence to do and deny
 Part in schemes, to let others enjoy—

In the sweet bye and bye (last chorus).

There's a land that is hotter than this,
 Where the old party leaders will stew,
 And feast on the visions of bliss,
 Which no more they'll hold up to our view—

CHORUS :

In the sweet bye and bye,
 We will vote as we ne'er did before,
 In the sweet bye and bye,
 We will suffer in silence no more.

THE TARIFF FOREVER. . .

I. What the Republicans say—

Let us gather from the east and hustle from the west,
 Shouting the battle cry of Tariff;
 We've made allegiance to our sway the party's standard test.
 While shouting, &c.

Chorus—

The tariff forever, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Up with the dummy, sweeten the straw;
 For we'll rally round the flag, boys,
 Rally *once* again, shouting the battle cry of Tariff.

II. What the Protectionists say—

The old machine has grown infirm and threatens to give out:
 While shouting, &c.
 But we'll make it answer one more time while we all march
 about;
 Shouting, &c.

Chorus—

III. What the Democrats say—

We'll put new stuffing in its case and freshen up the paint,
 Shouting, &c.
 We've bargained with the bankers and we've hoodwinked all
 who aint.
 By shouting, &c.

Chorus—

IV. What the Monopolists say—

We've used this same old snap before, and we have always
 won,
 By shouting the battle cry, &c.
 We'll use it now in '92, and how the chumps will come,
 Shouting, &c.

Chorus—

V. What the Bankers say—

The people we can then divide, both candidates control,
 By shouting, &c.

When Congress meets we'll own it sure in body, heart and
 soul,
 Shouting, &c.

Chorus—

VI. What the Free Traders say—

No other questions trouble us, we quite serene can feel,
 Shouting, &c.

When other parties ask reforms our answer we conceal,
 By shouting, &c.

Chorus—

VII. What the People say—

This is the same old story, boys, we all been fooled before,
 Shouting, &c.

The School-house work has played it out, we'll now battle
 more,
 Shouting, &c.

Chorus—

The Tariff, no never, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Down with the dummy, scatter the straw,
 But rally round the people,
 We'll never fight again, shouting the battle cry of Tariff.

VIII. What the voters say—

And if the plutos try to draw attention from our need
 By shouting, &c.

We'll drown them in their surplus fat and smother them
 indeed,
 Shouting, &c.

Chorus—

The Tariff no more, hurrah! boys, hurrah!
 Down with the dummy, sweeten the straw,
 But rally round the people,
 We'll never fight again, shouting the battle cry of Tariff.

LISTEN TO A TALE OF WOE.

Some busy bees in a garden flew,
 Listen to a tale of woe,
 Till spied by Grove and Bennie too,
 From the flowers honey drew,
 And grew, and grew ;
 Listen to a tale of woe.

CHORUS :—Hard trials for them two,
 Harrison and Cleveland too,
 Over the bees who the honey drew,
 That grew, that grew,
 Listen to a tale of woe.

These little bees who honey stored,
 Listen to a tale of woe,
 Were robbed by drones of their juicy hoard,
 And right aloud in anger roared,
 Ignored, ignored,
 Listen to a tale of woe.

Chorus—

For bees, like men who money make,
 Listen to a tale of woe,
 Object when drones the honey take,
 And raise a row for justice sake,
 No fake, no fake,
 Listen to a tale of woe.

Chorus—

When Ben and Grove to the bees appeal,
 Listen to a tale of woe,
 A stinging answer both will feel,
 And in despair will gently kneel,
 And squeal, and squeal,
 Listen to a tale of woe.

Chorus—

Under the sod where the daisies blow,
 Listen to a tale of woe,
 We'll plant our Ben and Grover so,

That neither one will longer grow,
 You know, you know,
 Listen to a tale of woe.

Chorus—

And you who these opinions note,
 Listen to a tale of woe,
 Don't stop when them you sing or quote,
 And on the tide of leisure float,
 But vote, but vote,
 Listen to a tale of woe.

Chorus—

TRAMP—A SONG.

On our mortgaged farms we toil,
 Dreaming only of the time,
 When from debt and tariff taxes we'll be free;
 And when growing from the soil,
 Fruit congenial to the clime
 Will reward the workers' patient industry.

CHORUS—Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
 Cheer up, comrades, it is near;
 When beneath the reign of right,
 We shall see the happy sight,
 And our glorious emancipation hear.

It is still a bitter fight,
 Foes abroad and foes at home,
 Have combined to take away our humble cot;
 But determined on our right,
 We will meet them when they come
 And fight it out together on the spot.

Chorus—

And as allies we desire,
 All who labor to obtain
 Useful products of their honest, frugal toil;
 And we ask all who aspire
 The Republic to maintain
 To enlist against the conquest of our soil.

Chorus—

THE ANTHEM OF THE FREE.

There's a mighty power growing in the land,
 Striving for the boon of liberty,
 Justice on its banner, ballots in its hand,
 Promising the people shall be free.

CHORUS—Justice, justice, how the people sing,
 Justice, justice, hear the echoes ring,
 'Tis the voice of all united industry
 Shouting out the anthem of the free.

Patient, meek, submissive, many years they've stood,
 Enduring wrongs till weary, prostrate, faint,
 They will wait no longer, but will oust the brood,
 Who have long unheeded their complaint.

Chorus—

Now aroused in anger, victory's in sight,
 See the mighty forces rallying,
 And as reinforcements enter for the fight,
 Hear the lofty sentiments they sing.

Chorus—

For the great Creator, "wonders to perform,"
 "Plants His mighty footsteps on the sea,"
 And to do his purpose "rides upon the storm,"
 Thundering forth the anthem of the free.

Chorus—

 THE BATTLE-CRY OF FREEDOM.

"Our eyes shall see the glory of the coming of the Lord,"
 Our lips shall chant the anthems of salvation's mighty horde,
 Our breasts shall bear his breastplate, and our hands shall
 wield his sword;
 As we go marching on.

CHORUS—Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Glory, glory hallelujah,
 Glory, glory hallelujah,
 As we go marching on.

We've been a patient people and endured a sight of wrong,

We've seen the poor oppressed by want, the feeble by the
 strong,
 Around the cause of equal rights the people gladly throng,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—

We'll raise above our followers the banner of the free,
 We'll teach a mighty multitude to sing the jubilee,
 We'll leaven all humanity with love of liberty,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—

Our purpose is to rescue from the plutocratic crew
 Our precious institutions, and our rights affirm anew,
 Endow with equal privilege the many, not the few,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—

And from the utmost corners of this rich and fertile land,
 The wealth-producing forces in united phalanx stand,
 Determination on their brow and ballots in their hands,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—

And when the battle's over, when the smoke has cleared away,
 When from the darkness we emerge and see the light of day,
 The vision of redemption will appear and come to stay,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—

Then "peace on earth, good-will to men," will be the peo-
 ple's song,
 Monopoly will be dethroned, no more to fashion wrong,
 And faithful justice, then, will aid the weak and curb the
 strong,
 As we go marching on.

Chorus—

“THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG.”

While soft Te Deums echo o'er the fields of ripened grain ;
While burdened orchards join the chant of nature's grand
refrain ;

While fruits and flowers, ears and sheaves, from our prolific
soil

Proclaim the Great Creator's power to fill the hands that
toil.

If little children droop and die 'mid pestilential want ;

If stalwart men parade the street with aspect grim and
gaunt ;

If graceful women bend and break o'er shirts without a song ;

If plenty elbows poverty, there must be something wrong.

While vernal day's gestations urge throughout our mother
earth,

And crisp autumnal frosts compel the harvest's golden birth ;

While nature's strong impartial hand distils the evening
dews.

And paints the hedges, field and wood with rainbow-tinted
hues.

If gentlewomen, budding forth as mothers of the race,

Be blighted by the fear of want to damnable disgrace ;

If noble motherhood's debased by brutal passions strong ;

If virtue flees for help to vice, there must be something
wrong.

While looms and forges, steam and steel, increase the
nation's store ;

While grand inventions, genius, art, are adding more and
more ;

While science, man's producing power, doth many fold
augment ;

While warehouse rooms are crowded full and shelves with
goods are bent.

If strikes and lockouts multiply ; if want and failure spread ;

If greedy rob the needy ones of fuel, clothing, bread ;

If hungry children, idle men and weeping women throng

The city's cheerless tenements, there must be something
wrong.

While marble sanctuaries bear the blessed Redeemer's cross,
 While altars flame with sacred fire and gleam with glittering
 dross,
 While pews with shining silk adorned blaze out with diamonds
 rare ;
 While richly-cushioned floors support the wealthy when at
 prayer.
 If in the crowded, filthy dens where servile labor dwells
 The anthems sung are vengeful threats, the prayers are
 funeral knells;
 If grief is drowned in drink and joy is sought in liquor
 strong ;
 If love is lost, if hate is found, there must be something
 wrong.

To right these wrongs, to make this earth a paradise indeed,
 To feed the hungry lambs of God, to succor those in need ;
 To rescue those whom grim despair is driving to the wall ;
 To lift the prostrate to their feet, to strengthen those who
 fall ;
 To help the weak, to curb the strong, to plant upon our soil
 The reign of justice, till no man shall ask for leave to toil.
 This is the work we're pledged to do—united now we stand,
 Opposed to special privileges, and equal rights demand !

DE PUSH, DE PULL, AND DE PEW.

DE PUSH.

There's a quiet little gin-mill
 In a noisy little street,
 Where the bankers gather almost every day ;
 It has screens before the windows,
 And "push" upon the door,
 And this is what commercial drinkers say :
 " You must push aside your neighbor
 " If you want to get ahead,
 " You must push beneath the living,
 " You must push above the dead,

" You must push your way, no matter
 " Whether friend or foe you down, .
 " For ' De Push ' is now the password
 " In this plutocratic town."

DE PULL.

There's a quiet little chamber
 In the wigwam up the street,
 Where the politicians gather every day ;
 It has curtains on the windows,
 And has " pull " upon the door,
 And this is what the modern statesmen say :

" You must have a pull, young fellow,
 " If you want to get along,
 " You must have a pull with some one,
 " If you're right or if you're wrong ;
 " You must have a pull, no matter
 " Whether you are small or great,
 " For ' De Pull ' is now the password
 " In this Democratic State."

DE PEW.

There's a stately marble palace
 On a broad and shady street,
 Where the hierarchy gather every day ;
 It has plate glass in the windows,
 And has " Pew " upon the door,
 And this is what the surpliced clergy say :

" You must have a pew in church, sir,
 " If you'd sure keep out of hell,
 " You should own a pew and sit there,
 " If you wish to feel right well ;
 " You should own a pew, no matter
 " If from honesty you lurch,
 " For ' De Pew ' is now the password
 " In this autocratic church."

IT'S GOING TO RAIN.

A scowling, childish face is pressed
 Against the window pane,
 A peevish voice is snarling forth :
 " Too bad, it's going to rain :"
 A puny babe, whose days on earth
 But very few remain,
 Will soon be rescued from the heat,
 Because it's going to rain.
 A dude with polished shoes and hat,
 With eyeglass and a cane,
 But minus macintosh declares
 " Dear boys, it's going to rain !"
 A sturdy farmer scans the clouds
 That cross the blistered plain,
 And says to John, his eldest son,
 " By gosh ! it's going to rain !"
 The earth, all parched and dry, supports
 The feebly growing grain,
 And with exultant shouts and smiles,
 Thanks God it's going to rain.
 Thus varied sentiments prevail
 Among the folks who'll gain
 Relief from drought and dearth at last,
 Because it's going to rain.

A money drought has long prevailed,
 We've sought relief in vain
 From both old parties, who have said
 Quite soon, 'twill surely rain.
 But not a drop has been distilled
 To freshen man again,
 So independent aid we seek
 To help us make it rain.
 The politicians, whose careers
 Are marred by many a stain,
 Declare a shower, is all 'twill be,
 Although it's going to rain.

The banker, whose invested crops
 This drought and dearth maintain,
 Is raging like a caged beast
 Because it looks like rain.
 The servile crew whom drought has numbed^d
 In spirit, conscience, brain,
 In halls of Congress boldly swear
 It is not going to rain.
 Beware! take care! ye foolish dudes,
 We've burst oppression's chain,
 Get under cover; for at last
 We're going to make it rain.

While varied vested interests
 Evince deep grief and pain,
 When to supply our needs and wants,
 They see it's going to rain.
 While those by selfishness accursed
 Speak out in deep disdain,
 When to increase the common weal,
 We pray it's going to rain;
 The sturdy sons of toil, who strive,
 When manhood they attain,
 To keep the sheriff from the door,
 Desire to see it rain;
 Have linked in union, firm and strong,
 All those who bear the strain
 Of wealth production in the land,
 And say it's going to rain.
 On rich and poor, on good and bad,
 Who liberty sustain,
 The clouds shall pour their blessings down,
 When it begins to rain.
 The bombs we'll use to stir the clouds
 No dynamite contain,
 But ballots of Americans
 Who swear it's going to rain.

LABOR OMNIA MUNERIT.

Before an altar rich with gems and cut from marble rare,
 While waving censors, to and fro, with perfume fill the air ;
 A mortal man in spotless white, three crowns upon his head,
 Borne by a troupe of stalwart men in purple, orange, red ;
 Is standing with uplifted hand while from his lips there fall
 These words—"Infallible am I, behold ! I know it all."
 "I know it all, I cannot err ; obey my stern decree,
 Yours is the part of faith, not fact ; while knowledge is for me,
 This marble sanctuary stands the product of your toil,
 The Lord gives me dominion, too, o'er all the earthly soil ;
 Obey your masters is my wish, be prudent, thrifty, meek,
 And in a better world than this find justice which you seek."

Before a modern burglar safe with steel and burnished bars,
 Where filed away are countless bonds of fratricidal wars ;
 A portly man in sombre black, with diamonds on his hand,
 Is reckoning up the mortgages he holds upon the land ;
 A self-made man, he claims to be, and with devout acclaim
 He worships his Creator and sings his maker's fame ;
 The railway stocks he owns would buy the country where he
 lives,
 The profit from his latest deal to charity he gives,
 The margins he has lately won on flour, pork and lard
 Would feed the poor man in many a town who 'low the times
 are hard.

He goes to church on Sunday, too, and with an unctuous smile,
 He puts a dollar on the plate, the heathen to beguile,
 And when he gazes at the gang about the City Hall,
 He smiles aloud and laughs in glee, "ha! ha! 'I own them all ;"
 And as upon the pavement hard the hurrying footsteps fall,
 He scans the weary, footsore crowd, and says : I own them all ;"
 I own them all, to do my will each workingman aspires,
 I hold a mortgage on their homes, their altars and their fires ;
 They strike in vain to free the necks my shackles strongly bind,
 But none exceed in strength and chains I've fastened on the
 mind.

"I own them all, the land and bonds, by government decree,
 The church is mine, the State is mine, no more shall men be free

Who bow to either me or mine, for at my potent call,
The church and State will do my wish, because I own them all.'"

Before the altar's sacred light, before the banker's vault,
Before the legislative halls, the hosts of labor halt ;
Before the tithes, and Peter's pence, before the landlord's rent,
Before the tariffs, bonds and stock, and profit basely spent,
Before these many millions wrung by fraud from labor's hand,
United now industrial bands determined take their stand ;
For thoughtful men of every craft have burst the tyrant's thrall,
And say these goods are rightly ours, because we pay them all.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PLUTOCRACY.

The gold bugs swooped down, like fierce wolves, on the fold,
And their cohorts were decked in bright purple and gold ;
And the glint of their banners, like waves of the sea,
Rose and fell as they charged the brigades of the free,
While the traitors and spies, skulking far in the rear,
Were destroyed by vengeance or silenced by fear.
Like the minions of Satan the enemy grew ;
Like the circling planets their orbits they drew ;
Like the combat of wolves was the conflict begun ;
Like the melting of snow was the carnage when done,
For the legions of evil, unspattered with blood,
Had been washed from the earth by a popular flood.
And there lay the leaders imbedded in grime,
With their purple accoutrements covered with slime ;
And the wrecks of the engines they built to enslave
Were consigned to the palsy and gloom of the grave ;
And the white dove of peace spread her wings o'er the land,
Now delivered at last from the plutocrat's hand.
And loud was the weeping in London and Wein,
And the bottles were broke on the banks of the Rhine,
For the people, aroused, had in thunder made plain
They were done with the falsehoods of gold and champagne ;
And forever determined to trifle no more
With the schemes of a foreign inimical shore,
But as free, independent, and liberal foes,
Of all who subjection to others propose,
Maintain a republic where all take a hand,
Where the will of the people's the law of the land.

CENTS VERSUS SENSE.

Just after the war in the year sixty-six,
 When our currency was in a terrible mix.
 'Twas the custom, whenever a dollar we got,
 To fix its relations by what it had bought;
 And to-day it seems proper to meet the pretense
 Of those who say silver is worth seventy cents,
 To show that a dollar 's worth what it will buy,
 Whether popular office or newspapers lie.
 And the dollar that pays for the best in the land,
 That circulates freely to counter from hand,
 Is the old silver dollar, colonial fame,
 Our old standard dollar, a "daddy" by name.
 One century old last April was it,
 For early transactions it surely was fit,
 And those who defame it will render account
 When the people awake and the war horses mount.
 This dollar, by Spaniards first minted and milled,
 The wants of the Yankees for money has filled,
 Ever since from our shores British banners we drove,
 And the sceptre of freedom through tyranny clove.
 'Twas the dollar that Washington used to employ,
 That Jefferson used in all trades from a boy,
 That Adams and Madison, Jackson and Clay
 Had only been happy to use in their day.
 From them down to Lincoln no other we used,
 And no thoughtful man their employment abused,
 In all of that time not one statesman of sense
 Ever hinted their worth was just seventy cents.
 But to-day the tradition of grand Bunker Hill,
 No longer the speeches of orators fill,
 And the heroes of Concord and Lexington, too,
 Are lost to the modern mugwumpian view.
 Our very first families never recall
 The 4th of July or observe it at all;
 While the pompous four hundred as exiles appear
 At London or Paris the most of each year.
 No longer the sayings of Jefferson find

The very first place in a Congressman's mind.
 But the customs to which they most often allude
 Are the doings and sayings of some English dude.
 And thus it has happened in Congress this year
 That a doctrine, to Yankees decidedly queer,
 Has found an acceptance 'mid bankers, I'm told,
 That the only good money is Johnny Bull's gold.
 But while bright silver dollars pay taxes and rent,
 Let us stick to their use in most any event;
 And while they continue to defray my expense
 I've no use for the statesmen of seventy sense.

THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

“Will you walk into our caucus?”
 Said the spider to the fly;
 “It's the nicest little caucus
 That ever you did spy.”
 But the fly had grown too fly to
 Be deceived by such a yarn,
 So he said to Mr. Spider that
 He'd stay outside the barn—
 Thus the spider lost the chance to
 Gobble up the little fly,
 And the caucus had to languish,
 Fade, and ultimately die;
 For the caucus of the spider's
 Is a very pretty dodge
 To let the spiders eat the flies,
 Which in its meshes lodge;
 So, when politicians argue,
 Urge you for the party's sake
 To attend the party caucus,
 And a public office take,
 Just remember how the spider
 Tried to catch the little fly,
 And tell the politicians you
 Know winter wheat from rye;
 But the fall elections offer
 To the independent man

A chance to teach the spiders
 That the flies both will and can
 Sweep aside the dusty cobwebs
 From the rafters of the mind,
 And make the cruel spiders
 Better occupation find ;
 If, in the coming season,
 Spiders find it hard to win
 Their way into the confidence
 Of flies who watch them spin,
 Let them from this lesson gather
 What is doing in the land,
 How the flies in the destruction
 Of old cobwebs have a hand ;
 How at last their eyes are open,
 And the spider's work they see,
 And determine to forever from
 Entanglements be free.

IN MEMORIAM—L. L. POLK.

A noble man is missing from the front rank in the fight,
 A voice is hushed which never spoke except for truth and
 right,
 His valiant form no more shall lead our forces to the fray,
 His forceful face in slumber sleeps, our chief has passed away.
 Yet while we mourn, as mortal must, for him we loved to
 greet,
 We'll face the work he left to do, and trust again to meet ;
 He lives, though lost to mortal's sight ; he acts, though
 naught we see ;
 He still inspires the gathering hosts ; he helps to make men
 free.
 Then doubt not ye, who loved him here, the purpose from on
 high,
 Such souls as his immortal are, they were not born to die ;
 His name our shibboleth shall be, his zeal our model grand,
 Among the nation's honored dead his tomb shall ever stand ;
 And on the shaft which marks the spot of his last earthly
 sleep,
 We'll carve these words : " He sowed the seed, that freedom
 men might reap."

SOME DAY.

While the crafty politician and the priest,
 To the simple congregation they have fleeced,
 When asked to show a better way;
 When the poor shall never want for anything,
 And the lion to the lamb a truce shall bring,
 Always answer, "Yes, some day."

Will the weary ever find a resting-place?
 Will the mourners ever wear a smiling face?
 Is there then a better way?
 Will the greedy ever cease to rob the weak?
 Will the crafty ever cease to cheat the meek?
 " Yes," I hear them say, " Some day."

Will the hungry have abundance then to eat?
 Will the footsore find protection for their feet?
 Is there not some better way?
 Will the workers get the products of their toil?
 Will the landlords let the needy use the soil?
 " Yes," the answer comes, " Some day."

Will the lusty share the burdens of the frail?
 Will the gifted aid the stupid when they fail?
 Will they try the better way?
 Will the women stand on equal chance with the men?
 Will the sword succumb in silence to the pen?
 And the only answer is, " Some day."

Will the politicians promise and perform?
 Will the office-holder public deeds reform?
 Can they stand the better way?
 Will the preachers high salaries refuse?
 Will they curb the rich and freely fill the pews?
 Answer cometh, " Yes, Some day."

Will courts establish justice on the land?
 Will the Greeks discard the present from the hand?
 Will they like this better way?
 Will injustice find no haven on the earth?

Will intemperance be strangled in its birth?

Hear the echo, "Yes, some day."

Will the press the people's holy right maintain?

Will it be unawed by influence or gain?

It would be a better way;

Will it print both sides with candor and refuse

To the under dog with violence abuse?

Still the answer, "Yes, some day."

Do you want to see the dawning of that day?

Will you act or be content to simply pray?

Are you for the better way?

Then protest against this traitorous delay,

Brush aside the promissory things who say,

"Be patient, wait; 'twill come some day."



OUR CIRCULATION.

"Old Uncle Sam," a farmer man,

Set out one summer day

To work upon his meadow land

And cut a load of hay :

His sun-browned face shone clear with health,

His trunk and limbs were lithe,

And with his brawny hands he swung

The swath-producing scythe.

It took a pretty lively man

To follow him that day.

As through the ripened timothy

He cut a right of way ;

But as he neared the upper end,

His scythe, turned by a stone,

Cut through his cow-hide boots and clove

His flesh clear to the bone.

The blood poured out, a raging stream,

Till stanch'd by those around,

And Uncle Sam, a helpless man,

Lay prostrate on the ground.

His face all blanched, and like the dew
 The perspiration stood
 Upon his brow, and trembling now
 And faint from loss of blood,
 This stalwart, brawny man of toil,
 As helpless as though dead,
 Was carried to his home and placed
 Upon his downy bed.
 The doctor came and at a glance
 Told what he needs must do
 To build his circulation up,
 And make him good as new ;
 He left an iron tonic, pills,
 And said to feed him well,
 And soon old Uncle Sam would be
 As though no harm befell.

“ Old Uncle Sam,” our Government,
 Set out one summer day,
 And from our wide and rich domain
 To winnow want away.
 The shop and factory, farm and mine,
 Alive with healthful toil,
 As busy hives of industry,
 Enriched our fertile soil.
 It took the world to then compete
 With us so rich and free,
 Our commerce reached the Orient,
 Our flag adorned the sea ;
 But ere we reached the hundredth year
 An accident befell
 Our currency, and hemorrhages
 The bankers' caverns swelled.
 Now faint and trembling, Uncle Sam,
 The doctors will consult.
 If wisdom guides their treatment then
 We'll welcome the result,
 But if dissension mars their talk
 We'll quash them one and all,

And treat the case with common sense
 At 'lection time this fall.
 The blood he lost must be restored,
 The circulation needs
 Replenishing with currency,
 As does the man who bleeds
 Require feeding rich and strong,
 To restoration cause ;
 So we both gold and silver coin
 Would freely mint by laws.
 If Uncle Sam anæmic grows
 On gold and silver food,
 We'll " smite the public credit-rock " ^{''}
 And feed him on the flood :
 If private corporations can
 With water stuff their stock,
 Why can't the people do the same,
 As Moses smote the rock ?
 For all the difference between
 A dead and living man,
 Was that the blood was stilled in one,
 But in the other ran.

LAND—LABOR—CAPITAL.

Sufficient seed, a spade or so,
 A plot of fertile land.
 And labor as a free-born man
 Among his kind can stand ;
 But if one-half the crop must go
 For use of seed and spade,
 If half of what remains as rent
 For use of land is paid,
 Then labor robbed, a slave, must lose
 Its independent place,
 For unrequited toil creates
 A feeble, servile race.
 If trade, by manifold designs,
 Is rendered swift and free,

If money flows a steady course,
 Then indolence will flee ;
 But if a drought of means exists,
 Exchanges fail or flag,
 And business to a standstill comes,
 And enterprises lag,
 Then tramps begin to beg for bread,
 And vice and crime appear ;
 And health and wealth and happiness
 Give way to want and fear.
 It's plain to see that what we need
 To drive dull times away,
 Is freedom to produce and trade,
 And none to say us " nay."

SONS OF REVOLUTION.

The following is a portion of a letter to the *New York Sun* from Ella Wheeler Wilcox (May 5) :

" There is a man living not over three hours from New York who takes pride in the fact that his father fought in the revolutionary war. This man, probably the only living veritable son of the American revolution, is eighty-nine years old and an inmate of the home of the town poor. In other words, he is a town pauper at New Britain, Conn.

" More than ten years ago this man, Benjamin Winchester, became totally blind. He was unfortunate in having no money and no relatives willing or able to support him. So he was sent to the poor-house.

" Two years ago a private subscription was raised and a cataract was removed from one of his eyes, which gave him partial sight, enough to enable him to read a large print bible—the old man is deeply religious—and to enable him to walk about in the day time alone. The sight of this eye is, how-

ever, becoming more impaired by the growth of the other cataract.

“It seems to me that the Society of the S. A. R., composed as it is largely of men rich in this world’s goods, ought to assist this brother to his sight and to a permanent home in the Old Man’s Home in Hartford, Conn. He ought not to die a pauper.”

New England’s yoemanry, whose corner stone
 By Pilgrim fathers laid at Plymouth Rock,
 Was justice, not oblations; it alone
 Sufficed to nerve them for the battle shock ;
 Met in revolt the millions of the king ;
 Drove the redcoated foeman from the field ;
 Pledged fortune, honor, life and everything ;
 Determined never to oppression yield.
 To-day their children institutions scan,
 Built on this rock of liberty and right ;
 See vested rights subvert the rights of man,
 And justice, hoodwinked, groping in the night.
 Arouse, ye sons of revolution, wake
 From your gross lethargy and quickly wrest
 A land, which free your noble sires did make,
 For all oppressed a haven and a rest,
 From the strong grip of mammon’s selfish crew ;
 And, as a fitting capstone to this finished race,
 Erect o’er all, in plain commanding view,
 Full visioned Justice in her proper place.

A SONG—COMRADES.

For some time we've worked together,
 And as comrades shared the pap,
 We have milked from public office,
 Which we know's a private snap;
 And when some new fad or other
 Sought our cohorts to enthrall,
 We would drop pretended issues,
 And as comrades rise or fall.

CHORUS—Comrades, comrades ever since '63,
 Sharing each other's sorrows,
 Sharing each other's glee,
 Comrades when others attempted
 Reforms to inaugurate,
 Pooling our issues, but never relaxing
 Our grip on the State.

When the most important question
 Whether silver we should use,
 Or to gold adhere with England,
 And the people's wish refuse,
 To offset the public clamor,
 Which was ready to break out,
 Forth we brought the tariff dummy
 Just to hear the people shout.

Chorus—Comrades, etc.

When the billion-dollar Congress
 Widely scattered taxes, wrung
 From a debt o'erburdened people,
 'Mid a gang of thieves unhung;
 Then the Plumed Knight of Bangor,
 Seeing how the people felt,
 Brought foreign reciprocity,
 Round which the statesmen knelt.

Chorus—Comrades, etc.

When to stay the cry of "finance,"
 Cleveland's tariff message rang,
 How the people swarmed around us,
 For protection loudly sang.
 We divided all the plunder
 In the bar and harbor bill,
 And while some have high protection,
 Others from the "pork" must fill.
 Chorus—Comrades, etc.

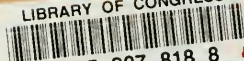
Now another danger threatens,
 And conditions still confront
 The bold comrades of the combine,
 Thus engaged in a still hunt;
 But to down the People's party
 Will their aim and object be,
 And as comrades for the future,
 They will sing in unity.
 Chorus—Comrades, etc.



PUBLISHER'S NOTICE.

In the hurry of getting this edition of SONGS AND SONNETS OF THE NEW CRUSADE out in time for the Omaha Convention, some have been omitted, and it is proposed to issue a second edition immediately after the Omaha Convention containing them and others in preparation, together with portraits of the People's Party candidates and of the author, handsomely bound in cloth.

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