

THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

A voice hath gone forth on the wings of the wind,
And the heart of each tyrant is quaking ;
For up, from their sleep of oppression and shame,
The millions at length are awaking !

Their watchword is freedom and justice to all,
It is echoing over the land,
And father, and husband, and brother, and son,
Are claiming the birthright of man.

The patriot's spirit is filling their hearts,
They have girt up their loins for the fight,
And they've sworn, without bloodshed, to conquer
their foes,
By the power of their moral might !

The lips of the tyrants are trembling and pale,
In dismay they are dreading the shock,
Of the millions who, bold in the truth of their cause
Are strong as the adamant rock !

Round the people's white banner are gathering fast
The wise, and the good, and the brave,
And he who would shrink from so holy a cause,
Is a traitor, a coward, a slave.