

## SONG

TO THE MEN OF ENGLAND.

MEN of England, wherefore plough  
 For the lords who lay ye low ?  
 Wherefore weave with toil and care,  
 The rich robes your tyrants wear ?

Wherefore feed, and clothe, and save,  
 From the cradle to the grave,  
 Those ungrateful drones who would  
 Drain your sweat—nay, drink your blood ?

Wherefore, Bees of England, forge  
 Many a weapon, chain, and scourge,  
 That these stingless drones may spoil  
 The forced produce of your toil ?

Have ye leisure, comfort, calm,  
 Shelter, food, love's gentle balm ?  
 Or what is it ye buy so dear  
 With your pain and with your fear ?

The seed ye sow, another reaps ;  
 The wealth ye find, another keeps ;  
 The robes ye weave, another wears ;  
 The arms ye forge, another bears.

Sow seed,—but let no tyrant reap ;  
 Find wealth,—let no impostor heap ;  
 Weave robes,—let not the idle wear ;  
 Forge arms,—in your defence to bear.

Shrink to your cellars, holes, and cells ;  
 In halls ye deck another dwells.  
 Why shake the chains ye wrought ? Ye see  
 The steel ye tempered glance on ye.

With plough and spade, and hoe and loom,  
 Trace your grave, and build your tomb,  
 And weave your winding-sheet, till fair  
 England be your sepulchre.