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attle Call for Cuba

Frank Pulnam







A Battle Call for Cuba

Frank Quinam



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WRITER'S NOTE.

Cuba bleeds. Four hundred thousand non-combatants starved, outraged, given to a slow death by Spain. Two hundred thousand more perishing by like means. This in progress three years at our very door. Before God and man, this nation assumed authority to protect the peoples of the New World from the tyranny of the Old. The hearts of this people have been true to that tradition. Our leaders have betrayed us. Grover Cleveland and William McKinley knew what deeds were done in Cuba. They knew it officially from our servants, the consuls. That knowledge they withheld from their employers, the people. They sacrificed this nation's dearest treasure, her fair fame, to a scheme of local prosperity.

Upon Grover Cleveland and William McKinley must rest the eternal infamy of this betrayal.

It is not yet too late to free Cuba. It is forever too late to do our duty by the six hundred thousand dead and dying victims of Spain's ferocity and our captains' cowardice.

Chicago, March 20, 1898.

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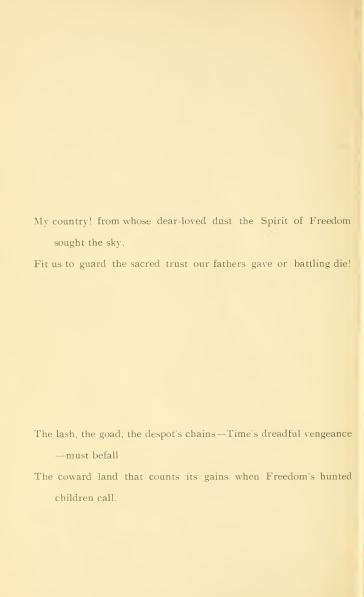
CUBA

Serenely calm, serenely cold, our nation sits with folded hands,

And sees the savage wolf of old with children's blood stain Cuba's
sands.

Across you slender arm of sea murder and rape and ruin reign;

To our deaf ears the victims' plea, mournful and awful, comes in vain



Thou Freedom! arm the patriot's hand; confuse, strike down the dastard knave;

Lead thou thine own appointed band where deathless glory waits the brave!



HOW LONG?

Still quakes the isle 'neath Murder's tread; still Hate is free to work its way

Upon the bowed, defenseless head of Cuba; still the tyrant's sway,

Unchecked, unawed, relentless runs; still Hunger robs the patriot's fold;

Still we, fair Freedom's favored sons, bid Honor bow to lust of gold.

The state of the s
My brothers! Hear you, heed you not the wail winds waft across
4
the sea?
Or have you all too soon forgot the cause Time trusts to you and me?
Inglorious peace! The coward's shame shall blot and brand us
,
through the years—
Foul blot and brand upon the fame our fathers bought with blood
2 out blot and brank upon the name out rathers bought with bloom
and tears!

Eternal God! to whom men fly beneath the lash of hideous wrong,

How long shall Cuba's children cry for Thy relief?—how long?

how long?



THE CUBAN PATRIOT

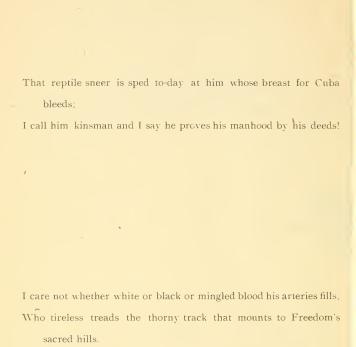
Since slave first slew his slavish fears and dared his master's will edefy,

The smug have damned his cause with sneers, with inuendo and with lie.



What time our fathers, face to face, with England's hired butchers fought,

They too were named "a mongrel race, to little up from nothing brought."



When Time the wounds of war has healed and gray Oblivion hides his grave.

His greatness then shall be revealed where Love laments the nameless brave.



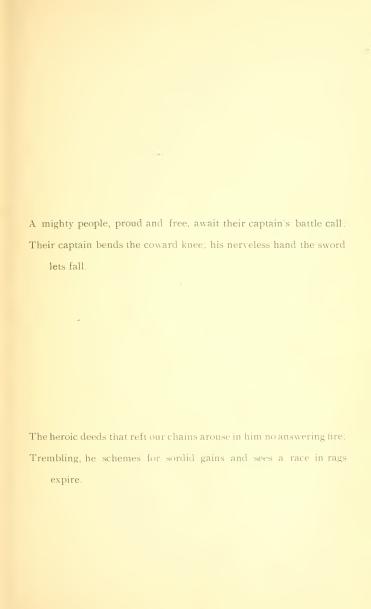
IV

McKINLEY

- In bank and mart, in shop and store, where mills' gigantic pulses beat,
- On hill and plain, by sea and shore, wherever men and brothers meet,

With speech that burns the lips it leaves their broken idol freemen name;

His course the nation's hope deceives and gives us to eternal shame.



Accurst forever th' incarnate Fear that dared not check the tyrant's hate:

Our children's children's ears shall hear Time's fearful cry: "Too late! Too late!"



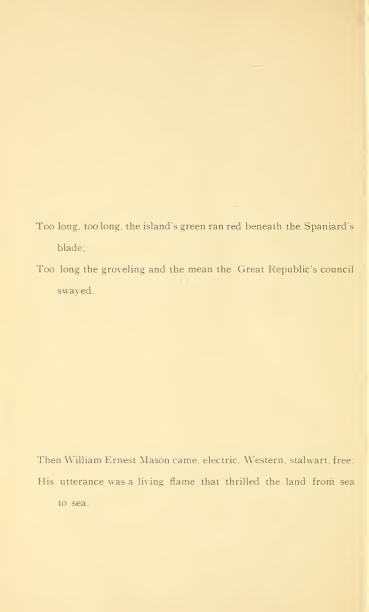
V,

MASON

A man is risen among the cold and bloodless crew in senate hall;

His voice is like the voice of old, when freemen burst Oppression's thrall.

Such speech is his as Henry hurled defiant at the idiot king—
A speech that rang around the world: forever may its echoes ring!



His war cry, like a lightning stroke, leapt vivid through the sleeping sky:

That hour a people's conscience woke; that hour saw Spain's dominion die!



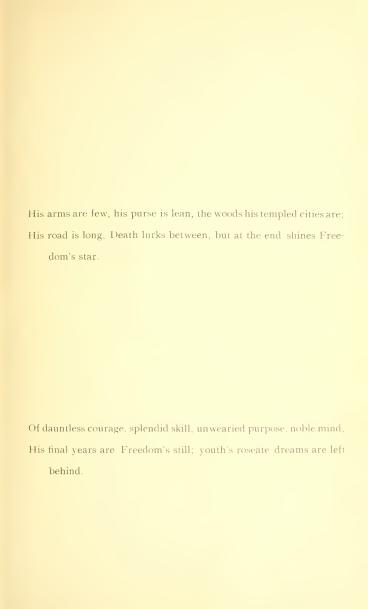
VΙ

GOMEZ

To that high plane where Love enshrines his name who gave this nation life,

Unerring Time's decree assigns the hero of a newer strife.

His fight is that undying fight, whose martyr roll is ages long—
The ceaseless battle waged by Right against the sway of crue
Wrong.



One dear desire is his alone—whose fruit pray God he live to see— The hated arms of Spain o'erthrown, the land of his affection free!





