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CUBA LIBRE

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## NOTICE TO ALL HUMANITARIANS.

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If Congress plays Cuba into Spain's hands, the disgrace falls on the people; for the people have power to prevent it. Read this poem. If it expresses your sentiments, send copies to every friend you can think of. Talk about it. Write about it. Show it to others and tell them to do the same. It is with you to lead, in the name of all that is just, and for the liberation of Cuba from Spanish tyranny forever.

By the time you receive this, copies will be flying through the mails day and night to all parts of the Union. Let us give Cuba her independence for Christmas! Eight copies like this by return mail, postage paid, three cents. Fifty copies, twenty cents. One hundred copies, thirty cents. One thousand copies, by express, two dollars.

To any one who cannot spare the money, copies will be sent free upon receipt of address.

The author prefers to remain unknown. Address,

SIDNEY RAYMOND,

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# "CUBA LIBRE!"\*

A LYRO-EPIC.

Oh how sweet the secret summons to the breathless Halls of Fame,  
Where the eager world awaits us—loud to praise and quick to blame!

Hot to hail the coming hero: "Who the next? Who will it be?"  
Ah how nervously we mutter, "Wait—be patient—I am he"!

"Patience—patience—I am coming! Oh, I have no uniform—  
They will call me boy and—" Listen! 't is the hush before the storm.

How we swallow—how the heart beats—yet what confidence we feel!  
None can do our duty for us; we must act, and act with zeal.

Ready now—be brave, O spirit—friends enough will follow on.  
We cannot depend on others; we must go and stand alone.

Forward—press right through between them—reckon afterward the cost—  
Forward now, my soul, or never! Wait till day, and all is lost.

"Cuba libre! Cuba libre! Cuba libre!" came the cry.  
Peace grew pale. War had awakened; and the morning hopes were high.

"Cuba libre! Cuba libre!" Peace looked up—she could not speak.  
Pity came and pointed seaward; and a tear crept down her cheek.

Far and black against the sunrise loomed the loaded convict ships  
From the land of Hate and Avarice. Love came up with trembling lips.

Peace looked back; she saw them coming, Hope Triumphant in the lead,  
Then came fixed Determination and the ragged hosts of Need.

Far behind hung shrewd Ambition, with his hireling band of brutes.  
Duty hastened on without them, gathering up the recruits.

On they came, and God was with them! Fear's own force took up the cry:  
"Cuba libre! Cuba libre!" and the echoes made reply.

\*Lee-bray.

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"Cuba libre! libre! libre!" Oh the hills did love the sound!  
Peace herself rejoiced within her, and no longer looked around.

"Cuba libre!" clanged the anvils—she could hear them far and wide.  
"Free ye Cuba!" swelled the answer down the long Atlantic side.

"Free ye Cuba—we are with you!" flashed the word from sea to sea—  
"Banish Tyranny forever from the New World of the Free."

"Cuba libre! Cuba libre!" Happy they who loved and heard;  
Happy they who faced the world to spread and preach the happy word;

Happy they who hurried northward to supply who stayed and fought;  
Happy, happy they who helped them. Witness, ye who helped them not.

Ye who made them out unworthy to conceive and frame their laws,  
Snarled for peace, because you had it; wept with Spain, and kissed her claws.

Speak for Spain, ye Spanish-hearted; speak for Spain, and Spain will nod.  
"Cuba! free and independent!" ye who love the smile of God.

Ye who have it—ye who love it—will ye hold it back from them?  
We of liberty and enlightenment should be slowest to condemn.

We should be the first to succor—still befriend when all desert.  
Even the hurt ones would admire us, were we less afraid to hurt.

Feed the hungry, clothe the naked, help the helpless, rich or poor,  
Worthy or unworthy—God knows; ours to keep, and His to cure.

What if they be weak and ignorant—though we know the tale untrue—  
Did France argue our unfitness for the task we had to do?

Was the task with ease accomplished—laws perfected without cost?  
It would seem from present Congress that that early art were lost.

Precedent is as much to plodders as great wit to mightier men.  
Wit will make mistakes, yet triumph; Prudence waits, and follows then.

Foster Cuba. If she falters, teach her how to follow us;  
Lend her means, encourage—Listen: take her in our omnibus.

There is room; if not, we'll make room; she was comely, so we hear.  
Spain will be too glad to sell her for a sixpence, never tear.

Beggars often sell their children—lucky too are those they sell;  
Children of the Spanish beggar never fared exceeding well.

Starved, imprisoned, outraged, beaten—starved to stuff the sawdust throne  
Of the family hags of Europe for the sake of skin and bone.

Cuba paid for her cold victuals and that bloody back half clad—  
Paid her black-eyed, old hag-mother half the noble blood she had.

Is the Ten-years' war forgotten? Ah, by us, but not by her;  
Yet her sufferings since that horror have been double what they were.

Taxed and bled for empty honors that but more increased her pain;  
Taxed for all she had and had not—totaled, robbed, and taxed again.

Sons were taxed their wives, their daughters! Honor-filchers buzzed in swarms  
Lucky he whose rash resistance saved his home from force of arms;

Lucky he who hid his daughters from marauders of the night;  
Tax collectors had no mercy—Spanish might is Spanish right.

Secret snakes of sacred chambers, coiling for the night surprise,  
Fearful of the gleaming mirror, lest they see their own black eyes.

Mercy from a Spaniard? Mercy? Not since Hell belched up the race  
To blaspheme the name of human. Look upon their average face!

Look! And would ye dream of mercy? Listen to the boasted names  
Of her patron saints and heroes. Ah, but who could write their shames?

Ask not me. My soul abhors it. Language shrinks before their acts.  
Writ by gloating Spanish bishops, they could not outswell the facts.

Even their Holy Inquisition pales beside the modern deeds  
Of the race that drank the life-blood of the West—and still she bleeds.

Midnight massacre, stealth and outrage, torture by the screw and rack—  
Pastimes of this fiendish order soothe the wild demoniac.

These are pastimes; but their business—none dare question where or how  
They've been at it through the centuries. At it? They are at it now.

At it? Aye! with our permission; and protected by our laws.  
Ah, but wait. Ye have no power. Finance is the ruling cause.

"Gold or Silver! Gold or Silver!" sped the maddening, magic word.  
"Gold or Silver; which are you for?" Sense was wounded when she heard.

"Gold or Silver for the masses—Gold or Silver for the rich—  
Gold or Gold or Gold or Silver—Gold or Silver— which for which?"

"Gold or Silver! Silver! Silver!" Agitators thronged the streets,  
Damning all the rich together—even philanthropists were cheats.

Not a more offended people ever welcomed polling day,  
When they too might give opinions in their own emphatic way.

"It's McKinley!" dinned the thousands in the middle of the night.  
"Rah McKinley!" came the answer; "Courts are safe, and law is right!"

"Rah McKinley! Rah McKinley! Honor and Protection! Rah!  
Down with loud Repudiation! Up with money and the law!"

"Call Prosperity back from Europe and shut out the pauper breeds!  
Build a wall against stagnation! Gold is what the country needs."

"Gold? Where can the poor man win it? Poverty earned what Luxury eats.  
Progress waits upon Employment; and Employment shuns the streets."

"They make money who have money to impose upon the poor;  
If the poor like men resent it, Wealth goes in and shuts the door.

"Wealth will listen to no reasons, and will give no reason why.  
'Strike, and I will starve your families; you must come to terms, not I.'"

Fruitless, fruitless, O my brothers, is a warfare such as this!  
And the louder the complaining, wider yawns the dark abyss.

Wider, deeper, more portentous grow the differences of men;  
While a kind, unselfish interest soon might heal them up again.

Blindness to the ills of others makes our lot seem worse than theirs.  
Speak for Love; lead out with Virtue; look to God and His affairs.

Listen! "Cuba! Cuba libre!" can ye hear above the moan?  
Death and Famine drive them thither, gaunt, unfriended, and alone.

See them—women—little children—crawling on their hands and knees—  
Rouse thee up, thou busy Business! Will you hear not even these?

Hunger! O thou hideous Hunger! Christ! are these the means of war?  
Who will urge them back? What pretense? They shall see their homes no more.

Spain has starved their families. Heavens! ask me not what else they did.  
God of Love have mercy on us—we who saw—O Christ forbid!

Kind at home means constant kindness. Knaves may pass for saints abroad;  
Deeds undone at home hang heavy in the justice scales of God.

Where are now the friends they looked to? Who had thought a year ago  
We, of all they put their trust in, would be first to say them no?

How much longer, ye wise statesmen, will ye blunder for the light?  
Mottoes stamped on gold or silver will not bring the future right.

"God we trust"—but we must serve Him. "God is Love"—and what are ye?  
Brotherhood, not gold or silver, is the standard that must be.

Act! His hosts are marshaled, waiting. Act! The public voice is hoarse.  
Who now wants investigation? Speak—and let your talk be terse.

Know ye not 't was our example—that the sweet prospect that lured  
Was the hope that they might some day, with the help that we assured,

Draw their little force together just as we did ours, and hold  
That the New World had decided to proceed without the Old?

Witness that the least among you, falsely in the Nation's name,  
Sneered upon their lofty passions, and betrayed us to the blame.

Witness now that his successor, taken leave of all his sense,  
Asks them to return to bondage and give Hate another chance.

Asks it in the name of Peace, against our voice, and for the sake  
Of a scared administration, lest he make some grave mistake.

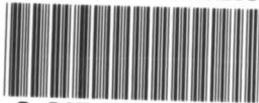
God, have mercy on Thy children when they sneak from out Thy sight,  
Bent on business of their own, when Thine awaits them through the night.

Hear me! Hear me, ye great people! In the name of Christ the Son—  
In the name of God our Father! this disgrace must not be done.

Loose on Spain the Yankee spirit—Gulf to Lakes and West to East—  
Peace, with all her hosts, is coming! Send for Bull and set the feast!

Hear us! Cuba! Cuba libre! Independence now or death!  
Hold the pass! We come! we come! and God shall smite them with His  
breath.

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