

# LINES, WRITTEN FOR THE FULLWOOD ANTI- CORN LAW SOIREE,

To be held on the 22nd of July, to commemorate the  
passing of the Corn Law Abolition Bill.

HARK! the glad sound of freedom flies  
Throughout the nation!  
On telegraphic wings, it hies  
From every station.  
Man hath battled with the wronger,  
Bread-tax, till he's proved the stronger;  
Prostrate, soon 'twill reign no longer,  
Our labour pinching.  
Proud Wealth may shake his locks of gold!  
Our faith shall never more be sold;  
With false opinions, long grown old,  
We cope, not flinching.

Fast it rides o'er the ocean's tide,  
With God's direction,  
Chanting the requiem far and wide  
O'er old protection:  
Hail, freemen, hail! Come, bring us corn!  
Hail! land where Washington was born!  
Ye who high fealty have sworn  
To man's true birthright,  
Sweet liberty!—Oh, waft it here!  
Food for the heart,—and food to cheer  
The famishing, so sad and drear,  
Whom the foul dearth blight!

All fame to Milton, Hampden, Vane,  
England's best teachers!  
Whose deathless themes will never wane,—  
Truth's sternest preachers!  
High-souled men, whom Freedom brought us,  
Men who liberty have taught us,—  
Who, with heart and mind, have sought us,  
To break our slumbers:  
Their teaching has not been in vain;  
They cast the seed—behold the gain!  
The harvest cut,—the laden wain,  
To feed the numbers!

While consecrating Cobden's fame  
At Mammon's altar,  
Where's he who traced in living flame  
The Corn Law Psalter?—  
Elliott, where?—thou man all fire,  
Who, foremost, hurled thy wrathful ire,  
With crushing might, resistless, dire,  
Bread's tax to sever:  
What! Hallam's sons forget *his* name?—  
Their cheeks would sere with scorching shame!  
Elliott's worth, with future fame,  
Shall live for ever!

Forge the plough-share, bend the sickle,  
Brave sons of labour!  
Sure, hunger's tears no more shall trickle!  
Each, love thy neighbour!  
Know ye, in co-operation  
Linked, defying separation,  
Labour's wrongs find reparation?  
Or ye may learn it!  
Band your hearts, on truth relying,  
All monopoly defying,  
Try—though failing, still keep trying,  
But never spurn it.

Ye, who for labour's freedom fought,  
Have won it nobly:  
Feel ye for liberty of thought,  
Free, chaste, and holy?  
Then, burst the bonds that fetter mind,  
Let it soar all unconfined;  
A nobler theme ye cannot find  
In God's creation!  
Oh, rest not, then, with what *is* done,  
A higher goal must yet be won;  
Toil on, toil on! the work's begun  
In every nation!

**WILLIAM STOCKS,**

“THE SHEFFIELD GRINDER.”

NETHER GREEN, JULY 15TH, 1846.