

Don't Sell Your Vote

BY CYRUS H. WALKER

Whose great grand-father fell at Lexington in
April 1775

Don't sell your vote, so priceless a
treasure

Was won by the blood of the fathers
who fought;

To free our fair land from oppression's
full measure,

And gave up their lives for a peace
dearly bought.

Don't sell your vote 'twill dishonor your
manhood

No matter what measure will press at
the polls;

Don't lower the standard from our
glorious statehood,

The disgrace will haunt you, as time
onward rolls.

Don't sell your vote; spurn the gold
that is proffered

The vote of a freeman is richer than
gain;

Base is the man by whose hand bribe is
offered,

Who despises your weakness and brands
you as Cain.

You but murder your country, for peril's
impending

O'er a nation whose freeman their bal-
lot despise,

Who sell a grand birthright; a shame
never ending

And surely will lose them the freedom
they prize.

Albany Oregon, June 4, 1906.