A DODGL ALLITERATIVE VERSE.

(J. Longmyrd in St. Paul Register.)

Weary, tired, troubled, toil-laden, toil-bound,
For long the land has given, now must be taken,
The burden of the days, the toil of years,
And now the work of many will be ours.

The hard-won gains, the toilsome toils of old,
Are ours to bear, toils and burdens to hold,
Yet, though we toil, our hearts are full of cheer,
For we are doing, and we shall be freed.

Foremost among the tasks, the most important,
Is the work of building, the work of restoring,
The land we love, the land we cherish,
And so we toil, we labor, we strive.

The work of building, the work of restoring,
Is ours to do, toils and burdens to bear,
And so we toil, we labor, we strive,
For we are doing, and we shall be freed.

The work of building, the work of restoring,
Is ours to do, toils and burdens to bear,
And so we toil, we labor, we strive,
For we are doing, and we shall be freed.

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