

# Song of the Pike

*Boston Pilot*, 10 June, 1848.

Great faith I have in moral force,  
Great trust in thought and pen;  
I know the value of discourse,  
To sway the minds of men;  
But why should words our frenzy whet,  
Unless we are to STRIKE  
Our despot lords, who fear no threat,  
But reverence the Pike?

Besides, the dialogue is slow—  
It *hangs*, and always hung;  
Where one man argues with a blow,  
The other with his tongue.  
The man who talks to *me* with swords,  
Guns, bayonets, and the like,  
Should not complain, if, shunning words,  
*I* answer with the Pike.

A bard, when asked what earthly sound  
All music else surpasses,  
Replied, with sophistry profound,  
'The tinkling of the glasses;'

## SONG OF THE PIKE

But on *my* ear another noise  
More rapturously strikes:  
And may we hear it soon, my boys!  
The crashing of the Pikes.

Oh! *do* be wise! Leave moral force,  
The strength of thought and pen,  
And all the value of discourse,  
To lily-liver'd men;  
But, if you're yet not to die  
Of hunger in a dike—  
If life we prize, or liberty—  
A PIKE! A PIKE! A PIKE!

*United Irishman.*

AN IRISH REBEL.