

"THE WOBBLIES ARE COMING"

We have stood a lot of knocking,
And we've had our share of woe.
We have felt the old boat rocking,
At the instance of a roe,
But in spite of all our trouble,
And in spite of—even war
We have grown to almost double—
Of what we could boast before.

We are just a wee bit wiser
Than we were a year ago;
And it takes an early riser
Now to beat us—Even so.
And there is no way to "guy us,"
Not a chance to make us sore,
For the folks are standing by us
Closer knit than e'er before.

We have stood a lot of "dressing"—
Weathered every gale and blow;
And at times they had us guessing
As to where the "mare" would go—
We have suffered much and keenly,
Many times we hit the floor,
Only to arise serenely
Bigger, better, than before.

We have longed for peace and justice
At the hands that laid us low—
(Still today our fatal trust is
In a process deadly slow.)
But we see a new day breaking,
See the purple spreading o'er—
And the slaves are now awaking
Like they never did, before.

When our friends were few, if any,
(And we thought them lying low)
We discovered we had many—
And they came to tell us so!
With their worldly goods and chat-
tels;

From the scant'ness of their store,
They have aided us in battles
Even more so—than before.

We have recollections, crowding,
Of our fortune's ebb and flow—
Of the forces oft beclouding
Freedom's soft and mellow glow,
But in spite of all their thunder
We have evened up the score;
We have "failed" to fall asunder!
We are stronger than before!

—T-BONE SLIM.