



# They're All Quitters?

*To be sung with distinct drawl draggingly.*  
The Czar is dead (he lost his head)

No more will we hear him snore—  
He broke his pick, (t'was a low-down trick)  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

## CHORUS

He ain't gonna reign no more, no more;  
He ain't gonna reign no more—  
We'll all get a rest (when we clean his nest)  
He ain't gonna reign no more.

The Feudal Lord has lost his sword—  
He's through with his "kingly chore"  
(He gave three cheers for the financiers)  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

The Duke of Trust is about to bust,  
And acts like a person sore—  
He'll leave his "things" to industrial kings  
And ain't gonna rule no more.

Productions' chief is full o' grief  
No more does it PAY to roar—  
The working class will revoke his "pass"  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

Ambitions come! Ambitions go!  
Ambitions sink and soar—  
But each such Ace has a broken mace;  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

When leadership, with a "massive brow,"  
Gets lost on the banquet floor—  
The "rough-neck bunch" has an awful  
hunch—  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

The Savior's angry . . . (mad clear through)  
And howls for a keg of gore;  
The folks all think that he needs a drink—  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

In Holland lives a Cord-wood King  
His name is "Hohenshore"  
He's Kaiser Bill (but he never will)  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

The polly-tician lost his goat,  
His silvery locks he tore—  
He's out of luck—jes' a pore lame-duck.  
He ain't gonna rule no more.

Note—(He also tore his pants).

## PART II.

Ambitions come! Ambitions go!  
Ambitions sink and soar—  
But one ambish, (It's the workers' wish,)  
Is now gonna rule once more.

## CHORUS

Oh IT'S gonna Reign some more, some  
more—  
Oh IT'S gonna Reign once more,  
To end all crime—to the "End of Time."  
Oh IT'S gonna Reign once more!

Old things will pass, with the Age of Gas  
And institutions hoar—  
When Toil treks home to reclaim its OWN—  
Oh it's gonna reign once more.

P. S.—Some people rule in an impersonal  
way, purely from altruistic or misguided  
motives or upon instructions—for the good  
of the "ruled," regardless if the "ruled" per-  
ish because and of the unhappy nature of  
their ministrations . . . the author rec-  
ognizes this, but the poet doesn't.

What can we do about it?

It looks 's if there's gonna be a shortage  
of rulers.

Next to impossible to get them to serve.