



## ORCHESTRAS ON THE BUM

By T-BONE SLIM

Some say human nature's selfish,  
And they doubt men's brotherhood—  
Let me tell THE AUGUST JELL-FISH:  
All is well—and to the good.

Things are not so ill-begotten,  
As the FAMOUS YOKELS tell,  
Men are not so "wholly rotten"—  
Insofar as I can smell.

Illkempt, soiled unlearned and frowsy—  
Still and all we must concede:  
People are not NEAR SO LOUSY  
As the ones that with us plead.

Nay, no force has yet the power  
To destroy, demoralise,  
The pure, the sweet, the good that flower  
In the minds of the unwise.

The perchance "heart-breaks" are aching,  
Spirits steeped in bitter gall,  
Better worlds are in the making—  
Worlds of joy and peace for all.

There's no need for to remind us  
How the great men used to grunt—  
Their brave deeds are all behind us,  
Ours are here—right up in front.

"But", you say, "you cannot make it,  
Human nature is so foul;  
If you do, you're sure to break it  
And they'll raise an awful howl."

"Humans are so darned perverted  
And their souls so full of sin  
That their brains are quite deserted—  
Save for hokum, sex and gin.

Hush! Be still, the battle rages!  
As between those "vicious gents"—  
In the symphony of ages  
Clash the blaring instruments.

"Nothing can be done about it—  
It is simply just too bad—  
To the world I hereby shout it—  
Harmony cannot be had."

Is that so? well, ain't that awful!  
Tuning forks are out of tune?  
Let me cough another MAWFUL:  
Why give up the job so soon?

Was the ship beneath you sinking,  
That you had to take the plunge,  
That you had to cease your thinking  
And throw up the blessed sponge?

No, The ship rides safe at anchor—  
You're by coarse illusion tricked—  
In your heart of gall and rancor,  
There's your "blasted derelict!"