

THE LUMBER JACK'S PRAYER

I pray dear Lord for Jesus' sake,
Give us this day a T-Bone Steak,
Hallowed be thy Holy Name,
But don't forget to send the same.

Oh, Hear my humble cry, Oh Lord,
And send us down some decent board
Brown gravy and some German fried,
With sliced tomatoes on the side.

Observe me on my bended legs,
I'm asking you for Ham and Eggs,
And if thou haves't custard pies,
I like, dear Lord, the largest size.

Oh, hear my cry, All Mighty Host,
I quite forgot the Quail on Toast
--Let your kindly heart be stirred,
And stuff some oysters in that bird.

Dear Lord, we know your Holy wish,
On Friday we must have a fish,
Our flesh is weak and spirit stale,
You better make that fish a whale.

Oh, hear me Lord, remove these "Dogs,"
These sausages of powder'd logs,
Your bull beef hash and, bearded Snouts,
Take them to hell or thereabouts.

With alum bread and Pressed-Beef butts,
Dear Lord you damn near ruin'd my guts
Your white-wash milk and Oleorine
I wish to Christ I'd never seen.

Oh, hear me Lord, I am praying still,
But if you won't our union will;
Put pork-chops on the bill of fare:
And starve no workers anywhere.

T-BONE SLIM