

# Rebel Rhymes



==== BY ====  
"The Unknown"



PRICE 25 CENTS







## *Dedication.*

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To my comrades who were murdered in St. Petersburg on "Red Sunday;" To my comrades who are now suffering in Siberia; To the "Hunger Marchers" of Great Britain; To the two million child-slaves of America; To all those, in fact, who are now suffering from the effects of our boasted "Christian" civilization, and to that vast army of thinking men and women who are patiently and persistently working to overthrow it, and to usher in the final brotherhood of man the world over, this little book is affectionately dedicated by

*"THE UNKNOWN."*

## THE INDIVIDUALIST.

Let me go to the hills and the valleys,  
So fragrant and fair;  
I am tired of men and of women,  
Who starve and despair.

I am tired of life's bitter struggle,  
And long to depart  
To the dens of the beasts of the forest;  
When, when can I start?

You have said I must pay what I owe you  
Before I may go;  
Then give me a chance, and I'll pay it;  
How much do I owe?

I have paid it, a thousand times over,  
In anguish, and tears;  
I have paid it! God knows what I've paid  
In this handful of years.

That I've worked for as heartless a tyrant  
As ever drew breath;  
Repay it! Yes, I will repay it,  
With freedom or death.

Let slaves bend their backs for the tyrants,  
I've done it before;  
But by all that I've suffered in silence,  
I'll do it no more.

I'm off to the hills, and the valleys,  
So fragrant and fair;  
The birds, and the beasts, and the flowers.  
Will welcome me there.

## THE SOCIALIST.

I shall stay in the slums of your cities,  
Where hunger and cold  
Make the man, and the maid, and the mother,  
So hideous and bold;

I will talk with the women and children,  
And talk with the men,  
Of the time when the corn shall be ready  
To gather again;

I have seen, I have felt, I have suffered,  
And therefore I know  
That the Comrades will gather whenever  
The bugle shall blow.

Ye sleek, hypocritical tyrants  
That rule us today;  
The martyr, the man, and the maker,  
Are coming this way.

Clear the track! There's no room on this planet  
For shirkers or drones;  
Clear the track! Ere the sickle and plowshare  
Shall scrape on your bones;

For the words of the prophet of justice  
Have roused in the mob  
A longing, that's more than a longing,  
For master or job.

We have taken the oath of the toilers,  
Both women and men;  
It is signed in the blood of the martyrs,  
With Liberty's pen.

Fly away, then, ye cowards and tyrants,  
Away to your homes,  
For the voice of our god is no longer  
In steeples and domes.

I shall stay in the slums of your cities,  
So heartless and cold,  
'Til the men, in their mass, shall awake  
And prepare to take hold

Of the earth, and the things they have builded  
In sorrow and pain;  
And I KNOW that the words of the prophets  
Were not spoken in vain.



## TO "THE POWERS THAT BE."

(*Re Chicago "Investigation."*)

Hold up your hands in your pious wrath,  
Throw mud at Armour's name;  
Condemn the goods 'neath the "Stars and Stripes,"  
High stakes are in the game.

Send up a howl from the Lion's throat,  
For all that's "straight" and "fair";  
He wants a chance for the rogues at home,  
To poison the people there.

Let the colors three of France be raised  
At every port she owns;  
But the glass will break and the wine will flow  
When France is throwing stones.

Then shout in chorus from countless throats,  
From every land that's known;  
Prate of the sins in your neighbor's house,  
To try to hide your own.

Join with the "Lion" whene'er he shouts  
For all that's "straight" and "fair,"  
To give the packers at "home" a chance  
To poison the people there.



## TRIP GAILY ON.

Trip gaily on, oh Father Time,  
Trip gaily on,  
Unmindful of the dirt and slime  
Thou look'st upon.  
Unmindful of the groans and sighs  
That mark the years,  
Unmindful of the tyrant's lies  
And labor's tears,  
Trip gaily on.

Trip gaily on, oh Father Time,  
Trip gaily on.  
Think not at all of "Shylock's" crime,  
Or Mary's son.  
Think not of what became of France,  
Or pampered Rome.  
Keep on; keep up thy merry dance  
'Til death shall come.  
Keep on; keep up thy merry race  
'Til hell itself sees thy disgrace,  
Trip gaily on.

Dance to thy doom, oh Father Time,  
Dance to thy doom;  
'Til for thyself with those in slime  
There is no room.  
When, like a great volcano burst,  
One loud report,  
And thou hast quenched hell's deepest thirst,  
And peace is bought.  
When, from thine ashes, there shall rise  
A kingdom of the just and wise,  
Then trip, aye, trip in hell's name,  
gaily on.

## A PROTEST.

I care not for the bird that sings  
    Behind its prison bars,  
Or circus beasts that ride about  
    Inside the circus-cars.

Nor have I patience to endure  
    The life-long invalid;  
For all are products of your blind  
    And avaricious greed.

I do not like to see a horse  
    In harness all the day,  
While those the favored few possess  
    Spend half their time at play.

But what I hate the most to see  
    Drag slowly to the grave,  
Is he who DARES not to be free—  
    Your economic slave.



## TO THE BOERS.

*(Written during the South African War.)*

Trek, trek, trek,  
Far from your native land.

Trek, trek, trek,  
From a legal robber band.

Trek, trek, trek,  
To a strange, far-distant shore,  
Where nature's haunts will supply your wants,  
And ye do not ask for more.

Trek, trek, trek,  
The "Britisher" wants your land.

Trek, trek, trek,  
Ye cannot against him stand.

Trek, trek, trek,  
"Trek! And without your slaves;  
At the Queen's command vacate your land,  
Or we'll fill your farms with graves."

Trek, trek, trek,  
For the British have come to stay.

Trek, trek, trek,  
Ye'd better at once obey.

Trek, trek, trek,  
He's slaves of his own, I know;  
His own are the kind that are free "in their mind,"  
But don't tell the Britisher so.

Trek, trek, trek,  
Far from your dear Transvaal.  
Trek, trek, trek,  
For Chamberlain, Rhodes, "et al."  
Trek, trek, trek,  
"To hell if you like, what odds,  
So long as we hold your diamonds and gold,  
Which are rightfully ours"—and God's.

Trek, trek, trek,  
You and your wife and kids.  
Trek, trek, trek,  
For "Civilization" bids.  
Trek, trek, trek,  
Bibles and brats and all;  
Come, pick up your hat, we have no use for that.  
Git! Reverend Saint Oom Paul.



## A PICTURE FROM LIFE.

(In a "Christian" Land.)

A costly mansion of stone,  
A spire that scrapes the sky;  
It fills with awe the humble poor  
Who daily pass it by.

*Inside.*

A row of seats so grand,  
A carpet across the floor;  
A pulpit I loathe, whose cost might clothe  
A thousand of homeless poor.

Some windows of stained glass,  
And a cross of gold so bright;  
A book embossed, that must have cost  
Full many a "widow's mite."

A perfume that fills the air,  
A preacher with "saintly" face;  
A group of clowns in their silken gowns,  
And men who are man's disgrace.

*Outside.*

A group of children in rags,  
Gathered to hear the songs;  
They hunt the street for a bite to eat,  
And blame on God their wrongs.

A mother with starving babe,  
Hugging it to her breast;  
She dare not stop, for she fears "the cop,"  
She's praying to God for rest.

An old man wanders along,  
Lonely, cheerless and cold;  
He heaves a sigh as he passes by,  
And thinks of the Christ of old.

Children with shoulders round,  
Women with painted face;  
They one and all, both great and small,  
Are a Christian world's disgrace.

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“'FRISCO.”

The gods have decreed that 'Frisco shall rise  
And come to the front once more;  
But she'll bow her head to the money-kings  
As she ne'er has bowed before.

Faster and faster the pace will grow,  
And the “kings” will yell for joy  
As they take from the toiler's child a crust  
To get their own a toy.

The streets will be black with human slaves,  
And the thieves that make the law  
Will roll in wealth 'til the blow is struck,  
When men will be slaves no more.

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*A CHRISTIAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS SOUL*

Depart, my soul, and find a nobler sphere;  
Depart, I say! Souls are not wanted here.  
Go haunt yon vast illimitable space  
And find God's church that is not man's disgrace.

A. D. 1900

Nineteen "Christian" centuries have come and gone,  
Nations have seen both greatness and decay;  
What Christ accomplished, "Christians" have undone,  
Heaven is robbed, the bills of hell to pay.

Science, which should uplift humanity,  
Making men's burdens doubly hard to bear;  
Nature resounding with the groans and sobs  
Of those who live in darkness and despair.

"Civilization!" What a mockery.  
Heaven-sent babies born to ceaseless toil;  
Hunger and cold the reward of industry,  
And pampered preachers making blood to boil.

Murder, in all its wholesale hideousness,  
Blessed by the men who "serve" the "Prince of  
Peace."  
Father of Mercy, have we come to this?  
Drop Thou the curtain, that this farce may cease.

Tired and sick I stand, laughed at and hated,  
Shoulder to shoulder with men who are men;  
Each one half wondering why we have waited,  
Knowing what has been might yet be again.

Yes, it is well we have waited and wondered.  
See the sun rising o'er yonder dark cloud;  
Reason is triumphing, rise up, ye plundered,  
Truth is fast weakening the prosperous proud.

Welcome the dawn of the great Revolution;  
Peaceful it comes, but it will not be stayed.  
Welcome the day of the bloodless solution  
For all of our ills in the present decade.

## THE TOILER'S LABOR DAY.

(May 1st.)

Talk not to us of "brother-love,"  
Who think, and hear, and see;  
Let slaves before their master-men  
Get down on bended knee.

We stand erect, with armour on,  
Prepared to meet our foe;  
We are the foremost in the fight—  
We see; we hear; we know.

And knowing, we have made a vow  
Which we propose to keep—  
That we will wake our fellow-slaves  
From their hypnotic sleep.

So, tremble now, ye tyrants all,  
And tremble well ye may;  
For we have met to celebrate  
The Toilers' Labor Day.

Then blow the bugle long and loud,  
My Comrades in the fray;  
And let the mountains hear the vow  
That we have made today.

March on! And let the foremost men  
Be cheered by those behind;  
And we shall win the greatest fight  
E'er witnessed by mankind.

## THE REBEL.

Poor as I may perchance become,  
Low as I yet may have to sink,  
While there is blood within my veins  
I will not sell my right to think.

Physical pain ye may inflict,  
And mental pain may be my lot;  
But while I have the power to think,  
I will not join your dev'lish plot.

Chains for the workers ye can forge,  
But my consent ye may not buy;  
Truth is my goal, and all your gold  
Is not enough to make me lie.

Steal ye the bread from helpless babes,  
And fill the church plate to the brim;  
And while your god with anger burns,  
Sing ye your praises unto him.

Corrupt the public press with gold;  
Buy up the legislative halls;  
Shut out from heaven and earth and hell,  
Your brother-man in overalls.

This ye would do, and maybe more;  
But know ye this before you start—  
Ye never can get my consent,  
Nor can ye change The Rebel's heart.

## A PLEA FOR PROGRESS.

When will the time arrive when men shall stand  
Stripped of their shoddy clothes and pasty gems;  
When will the truth prevail o'er quackery,  
And men cease bowing to the "Golden Calf"?

Answer, ye heavens, that awe the weaker minds;  
Answer, ye priestlings; answer, thou putrid press;  
Answer, oh, earth, while on thy face we stand,  
Or let truth perish in the minds of men.

Are we to be, to live, to die, to rot,  
To naught accomplish, and to naught desire?  
If this be so, why was this fertile brain  
E'er planted in my paltry human skull?

Answer, ye students of philosophy,  
What is the meaning of these mad desires  
That fill with longing this poor soul of mine,  
For better times, and better men than those  
Who now surround my present mean abode?



## AN "INFIDEL'S" PRAYER.

What odds what gods ye worship; what care I.  
Leave me as free to kneel, or not to kneel;  
We may but play our hands until we die,  
As yet we get no chance to cut or deal.

Maybe when we evolve from plane to plane,  
In turn we'll learn from whence we came, and why;  
As yet we let our fancies twist and turn  
Twixt "God," and "Fate," and "Luck," and  
"Destiny."

I care not where I go to when I pass  
Beyond the wand of tyranny and greed;  
Let slaves and knaves not trespass on my grass,  
Lest they should slay the virtue of its seed.

Let children, filled with innocence and mirth,  
At play all day be seen upon my grave;  
Let birds and flowers each to their kind give birth,  
But keep my sleep untenanted by slaves.



## THE DREAMER.

I am a dreamer. Let me dream  
Of fruitful forest and silver stream.  
I am a dreamer. Let me lie  
In the bright green fields under cloudless sky.

I am a dreamer. Leave me then  
To dream of time when men were men.  
I am a dreamer. Set me free  
To dream of the times which are to be.

When labor will like a lion rise  
And tear asunder his serfdom's ties;  
When all will walk on the earth as men,  
And none be ruled by an "upper ten."

I am a dreamer. Set me free  
To dream of the things which are to be.



## THE CITY OF THE DAMN'D.

There was once a fertile valley  
Where both birds and flowers grew,  
There no man had ever trodden,  
There no buildings spoilt the view.

'Twas a noble work of nature,  
Rain or sun from cloud or sky  
With the earth co-operated  
Constantly to beautify.

Everything in perfect order  
Lived and breathed the breath of life;  
Naught was known of man or money,  
Naught was fear'd of human strife.

Till an artist on vacation  
Wandered up into the hills,  
Seeking there among the mountains  
Nature's cure for human ills.

With his eyes turned up to heaven,  
Breathing out a heartfelt prayer,  
He beheld a lark descending,  
Singing through the sun-filled air.

As she neared her habitation  
In the valley cool and calm,  
Where, for countless generations,  
Naught was known of human harm.

Every phase of artist instinct  
Rose within the traveller's breast;  
He, with clumsy gait, descended  
Till he stood beside her nest.

Gazing thence along the valley  
At the mountain peaks beyond,  
He bethought him of the fairy  
With her little magic wand.

- Skilfully with brush and canvas  
Reproduced with ease and grace,  
Till his picture, "Peaceful Valley,"  
Called attention to the place.

Settlers came from every nation.  
Beauty was a thing unknown  
To this herd of human cattle,  
To the ways of commerce grown.

Soon the valley was depleted  
Of its trees, from side to side,  
And the humans, from their houses,  
Looked upon their farms with pride.

Soon an enterprising stranger  
With a pen behind his ear  
Came to boost the little township  
And the district far and near.

Lies were sent to every corner  
Of the habitable globe—  
Lies enough to try the patience  
Of an uncomplaining Job.

And the victims came in hundreds,  
Thinking, you must understand,  
That, within an age of commerce,  
They could find the "Promised Land."

Every species of producer  
From the farmer to the clerk,  
Walked or rode into the valley  
Looking for a chance to work.

Roads were built for exportation;  
School and Church and Bank and Store  
Followed in their proper order,  
With the merchants of the law.

Gold and copper, coal and iron,  
Next were taken from the hills;  
Then the people came in thousands  
With their overalls and frills.

Farms were quickly subdivided,  
City lots were bought and sold;  
Every single human virtue  
Had its purchase price in gold.

Factories filled the air with blackness,  
Railroads fought for "right-of-way;"  
Brilliant lights from mountain streamlets  
Turned the night-time into day.

Men and women old and wrinkled,  
Children scarcely in their "teens,"  
Racing day and night in contest  
For their jobs, with big machines.

"Profits! Profits!" cry the masters,  
Soulless as the iron ore  
That was hidden in the mountains;—  
"Give us profits evermore!"

Step by step the rent of shanties  
Rose till tenements were crammed;  
From the ash of "Peaceful Valley"  
Rose the City of The Damn'd.

Crimes increased with each invention  
That displaced the human slaves,  
And the "potter's field" was started  
To be filled with pauper's graves.

"Widows' mites" and masters' dollars  
Made the preachers sleek and fat,  
As they taught contentment's gospel  
Ere they passed around the hat.

And with "patriotic" nonsense  
Little children's heads were crammed  
By the ones who did the robbing  
In the City of The Damn'd.

Fear, and hate, and greed, and malice,  
Left their marks on every face,  
As the great machines of commerce  
For the toilers set the pace.

Prayer of priest and policeman's baton,  
Bayonets or rifle balls,  
Was the "pay" of each producer,  
Dressed in cap and overalls.

And the masters lived in mansions,  
And belief in God they shammed  
As they drank the blood of toilers,  
In the City of The Damn'd.

## *I CANNOT SING.*

I cannot sing as others sing,  
About the birds and trees  
And brooks and butterflies and Spring;  
Let others sing of these.

Let others sing of little lambs  
That "skip upon the green";  
But I would rather use my pen  
To let the truth be seen.

Ten thousand multiplied by ten  
Upon the earth today,  
While in their infancy must work  
Their little lives away.

That those who do no useful thing  
That God or man can see,  
May loll away their useless lives  
In ease and luxury.

I cannot sing as others sing,  
About the birds and trees,  
While these poor little human lambs  
Toil on, and starve and freeze.

God grant that there may come a day,  
As such a day has been,  
When little toddling human lambs  
May skip upon the green.

*"WHEN ROGUES FALL OUT."*

When rogues fall out, then is the time  
For honest men to get their due  
And thus it is I write this rhyme  
Addressed, oh workingmen, to you.

Let rogues, upon election day,  
Republicans or Democrats,  
Fight in their old time-tested way,  
But keep ye cool beneath your hats.

But no, ye'll cringe, and whine, and beg  
Like whipped curs beneath the lash,  
Or mongrel with a broken leg;  
Ye are, indeed, "poor working trash."

Your fathers "Grits" or "Tories" were.  
And ye'll be Grits or Tories, too,  
Because your fathers did not stir  
To free themselves, no more should you.

Such so-called logic, night and day  
Is fed you by the robber-class  
In handfuls, like the new-mown hay  
Is fed to yonder starving ass.

And will ye thus, without a kick,  
Swallow it down contentedly  
Can ye not see your tyrant's trick  
Or are ye blind eternally?

Shout 'til the echo rends the skies  
We will no longer live on lies! !

## IS IT A CRIME?

Is it a crime to hate the man  
Who robs you of whatso'er he can?  
Is it a crime to think or feel  
That a rich man's tie is a poor man's meal?  
Is it a crime to beg for bread  
For the sickly child in uncovered bed;  
I call on the spirit of endless time,  
Father of Justice, is it a crime?

Is it a crime to defy the law  
That upholds the rich and condemns the poor?  
Is it a crime when you've naught to eat  
And you've got no home but the noisy street  
Is it a crime, I ask you then,  
To yield to the lusts of wealthy "men";  
I call on the spirit of endless time,  
Father of Justice, is it a crime?

Is it a crime, when your wife is dead  
And the children crying for want of bread;  
Is it a crime to yield to "sin,"  
And steal the bread that you may not win?  
Is it a crime, when you're up in court,  
To tell the judge that the bread was bought?  
I call on the spirit of endless time,  
Father of Justice, is it a crime?

## *WORKERS, UNITE!*

Workers, Comrades, do not blunder,  
We can win if we unite;  
Tear the parchments old asunder  
In the cause of truth and right.

Superstition falls and crumbles  
Under science' searching eye;  
Falsehood totters now and stumbles,  
Party strife must also die.

Votes united make the leeches  
Tremble as no strikes can do;  
Wisdom's dagger always reaches  
Greater depths than meet the view.

Men of metal, call together  
All the weaklings round about;  
Clothe them in class-conscious leather,  
Teach them not to rave and shout.

But, and this is all-important  
In our universal fight;  
Men of metal, do your duty,  
Teach the workers to unite.



## *RISE, COMRADES, RISE!*

Rise, Comrades, rise! Let every man to-night  
Prepare to act.  
Let tyrants know we are prepared to fight,  
And let this fact  
Be heralded from every hill and tower  
Throughout the world,  
And let the flag of labor from this hour  
Be unfurled.  
Not as a cringing cur on hands and knees  
At master's feet,  
Or topmost sail in yonder stiff'ning breeze  
In swift retreat.  
Firm as a rock, let labor's emblem stand  
And then her foes  
Will fly before the wind like dust and sand  
Whene'er it blows.  
Why should we whine and beg for what is ours  
When we have made.  
Their buildings from foundation-posts to towers.  
Every blade  
Of wheat that grows in yonder field so green,  
We have prepared,  
And we will harvest it in time, I ween,  
If we are spared.  
Why then should we be patient? Why endure  
Their yoke and greed.  
Why should we pile up ever more and more  
These drones to feed.  
Let us stand firm as adamant or steel  
With pick or pen  
And let them see, and hear, and know, and feel,  
That we are men.





