

## Walking on the Grass

By:Unknown

an Irish folk song

In this blessed land of freedom  
Where King Mammon wears the crown,  
There are many ways illegal now  
To hold the people down;  
When the dudes of state militia  
Are slow to come in time,  
The law upholding Pinkerton's  
Are gathered from the slime;  
There are wisely framed injunctions  
That you must not leave your job,  
And a peaceable assemblage  
Is declared to be a mob,  
And Congress passed a measure  
Framed by some consummate ass;  
So they're clubbing men and women  
Just for walking on the grass.

In this year of slow starvation  
When a fellow looks for work,  
The chances are a cop will grab  
His collar with a jerk;  
He will run him in for vagrancy,  
He's branded as a tramp,  
And all the well-to-do will shout:  
"It serves him right, the scamp!"  
So we let the ruling class maintain  
The dignity of law;  
When the Court decides against us,  
We are filled with wholesome awe,  
But we cannot stand the outrage  
Without a little sauce  
When they're clubbing men and women  
Just for walking on the grass.

The papers said the union men  
Were all but anarchists,  
So the job trust promised work  
For all who wouldn't enlist;  
But the next day when the hungry hoard  
Surrounded city hall,  
He hedged and said he didn't promise  
Anything at all;  
So, the pow'rs that be are acting  
Very queer, to say the least;  
They should go and read their Bible,  
All about Belshazzar's feast;  
And when mene tekell  
At length shall come to pass,  
They'll stop clubbing men and women  
Just for walking on the grass.