

## Come and Get Wise

By:Richard Brazier

Music by Harry Von Tilzer

Talk about the swell way the workers don't live  
And the fine wages our masters don't give;  
Rave about the good cream that's high up above  
If we'll work for nothing and the boss we'll all love;  
Speak about the bread lines and soup houses, too,  
Who sometimes feed workers when no job's in view;  
But working folk, really the power's in your hand  
To change these conditions and rule this fair land.

Come, come, come, and get wise  
To the boss who is now robbing you.  
Come, come, come, hear what we say  
To working folk, honest and true.  
We're the only union and that is no lie;  
You can join us without fear.  
Come, come, come, and put the grafter  
Dead on the hog right here.

Talk about the mansions where we don't reside,  
And the splendid Pullmans in which we don't ride;  
Speak about the good clothes that we never wear,  
The jewels and luxuries our masters don't share;  
Talk about the swell dumps where our masters dine,  
Their friends and their lackeys and ladies so fine;  
But if you need these things one thing you must do:  
All come together in one union true.

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Talk about our friend, the employment shark,  
Who robs the poor working folk daylight and dark,  
And those fat policemen who batter our head  
If we go on strike for a few crumbs of bread,  
And those fat preachers, so sleek and well fed,  
Who say we'll be happy after we are dead;  
But if you unite in the Industrial Band,  
You can drive these grafters out of this land.

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