

THE RUBAIYAT OF A REBEL

By BILL BLUNT.

Wake ! 'Tis th' alarm clock's loud, insistent ring,
From off your bed right light and cheerful spring
And for your daily round of toil prepare,
Do not repine and murmur "Damn the thing."

While frugal fare partaking, contemplate
Your happy lot—the worker's blissful state ;
And on the "dignity of labour" muse,
But do not muse too long or you'll be late.

If too long o'er your breakfast you should stay
You surely will be losing half a day,
Your master's whistle calls, oh haste, oh haste,
Or suffer shrinkage of your meagre pay.

Your master's whistle—'tis your master's voice,
Think on the fact, my friend, and then rejoice
That he should deign to bless you with a job,
Do not forget it's his and not your choice.