

POEMS OF A GREAT RANGE.

Rhymes of the Orders

THE A. O. U. W.

THE Ancient Order—A. and O.—
United Workmen—even so ;
United truly, heart and hand,
In firm alliance, broad and grand,
As in a mutual brotherhood,
To do each other lasting good.
Too long had workmen stood apart,
Devoid of power and faint of heart ;
Each one, alone, too poor and weak
For his own rights to fitly speak ;
Till, learning from old Æsop's tale
That, though a single stick would fall,
A bundle of them, firmly bound,
Could not be broken, Wisdom found
The plan whereon this noble Order
Was based, and now within the border
Of our good land is growing strong,
And bidding fair to flourish long.
United Workmen—Workmen, mark !—
No idle drone or human shark
Among them ; all are men who toil
By daytime sun or midnight oil
With brawn or brain ; who win their bread
By value given of hand or head.
Yet here united—not to rule
The doings of the labor school,
To fight combines, or go on strike,
Or talk of wages or the like ;
No, but for mutual, friendly aid,
When death has sore bereavement made,
Or sickness comes, or trouble falls,
Or brother heart to brother calls.
United Workmen—yet no Turk
Was ever more exempt from work
Than is the home that doth arrange
To get a Souvenir Kitchen Range !
Worry and trouble fly away,
Baking and cooking then are play.