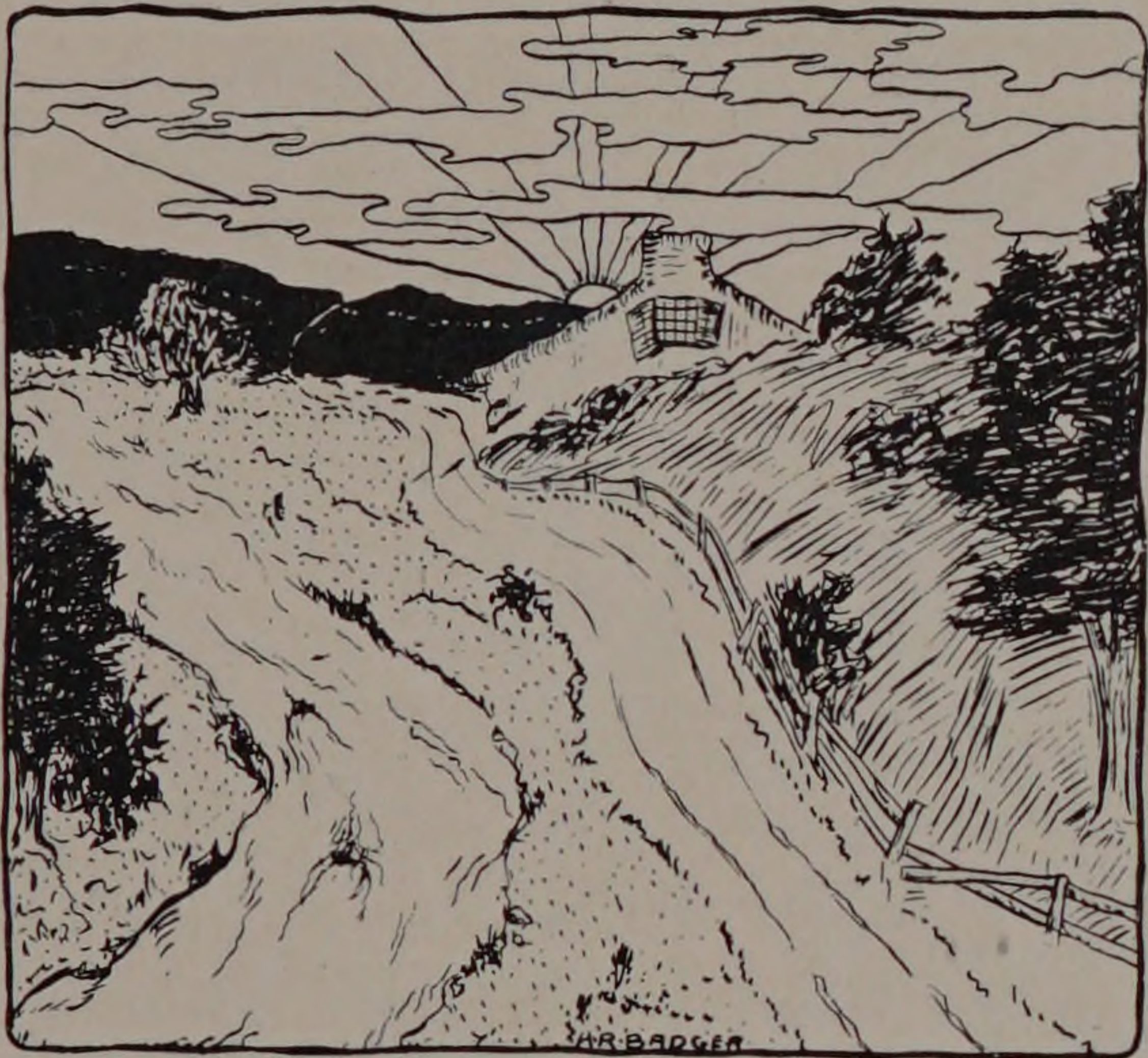


The Cry of the Wage Worker

Clarence Vredenburg

Grind, grind, grind, Oh men
 In your offices close and bare;
 But Oh, for a breath of the free, fresh air,
 A damp on my cheek of the watery air
 From the breast of the laughing sea.
 For none shall know,
 Though my face be gay,
 The sorrow deep
 In my heart to-day.



Rush, rush, rush, Oh men
 In the markets where gold is won;
 But Oh, for the light of the springtime sun,
 The soothing caress of the sweet, rural sun
 In the lane near the gurgling brook.
 For none shall know,
 Though my face be gay,
 The sorrow deep
 In my heart to-day.



Die, die, die, Oh men
 By your hoards of golden things;
 But Oh, I would rest where the wild larks sing
 And sleep to the lullaby meadow winds sing,
 'Neath the shade of the old oak tree.
 For none shall know,
 Though my face be gay,
 The sorrow deep
 In my heart to-day.