

Single Tax Songs

By

SAMUEL DANZIGER, WILL ATKINSON, ROBERT
BURNS, MOTHER GOOSE AND OTHERS

A COLLECTION

Dedicated to the
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Taxation and Free Trade

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FOR A' THAT AN' A' THAT

By Robert Burns. Published by Jerome H. Remick &
Co., New York-Detroit. Compiled and arranged
by J. Bodewalt Lampe.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by,
We dare be puir for a' that!
For a'-that, an' a'-that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hooden-grey, an' a' that?
Gi'e fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a'-that, an' a'-that,
Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, tho'e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that!
For a'-that, an' a'-that,
His ribbon star, an' a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

A king can mak' a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, an' a' that;
An honest man's a-boon his might,
Gude faith he maun-na fa' that!
For a'-that, an' a'-that,
Their dignities, an' a' that;
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that!
That sense an' worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, an' a' that!
For a'-that, an' a'-that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the world-o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

THE DE'IL'S AWA' WI' THE EXCISEMAN

By Robert Burns. Published by Jerome H. Remick & Co.,
New York-Detroit. Compiled and arranged by
J. Bodewalt Lampe.

The De'il cam' fiddlin' thro' the town,
And danc'd a-way' wi' the ex-cise-man;
And il-ka auld wife cried "Auld Ma-houn,
We wish you luck o' the prize, man!"

We'll mak' our maut and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing and rejoice, man!
And mon-y braw thanks to the muck-le black De'il,
That's danc'd a-wa' wi' the' ex-cise-man!

There's three-some reels, and four-some reels,
There's horn-pipes and strath-speys, man;
But aye the best dance e'er came to our land,
Was the De'il's a-wa' wi th'-ex-cise-man!

CHORUS.

The De'il's a-wa', the De'il's a-wa',
He's danc'd a-wa' wi' th' ex-cise-man!
O mon-y braw thanks to the muck-le black De'il,
That's danc'd a-wa' wi' th' ex-cise-man!

MAKE WAY FOR LIBERTY

Tune of "Marsellaise."

All who'd have this a country free
Help spread word of the way
We must expel monopoly
Our action none should stay.
Land must not from use be kept
Land must not from use be kept
To the forestaller we'll say
Though you use not you must pay,
Though you use not you must pay.

Too long the land has been withheld
From those who wish to use
Too long the worker's been repelled
Through the forestaller's ruse.
Therefore have we the poor
Therefore have we the poor
This we'll stop when once we say
Though you use not you must pay,
Though you use not you must pay.

S. D.

HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG?

Tune of "Star-Spangled Banner."

Oh long have we seen
The people despoiled
The land in the grasp of monopoly greedy.
The industrious forced
To yield to its demands
Giving wealth to despoilers, themselves staying needy.
And while shirkers reap,
Crime and poverty deep
Still threaten the life of the nation asleep.
O say will the star spankled banner e'er wave
Over land that is free
With no industrial slave.

O can there be seen
By the light of events
Clear signs in the skies
Of Freedom's early coming?
With hopes bright as the stars
Admidst Tyranny's night
Let us strive on in spite of discouragement numbing
And again and again
With tongue and with pen
We'll proclaim that the earth has been given to men.
And thus through persistence we'll win all we crave
The land freed to the people through votes of the brave.

S. D.

HAIL FREEDOM!

Tune of "Hail Columbia."

Hail the dawn of the new day
Hail the time when we may say
We have a free and happy land
Where all on equal footing stand
Where equal rights unto the soil
Assures to all fruits of their toil.
Firm united let us be
For industrial liberty
To the people land restore
And tax Labor nevermore.

S. D.

THE TIME THAT'S COMING

Tune of "My country 'tis of thee," or
"God save our gracious king."

This country yet will be
A land of liberty
When we can sing
That from Atlantic's sand
To the Pacific's strand
Equal rights to the land
To all men cling.

No more then will there be
Within the country free
Men disemployed.
No more through legal quirk
Can men be barred from work
Or plucked be by the shirk
With Priv'lege void.

With untaxed industry,
No land monopoly
Freedom can blight.
Rent will with state be left
Landlords of graft bereft
Stopped will be tariff theft
When laws are right.

Always then we'll be free
From crime and poverty
From war and strife.
Where there's no law unjust
Flourish the nation must
While liberty we trust
Through endless life.

S. D.

ABOLISH POVERTY

Tune of "Wacht Am Rhein."

There sounds a call like thunder's roar
A call that slavery be no more
"The Land, the land, let's free the land
"From grasp of monopolist's hand
"And with free land we'll have free men
"And with free land we'll have free men
"No poor nor wretched there'll be then
"No poor nor wretched there'll be then."

S. D.

THE FIRST LIBEL SUIT

The oldest record of a libel suit in England is dated some time in the reign of Henry the Eighth while that worthy was engaged in helping the landlords grab and enclose the common lands. The suit was brought by one David Boyd Taffy, a Welsh member of the Cabinet, against one Mrs. Goose, known as Mother Goose, who was charged with circulation of a most vile, malicious, irreverent, traitorous and blasphemous verse about the said Right Honorable Mr. Taffy. This verse, declared the complainant, falsely charged him with purloining from the defendant two pieces of valuable property, viz: a piece of beef and a marrow bone. Moreover, it declared, she had not only attacked his good name, calling him by the epithet of thief—a term properly applicable to none but common people—but in spite of his innocence of the theft charged she had grabbed the marrow bone out of his refrigerator and assaulted him therewith.

The facts on which the libel was based appear from Mr. Taffy's account as follows:

Mrs. Goose, being a vulgar person who worked for her living, had been working a bit of the commons and erected a hovel thereon in which she was living. The existence of these common lands had been recognized as a nuisance since it offered an opportunity to all workers to get a living without seeking an employer thus having a tendency to make all employees independent and making it impossible to force them to work at a wage lower than what they could make on the commons. Consequently, Parliament had wisely provided for their enclosure and conveyance to individual landlords. The Honorable Taffy appropriated the particular common on which Mrs. Goose had settled and notified her that hereafter she must pay him rent. So, far from appreciating this patriotic and philanthropic course, Mrs. Goose maligned and denounced him, absurdly claiming that since she had herself built the hovel with her own material and tools he had no right to charge her rent therefor even if it was on land to which he had somehow acquired title. She furthermore traitorously questioned the moral right of King or Parliament to give away the common land, declaring that the land belonged to the people, and that all rents should go into the public treasury. She consequently refused to pay, and it became the painful duty of Mr. Taffy to seize what property he could find on the

premises. He accordingly called with a constable at her home, but the only movable property he could find was a small piece of beef obviously intended for her dinner. This was taken, as was his lawful right to take, and consumed by the Honorable Taffy and his family at their evening meal on that same day. The value of this piece of beef not being sufficient to make up the deficiency in rent, another visit was necessary, which was made, like the previous one, at a time when Mrs. Goose was at work in the field, thus avoiding a needless and disagreeable controversy. This time all that could be found was a marrow bone, probably put aside to make soup that evening. This, too, was seized and put in the Taffy domestic larder. It turned out that when Mrs. Goose returned to her house that night and found the marrow bone gone she was angered and distressed. Guessing what had happened she hastened, in spite of the lateness of the hour, to the residence of Mr. Taffy. Rudely forcing her way in, in spite of the butler's opposition, she rushed into the kitchen, grabbed the marrow bone and demanded to see the Right Honorable gentleman. Being informed that he had retired for the night, she shamelessly entered his bedroom, and, though he was lying helplessly in bed, started striking him on the head with the bone, beating him into insensibility. Not content with the perpetration of this brutal and cowardly act, she wrote a scandalous libel about her victim and gave it public circulation. The complainant, who has always born a good character, with a reputation for probity and respectability, and has never been guilty of unlawful appropriation of property, declares that he has been grievously injured and prays the court for relief.

Unfortunately, no record can be found of the outcome of this suit. It appears, though, that Mr. Taffy became alarmed by a popular outcry against the seizure of the commons, and most craftily pretended to be in sympathy with this protest. Thus he succeeded in having himself entrusted with the leadership of the movement. Soon thereafter he became Premier, and, under pretense of an effort to restore the land, deliberately bungled so badly as to defeat his own alleged purpose, and thus blocked, for a time at least, the movement he was supposed to lead. Probably, in the confusion caused by these happenings, he was able to drop his suit without much notice being taken of the proceeding.

S. D.

THE BEGGARS

Tune of "Hark! hark! the dogs do bark!" Music arr.
by Alfred Moffat. Published by Hinds, Hayden &
Eldredge, Inc., Publishers, New York.

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
"Beggars are coming to town;
"Some in rags, some in tags,
"And some in velvet gown."

Look! look! the cops who took
Ragged beggars to jail;
To velvet dress welcome express,
And help them gather kale.

See! see! what alms there be,
Which well-dressed beggars get;
Tariffs, rents bring sums immense,
And franchises more yet.

Gaze! gaze! and learn the ways
That beggars come to be,
The graft paid gown drags others down
To rags and poverty.

S. D.

STATESMAN TAFFY

Tune of "Taffy was a Welshman." Arr. by J. W. Elliott.
Same publishers as above.

Taffy was a congressman,
Taffy was a thief,
Taffy taxed my earnings
And called this "farm relief."

I went to the Capitol
And heard Taffy say
The tariff high that had been passed
Would raise the workers' pay.

I went to a worker's house,
Found him still less paid
While Taffy at the Capitol
Led a treasury raid.

Taffy at the Capitol
Is boosting tariff tolls
We'll have to take his tariff act
And beat him at the polls.

S. D.

LEGALIZED THEFT

Tune of "Tom, Tom, the Piper's Son." Published by Hinds,
Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., Publishers, New York.

Tom, Tom, the landlord's son
Stole no pig and didn't run.
"Steal pigs like the piper's lad?"
"It's safer to steal rent like dad."

S. D.

BOOBY SONG

Tune of "Baby Song" from Wang.

Uncle Si Farmer
He sighed for a charmer
To charm all his troubles away.
Came the sly tariff thief
With slick talk of relief
And Si insisted he stay.
Farmers, farmers,
Dig you buncoed farmers
Bend your backs
And pay your tax
Led by false alarmers.

Henry Dub Toiler
He longed for a foiler
Of parasites' plots 'gainst his purse
Thought restrictionist laws
Would be good for his cause
Now he wonders what's making things worse.
Toilers, toilers,
Come across you toilers.
Don't demand
Access to land
T'will hurt your despoilers.

Wiseheimer Capital
Care not a rap at all
While nothing happened to him.
When the laboring guy
Had no money to buy
His business doused its glim.
Capital, Capital
Hold your hands up, Capital,
Think you're safe
While others chafe
You're the greatest sap of all.

Dick Turpin Landlord
Lives off of a grand horde
Of tenants who hand him their pay.
When we get single tax
He must get off their backs
And off of them Dick he must stay.

Landlord, Landlord,
Skin the suckers grand, Lord,
Till those guys
Open their eyes
And make you a canned lord.

S. D.

FROM THE MOUTH OF BABES

Tune of "Why Does the Little Dog Bark?"

Why did that donkey bray, Mamma?
Why did that donkey bray?
No four foot donkey sent that cry
You heard, my child, Vox Populi,
Which sounds oft like a bray.

Where is that gabbling goose, Mamma?
Where is that gabbling goose?
A statesman, child, you heard and saw
Urging a multiple tax law,
And not a feathered goose.

Why does that duck quack, quack Mamma?
Why does that duck quack, quack?
Child, a professor you did pass
Teaching his economics class
That sounded like quack, quack.

What makes that ox look dumb Mamma?
What makes that ox look dumb?
Child, that's a farmer you will note
Who for protection casts his vote.
No ox could look that dumb.

And why does that little bird sing, Mamma?
Why does that little bird sing?
He works, child, and no tax need pay,
Can build and be no landlord's prey.
So he's good cause to sing.

S. D.

THE GREAT ECONOMYSTICS

Tune of "There was a man in our town." Arr. by Alfred
Moffat. Published by Hinds, Hayden &
Eldredge, Inc., Publishers, New York.

There was a great economist
Who was deemed wondrous wise,
He sought the cause of poverty
While holding shut his eyes.
And when he saw his bluff had worked
He cried "this search is vain,"
And turned his eyes toward something else
And opened them again.

There was a man, a senator
And he was wondrous dumb
He told us that big armaments
Would put war on the bum.
And when we built such armaments
And slipped into a war,
He said "to stop the next one
"We've got to build some more."

Another boob, a congressman,
Said "prosperous are we
"Because of our high tariff
"Which higher ought to be."
And when we made it higher
And business took a slump
He said "its those free traders
"Who put us in the dump."

A statesman in our State House
Could never learn a thing.
He said that to raise revenue
We must tax everything.
When many years experience
Had shown this system wrong,
Said he: "We must tax everything
"If we would get along."

There is a judge in our court
With judgment wondrous punk.
He held "the claim that men who strike
"Have rights by law is bunk."
When to the Court Supreme we went
We found judges alike
"The Constitution don't apply"
They ruled, "to men on strike."

A statesman was in Washington
And he was wondrous dry.
He'd vote for laws 'gainst everyone
Who'd liquor sell or buy.
And when no liquor could be bought
Whether t'was dear or cheap,
He went down in his cellar and
He drank himself to sleep.

S. D.

HARRY THE WISE

Tune of "See-Saw, Margery Daw." Arr. by J. W. Elliott.
Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc.,
Publishers, New York.

"See-saw Margery Daw
"Harry shall have a new master
"He shall get but a penny a day
"Because he wont work any faster."

Oh gee! Can it be?
Harry's begun to work faster,
He's going to get two pennies a day
He asked a raise of his master.

Stung! stuck! Terrible luck!
Harry has met with disaster.
His rent's been raised a penny a day
Landlord had a talk with his master.

Oh my! Isn't he sly?
Harry has stopped working faster.
He'll save as much money and save his strength too
And so he's informed his master.

S. D.

A GOOD TENANT

Tune of "Higgilty Piggilty My Black Hen." Arr. by Ethel
Crowninshield. Published by Hinds, Hayden &
Eldredge, Inc., Publishers, New York.

"Higgilty, Piggilty, my black hen
"She lays eggs for gentlemen."
I'm a tenant, she's my hen,
My landlords, they are gentlemen.

S. D.

THE STUFF THEY ARE MADE OF

Tune of "What Are Little Boys Made Of?"

What is politics made of?
What is politics made of?
Scheming and graft,
Branding sane measures daft,
Is what politics is made of.

What are conventions made of?
What are conventions made of?
Bosses and bums
For sale at small sums
Is what conventions are made of.

What are platforms made of?
What are platforms made of?
Trick words and bunk
And arguments punk
That's what the platforms are made of.

What is a Candidate made of?
What is a Candidate made of?
Fine front and weak spine
Of progress no sign,
That's what a Candidate's made of.

What are the lawmakers made of?
What are the lawmakers made of?
Ignorance, greed,
To justice no heed,
That's what lawmakers are made of.

What are the statute laws made of?
What are the statute laws made of?
Thou-shalt-nots and musts
And favors to trusts
And that's what our laws are made of.

What is this country made of?
What is this country made of?
Best nature affords
To give our landlords,
And that's what the country is made of.

What are the voting lists made of?
What are the voting lists made of?
Most gullible guys
And few somewhat wise
And that's what the lists are made of.

S. D.

A VERY DEEP PROBLEM

Tune of "Ding, Dong, Bell." Arr. by J. W. Elliott.
Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge,
Inc., Publishers, New York.

Ding, dong bell,
Business isn't well.
What made it sick?
Multiple tax trick.
What is the cure?
Single tax for sure.
Is it not a silly stunt
To tax goods that people want
When there's ample funds at hand
In the values of the land?

S. D.

AN OFT-TOLD TALE

Tune of "Old Man Clothed in Leather." Arr. by J. W. Elliott.
Same publishers as above.

On an election morning
When cloudy was my mind
I met a politician
Of an old party kind.
He began to compliment
And I sincere him thought,
I helped then to elect him
While the landlords had him bought.

S. D.

A TYPICAL RULER

Tune of "Old King Cole."
Same publishers as above.

Old King Cole
Was a predatory soul
A predatory soul was he.
A pipeline privilege
And some corner lots
He gave to monopoly
Which fiddled quite grand
With the people's land
And fiddled skillfully,
And dividends rare
It managed to declare
On the stolen property.

S. D.

SAINT AND SINNER

Adapted from a rough rhyme by an unknown.

It happened as I came from the mine
At the end of a working day
That a snooping spy whom the magnates paid
Told me he'd something to say.
"The Lord" said he "is wise" said he
"And His plans you must not spoil
"He gave this earth to some favored ones
"Who give you leave to toil.
"For the likes of you are fit" he said
"For naught except to slave
"For the godly men who take good care
"That you do not misbehave."

"That's rot" said I "and blasphemy"
And "pish" and "tush" said he
"Your manners are bad and your language worse
Than anyone's ought to be."
"More rot" said I with some much worse words
"You slander God by gee
"When you say He's given the land to some
"And made a slave of me."
"Such talk uncouth reveals the truth
"Quite plain enough" said he
"To give you equal right to earth
"The Lord had no idee."

"You're rough" he said, and "Your tough" he said
"And you're fond of beer and gin
"And to give you more than enough to live
"Would steep your soul in sin.
"But since there's work that must be done
"The Lord in mercy big
"Has put in the mind of these godly men
"To let you delve and dig."
"Oh rot" said I and the air made blue
And "pish" and "tush" said he
"You're a branded soul and you don't deserve
"Such godlike charity."

I said as I told him whence he'd sprung
"I see your purpose well.
"You're trying to put the blame on God
"For a system planned in Hell."

It happened as I came from the mine
At the end of a working day
That a sneaking guy whom the magnates paid
Asked me to hear what he'd say.
I listened long and was real polite
As I always aim to be
Till he said that God had stacked the cards
'Gainst working stiff's like me.
So I took his lip and I took a grip
On the handle of my spade
And I let the wrath of a slandered God
Upon him be right well laid.

THE PROPAGANDIST

By A. Nonymous.

My governor went one night to hear a single tax address
The speaker was a corker and the meeting a success.
The old man got converted and he got converted right
It's single tax and nothing else we've heard of since
that night.

At breakfast time, at supper time, at bedtime and at noon
He sings the same old ditty and he never changes tune.
His interest never waivers nor his energies relax,
The old man is a power when he's talking single tax.

The single tax, the single tax,
That theory sublime.
The single tax, the single tax,
He's at it all the time.

The kitchen's full of papers and the parlor's full of tracts
All telling how we'll prosper when we get the single tax.
The professor at our college said when one tract he'd
read through
"The old man's got an awful case, the worst I ever
knew."

He talks it to the janitor, the elevator man,
The postman, porter and police and anyone he can.
He talks it in the trolley car and in the barber shop,
It goes without the saying he always comes out on top.
And when he's on the jury and the jury don't agree,
He makes the best of uses of his opportunity.
Discussing with his neighbor at the play between the acts
He never lets a chance escape to mention single tax.

The single tax, the single tax,
It's nothing else we hear,
The single tax, the single tax,
He talks it everywhere.

And when he finds one who can see just what he's driv-
ing at,
He grins and chuckles with delight, "Now don't you
see the cat?"
When it comes to persistency in preaching on his fad,
There's no mistake about it, but the old man's got it
bad.

Sometimes a friend invites him this new doctrine to
expound,
He opens up in earnest and he covers all the ground.
He uses illustrated charts to show the law of rent
The cause of falling wages and the unearned increment.
He quotes the great authorities from Adam Smith to Mill
And he answers every question with extr'ordinary
skill.
He closes with a statement full of figures and of facts
To demonstrate the theory and to prove the single tax.

The single tax, the single tax,
The old man's got it pat,
The single tax, the single tax,
There's no disputing that.

If anyone imagines he can beat him in debate
He's got to get up early and he's got to stay up late.
Of all the many speakers that in our town have grown
Not one of them is able with Dad to hold his own.

The parson preached a sermon on the evil of the trust
Denouncing it in terms severe as selfish and unjust,
Foretold the country's ruin through this great consum-
ing vice
This cutting down of wages and this putting up of
price.
The old man got excited and forgot where he was at
And shouted out in meeting from the place wherein
he sat,
"You bet, the trusts will get it where the chicken got
the ax
"When the people get their senses and adopt the
single tax."

The single tax, the single tax,
The old man talks it still,
The single tax, the single tax,
I guess he always will.

He talks it from the break of day, till stars begin to peep,
And when he goes to bed at night he talks it in his sleep.
He says that it is coming just as sure as sure can be
A lively propagandist for the single tax is he.

And now he's almost got the town converted to a man,
His indescribable delight imagine if you can.
The Socialist, Republican and mulish Democrat
He's got them all converted and they all behold the cat.
The preacher and professor, even they own he's correct,
They used to think him crazy. Now they treat him
with respect.
The old man's like Othello now, his occupation's gone.
He can't find anyone to try his argument upon.

The single tax, the single tax,
It's over all the town,
The single tax, the single tax,
You cannot keep it down.

The barbers have begun it now, Lord! Ain't one man
enough?
They tell you all about it while they shave your
whiskers off.
We'll either have to shave ourselves or let our whiskers
grow,
The old man was a prodigy, but there are others now.

THE WAY OF A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE

Tune of "There Was a Crooked Man." Arr. by J. W. Elliott.
Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc.,
Publishers, New York.

There was a crooked man
And he worked in crooked style
To get of crooked privilege
A big and crooked pile.
He bought some crooked congressmen
Who passed some crooked bills,
And offered crooked remedies
To cure the nation's ills.

S. D.

ENFORCING THE LAW

Tune of "Goosey, Goscy Gander." Arr. by J. W. Elliott.
Same publishers as above.

Tax Assessor Gander
Whither dost thou wander?
"Nosing after valuables
"In a lady's chamber.
"There I pinched an old man
"Who would not help my preyers
"To find the lady's property
"But ordered them downstairs."
S. D.

TAX VOBISCUM

Tune of "Sing a Song of Sixpence."
Same publishers as above.

Sing a song of taxes
Draining pockets dry,
Four and twenty methods
Of shaking down a guy,
But none touch the landlord
Who use of land does shirk.
Isn't that a dainty way
To keep men out of work?
S. D.

LOVE OR DUTY?

Tune of "Bean Porridge Hot." Arr. by Ethel Crowinshield.
Same publishers as above.

Tariff taxes high
Tariff taxes low
Why a tariff tax at all
No one seems to know.
Some like them high
Some like them low
Some like none at all and
They're the ones who know.
S. D.

THE ARTFUL DODGER

Tune of "King Arthur." Published by Hinds, Hayden & Eldredge, Inc., Publishers, New York.

"When good King Arthur ruled the land
"He was a goodly king,
"He stole three sacks of barley meal
"To make a bag pudding."
But t'was not like most criminals
That Arthur stole the sacks
He did the theft quite lawfully
He put on meal a tax.

S. D.

THE WOMAN AGITATOR

Tune of "There was an old woman and what do you think?"
Same publishers as above.

There was a scrub woman
And what do you think?
She was paid scarce enough
To buy victuals and drink.
Hard work and long hours
Scarce brought her her diet
And this woman complained so
She wouldn't be quiet.

S. D.

WITHOUT THE SINGLE TAX

Tune of "If all the world were paper."
Same publishers as above.

If all the land were things to eat
And all the sea good drink
And we could seize all wants from trees,
Ground rents would soar, I think.
Such plenty'd shove the landless ones
Over starvation's brink.

S. D.