

# Come and Get Wise

Richard Brazier

Harry Von Tilzer

Tempo di Valse

Voice

Accordion

9 *mp*

Talk a - bout the swell way the work - ers don't live And the fine

*p*

14

wa - ges our mas - ters don't give; Rave a - bout the good cream that's

19

high up a - bove If we'll work for noth - ing and the boss we'll all

24

love; Speak a - bout the bread lines and soup hous - es, too,

29

Who some-times feed work - ers when no job's in view; But, work-ing folk,

34

real - ly the pow - er's in your hand To change these con - di - tions and

39

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

rule this fair land. Come, come, come, and get wise To the

*poco rit.* *fp* *a tempo*

45

boss who is now rob - bing you. Come, come,

51

come, hear what we say To work-ing folk, hon-est and true.

57

*mf* We're the on-ly u-nion (and that is no lie); *mf* You can join us with-out

63

*mp* fear. Come, come, come, and put the graft-er

69

Dead on the hog right here.

*f*

75

81

*mp*

Talk a - bout the man - sions where we don't re - side, And the splen-did

*p*

86

Pull-mans in which we don't ride; Speak a - bout the good clothes that

91

we nev - er wear, The jew - els and lux - ur - ies our mas - ters don't

96

share; Talk a - bout the swell dumps where our mas - ters dine,

101

Their friends, and their lack - eys and lad - ies so fine; But if you need

106

these things one thing you must do: All come to - geth - er in

111

*poco rit.* *a tempo*

one u - nion true. Come, come, come, and get wise To the

*poco rit.* *fp* *a tempo*

117

boss who is now rob - bing you. Come, come,

123

come, hear what we say To work - ing folk, hon - est and true.

129

*mf* We're the on-ly u - nion (and that is no lie); *mf* You can join us with-out



135 *mp*

fear. Come, come, come, and put the graft - er

141

Dead on the hog right here.

147

153 *mp*

Talk a - bout our friend, the em - ploy - ment shark, Who robs the poor

158

work - ing folk day - light and dark, And those fat po - lice - men who

163

bat - ter our head If we go on strike for a few crumbs of

168

bread, And those fat preach - ers, so sleek and well fed,

173

Who say we'll be hap - py af - ter we are dead; But if you u -

178

nite in the In - dus - trial Band, You can drive these graft - ers

183 *poco rit.* *a tempo*

out of this land. Come, come, come, and get wise To the

*poco rit.* *fp a tempo*

189

boss who is now rob - bing you. Come, come,

195

come, hear what we say To work - ing folk, hon - est and true.

201 *mf* *mf*

We're the on-ly u - nion (and that is no lie); You can join us with-out

207 *mp*

fear. Come, come, come, and put the graft - er

213 *mf* *f*

Dead on the hog right here.