







# Homestead Strike.

*Act—Lay Me on the Hillside.*

Say, comrades, did you hear about the tow-boat "Little Bill,"  
That caused so much excitement at Carnegie's Homestead Mill?  
With model berges well equipped, Bill Rogers, sly and slick,  
Took "Pinkerton Assassins" there, employed by H. C. FRICK.

On the sixth of July, ninety-two, just at the dawn of day,  
The "Pinkerton Marauders" tried to land at Port Frick Bay,  
'Twas then they met their Waterloo from Vulcan's bonny sons,  
Who repulsed their every movement and silenced all their guns.

Some weeks before this tragic act Carnegie went away,  
To see the Banks O'Bonny Doon, that FRICK might have his say;  
'Twas then he wired to Pinkerton, I want eight hundred strong,  
One "V" per day shall be the pay, so bring your thugs along.

A committee sat at Homestead to investigate the cause,  
OF H. C. FRICK'S tenacity on summary laws;  
When asked to state the cost (per ton) of billets four by four,  
Had he been in a swearing room, I fancy he'd have swore.

HUGH O'DONNELL, as a leader was placed upon the stand;  
Describe what you were doing when the Vultures tried to land,  
I risked my life entreating men, for God's sake not to shoot,  
And for my pains (by LOVEJOY) I was stigmatized a loot.

MELLOCKE as a witness proved that he'd been through the mill,  
And gave some sturdy pointers on the famed MCKINLEY BILL;  
He belittly intimated that where he'd been he's secure,  
They are not for the masses, but the highly favored few.

JUDGE EWING was appointed to see justice hold the sway,  
And filled the bill (admirably) in an autocratic way;  
To construe the law to meet his views he'll very seldom fail,  
While officials strut around at large, the Workmen go to jail.

FRICK'S mode of action seems to say, I feel inclined to brag;  
I'll bust the "AMMAGYATORS" now; bring out the pirates' flag;  
The skull and crossbones now display, to let the public know,  
THE UNION MEN have had their day, I'll give the "SCABBS" a show.

The "SCABBS" they are a filthy set; I can't discriminate,  
And though I sint allowed to bet, I'll confidently state,  
That with your shoulders to the wheel, they can't soil Homestead mats,  
Thy'll seek more congenial quarters, where they're not so "Rough on Rates."

Price 5 Cents.



THE  
SHOOTING

FRICK

