The Charge on Mother Jones

The Charge on Mother Jones
(William M. Rogers)

The patriotic soldiers came marching down the pike,
Prepared to shoot and slaughter in the Colorado strike;
With whiskey in their bellies and vengeance in their souls,
They prayed that God would help them shoot the miners full of
holes.

In front of these brave soldiers loomed a sight you seldom see:
A white-haired rebel woman whose age was eighty-three.
"Charge!" cried the valiant captain, in awful thunder tones,
And the patriotic soldiers "CHARGED" and captured Mother Jones.

'Tis great to be a soldier with a musket in your hand,
Ready' for any bloody work the lords of earth command.
'Tis great to shoot a miner and hear his dying groans
But never was such glory as that "charge" on Mother Jones!

Note: Mr. Rogers, recited this to the W. Virginia Federation of
Labor sometime between 1917 and 1920. It doesn't have a formal
tune, but it should. Try John Brown's Body. RG

From Only a Miner, Green