

They, too, must be scoured and scrubbed.

Day in and day out and three time at that
Every time there's eating
There must also be washing!
No siree! I don't want to get fat.

A "weenie" each meal on a Frankfurter roll
That is all I care for and no more.

Maybe I'll also have something to drink,
But you still wouldn't get me over a sink
My cup will be made of paper.

I can throw it away when I'm through
And I don't have to clean it for later
Crash, splash, clink, clatter!

This is the song of the dishes
If I ever lay my hands on the guy
Who invented the spoon, the fork and the knife
I'll thrash him within an inch of his life
Imagine! Those things must be washed, too—
Crash, splash, clink, clatter!

Imagine! Those things must be washed too,
Do you think it will end
Washing dishes, my friend?

I'll get tired of "weenies" you know.
Some tender fried chicken
And a legume or two
With a dash of delicious gravy, Oh!

The mere thought of it makes my mouth water.
Can I have a bit
And then have a fit
With the dirty dishes after.

—Charles N. Atkins

LIBERTE! EGELITE! FRATERNITE!

Arise, my fellow Negroes
It's time to raise your ebon hand
To warn your many foes
That you will not ere long withstand
And bow in mild subjection
To this wretched life of pain and shame
And merciless oppression.
Life, liberty, and happiness