

Sketch

Volume 7, Number 1

1940

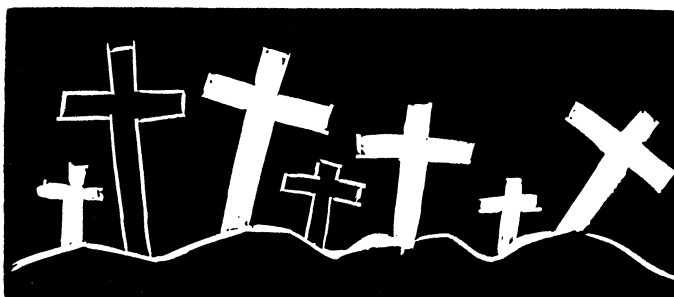
Article 12

Of Blood and Sweat

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Of Blood and Sweat

Richard N. Mason

Dig! Drive your pick deep!
Sink its bright point deep in smooth, yellow clay.
Let it carve out a nation, build a long road.
Dig deep! Drip sweat in the clay.

Watch out, Joe! Get back in the ditch!
Let that man by.
Don't splash his white horse—
You know who he is.
He's the General, by damn—that's who he is!

Yah, I know, your boy went over when the General did.
Your boy's still there,
While old Brass Buttons rides a silky white horse.
He led the charge from two miles back.

Sure you want peace, like anyone does,
But shut your mouth, Joe, or they'll call you a red.
Raise more sons. Just one's not enough.
The General must fill the gaps that're left.

Dig! Drive your pick deep!
Just dig, dig till your back must break!
Let it carve out a nation,
Build a long road.