

**GOVERNMENT
CLERKS: A BOOK
OF BALLADS**

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Government Clerks: A Book of Ballads by Charles Gordon Rogers

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CHARLES GORDON ROGERS

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OF BALLADS**

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CLERKS** ❁ ❁

A BOOK *of* BALLADS
By Charles Gordon Rogers



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Me Gu. P. m. 1911

The Workaday Government Clerk.

HERE'S to the workaday government clerk,
Who does to the government's credit his
work;

Trudging each day a monotonous track,
Forward and backward and forward and back;
Pegging away at the ancient routine,—
(Much is accomplished where little is seen);
Arduous labor and technical work,—
Here's to the workaday government clerk!

Here's to the workaday government clerk,
Gray-headed, bald-headed, florid or dark;
Stoopy men, droopy men, little and big,
Work again, home again, jiggety jig!
Old in the Service or young at the game,
What are the odds if the end is the same?
Whether his hope be a flame or a spark,
Here's to the workaday government clerk!

Here's to the workaday government clerk,
Doing his best without shamming or shirk.
Whether his children or dollars increase,
Whether he asketh or holdeth his peace,
Whether he getteth promotion or (p)raise,
Doing his best to the end of his days,
Too thorough to fail and too honest to shirk,
Here's to the workaday government clerk!

Here's to the workaday government clerk!
Daily he maketh (on paper) his mark.
Whether he getteth or not what he ought,
Earning it, burning it, (comforting thought!)
Paying his debts with apportioning care,
Or banking a bit while the weather is fair,
Making each pay-day his reckoning mark,
Here's to the workaday government clerk!

THE WORKADAY GOVERNMENT CLERK.

Here's to the workaday government clerk!
The people employ him, and scoff at his work.
If he go shabby, "a miserly blade!"
If he dress well, "Ah, too well is he paid!"
His affairs unofficial are his, and alone;
He's doing your business and minding his own.
And as long as he does to your credit his work,
Here is to the workaday government clerk!



Aurelia.

AURELIA Amabel Wray
Was a typist, expert and fair;
With limpid and luminous eyes of gray,
That she used in a wonderful, wondering way,
And glorious goldene hair.

Charming Aurelia Wray
Would make a most lovable rib.
She was twenty-two on her last birthday,
(I am going by just what the blue books say),
And blue books, of course, can't fib.

Tender Aurelia Wray
Was soft on a clerk named Wright,
Who worked in an office across the way,
Shorthanded, and hard, at a junior's pay,
And often went back at night.

Aurelia Amabel Wray
Was vexed for a Wright good reason.
For he had gone wrong on Fidelia Fay,
Who "typed" for another department's pay,
Which was semi-official treason.

Lieutenant Aurelia Wray
Unfettered one morning's mail;
For the Secretary had Grippe that day,
And the Chief with his grip had been called away,—
And hangeth thereby my tale.

Suspicious Aurelia Wray
Broke the seal of a "confidential";
For the writing was feminine, fine and "Fay,"
And she had to see what she had to say,—
Though she knew it was not essential.