

Paterson

Stokes, Rose Pastor, 1879-1933

Our folded hands again are at the loom.

The air

Is ominous with peace.

But what we weave you see not through the gloom.

'Tis terrible with doom.

Beware!

You dream that we are weaving what you will?

Take care!

Our fingers do not cease:

We've starved—and lost; but we are weavers still;

And Hunger's in the mill!...

And Hunger moves the Shuttle forth and back.

Take care!

The product grows and grows ...

A shroud it is; a shroud of ghastly black.

We've never let you lack!

Beware!

The Warp and Woof of Misery and Defeat...

Take care!–

See how the Shuttle goes!

Our bruistd hearts with bitter hopes now beat:

The Shuttle's sure—and fleet!....