

Dedicated to the rip-roaring recruiting agents in the Communist
Party who would conscript others but stay at home themselves.

THE RED REFUSALIERS

We will marshal all the wage plugs,
We will force them to the front;
If you're short of cannon fodder
We will make them bear the brunt;
If they won't go, we'll conscript them,
Pack them off across the foam,
We will help you, we the Commos,
From our possies safe at home.

We have heard you're short of diggers,
Who would rush to stop a Jap,
So we'll volunteer as urgers,
Though we don't fight we can yap;
And our leaders, loud-mouthed soolers,
As all we Commos know,
Will do their very damndest
URGING OTHER MEN TO GO.

It's a shame to see the shirkers,
Men who really don't like wars,
Staying home in peace and quiet
While some others leave these shores;
We will do our best to force them
Shoulder guns and go and fight,
While we Commos stay in Aussie
Just to prove the cause is right.

And when they're marching forward
To face the foreign foe,
We'll line the streets and wave the flags
And cheer them as they go;
Yes, cheer as they go forward,
And cheer when they come back,
For when it comes to sooling on
We Commos nothing lack.

Now the A.L.P. has promised
To lift the Commo ban,
We've got to do our stuff, and so
We'll boost the Curtin plan;
And though it means conscription
(Like any other URGER,
We'll tag on it another name
And designate it merger).

Our leaders have EXEMPTIONS,
And so can talk quite free
'Gainst anyone who claims the rights
Of this democracy;
And so we have this slogan
(To me it seems quite right),
WE COMMOS MUST REMAIN AT HOME
WHILE OTHERS GO TO FIGHT.

—W.J.C.