

GLORY SONG

(DURING PANICS)

— Tune: "Pretty Mollie Shannon" —

I.

I've got a boss, a "gentleman" boss,
Just listen, I'll tell you about him;
He is so kind—my rent is behind—
I really could live not without him.
He allows me to labor; he does me the favor—
A boss to be proud of by heck!
I'm afraid I would bawl if something would fall,
And hit him right square in the neck.

Chorus (unanimously):

How would you like to be me; and have a boss as sweet as he.
Hail, hail sons of toil I'd hate to be a king!
There can be nothing about to whine, what! with a hump as
round as mine.
Kind and gentle master—'t is of the boss—I sing!

II.

I've got a job! a sweet little job;
I work with a pick and a shovel.
I'm "making" enough, I borrow my snuff
I live in a cute little hovel.
Of course we must shiver while eating green-liver—
But it is I know—for the best;
And maybe some day—when things come my way,
I'll be earning—a much needed rest.

St. T borke De Slim.