

# JUST BEFORE THE PANIC, MOTHER!

---

Good bye, master, I must leave you—  
Something tells me I must go.  
For—you know, I can't deceive you—  
Going-wage is **too darn low**.  
Yes—you say that you will feed me  
If I split a (hardwood) card.  
Do not to temptation lead me—  
I'm not toiling for my board.

Tho my trials have been sundry  
I must e'er disdain to moan,  
And altho I'm "good and hungry"  
I would leave your work "alone."  
Plans of men and lice miscarry  
And I know just how you feel,  
But, you see, if I'm to marry  
I must earn a **double meal**.

If I work for bread and lodging  
While the sun is high and warm,  
It would cause me sundry dodging  
Thru the winter's cold and storm.  
I must have the "All that's in it,"  
In the labor that I sell—  
For one cannot tell what minute  
It may start—to rain like hell.

One more question, boss, one only,  
As you count your wealth, untold:  
Would you have me **save** "bologna"  
'Gainst the day when I am old?  
Now, we understand each other—  
And we'll play the "game of grab."  
But—please do—recall my brother;  
I'm too old to be a scab.

**T-Bone Slim.**

Direction: Do not try to recite this.  
It must be sung. Tune: **Jest**, be-  
fore the battle, mother!

My grammar may at first seem to  
"deep."

It's entirely unintentional.