



I Wear a Pitchfork

(Air: "You Wore a Tulip.")

Ah boys, this game of threshing breaks my simple loving heart—

I labor, sweat and smart—around a yellow cart—

And when the sun is sinking and I think the day is done,

I find I have another thought to come;
The sun—it has no bearing on machine or me—or boss—

And still, and later still, I'm tearing profit out of loss.

CHORUS—

I wear a pitchfork—a short-handled pitchfork—

And he wears a Henry Ford;

*I do the sweating and he does the fretting
While the bankers score and score.

He has HIS season, "yet" questions MY reason

When I ask for winter's board—

I wear a pitchfork—a short-handled pitchfork—

He wears a Henry Ford.

II.

Such was the sorry custom when the Wobblies took a stand

To introduce a brand—of daylight saving—and

Thus it was there came about a balmy "buffer state"

To keep the day from staying up too late

Time has not changed your usefulness, oh, Wobbly band of yore,

You're needed now, as ever, only needed damsite more.

III.

As time is winding onward we are organized today

To have a gentle say—about this "going" pay—

No "eight per cent collectors" need butt in to set the rate—

Unless they "pine" to see us "celebrate."

Time has not changed our nonchalance—amid the cares we nurse—

Though Farmer John's complaining, we are worse and worse.

EXTRA CHORUS—

Hello, here's yellow—a sweet "Yellow Yellow"—

Humming without a hitch;

A cute daisy Russell to make hoboes hustle,
Or a gentle Buffalo Pitts;

So neat and comely, a rumblin' old Rumely,
Mocking a steel-bound Case.

We shall not rest till the Red River Special
Lifts the mortgage off the place!

T-BONE SLIM.

*Fellow worker has criticized the "person" used.