

I'M TOO OLD TO BE A SCAB
(Air: Just Before The Battle, Mother)

By T-B-S.

Good-bye master, I must leave you
Something tells me I must go,
For you know I can't decieve you
Going wage is too darn low.
Yes, you say that you will feed me
If I chop that hardwood cord;
—Do not to temptation lead me,
I'm not toiling for my board.

Though my trials have been sundry,
I must e'er disdain to moan
And although I'm awful hungry,
I would leave "your work" alone
Yes, I fear, I cannot tarry—
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
Through the winter's cold and storm
I must have the all that's in it—
In the labor that I sell;
For you can not 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 bologny—
'Gainst the day when I am old,
Now we understand each other
(As we play the game of grab)
But, please do recall, "my brother"
I'm too old to be a scab.