

A WORKER'S PLEA

(Air: Tuck Me to Sleep)

By T-B-S.

Old Kentucky cradled me—when I was young,
Then Ohio hired me—I sure got stung,
Night and day I've labored since—
Shucking corn and filling bins
And now, they say, my long, long rest begins.

CHORUS

"Tuck me to sleep in my old 'tucky home,
Cover me with roses, gravel, anything but stone,
Then let the dew drop a tear on my grave
Like a token never spoken to a broken-hearted slave—
I ain't had a bit of rest—masters thought it wasn't
best;

—Thought that I could rest the best—after I "go
west"

"Tuck me to bed in my old Kentucky home,
Let me lay there—stay there, cover me up with loam.

II

Old Kentucky cradled me—'tis even true—
Since I came to IOWAY, she worked me too,
Every state in all this land
Used me for a hired hand,
But why I'm broke—I fail to understand.

III

Migratory working man, I'm on my way—
I am done with sun and sand and new-mown hay;
I have worked from sun to sun,
Nothing I have ever won
And now, thank God, my harvesting is done.