

## I Went to the Country

By: August Walquist

Music by George Whiting, Irving Berlin, and Ted Snyder

It was on a summer morning in the middle of July;  
I left in a side-door Pullman that dear old town called Chi;  
I got the harvest fever; I was goin' to make a stake;  
But when I worked hard for a week, I found out my mistake.

I went to the country. Oh, why?! Oh, why?!  
I thought it best, you know; the result nearly makes me cry.  
For sixteen hours daily, Oh, say! Oh, say!,  
John Farmer worked me very hard, so I'm goin' away.

When I left that old farmer, he cussed me black and blue;  
He says, "You got durned hoboed, there's nothing will suit you."  
So, back to town I'm going, and there I'm goin' to stay.  
You won't catch me out on a farm; no more you'll hear me say:

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I thought it best, you know; the result nearly makes me cry.  
For sixteen hours daily, Oh, say! Oh, say!,  
John Farmer worked me very hard, so I'm goin' away.

Now, the Industrial Workers, they have put me wise;  
They tell me I won't need a boss, if the slaves will organize;  
They're all a bunch of fighters; they'll show you where they're right;  
So, workingfolk, come join their ranks and help them win this fight.

Then we'll own the country! Hurrah! Hurrah!  
Hurrah, we'll set the working millions free from slavery.  
We'll get all that we produce You bet! You bet!;  
So, workingfolk, come organize along with the rest.

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