

Ta-Ra-Ra-Boom-De-Ay
By:Joe Hill

I had a job once threshing wheat:
Worked sixteen hours with hands and feet.
And when the moon was shining bright,
They kept me working all the night.
One moon-lit night, I hate to tell,
I "accident'lly" slipped and fell.
My pitchfork went right in-between
Some cog wheels of that thresh machine.

Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way.
And wheels and bolts and hay
Went flyin' every way.
That stingy rube said, "Well,
A thousand gone to hell."
But I did sleep that night:
I needed it all right.

Next day that stingy rube did say,
"I'll bring my eggs to town today.
You, grease my wagon up, you mutt!
And don't forget to screw the nut!"
I greased his wagon all right, but
I plumb "forgot" to screw the nut.
And when he started on that trip,
The wheel slipped off and broke his hip!

Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way.
That rube was sure a sight
And mad enough to fight.
His whiskers and his legs
Were full of scrambled eggs.
I told him, "That's too bad.
I'm feeling very sad."

And then that farmer said, "You turk!
I bet you are an I-Won't-Work!"
He paid me off right there, by gum;
So I went home and told my chum.
Next day, when threshing did commence,
My chum was Johnny-on-the-fence.
And 'pon my word, that "awkward" lad,
He "dropped" his pitchfork like I had.

Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!
It made a noise that way.
And part of that machine
Hit Reuben in the bean.
He cried, "Oh, me, oh, my!
I nearly lost my eye!"
My partner said, "You're right.
It's bedtime now. Goodnight!"

But still that rube was pretty wise:
These things did open up his eyes.
He said, "There must be something wrong;
I think I work my men too long."
He cut the hours and raised the pay:
Gave ham and egg for every day;
Now gets his men from union hall;
And, has no "accidents" as well.

Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!

That rube is feeling gay.
He learned his lesson quick:
Just through three simple tricks.
For fixing rotten jobs
And fixing greedy slobs,
This is the only way!
Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-ay!