

## The Jobites' Lament

By:Cliff Hughes

Music by Harry Von Tilzer

Listen, Mister Banker: Please, oh, quit your foolin';  
I can see it plainly that this land your rulin'.  
All the days, I'm longing to be true to you.  
Look here, Mister Banker: Say, won't you relieve me?  
I would break my back in two, if you should leave me.  
Won't you take me back, boss? I'll stick to it like glue;  
I won't let no agitator talk to me;  
I'll be just as good a slave as I can be;  
I'll just hang a scabbing sign outside mah door.  
Mister Banker! Take me back once more!

Don't you see me cringe and see me softly crawlin'?  
Mister Banker!  
Don't you see your humble slave am softly bawlin'?  
Mister Banker!  
Give me back my job again and call me bunny;  
All I want is work, but I don't want more money.  
Mister Banker, tell me, don't you want your lackey no more?

Listen, Mister Banker: I say, "Damn the Union!"  
When they say the people ought to do the rulin',  
All the days of their lives, they in jail should spend.  
Look here, Mister Banker: Please, oh, don't you need me?  
I would be your lackey, too, if you would let me.  
Won't you take me back, boss, And I'll ever be true?  
I won't let no union get a-hold of me;  
I'll just act the dirty knave where'er I be;  
I will just keep spying on my friends, the poor.  
Mister Banker! Take me back once more!

Don't you hear the workers' price am softly fallin'?  
Mister Banker!  
Don't you hear the sucker's voice am softly callin'?  
Mister Banker!  
Give me back my job again and bone mah honey;  
All I want is work, but I don't want more money.  
Mister Banker, tell me, don't you want your lackey no more?