

The Old Toiler's Message

By: Joe Hill

Music by H. P. Danks

"Darling, I am growing old,"
So the toiler told his wife.
"Father Time, the days has tolled
Of my usefulness in life in life.
Just tonight, my master told me
He can't use me anymore no more.
Oh, my darling, do not scold me
When the wolf comes to the door."

"To the scrap heap, we are going
When we're overworked and old so old,
When our weary heads are showing
Silver threads among the gold among the gold."

"Darling, I am growing old,"
He once more his wife did tell.
"All my labor pow'r I've sold.
I have nothing more to sell to sell.
Though I'm dying from starvation,
I shall shout with all my might my might
To the coming generation.
I shall shout with all my might."

"To the scrap heap, we are going
When we're overworked and old so old,
When our weary heads are showing
Silver threads among the gold among the gold."