

Music by George W. Meyer  
By:T-Bone Slim, "A Worker's Plea

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.

'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.

Old Kentucky cradled me: 'tis even true;  
Since I came to Iowa, 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.

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

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