

Nearer My Job to Thee

By:Joe Hill

Music by Lowell Mason

Nearer my job to thee;
Nearer with glee;
Three plunks for the office fee,
But my fare is free.
My train is running fast;
I've got a job at last;
Nearer my job to thee;
Nearer to thee.

Arrived where my job should be:
Nothing in sight I see,
Nothing but sand, by gee,
Job went up a tree.
No place to eat or sleep;
Snakes in the sagebrush creep.
Nero a saint would be,
Shark, compared to thee.

Nearer to town each day:
Hiked all the way;
Nearer that agency,
Where I paid my fee.
And when the Shark I see,
You'll bet your boots that he
Nearer his god shall be:
Leave that to me!