

INDIANA STATE LIBRARY

MORE VERSES.

A prisoner was seated, down in the county jail,

They put him there for stealin' and he could get no bail.

He'd have to work, they told him, out on the big rock pile.

But he strongly objected, and it made his temper bile.

They put him in that jacket, which had wonderful effect.

That's how they curbed his anger, made it a total wreck.

Now he sits 'mong them boulders, and never gives a moan,

Tho' he often will sing out, as he pounds that good old stone:

CHORUS.

I wonder who it was invented work,

It must have been a Dago or a Turk.

There's no one on this country's map—who'd think of anything like that.

I Wonder Who It Was Invented Work.

Just last week I got married, I thought life I'd enjoy;
My gal is squash complected, but me that don't annoy.
Most everything she promised—you all know how it goes—
'Till after you are wedded, then you have some awful woes.
Now this coon won't do nothin', except, well, of course, to eat,
And lay in bed all mornin' and pound her head in sleep.
When I yell for my breakfast, just about noon each day,
She will grumble 'round a lot and be purty apt to say—

—Chorus.

I Wonder who it was Invented Work,

- COON SONG -





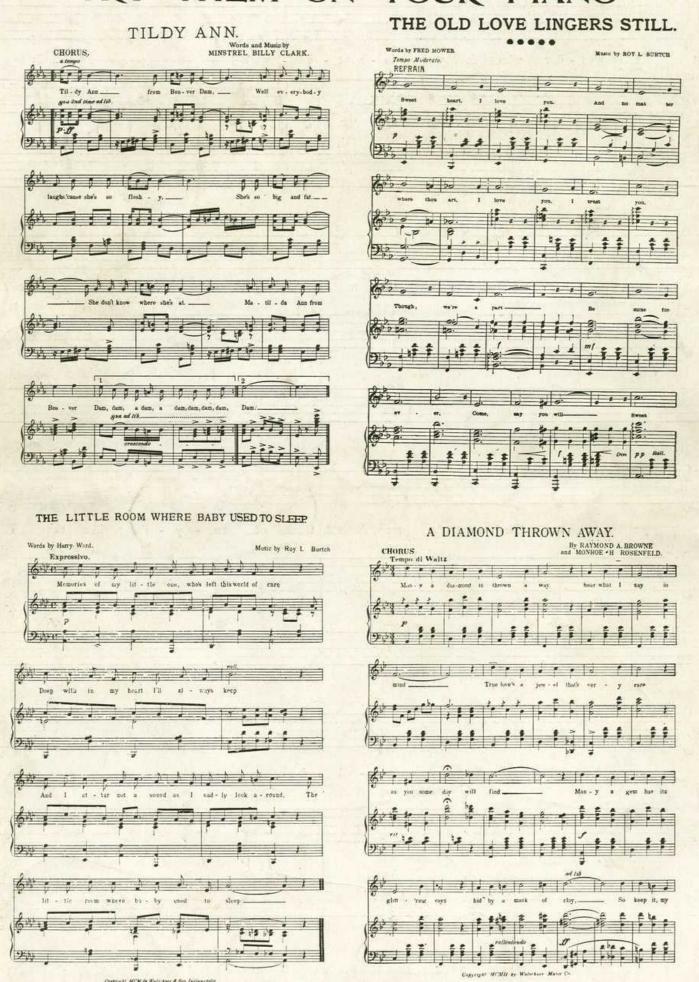
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