Blue Monday

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I went up town last Saturday night,
Intending to get one drink;
The boys were all standing in front of the bar,
Telling what they could think.
Their entries they were driving,
Rooms and pillows, too;
I never saw such a mess of coal
As around that barroom flew.

cho: But it's always the same Blue Monday,
Blue Monday after pay;
Your shots are bad and your buddy is mad,
And the shaft will work all day.
Now I'll have no more Blue Mondays,
To make my hair turn gray;
I'll join the White Ribbon
And then I'll be givin'
Me wife the whole of me pay.

The tracklayers and the drivers,
Machinemen and loaders too.
They were all sitting around the tables
Telling what they could do.
But if they would only stay at home
Their dollars and dimes to save,
When a strike comes on
They could sing this song:
"Operator, your work we don't need."

From Pennsylvania Songs and Legends, Korson
Collected from Michael F. Barry, PA 1940
tune is folk-processed After the Ball RG
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