

47 Black "Sam Hall"

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Oh me name it is Sam Hall - chimney sweep chimney
sweep

Oh me name it is Sam Hall - chimney sweep

Oh me name it is Sam Hall and I hate you one and all

And me neck must pay for all 'ere I die

Oh they treat you like a slave that's no lie, that's no lie

Oh they treat you like a slave that's no lie

Oh they treat you like a slave from the cradle to the
grave

but the rich must help the poor so must I

I had three fine sons to feed that's no joke, that's no
joke

And a wife worn out from need, that's no joke

But the boss he said to me, get your brats out on the
street

For they cost too much to feed, that's no lie, that's no
lie

My wife died from misery, that's no lie

Oh I struck the bastard down, I don't deny, I don't deny

Raised the black flag up on high for anarchy

Oh I struck the bastard down

To hell with bosses, church and crown

But they hunted me to ground like a dog

Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart, in a cart

Oh they took me to Cootehill in a cart

And the priest he said to me

Repent or face eternity

Keep your rich man's god from me, so said I, so said I

He never gave a damn for me, so said I

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke

While my sons looked on with tears in their eyes

Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the
rope

And the last words I spoke tumblin' down, tumblin'
down

"Liberty for all mankind," tumblin' down

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