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Black 47 "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 my neck must pay for all here 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 ioke

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 Т

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

Oh, my 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 my neck must pay for all here I die, here I die Oh, my neck must pay for all here I die, here I die Oh, my neck must pay for all here I die, here I die

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