

**Burns Robert****"We Are Anchored by the Roadside Jim"**

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We Are Anchored By the Roadside, Jim

We are anchored by the roadside, Jim, as we've  
ofttimes before

When you and I were weary from sacking on the shore

The moon shone down in splendor, Jim, it shone on you  
and I

And the little stars were shining when we drank the old  
jug dry

But those was the good old days, those good old days  
of yore

When Murphy ran the tavern and Burnsy kept the store

When the whiskey flowed as free, brave boys, as the  
waters in the

brook

And the boys all for their stomach's sake their morning  
bitters

took

Now the times they have altered, Jim, and men have  
altered too

And some have undertaken for to put rumsellers  
through

They say that whiskey's poison, Jim, and scores of  
graves has dug

And ten thousand snakes and devils can be seen in our  
old jug

But never mind such prattle, Jim, Though some of it be

true

We'll sleep where we've a mind to, together, me and  
you

For the drink they call cold water, won't do for you nor I

So we'll haul the cork at leisure, and we'll drink the old  
jug dry

@drink @temperance

Recorded by Joe Hickerson on Dull care II and by Sidney  
Robertson

Cowell on Folkways

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