

Isobel Campbell "Nottamun Town"

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In Nottamun Town
Not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look down
Not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look down
To show me the way to fair Nottamun Town

I rode a big horse that was called the grey mare
Grey mane and grey tail, green stripes down her back
Grey mane and grey tail, green stripes down her back
There ain't a hair on her be-what was coal black

She stood so still, she threw me to the dirt
She tore at my hide and bruised my shirt
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain

So the King and the Queen
And the company of men
A-walking behind and riding before
Now a stark naked drummer
Come riding along
With his hands in his bosom
Always beating his drum

I bought me a quart to drive gladness away
And to stifle the dust, for it rained the whole day

Sat down on a hard, hot cold frozen stone
Ten thousand stood around me
Yet I was alone
Took my hat in my hand
For to keep my head warm
Ten thousand got drowned that never were born

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