

Kate & Anna McGarrigle

"Goin' Back To Harlan"

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GOIN' BACK TO HARLAN

(words and music Anna McGarrigle/Garden Court
Music ASCAP)

There were no cuckoos, no sycamores
We played about the forest floor
Underneath the silver maples, the balsams
And the sky

We popped the heads off dandelions
Assuming roles from nursery rhymes
Rested on a riverbank and grew up by and by
And grew up by and by

Frail my heart apart and play me little Shady Grove
Ring the Bells of Rhymney
Till they ring inside my head
Forever
Bounce the bow,
Rock the gallows for The Hanged Man's Reel
And wake the Devil from his dream

I'm goin' back to Harlan
I'm goin' back to Harlan
Goin' back to Harlan

And if you were Willie More,
Then I was Barbara Allen or Fair Ellen
All sad at the cabin door
A-weepin' and a-pinin' for love
Ah, weepin' and a-pinin' for love

Frail my heart apart and play me little Shady Grove
Ring the Bells of Rhymney
Till they ring inside my head
Forever
Bounce the bow, rock the gallows for The Hanged
Man's Reel
And wake the Devil from his dream

I'm goin' back to Harlan

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