

## **Pete Seeger**

# **"Henry My Son"**

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You know it may seem hard to imagine  
But once upon a time people didn't have  
Any such thing as television, didn't have any radios  
And if you wanted to have any music  
You just had to make it yourself

It was only the kings and queens  
That could afford to have somebody else make music  
for them  
And you might not think it would be very good music  
Everybody making their own music

But you'd be surprised, in almost every family  
It seemed like there'd be somebody who could sing a  
song  
Or tell a story or tell a joke or something  
And in the evening they'd crowd around the fire  
May be so keep warm

One man told me he learned how to play the fiddle  
Because he noticed the fiddler always got to stand  
nearest to the fire  
So he decided that if he wants to stay warm  
He better learn how to play the fiddle  
And they'd sing these old ballads you know, like

Where have you been all the day, Randall my son?  
Where have you been all the day, my pretty one?  
I've been to my sweetheart, mother  
I've been to my sweetheart, mother  
Mother, make my bed soon, for I'm sick to my heart  
And I fain would lie down

That's an old old song, very sad one  
But I met a fellow last November over in England  
And he said he knew it a different way  
Everybody knows these songs different ways it seems  
He says, when he was a kid, all the, all the kids used to  
sing it

Where have you been all the day, Henry my boy?  
Where have you been all the day, my pride and joy?

In the woods, dear mother  
In the woods, dear mother  
Mother be quick, I got to be sick and lay me down to die

What did you do in the woods all day, Henry my son?  
What did you do in the woods all day, my pretty one?  
Ate, dear mother  
Ate, dear mother  
Mother be quick, I got to be sick and lay me down to die

What did you eat in the woods all day, Henry my boy?  
What did you eat in the woods all day, my saveloy?  
Eels, dear mother  
Eels, dear mother  
Mother be quick, I got to be sick and lay me down to die

What color was those eels, Henry my boy?  
What color was those eels, my pride and joy?  
Green and yeller  
Green and yeller  
Mother be quick, I got to be sick and lay me down to die

Those eels were snakes, Henry my boy  
Those eels were snakes, my saveloy  
Urgh, dear mother  
Urgh, dear mother  
Mother be quick, I got to be sick and lay me down to die

What color flowers would you like, Henry my son?  
What color flowers would you like, my currant bun?  
Green and yeller  
Green and yeller  
Mother be quick, I got to be sick and lay me down to die

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