

Eli, The Barrow Boy

Audra Mae

Eli, the Barrow Boy, from the old town
Sells coal and marigolds and her cries out all down the day
Below the Tamarac she is crying
Corn cobs and candle wax for the buying, all down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine robe
Made of gold and silk Arabian thread
She is dead and gone and lying in a pine grove
And I must push my barrow all the day
And I must push my barrow all the day

Eli, the Barrow Boy, when they found him
Dressed all in corduroy, he had drowned in the river down the way
They laid his body down in a churchyard
But still when the moon is out, with his pushcart,
He calls down the day

Would I could afford to buy my love a fine gown
Made of gold and silk Arabian thread
But I am dead and gone and lying in a church ground
But I still push my barrow all the day

ooh

So I push my barrow all the day...

Lyrics submitted by jsli.

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