

Sam Hall

Black 47

Oh, me name, it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh, me name, it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep
Oh, me name, it is Sam Hall and I hate you one and all
And my neck must pay for all here I die Oh, they treat you like a slave, that's no lie, that's no lie
Oh, they treat you like a slave, that's no lie
Oh, they treat you like a slave from the cradle to the grave
But the rich must help the poor, so must I had three fine sons to feed, that's no joke, that's no joke
And a wife worn out from need, that's no joke
But the boss he said to me, "Get your brats out on the street
For they cost too much to feed", that's no lie, that's no lie
My wife died from misery, that's no lie Oh, I struck the bastard down, I don't deny, I don't deny
Raised the black flag up on high for anarchy
Oh, I struck the bastard down, to hell with bosses, church and crown
But they hunted me to ground like a dog Oh, they took me to Cootehill, in a cart, in a cart
Oh, they took me to Cootehill, in a cart
And the priest he said to me, "Repent or face eternity"
"Keep your rich man's God from me", so said I, so said I
He never gave a damn for me, so said I Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke
While my sons looked on with tears in their eyes
Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the rope
And the last words I spoke tumblin' down, tumblin' down
"Liberty for all mankind," tumblin' down Oh, my name, it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep, chimney sweep
Oh, me name, it is Sam Hall, chimney sweep
Oh, me name, it is Sam Hall and I hate you one and all
And my neck must pay for all here I die, here I die
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Oh, my neck must pay for all here I die, here I die

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