

Henry My Son

Pete Seeger

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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>