

# Sandy Denny, Nottamun Town

In nottamun town not a soul would look up,  
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down,  
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down,  
To show me the way to fair nottamun town.

Met the king and the queen, and a company more  
Come a-walking behind and a-riding before  
Come a stark naked drummer a-beating the drum  
With his hands on his bosom, come marching along.

Sat down on a hard, hard cold frozen stone,  
Ten thousand stood 'round me, yet I was alone  
Took my hat in my hands for to keep my head warm,  
Ten thousand got drowned that never was born.

(repeat first verse)

Jean Ritchie had three more verses than the ones sung by Fairport Convention:

I rode a grey horse that was called a grey mare.  
Grey mane and grey tail, green stripe down her back,  
Grey mane and grey tail, green stripe down her back,  
There wa'nt a hair on her but what was coal black.

She stood so still she threw me to the dirt.  
She tore my hide and bruised my shirt,  
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again  
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain.

They laughed and they smiled, not a soul did look gay,  
They talked all the while, not a word did they say,  
I bought me a quart to drive gladness away,  
And to stifle the dust, for it rained the whole day.