

# Black 47, Sam Hall

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 me neck must pay for all 'ere 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

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

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