

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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