

# Fairport Convention, 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  
When the king and the queen and the company mourn  
Come a-walking behind  
And 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 around 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  
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