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## **Slip Jig and Reel**

Slip Jig and Reel (Steve Tilson)

He was barely a man, in his grandfather's coat And sewn in the lining was a ten shilling note Goodbye to the family, goodbye to the shore Until I taste a fortune, I will see you no more Then a boat on the ocean tossed about like a cork Until one fine morning they sighted New York And he stood on the gangplank and he breathed in the air Hello Land of Plenty - I have come for my share

Cho: And he did like the ladies and rise and the fall Of their ankles and their dresses down in the dancehall And a-rolling the dice, and a-spinning the wheel But he took most delight in the slip jigs and reels

Now there's talk of a pistol and maybe a knife But all are agreed there was somebody's wife Some kind of commotion, a terrible fight And he left one man dead and ran into the night Next a train to St. Louis, just one jump ahead He slept one eye open, with a gun 'neath his head But he dreamed of the green fields and the mountains of home While crossing the plains where the buffaloes roam

So they called him the Kid and by twenty one All he had learned was the power of the gun And by twenty three he had shot five men down Who had got in his way as he rambled around But a bad reputation is a hard thing to bear For mothers pour scorn and young children do stare But he found consolation in flash company And life ain't so bad with a girl on your knee

There are bones on the desert there are buzzards that fly In high lazy circles just hoping you'll die But in matters of cruelty it must be said That a landlord will skin your bones long ere you're dead It was wild Mesqualeros I have heard people say In the deadliest ambush near old Santa Fe A young buck was taken, togged up in a coat And sewn in the lining was a ten shilling note Written by Steve Tilson, based on an old photograph. Recorded by Barry Gleeson. MR apr97