

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Tebo

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It was on the sixth of May, my boys, as you will understand,  
When Sherman ordered out his men all for to break a jam.  
The logs were piled up mountains high, the water so dreadful strong  
That it washed away poor Tebo and the logs that he was on.

He nobly faced the water and manly swam away,  
He tried his best to save himself in every shape and way,  
The jam soon overtook him, towards sad grief and woe,  
And we found his drowned body in the Racket flood below.

Young Akey came from Saranac, and this I do explain;  
He tried his best to save him, but it was all in vain  
The waters they roared over him, he was forced to let him go,  
And away then went poor Tebo for to meet his God, we know.

O, Tebo was an able man, drove many a different stream.  
It appeared that very morning that his last hours had came;  
He had served his time on earth that he was here for to stay,  
He bid goodbye to all the boys, all on the sixth of May.

O, Tebo leaves a widow and five young children small,  
All at the mercy of his friends who drove the Racket Fall.  
A subscription was made for them, each man his share did pay,  
To feed and clothe the orphans he left behind that day.

About four o'clock in the afternoon on the twenty-ninth of May  
We found his drowned body, we laid it in the clay.  
I hope his soul is in Paradise, with God on high to rest,  
While we who mourn for him below will meet him with the blest.

It is now I bid you all goodbye--my time has come to go  
To answer at the Judgment-bar for sins on earth below!  
The past is bad, the future hidden; no earthly tongue can tell  
The agony of that poor man when into the water he fell.

From  
DT #808  
Laws C6  
RG  
oct96