

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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All Through the Ale

All Through the Alecho:

All through the ale, the confounded ale
All through the ale and tobacco
With a whack fol the day, fol the diddle, fol the day
All through the ale and tobacco.

The hat that I have on, it is so greasy gone
And as you can tell by its shining
It used to fasten up with a button and a loop
But now it's all worn out to the lining -

The coat that I have on, it is so far run down
Without the sleeves and the elbows
It's needing a repair like a soldier in despair
It's been seven years in the battle-

The britches I have on, they are so far run down
Me legs are so thin, you can see them
Pockets I have two, but it's so long since they was new
I never have a penny to put in them-

Stockings I have two, but never a shoe
Me boots, they are open to all weathers
I pull them off and on 'till the undersoles are gone
And shockingly destroyed the upper leathers-

As for me rags, I don't give a jag
I'm not afraid that anyone should rob me
And when I am dead, you can put it on me grave
I left this old world as it found me.

From singing of Caryl P. Weiss