

The Black Hills - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

THE BLACK HILLS.

Come kind friends and listen to a terrible tale-
I'm an object of pity and feeling quite pale-
I left off my trade selling Ayer's Patent Pills,
To go and hunt gold in the dreary Black Hills.

Chorus.

Don't you go; pray stay, if you can,
Far away from the city called the Fatal Cheynne,
Where Big Walopee And Camanche Bill
Will take off your scalp if you go to the Hill.

The round house in Cheynne is full, every night,
With idlers and loafers of every description and sight;
No clothes on their backs, in their pockets no bills,
Still they say we're a striking for the dreary Black Hills.
Don't you go; pray stay, if you can, &c.

When I got to the Black Hills no gold could I find,
Then I thought of the free lunch I had left behind;
It rained, hailed and snowed; I was froze to the gills;
They called me the orphan of the dreary Black Hills.
Don't you go; pray stay, if you can, &c.

Now I have concluded-my story is told-
Don't go to the Black Hills a hunting for gold;
Railroad speculators their pockets you'll fill
By taking a trip to the dreary Black Hills.
Don't you go; pray stay, if you can, &c.