

The Black Maria, O - song lyrics

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THE BLACK MARIA, O.

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Oh, here we come in filth and rags,
We snoozers sneak with tramp and bags.
We're bound away for Blackwell's Isle,
The Summer months to rest awhile.
There's highwaymen and ten-day bums,
All dragged from alleys, dark courts and slums,
From boozing kens and crooked drums,
To ride in the Black Maria, O.

Chorus.

To-day we sail to the county jail
To eat our meat and mushy meal.
There's many a man that's out on bail
Who ought to be in the Black Maria, O.

Oh, ev'ry one in county jail
Must stand in line with coffee pail.
Then all sit down in royal style
To tat their hash on Blackwell's Isle.
With picks and shovels then off we go
To dig in quarries, what slavery, O;
Take ray advise both friend and foe,
Keep out of the Black Maria, O- Chorus.

Oh, my, oh, my, when we're afloat,
A sailing on the Bell'vue boat,
We chat and sing in happy style,
All pals that's bound for Blackwell's Isle.
Our prison cells are cold and bleak.
Their iron doors they creak and shriek;
Now if misfortune, boys. you'd seek,
Come ride in the Black Maria, O.-Chorus