

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Peddler and His Wife

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One day the sun was rising high,
A day in merry June;
The birds set singing on a tree,
All Nature seems in tune.

A peddler and his wife were travelling
Along a lonely way,
A-sharing each other's toil and care,
They both were old and grey.

They were labouring, toiling hard,
A living for to make;
They did not know, nor did they think,
They there their lives would take.

Just as the waggon came along,
Shots rang out upon the air;
And, while the echo died away,
Terrible was the experience there.

His wife pitched out upon the ground
And tossed her dying head;
The men rushed up to take her gold,
Poor lady she was dead.

The horse rushed on with dying man,
Till kind friends checked his speed.
Alas, alas, it was too late
To stop this horrible deed.

Now they are sleeping in their tomb,
Their souls have gone above,
Where thieves disturb them now no more,
For all is peace and love.

[A peddler and his wife robbed and killed on Martin's Fork,
of Cumberland River, Harlan County. Kentucky, in the early
1900s. RG
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