

I Came to This Country in 1865

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I came to this country, boys, in eighteen sixty-five,
I thought I was most lucky to find myself alive,
I harnessed up my horses, my business to pursue,
I went to hauling coal like I used to do.

The alehouse doors was open, boys, the liquor running free,
As soon as one glass emptied, another filled for me;
Instead of hauling six loads, I did not haul but four,
I got so darned drunk, boys, that I couldn't hold no more.

I finished up my supper and went out to the barn,
I saddled up the old Gray, not meanin' any harm,
I rode to the gate and passed the flour mill,
I scarcely knew a thing till I come to Watson's Hill

I met an old acquaintance, I need not tell his name,
I asked him where he was going, and he questioned me the same;
We tittled and we tattled, and at last we did agree,
And he told me that night where the party was to be.

My Father followed after me, I've often heard him say,
He must have had a pilot or he'd never found the way,
He came peeping through the windows where he could spy a light
Till his hair grew all white with the frosty dews of night.

Now I remember the last circumstance,
Four of us young fellows got on the floor to dance,
The fiddler was so jolly and his arm it was so strong,
That he played the bowls of Ireland full four hours long.

I see the morning star, boys, we have danced enough,
We'll spend one hour more in playing Kasher-cuff.*
Then we'll go home to our pleasure and we'll whistle and we'll sing
We never will be guilty of another such a thing.

Now come all you old women that carries the news about,
Say nothing about us, we're bad enough without,
Likewise you old women that likes to make a fuss,
Oh, you're just as bad as we are, perhaps a damn sight worse

*"Paying cash to cuff."

From Our Singing Country, Lomax

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