

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Young Companions

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Come, all you young companions,
And listen unto me,
I'll tell you a story
Of some bad company.
I was born in Pennsylvania
Among the beautiful hills,
And the memory of my childhood
Is warm within me still.

I did not like my fireside,
I did not like my home;
I had in view far rambling,
So far away did roam.
I had a feeble mother,
She oft would plead with me;
And the last word she gave me
Was to pray to God in need.

I had two loving sisters,
As fair as fair could be;
And oft beside me kneeling
They oft would plead with me.
I bid adieu to loved ones,
To my home I bid farewell,
And I landed in Chicago
In the very depth of hell.

It was there I took to drinking,
I sinned both night and day,
And there within my bosom
A feeble voice would say:
"Then fare you well, my loved one.
May God protect my boy,
And blessings ever with him
Throughout his manhood joy."

I courted a fair young maiden.
Her name I will not tell,
For I should ever disgrace her
Since I am doomed for hell.
It was on one beautiful evening,

The stars were shining bright,
And with a fatal dagger
I bid her spirit flight.

So justice overtook me,
You all can plainly see,
My soul is doomed forever
Throughout eternity.
It's now I'm on the scaffold,
My moments are not long;
You may forget the singer,
But don't forget the song.

From Cowboy Songs, Lomax
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