

The Charcoal Man - song lyrics

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THE CHARCOAL MAN.

By J. T. Trowbridge.

Though rudely blows the wintry blast,
And sifting snows fall white and fast,
Mark Haley drives along the street,
Perched high upon his wagon seat;
His somber face the storm defies,
And thus from morn till eve he cries:
"Charco! charco!"
While echo faint and far replies:
"Hark, O! hark, O!"
"Charco! " - " Hark, O! " -Such cheery sounds
Attend him on his daily rounds.

The dust begrimes his ancient hat;
His coat is darker far than that;
'Tis odd to see his sooty form,
All speckled with the feathery storm,
Yet in his honest bosom lies
No spot nor speck-though still he cries:
"Charco! charco!"
And many a roguish lad replies:
"Ark, ho! ark, ho!"
"Charco!" - "Ark, ho!" -Such various sounds
Announce Mark Haley's morning rounds.

Thus all the cold and wintry day
He labors much for little pay;
Yet feels no less of happiness
Than many a richer man, I guess,
When through the shades of eve he spies
The light of his own home, And cries:
"Charco! charco!"
And Martha from the door replies:
"Mark, ho! Mark, ho!"
"Charco!" - "Mark, ho!" -Such joy abounds
When he has closed his daily rounds.

The hearth is warm, the fire is bright;
And while his hand, washed clean And white,
Holds Martha's tender hand once more,
His glowing face bends fondly o'er
The crib wherein his darling lies,
And in a coaxing tone he cries:
"Charco! charco!"
And baby with a laugh replies:
"Ah, go! ah, go!"
"Charco! " - " Ah, go! " -While at the sounds
The mother's heart with gladness bounds.

then honored be the charcoal-man,
Though dusky as an "African.
'Tis not for you, that chance to be
A little better clad than he,
His honest manhood to despise,
Although from morn till eve he cries:
"Charco! charco!"
While mocking echo still replies:
"Hark. O! hark, O!"
"Charco! " -Hark, O! " -Long may the sounds
Proclaim Mark Haley's daily rounds.