

C D
THEN GORMAN DID HIS BUGLE BLOW
 Am Bm
AND SAID, "AWAY, AWAY!
 G - Am D - Am
SINCE TOWIE HOUSE IS ALL IN FLAMES,
 D - Am GS
WE MUST NO LONGER STAY."

AND THEN LOOKED UP HER OWN DEAR LORD,
AS HE CAME O'ER THE LEA;
HE SAW HIS CASTLE IN A BLAZE
AS FAR AS HE COULD SEE.

THEN SORELY DID HIS MIND MISGAVE,
AND HIS HEART WAS FULL OF WOE:
"PUT ON, PUT ON, MY TRUSTY MEN
AS FAST AS YOU CAN GO!"

"FOR LIFE AND DEATH, MY TRUSTY MEN,
PUT ON, PUT ON, AMAIN !
FOR HE THAT DOTH THE HINDMOST LAG
SHALL NE'ER MY FAVOR GAIN."

THEN SOME DID RIDE, AND SOME DID RUN
NO SWIFTER FLEW THE WIND;
FOR EACH CRIED, "WOE UPON THE HEAD
OF HIM WHO LAGS BEHIND."-

BUT E'ER THE FOREMOST COULD COME UP,
THE FLAMES HAD SPREAD SO WIDE,
THE TENDER BABES WERE BURNT ALIVE.
THEIR MOTHER WITH THEM DIED.

HER LORD DID WILDLY RENT HIS HAIR
AND WEPT IN WOEFUL MOOD :
"AH, TRAITORS, FOR THIS CRUEL DEED
YOU SHALL WEEP TEARS OF BLOOD."-

FULL FAST FALSE GORMAN HE PURSU'D
WITH MANY A BITTER TEAR,
AND IN HIS COWARDLY OWN HEART'S BLOOD
REVENGED HIS LADY DEAR.

CHILD #178
FROM BALLADS MIGRANT IN NEW ENGLAND, FLANDERS
COLLECTED FROM LILY DELORME, CADYVILLE, NY 1943

If you have corrections, or the chords to any of these songs, please send an e-mail and we will make the changes as soon as possible. Thanks.

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**SHALOM, from
SPIKE and JAMIE**