Oh they treat you like a slave that's no lie, that's no lie Oh they treat you like a slave that's no lie Oh they treat you like a slave from the cradle to the grave but the rich must help the poor so must I, so must I

I had three fine sons to feed that's no joke, that's no joke And a wife worn out from need, that's no joke But the boss he said to me, get your brats out on the street For they cost too much to feed, that's no lie My wife died from misery, that's no lie

C Bm G D - C - C C D L D B G - G G F# E F# F# F#

C Bm C D E C-CCBAF# ED C-CCDEDDDEDE

Oh I struck the bastard down, I don't deny, I don't deny Raised the black flag up on high for anarchy Oh I struck the bastard down To hell with bosses, church and crowns 4But they hunted me to ground like a dog, like a dog Oh they hunted me to ground like a dog

Oh they took me to Coothill in a cart in a cart Oh they took me to Coothill in a cart And the priest he said to me Repent or face eternity
Keep your rich man's god from me, so said I, so said I He never gave a damn for me, so said I

Up the ladder I did grope, that's no joke, that's no joke While my sons looked on with tears in their eyes Up the ladder I did grope and the hangman pulled the rope And the last words I spoke tumblin' down, tumblin' down Liberty for all mankind, tumblin' down

INSTRUMENTAL

SAM HALL

A D A E
Oh me name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep chimney sweep
A D E A A7
Oh me name it is Sam Hall chimney sweep
D Bm A E
Oh me name it is Sam Hall and I hate you one and all
A D A E
And me neck must pay for all 'ere I die, 'ere I die
A D A
Oh me neck must pay for all, 'ere I die

Oh they treat you like a slave that's no lie, that's no lie oh they treat you like a slave that's no lie oh they treat you like a slave from the cradle to the grave but the rich must help the poor so must I, so must I

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C Bm G D C - C C D E D B G - G G F# E F# F# F#

C Bm C D E C - C C B A F# E D C - C C D E D D D E D B

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