

# High Sheriff of Hazard

Tom Paxton

Now the High Sheriff of Hazard is a hard-working man.  
To be a fine sheriff is his only plan.  
He digs in our pockets he takes what he can,  
For he's the High Sheriff of Hazard.

He looked through my pockets, He's searched them with  
care,  
But nary a nickel or penny was there.  
So I got thirty days and some bumps in my hair.  
God bless the High Sheriff of Hazard.

He caught me one evening and here's what he said:  
"You look like a Russian, you look like a Red,  
And if you are fond of your skin and your head,  
Beware the High Sheriff of Hazard".

I thanked him politely, I thanked him for all,  
And five minutes later I made a phone call,  
To call a strike meeting at our union hall  
And damn the High Sheriff of Hazard.

Now, men there are plenty who sweat out their lives,  
To scratch out a living for children and wives,  
They sweat for their pennies while the mine owner  
thrives  
With the blessing of the High Sheriff of Hazard.

And when union men strike and the troubles come on,  
The High Sheriff's word is the mine owner's bond,  
He's a mine owner, too; you know which side he's on,  
He's the wealthy High Sheriff of Hazard.

Well, it seems to be so since this world first began,  
That some men are willing to scheme and to plan,  
To gouge out a fortune from the poor working man,  
For example, the High Sheriff of Hazard.

But the answer is simple, the answer is clear,  
Let's all get together with nothing to fear,  
And throw the old bastard right out on his ear,  
Farewell to the High Sheriff of Hazard.