

Nottamun Town

Bert Jansch

In fair Nottamun town, not a soul would look up
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down
Not a soul would look up, not a soul would look down
To show me the way to fair Nottamun town
I rode a gray horse, a mule roany mare
Gray mane and gray tail, a green stripe down her back
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There wasn't a hair on her be-what was coal black
She stood so still, she threw me to the dirt
She tore -a my hide and she bruised my shirt
From saddle to stirrup I mounted again
And on my ten toes I rode over the plain
Met the king and the queen and a company more
A-riding behind and a-marching before
Came a stark-naked drummer, a-beating a drum
With his heels in his bosom come marching along
They laughed and they smiled, not a soul did look gay
They talked all the while, not a word they did say
I bought me a quart to drive gladness away
And to stifle the dust for it rained the whole day
Sat down on a hard, hot cold frozen stone
Ten thousand stood round me and yet I's alone
Took my hat in my hand for to keep my head warm
Ten thousand got drowned that never was born