

## Thomas Hall

Hoyt Axton

So early, so early, so early one mornin'  
As I was walkin' down the street  
As those cold drops of rain were fallin'  
This fair maiden I chanced to meet.

Good mornin', good mornin' my pretty little damsel  
Do you think that you could fancy me?  
Oh no, my fancy's on a brisk young farmer  
Who has lately crossed the sea.

Oh, describe him, oh, describe him  
Pray describe him unto me  
Perhaps, some time, Lord, I might have seen him  
Since I've lately crossed the sea.

Oh, he was tall and fair and handsome  
He was honest, brave and kind  
He had black hair, an' he wore it shingled  
Oh, those pretty blue eyes were mine.

Yes, I saw him and I knew him  
And his name was Thomas Hall  
I saw a French cannon ball shot through him  
Oh, the death that he did fall.

Surely, surely you're mistaken  
Surely, surely, you are he  
Just to convince you of this matter  
There's the ring that I gave thee...