

# The Reaper and Tam McCorty

## The Rumjacks

Tam he woke tae find a shadow by the bed  
Blamed it on the vapors still beleaguerin' his head  
He scrubbed his chops and dragged an oily bug rake through his hair  
And wiped the mirror tae find the bogey mimickin' his stare

He boilt the jug tae quench his mug and baked a lump o' toast  
Hid behind the racin' pages from the hoary ghost  
"Awfy ghostie if yer here tae make me dead  
Spare me life and bother me wife or Mother-in-law instead!"

"Tam McCorty, I'm not here to make you cry  
I know you're just a broken man wi' longing in his eye  
I'll say my say and go my way a-carving through the rye  
Tam McCorty, it's not your day to die."

"By the way ye've hung yer tools o' trade and mantle I can tell  
Ye willnae leave until ye've seen me safely intae hell  
So follow me down the 'Horse & Crown' of liquor I'm sae fond  
I'll drink myself tae death and haunt the witches from beyond."

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I'll say my say and go my way a-carving through the rye  
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They drank to fallen heroes, they spat and cursed the Queen  
They argued o'er 'Black Caviar' - the finest ever seen?  
They smoked cigars and played at cards for pots o' Gilbeys Gin  
Roarin' as the fiery liquour, it spilled all down their chin

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They staggered home along the tracks and pissed against a post  
The dogs a' barkin' madly, all as though they'd seen a ghost  
"Oh take me now, I beg you, pick yer mark and pick it well  
I'm tired o' livin' and there I think I hear the hounds o' Hell!"

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Death threw his cloak across him where he passed out in his chair  
And whispered in a frosty tone directly in his ear  
"Best you learn to live again, forgive yerself yer past  
For when you see me next Tam, it'll be your last."

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