

Crow In The Gutter (Limbo)

1. Now once I was great but lit-tle I'm grown I was al-most a read-y to starve O ___ I was
 bur-ied a-live un-der clut-ter of stones Some _ folks says what I ___ des - erved O ___ What I'm
 go-ing to tell you some - thing to the truth I have been _ a wild and ex - trav-a-gant youth Some
 hun-dreds I've spent on Ra-chel and Ruth, Now con - fined in the cham-ber of Lim-bo

Variants:
 (a) (b)
 (c) (c)

2. Once I could ride but now I must lie
 And stripped like a crow in the gutter
 And when that the people they saw me pass by
 There goes Master Flippety Flutter;
 With my top and top gallant I hoisted my sails
 With my crib and cribbet and wig with three tails.
 But now I am ready to gnaw my own nails
 Confined to a chamber in Limbo.

3. I had an old Uncle lived down in the West,
 And he heard of my sad disaster,
 Poor soul! after that he could never take no rest,
 For his troubles came faster and faster;
 He came to the gaol to view my sad case,
 And as soon as I saw him I knew his old face,
 I stood gazing on him like one in amaze,
 I wished myself safe out of Limbo.

4. "Jack, if I should set you once more on your legs,
And put you in credit and fashion,
Oh! will you leave off those old rakish ways,
And try for to govern your passion?"
"Yes Uncle", says I, "if you will set me free,
I surely will always be ruled by thee,
And I'll labour my bones for the good of my soul,
And I'll pay them for laying me in Limbo."

5. He pulled out his purse with three thousand pounds,
And he counted it out in bright guineas,
And when I was free from the prison gates,
I went to see Peggy and Jeannie;
In my old ragged clothes they knew nought of my gold,
They turned me all out in the wet and the cold,
You'd a-laughed for to hear how those hussies did scold,
How they jawed me for laying in Limbo.

6. I'd only been there a very short time,
Before my pockets they then fell to picking,
I banged them as long as my cane I could hold,
Until they fell coughing and kicking,
The one bawled out, "Murder!", the other did scold,
I banged them as long as my cane I could hold,
I banged their old bodies for the good of their souls,
And I paid them for laying me in Limbo.

Source: Phillip Merriman (69), Chipping Campden. Collected by Cecil J. Sharp Jan 13th 1909.

Notes: Tune and verses 1-2 from Mr Merriman. Remainder from James Brooman, Upper Faringdon, Hampshire, 1908.