

THE DYING HOBO

Words: Unknown. Music: Lasse Forsberg, Sandviken 1989.

First live performance: 6 December 1989, Västerbergs Folkhögskola.

D...

D C Em D
Beside a Western water tank one cold December day
C G D /
Inside an empty box-car a dying hobo lay
D C Em D
His pardner stood beside him with low and drooping head
C G D /
A-listening to the last words this poor old bastard said

G C
I'm going to a better land,
G C
Where everything is bright
G C D /
Where hand-outs grow on bushes and you can doss out every night
G C
And you don't have to work at all
G C
Not even change your socks
G C G D G
And little streams of whiskey come trickling down the rocks

Tell my hasher back in Denver that her face no more I'll view
For I have caught the fast train and I'm a-going through
And tell her not to weep for me, no tears in her eyes must lurk
For I'm going to a better land where I don't have to work

Fiddle solo

D C Em D C G D / D C Em D

C G D / (Long chords)

George Hastings' 2nd Steeleye Span break:

DD DD DD DDD DD DD CC DD
DD DD DD DDD DD DD CC D

Play D C Em D C G D / x 2

D! C! Em D etc

Hark! The train is coming, gotta catch her on the fly

Farewell, me jolly pardner, it ain't so hard to die

His voice grew weak, his head fell back, he'd sung his last refrain

His pardner swiped his hat and boots and jumped the east-bound train