Blue Mountain Lake

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    d                          A7
Come all of you fellers, where'er you may be,
     d         g       A7
Come set down a while and listen to me.
     d                   C
The truth I will tell you without a mistake
         d                   A7         d
'Bout the rackets we had down at Blue Mountain Lake.
               d          A7        d
[REFRAIN  Derry down, down, down derry down
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There's the Sullivan brothers and big Jimmy Lou,
And old Moose Gilbert and Dandy Pat, too.
As fine lot of fellers as ever was seen
And they all worked for Griffin on Township 19.

Bill Mitchell you know, he kept our shantee.
As mean a damn man as you ever did see.
He laid round the shanty from mornin' till night.
If a man said a word he was ready to fight.

One mornin' 'fore daylight, Jim Lou he got mad,
Knocked hell out of Mitchell and the boys was all glad.
His wife, she stood there, and the truth I will tell,
She was tickled to death to see Mitchell catch hell.

Old Griffin he stood there, the crabby old drake.
A hand on the racket we thought he would take.
When some of the boys came and took him away,
"By Christ," says old Griffin, "I've nothin' to say."

You can talk of your fashions and styles to be seen,
But there's none to compare with the cook of 19.
She's short, thick, and stout, without a mistake,
And the boys call her Nellie, the belle of Long Lake.

And now my good fellers, adieu to you all,
For Christmas is comin' and I'm goin' to Glens Falls,
And when I get there I'll go out on a spree,
For you know when I've money, the devil's in me.

Lomax et al. Recorded Larry Older, Folk Legacy
DT #605
Laws C20
RPf

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