

Won't You Go My Way

A hauling shanty found in many of the early collections with quite a variation in words.

I met her in the morning
Won't You Go My Way?
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Won't You Go My Way?

In the morning bright and early
I love that girl so freely

Her cheek was red and rosy
And her figure was neat and cosy

She spent my money freely
She grabbed the lot... or nearly

I asked that girl to marry
She said she'd rather tarry

So I left her in the morning
In the morning bright and early

So I'm on my way to Frisco
So I'm on my way to Frisco

Oh Julia Anna Maria
Oh Julia Anna Maria

Oh I round her up so heart
I'm Jack-the-bleeding-hearty