

Won't You Go My Way

*A hauling shanty found in many of the early collections with quite a variation in words.
Collected from John Short by Cecil Sharp. Roud 8289.*

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

In the mornin' bright and early
I love that girl so dearly

Her cheek was red and rosy
And her figure 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
There must be more than this though

Oh Julia Anna Maria
Oh Julia Anna Maria

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