

I Can Hew

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I Can Hew

I can hew boys, I can hack it out. I can hew the coal,

I can dance and shout. I can hew boys, coal that's black and

fine, I'm a col-lier lad, work-ing down the mine.

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X:1
T:I Can Hew
M:4/4
L:1/4
K:E minor
EF | G2 E2 | BB B<B | A2 GA | B>B B2 |
w:I can | hew boys, | I can hack it | out. I can | hew the coal, |
AG ED | E2 EF | G2 E2 | BB B<B |
w: I can dance and | shout. I can | hew boys, | coal that's black and |
A2 GA | BB B2 | AG ED | E2 ||
w: fine, I'm a | col-lier lad, | work-ing down the mine.
```

Chorus: *I can hew boys, I can hack it out I can hew the coal, I can dance and shout. I can hew boys, coal that's black and fine, I'm a collier lad, working down the mine.*

1. On Saint Monday's day, it's well I do admire, When I sits at home by me own coal fire. Then it's off to the pub, for a glass or two For to work on a Monday, that would never do.

[Chorus]

2. Well I likes my whiskey and I likes my beer. I'll drink fourteen pints and I'll not feel queer. I can hold my liquor good as any man. And I'll dance and sing as long as I can.

[Chorus]

3. Well my boy's fourteen, he's a strappin' lad And he'll go to the pits soon, just like his dad. And when Friday comes, we'll pick up our pay. And we'll drink together, to round out the day.

[Chorus]

4. And its when I'm dead, oh I know full well, I'll not go to heaven, I am bound for hell. And my pick and shovel, old Nick he will admire, And he'll set me hewin' coal for his own hell fire.

[Chorus]

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Last update: **2008/12/27 20:40**

