

BY THE DRY CARDRONA

Text: James Baxter; Tune: D. Tomms

I CAN TELL WHERE THE CHERRIES BLOOM BY THE DRY CARDRONA,
WHERE I PLUCKED THEM LONG AGO ON A DAY WHEN I WAS SOBER,
ON A DAY WHEN I WAS SOBER

MY FATHER HE WORE A PARSON'S COAT BY THE DRY CARDRONA,
HE KEPT A TALLY OF THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS BUT I WAS NEVER SOBER,
I WAS NEVER SOBER

MY MOTHER SEWED HER SUNDAY SKIRTS BY THE DRY CARDRONA,
THEY SAY SHE DIED OF A BROKEN HEART FOR I WAS NEVER SOBER,
I WAS NEVER SOBER

I LOVED A YOUNG GIRL, BUT ONLY ONE, BY THE DRY CARDRONA.
SHE WENT AND MARRIED A BANKER'S SON FOR I WAS NEVER SOBER,
I WAS NEVER SOBER.

SO I COURTED A WIDOW OF FORTY NINE BY THE DRY CARDRONA,
SHE OWNED A STABLE AND A SCHEELITE MINE BUT I WAS NEVER SOBER,
I WAS NEVER SOBER.

LAY MY BONES TILL THE JUDGEMENT CRACK BY THE DRY CARDRONA,
A BLANKET SWAG ALL ON MY BACK TO PILLOW ME, DRUNK OR SOBER,
TO PILLOW ME, DRUNK OR SOBER.

ALL RIVERS RUN TO A RIMLESS GRAVE EVEN THE DRY CARDRONA,
BUT NEVER A ONE WILL TURN MY WAY TILL I AM STONE-COLD SOBER,
TILL I AM STONE-COLD SOBER

I CAN TELL WHERE THE CHERRIES BLOOM BY THE DRY CARDRONA,
WHERE I PLUCKED THEM LONG AGO ON A DAY WHEN I WAS SOBER,
ON A DAY WHEN I WAS SOBER.