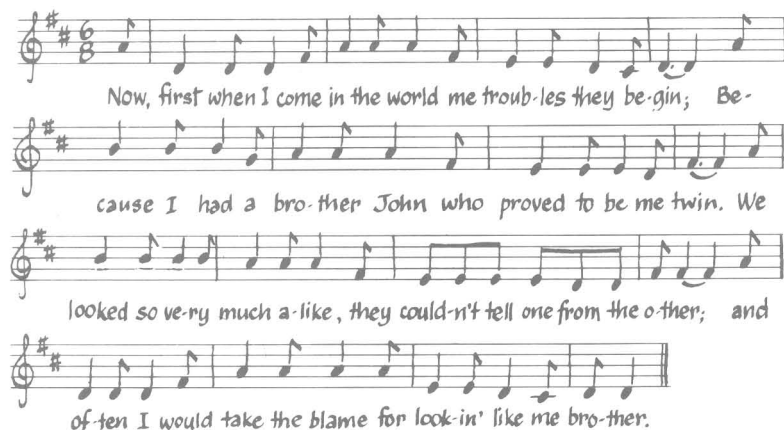


Me Brother John



Now, first when I come in the world me trou-les they be-gin; Be-
cause I had a bro-ther John who proved to be me twin. We
looked so ve-ry much a-like, they could-n't tell one from the o-ther; and
of-ten I would take the blame for look-in' like me bro-ther.

Now, first when I come in the world
Me troubles they begin;
Because I had a brother, John
Who proved to be me twin.
We looked so very much alike,
They couldn't tell one from the other;
And often I would take the blame
For lookin' like me brother.

Now Johnny was a rascal,
Johnny was a crook.
One night upon the road he stole
A lady's pocketbook.
And after he had stolen it,
He took to his heels and ran;
But when they saw me passin' by
They said I was the man.

The cops came up alongside me
And off to jail I took.
"Aha! You are the man that stole
The lady's pocketbook."
I said, "You are mistaken, sirs,
You've got me in the wrong."
I said, "You are mistaken, sirs,
You've taken me for John."

Now, one night John got drunk,
He came home to go to bed;
He went to turn the gas off,
But he turned it on instead.
When we came down next morning,
The lock was on the door;
And there was poor old John,
He lay dead upon the floor.

We put him in a pine box
And we put him on a horse,
To carry him to the cemetery,
His body to remorse.
The box fell off, the horse ran on,
We didn't miss him gone
But when they saw me at the grave
They said that I was John.

The undertaker grabbed me,
And he said, "You must behave.
You must not kick, you know you're dead,
You must go in your grave."
They put me in the pine box
And I hollered like a bugger;
And then they buried me underground
For lookin' like me brother.

This is one of the first songs I ever learned. When I was a child and my father came home from the woods for a weekend, he and some of his friends would sit around having a beer and singing. This is one of the songs that was frequently played. A man named Woodrow Fudge who lives in Pilley's Island, Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, played it on the guitar and both he and my father sang. I've since come across a different version from Tom Shelley of Baie Verte, White Bay, Newfoundland. His has a couple more verses and is set in a minor key.

Jim Payne