

A plague in the workhouse, a plague on the poor  
Now I'll beat on my drum 'til I'm dead  
Yesterday, a fever, tomorrow, St. Peter  
I'll beat on my drum until then.

But what melody will lead my lover from his bed?  
What melody will see him in my arms again?

Set fire to foundation and burn out the station  
You'll never get nothing of mine  
The pane of my window will flicker and billow  
I won't leave a stitching behind

But what melody will lead my lover from his bed?  
What melody will see him in my arms again?

I'll sing of the walls of the well and the house at the top of  
the hill  
I'll sing of the bottles of wine that we left on our old window  
sill  
I'll sing of the years you will spend getting sadder and older  
Oh love, and the cold, the oncoming cold