

23. THE FIREMAN'S NOT FOR ME

A twentieth-century folk-song by the Scots singer and writer, Ewan MacColl.

C G7 C

Come all you young mai-dens, take warn-ing from me. Shun

Am F Em

all en - gine fire - men and their com - pa - ny. He'll

Am F C Am G

tell you he loves you and all kinds of lies but the

C G7 C

one that he loves is the train that he drives.

2 I once loved a fireman and he said he loved me,
 He took me a-walking into the country.
 He hugged me and kissed me and gazed in my eyes
 And said, 'You're as nice as the eight forty-five.'

3 He said, 'My dear Molly, O will you be mine?
 Just give me the signal and let's clear the line.
 My fires they are burning, my steam it is high,
 If you don't take the brakes off I fear I shall die.'

4 I gave him this answer saying, 'Don't make so free,
 For no engine fireman shall ever have me.
 He says that he loves you then when you're in need,
 He races away at the top of his speed.'

5 A sailor comes home when his voyage is done.
 A soldier gets weary of following the drum.
 A collier will stick to his sweetheart for life,
 But a fireman's one love is the engine—his wife.'