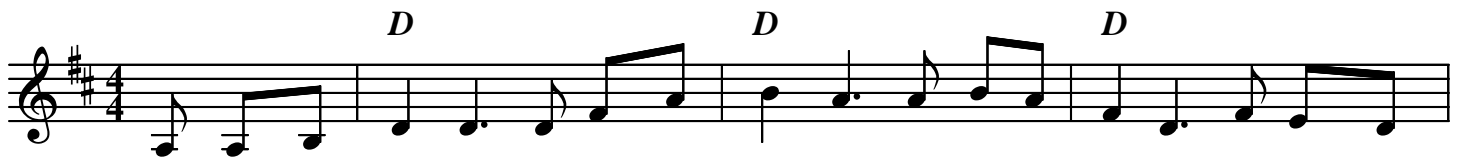
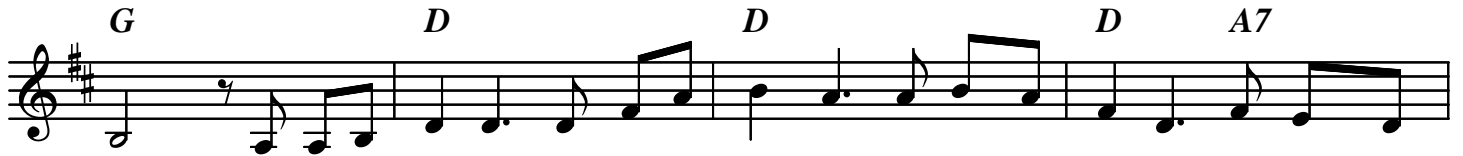


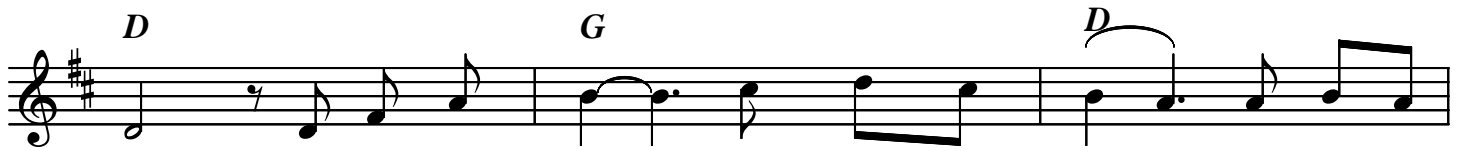
# Long Cookstown



For three long quar-ters I have been weav-ing And for my wa-ges I was penned



down. As for to buy a new suit of cloth-ing, I made my way on to Long Cooks-



- town. As I walked up through Long Cooks - town, Oh Nan - cy



whis-key I chanced to smell. Says I to my-self 'I'll come and taste you,' These three long



quar-ters I've loved you well.