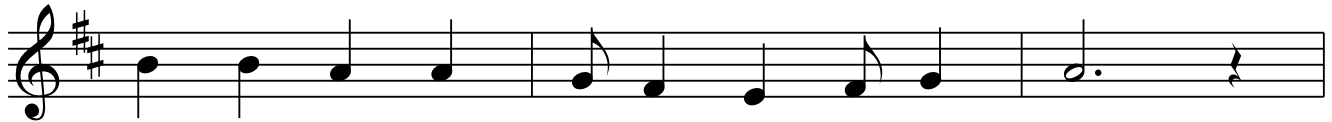


Linstead Market



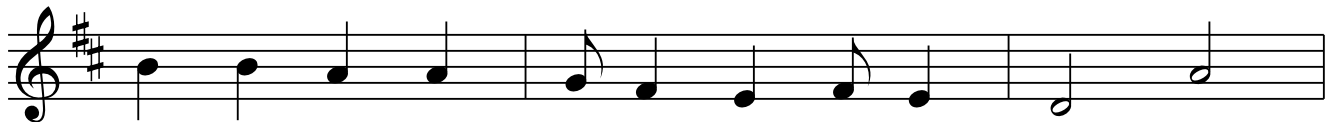
Car - - ry me ac - - - kee go a



Lin - stead Mar - Ket. Not a quat - ty would sell.



Car - - ry me ac - - - kee go a



Lin - stead Mar - Ket. Not a quat - ty would sell. Oh,



Lord! Not a mite, not a bite, What a Sa - tur-day night!



Lord! Not a mite, not a bite, What a Sa - tur-day night!

Carry me ackee go a Linstead Market
Not a quatty would sell.
Carry me ackee go a Linstead Market
Not a quatty would sell.

Chorus:
Oh, Lord! Not a mite, not a bite,
What a Saturday night!
Lord! Not a mite' not a bite,
What a Saturday night!

Everybody come a feel up, feel up,
Not a quatty would sell.
Everybody come a feel up, feel up,
Not a quatty would sell.

Make me call i' louder: ackee! ackee!
Red and pretty dem tan.
Lady, buy your Sunday morning breakfast:
Rice and ackee nyam grad',