

Bluegrass Songs - Lyrics
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Hills of Roan Country

In the beautiful hills, way back in Roan Country
There's where I roamed for many long years
There's where my heart's been tending most ever
That's where the first step of misfortune I made

I was thirty years old when I courted and married
When Armanda Gilbreath was then called my wife
Her brother stabbed me for some unknown reason
Just three months later I'd taken Tom's life

For twenty five years this whole world I rambled
I went to old England to France and to Spain
And I thought of my home way back in Roan Country
I boarded a steamer and came back again

I was captured and tried in the village of Kingston
Not a man in the country would speak a kind word
When the jury came in with the verdict next morning
A lifetime in prison was the word that I heard

When the train pulled out, poor mother stood weepin
And sister she sat, alone with a sing
And the last words I heard was, Willie God bless you
Was Will God bless you, God bless you, good bye

Sweet Martha was buried but corey was better
There's better and worse, although you can see

Boys when you write home form the prison in Nashville
Place one of my songs in your letter for me