

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

[www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

## Death of John Kennedy

Death of John Kennedy  
(Bob Coltman)

Six white horses come a-drivin',  
One black horse walked behind,  
Takin' John Kennedy to Arlington,  
Down to the buryin' ground.  
He's gone; long time gone.

November 22nd,  
Down in Dallas town,  
Was there that fatal rifle shot,  
Struck John Kennedy down.

His darling wife beside him,  
She heard that bullet come,  
She nevermore will see his face,  
While her earthly life shall run.

The doctor come a-runnin',  
This is what he said,  
"There's nothing more that  
I can do, John Kennedy is dead."

Goin' back to Washington,  
Goin on a run,  
Carryin' that coffin,  
For to bring John Kennedy home.

The people on the eastbound train,  
Goin' to Washington,  
Thinking 'bout that dreadful crime,  
That evil hand has done.

Lord, lord, Mr. Oswald,  
What did you mean to do?  
How could you pick that rifle up  
And shoot John Kennedy through?

Put that flag upon him,  
Put your mourning on,  
Watch his coffin pass you by,  
John Kennedy is gone.  
He's gone; long time gone.

Filename[ JFK3  
AT  
Apr98