

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

Poor Ellen Smith (3)

Poor Ellen Smith (3)
(Peter De Graff, 1863)

Poor Ellen Smith, how was she found?
Shot through the heart, lying cold on the ground.
Her body was mangled and all cast around,
And blood marks the spot where poor Ellen was found.
They picked up her body and carried it away,
And now she is sleeping in some lonesome old grave.

Who had the heart and who had the brain,
To shoot my little darlin' on this cold lonesome plain?
They picked up their rifles and hunted us down.
They found us a-loafing all around town.
The jury may convict me and God knows they can,
But I'll know I died as an innocent man.

I've been in this prison for seven long years,
Each night I see Ellen through my bitter tears.
I got a letter yesterday, I read it today,
The flowers on her grave have all faded away.
The warden has told me that soon I'll be free,
To go to her grave 'neath that old hollow tree.

I'll go to her grave and I'll stay when I go.
On pretty Ellen's grave fairest flowers I'll grow,
I'm free from the walls of that prison at last,
But I'll never be free of my sins of the past.

Poor Ellen Smith, how was she found?
Shot through the heart, lying cold on the ground.

recorded by Kossoy Sisters (Bowling Green)
DT #629
Laws F11
RR
OCT98