

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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## Alan Bane

Alan Bane

They're taking me to the gallows mother,  
They're goin'to hang me high,  
They're goin'to gather around me there  
And watch me till I die.

All earthly joys are vanished now  
And gone each earthly hope;  
They'll draw a cap across mine eyes,  
Around my neck a rope.

The crazy mob will shout and groan,  
The priest will read a prayer,  
The drop will fall beneath my feet  
And leave me in the air.

They think I murdered Alan Bane,  
For so the judge has said;  
They'll hang me to the gallows, Ma.  
And hang me 'til I'm dead.

The grass that grows in yonder field,  
The lambs that skip and play,  
The brook that 'yond the orchard runs  
And laughs upon the way.

The flowers that in the garden bloom,  
The birds that sing and fly  
Are pure and clean from human blood,  
And Mother, so am I.

My father's grave on yonder hill,  
His name without a stain,  
I swear no malice e'er I had  
Nor murdered Alan Bane.

But me the jury guilty found,  
For so the judge has said;  
They'll hang me to the gallows, Ma,  
And hang me 'til I'm dead.

The air is fresh and bracing, Ma,  
The sun shines bright and high,  
This is a pleasant day to live,  
A gloomy one to die.

This is a bright, a glorious day,  
The joys of earth to grasp;  
It is a sad, a wretched one  
To struggle, choke, and gasp.

Let them my lofty spirit damp,  
Or cow me if they can,  
They've sent me like a rogue to die,  
I'll meet it like a man.

I never murdered Alan Bane,  
But so the judge has said;  
They'll hang me to the gallows, Ma,  
And hang me 'til I'm dead.

Poor little sister Belle will weep  
And kiss me as I lie,  
But kiss her twice and thrice for me  
And tell her not to cry.

Tell her to weave a garland gay  
And crown me as of yore  
And plant a lily on my grave  
And think of me no more.

And tell the maid whose love I sought,  
That I am faithful yet,  
But I'm to lie in a felon's grave  
And she had best forget.

My memory is forever stained,  
For so the judge has said;  
They'll hang me to the gallows, Ma,  
And hang me 'til I'm dead.

Lay me not down by father's side,  
For once I mind, he said  
No child that stained his spotless name  
Could share his mortal bed.

Old friends will look beyond his grave  
To my dishonored one  
And hide the virtues of the sire  
Behind the recreant son.

And I can fancy that if there,  
My fettered limbs should lay,  
His frowning skull and crumbling bones  
Would shriek, drive me away.

I swear to God I'm innocent  
And never blood have shed;  
They'll hang me to the gallows, Ma,  
And hang me 'til I'm dead.

You'll lay me in my coffin, Ma,  
As you have seen me rest,  
One of my arms beneath my head,  
The other on my breast.

And place my Bible on my heart,  
Nay, Mother, do not weep  
But kiss me as in happier days  
You kissed me when asleep.

As for the rest, for rite or form  
But little do I lack,  
But cover up that cursed stain,  
The black mark on my neck,

And pray to God for mercy great  
On my devoted head.  
They'll hang me to the gallows, Ma,  
And hang me 'til I'm dead.

But hark! I hear a murmur now

Among the jostling crowd,  
A cry! A shout! A roar! It grows  
And echoes long and loud.

Comes dashing on a foaming steed,  
A man with tightened rein,  
He sits erect, he waves his hand,  
Good God! It's Alan Bane!

The lost is found, the dead's alive,  
My safety is achieved.  
He waves his hand again and shouts:  
"The prisoner is reprieved!"

Now Mother praise the God you love  
And raise your drooping head,  
The murd'rous gallows, black and grim  
Is cheated of its dead.

From Folk Songs and Singing Games of the Illinois Ozarks, McIntosh  
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Note: Based on a true story ca 1866