

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Alice B

Alice B

I'm goin' out west, down on the Rio Grande,
Singin' fare-thee, O my honey, O my honey, fare-thee well
I'm goin' out West, down on the Rio Grande,
And it's fare-thee, O my honey, fare-thee-well!

The twenty-fifth of September, Martin F. a man tall and slender
He was the man who committed that most terrible deed.
On a Sunday morning, with hardly any warning,
He shot and killed his high-brown Alice B.

Martin F. was a coward, he run, O how he did run
In his hand he carried a smokin' forty-one;
He ran up to de co't, says: " Judge, I committed that terrible crime
And now I'm ready for to serve my ninety-and-nine."

Alice B. like a baby lay on her dyin' bed.
She says: " Mammy, I want you to take care of my little girl
Keep her feet from slippin' through, 'cause I love her, 'deed I do
An'I hopes to meet her in that other worl'.

"De judge held co't de very next day;
Martin F. refused, absolutely refused, to testify.
He says: " Judge, I killed my baby, my Alice B.,
And now that I killed her I'm all ready to die."

"She was a good woman, an' I loved her,'deed I did.
We had such good times, together all the time;
Till one night I went out, got filled with nigger gin,
An'when I saw her I completely los' my min'.

"Then come all you rounders, an' all you high-browns too,
Take heed to what dis man has done.
You may go out some night, get filled with squirrel rum,
An' do the very same thing that Martin has done.

Then I'm goin' out West, down on the Rio Grande,
Singin' fare-thee, O my honey, O my honey, fare-thee-well!
I'm goin' out West, down on the Rio Grande,

Singin' fare-thee, O my honey, fare-thee-well!

From American Songbag, Sandburg