

Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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Harrison Town

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Come all you rambling, gambling boys
Wherever you may be.
And listen to this story
And shun bad company.
I know I've been a curious lad
I know I've broke the law,
But I'll step out and hear them shout
For me in Arkansaw.

As I rode down to Harrison town
A couple of days ago
I turned my face toward the west
To Eureka I did go;
The Harrison crowd that followed me
They knew I'd have no doubt,
That I would lay in the Berryville jail
Before the week was out.

They captured me on Kings River, boys
I might have killed the crowd.
If it were not for the ball and chain
That rang so clear and loud;
My ma, she came and scorned at me
She said to shut my jaw,
There's never been a meaner man
In the hills of Arkansaw.

They took me down to Berryville, boys
I went through the courts of law.
So I took my ride on the marshal's side
To Little Rock, Arkansaw
Oh, listen, all you gambling boys
Here's what stands over my case
It's the big bay horse, the noble horse
That I rode in the race.

Oh, there is one thing that I've left out
To you I'm going to tell,
And that is the girl, the pretty little girl
The girl I loved so well.
If ever I gain my liberty

Have bread and meat to chaw
I'll stay at home with the pretty little girl
In Carroll County, Arkansas.

Recorded by Lorraine Lee
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