

John Armstrong- - song lyrics

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JOHN ARMSTRONG-

Composed by Edward Kennedy.

Now attention give I pray, and list to what I say:
I'll do my best to please you in my song;
A statement I will make of the sad unhappy fate,
Of the late lamented coachman, John Armstrong.
He was shot by Joseph Blair, who resided in Montclair;
He fell a corpse outside the stable door.
Now they say that Blair'll get free, tho' the reason I can't see,
Unless because he's rich and Armstrong's poor.

Chorus.

Then let us sadly drop a tear, as we think of the friend so dear.
Who's nOw sleeping where the willows gently wave.
Tho' departed from us now, the hand of death upon his brow;
We know the angels linger near his grave.

Now suppose that Blair got free, a poor man like you or me
Might be murdered in the street most any day;
And would you think 'twas right for a poor man to be shot on sight,
And the rich get off because they've stamps to pay?
But how different it would be, were it either you or me,
Who a rich man in a fit of passion shot;
Why! they'd hang us-then and there-not aliving soul would care
Whether we were hung up innocent or not.-Chorus.