

Mackafee's Confession - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from www.traditionalmusic.co.uk

MACKAFEE'S CONFESSION.

Draw near, young men, and bear from me
My sad and dreadful history,
And may you ne'er forgetful be
Of all I this day tell to thee.

Before I had reached my fifth year,
My mother and my father dear
Were both laid in the silent grave
By Him whom to them being gave.

No more a mother's voice I heard,
No more a father's love I shared.
No more was I a parents' joy,
Only a poor helpless orphan boy.

But Providence, the orphan's friend,
A kind relief did quickly send,
And snatched from want and poverty
Poor little orphaned Mackafee.

Beneath a humble, friendly roof,
From want and danger far aloof,
Nine years was I most kindly reared,
And uncle's best affection shared.

But I was thoughtless, young and gay,
Would from good counsel turn away,
My dear, kind uncle oft would chide,
But I seemed never satisfied.

At length there came a fatal day
When from my home I ran away
And 'mong my other acts in life
I took unto myself a wife.

Oh, she was kind and good to me
As any woman need to be,
And still alive would be, no doubt
Had I not met Miss Hetty Stout.

'Twas on a pleasant Summer day
When Hetty stole my heart away,
My love for her controlled my will,
And prompted me my wife to kill.

The act was done one peaceful night,
Quiet reigned and the stars shone bright,
My wife reclining on the bed,
When I approached and to her said:

My love, here's medicine I've brought
For you which this day I have bought,
With confidence, it will cure you
Of those bad fits, pray, take it, do.

She gave to me a tender look,
Then straightway she the poison took;
And with her babe upon the bed
Down to her last long sleep she laid.

But fearing that she was not dead,
My hands upon her throat I laid;
A deep impression I did make,
And then her soul its flight did take.

'Twas then my heart was filled with woe,
And I cried out, where shall I go?
How can I leave this mournful place?
The world again how can I face?

Her body lies beneath the sod,
Her soul I trust is with her God,
And soon into eternity
My guilty soul will also be.

I'd freely give up all my store,
Had I ten thousand pounds or more,
If I again could bring to life
My dear, my darling, murdered wife.

Young men, learn this, be warned by me,
And shun all evil company,
Walk in the path of righteousness,
And God your lives will surely bless.

But now the morn is drawing nigh,
When from this earth my soul shall fly
To meet Jehovah at His bar,
And hear my final sentence there.