

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## The Knoxville Girl

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I met a little girl in Knoxville  
A town we all know well  
And every Sunday evening  
Out in her home I'd dwell  
We went to take an evening walk  
About a mile from town  
I picked a stick up off the ground  
And knocked that fair girl down;

She fell down on her bended knees  
For mercy she did cry  
Oh, Willie dear, don't kill me here  
I'm unprepared to die  
She never spoke another word  
I only beat her more  
Until the ground around me  
Within her blood did flow.

I took her by her golden curls  
And I drug her 'round and 'round  
Throwing her into the river  
That flows through Knoxville town  
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl  
With the dark and roving eyes  
Go down, go down, you Knoxville girl  
You can never be my bride.

I started back to Knoxville  
Got there about midnight  
My mother she was worried  
And woke up in a fright  
Saying, ""Dear son, what have you done  
To bloody your clothes so?""  
I told my anxious mother  
I was bleeding at my nose.

I called for me a candle  
To light myself to bed  
I called for me a handkerchief  
To bind my aching head  
Rolled and tumbled the whole night through  
As troubles was for me

Like flames of hell around my bed  
And in my eyes could see.

They carried me down to Knoxville  
And put me in a cell  
My friends all tried to get me out  
But none could go my bail  
I'm here to waste my life away  
Down in this dirty old jail  
Because I murdered that Knoxville girl  
The girl I loved so well.

Note. Based on the old English Ballad of the Wexford Girl  
Recorded by The Louvin Brothers - Traditional

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