

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Logan County Court House

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O, when I was a little boy, I worked in Market Square;
I used to pocket money, I did not make it fair.
I rode upon the lakes, to learn to rob and steal,
And when I made a big haul, how happy I did feel!

I used to wear the white hat, my horse and buggy fine;
I used to court that pretty girl, I always called her mine.
I courted her for beauty, her love to me was great,
And every time I'd go to see her, she'd meet me at the gate.

[The part of the song that told about the crime is missing.]

As I lay down the other night, I dreamt a mighty dream;
I dreamt I was a rich merchant, lived on the golden stream.
As I woke up broken-hearted, in Logan County jail,
Not there around me was a friend to go my bail.

Down came my darling, with the keys in her hand:
"O, my dearest darling, I'll help you all I can!
May the angels help you, wherever you may go,
And the devil take the jury, for sending you below!"

Down came the jailer about ten o'clock,
His hands full of keys, and rushing toward the lock.
"Cheer up, cheer up, my prisoner," I thought I heard him say
"Bound for the penitentiary, seven long years to stay."

(Sitting in the station, waiting for the train
I'm going away to leave you; darling, don't you cry.)
A pocketful of wheat, and a pocketful of rye!
We'll take a drink of whiskey, and let all things pass by.

From Folk-Songs of the South, Cox
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