

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Mary Fagan

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Little Mary Fagen,
She went to town one day:
She went to the pencil factory
To get her weekly pay.

She left her home at eleven;
She kissed her mother goodbye;
Not once did the poor girl think
She was going off to die.

Leo Frank met her
With a brutish heart and grin;
He says to little Mary:
"You'll never see home again."

Down on her knees fell
To Leo Frank and pled.
He picked a stick from the trash pile
And beat her o'er the head.

The tears rolled down her cheek,
The blood rolled down her back,
For she remembered telling her mother
What time she would be back;;

Nemphon was the watchman;
He went to wind his key;
Away down in the basement
Was nothing he could see.

They phoned for the officers;
Their names I do not know;
They came to the pencil factory,
Says to Nemphon, "You must go."

They took him to the jail house;
They bound him in his cell;
The poor old innocent negro
Had nothing he could tell.

Mother sits a-weeping;
She weeps and mourns all day

And hopes to meet her darling
In a better land some day.

Come, all ye good people,
Wherever you may be,
Suppose that "little Mary"
Belonged to you or me.

I have an idea in my mind
When Frankie comes to die
And stands examination
In the courthouse in the sky,

He'll be so astonished
To what the angels say
And how he killed little Mary
Upon that holiday.

Judge Roan passed a sentence;
He passes it very well;
The Christian doers of heaven
Sent Leo Frank to hell.

DT #774
Laws F20
From Henry,
SOF
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