

# Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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## Vance Song

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Green are the woods where Sandy flows,  
And peace it dwelleth there;  
In the valley the bear they lie secure,  
The red buck roves the knobs.

But Vance no more shall Sandy behold,  
Nor drink its crystal waves;  
The partial judge pronounced his doom,  
The hunter has found his grave.

The judge said I was an incarnate fiend,  
For Elliott I tried to save;  
I agreed as a juryman Elliott's life to save,  
Humanity belongs to the brave.

That friends I have shown to others,  
Has never been shown to me;  
Humanity it belongs to the brave,  
And I hope it belongs to me.

'Twas by the advice of McFarlin,  
Judge Johnson did me call;  
I was taken from my native home,  
Confined in a stone wall.

My persecutors have gained their request,  
Their promise to make good;  
For they oft-times swore they would never rest,  
Till they had gained my heart's blood.

Daniel Horton, Bob, and Bill,  
A lie against me swore,  
In order to take my life away,  
That I might be no more.

But I and them together must meet,  
Where all things are unknown,  
And if I've shed the innocent blood,  
I hope there's mercy shown.

Bright the shines the sun on Clinch's Hill,  
And soft the west wind blows,

The valleys are covered all over with bloom,  
Perfumed with the red rose.

But Vance no more shall Sandy behold,  
Nor smell its sweet perfume;  
This day his eyes are closed in death,  
His body confined in the tomb.

Farewell, my friends, my children dear;  
To you I bid farewell;  
The love I have for your precious souls  
No mortal tongue can tell.

Farewell to you, my loving wife;  
To you I bid adieu,  
And if I reach fair Canaan's shore,  
hope to meet with you.

Composed and sung by Elder Abner Vance, under the gallows.

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