

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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Willie Warfield

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Willie Warfield was a gambler,
A gambler he remained,
Started out last Sunday morning
To have one more poker game,
Every man ought to know when he loses.

He snatched the dollar once,
He snatched the dollar twice,
But the dollar he snatched last Sunday morning
Costed him his life,
Every man ought to know when he loses

Willie Warfield's wife
Came running and crying,
"Mama, oh, Mama,
My husband, he's a dying."
Every man ought to know when he loses,

The women in Black Bottom
Was all dressed in red,
Slapped their hands rejoicing,
Saying, "I'm glad old Willie's dead,
Every man ought to know when he loses.

"Oh run and tell my mother,
Tell her not to weep,
I've killed Willie Warfield,
And now I'm in trouble deep."
Every man ought to know when he loses,

Willie shot ten dollars,
Dusom shot the same,
"If you know like I know,
You've been to your last crap game.
Every man ought to know when he loses.

"I wrote my father a letter,
"Oh, come and go my bail,
He sent me back an answer,
He had no land for sale,"
Every man ought to know when he loses,

"I wrote my girl a letter,
'Oh, come and go my bail, '
She pawned her ring and diamonds,
And now I'm out of jail."
Every man ought to know when he loses,

Come all you bullies
And let me tell you true,
Don't you ever kill a men
Unless you have it to do,
Every man ought to know when he loses,

Poor Willie said to Dusom,
"Please don't take my life,
I have two little children
And a darling little wife."
Every man ought to know when he loses.

"You say you have two children,
A boy and a girl,
But if you ever meet them,
It will be in another world,"
Every man ought to know when he loses.

DT #844

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From Kentucky Folklore Record

Collected by DK Wilgus from Frances Browder in Elkton, KY in 1948

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apr97